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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKMAN met, as usual, with the most gratifying success and was largely over-subscribed and out of print before publication. We thank very warmly the many readers who have written to congratulate us upon it, and whose opinions are pleasantly summarised in the description that brilliant journalist, Mr. A. J. Dawson, has given of it in his London Letters as "the most sumptuous production of its kind, before or since the war, and a veritable treasure house of literary and artistic interest; not merely for a day's æsthetic pleasure, but for a year's reference."

Two volumes of essays that Mr. Humphrey Milford is about to publish are "The Problem of Style," by J. Middleton Murry, and "Wiltshire Essays," by Maurice Hewlett.

"IF WINTER COMES."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel—"If Winter Comes"—is the most discussed novel of the year as it is one of the greatest novels of many years.

Sir J. M. Barrie has written to the author: "Please let a fellow-writer congratulate you very heartily on 'If Winter Comes.' The best novel I have read for many a day."

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, the publishers of "If Winter Comes," offered two prizes of £5 each for the best answer to the following questions suggested by the story:

1. Should Sabre have cleared his name by telling Twynning of Twynning's son's guilt?
2. Was Sabre justified in giving the shelter of his home to Effie, when his wife's disapproval was such that she refused to stay in the house?

The names of the successful competitors are:

(a) MISS DORA KENNEDY,

Tullycragh, Glarryford, Co. Antrim,

(b) MISS EDITH E. CRAWFORD,
Prospect House,
Filey, Yorkshire,
who will each receive £5
and autographed copies of
the book.

Autographed copies of the
book will also be sent to :

(a) MISS E. M. JONES,
6, Schubert Road,
East Putney.

(b) MR. J. A. RICHARDS,
M.I.P.S.,
10, Park Road,
Tenby, South Wales.

These prizes have been
awarded in consultation
with the author, who writes
to the publishers as follows :

"I have had a perfectly miserable evening deciding between the selected survivors of this competition. I managed to reduce them to four—to Miss Dora Kennedy, Mr. James A. Richards, Miss E. Margaret Jones and Miss Edith E. Crawford—and then, with increasing misery to two, and then went to bed feeling a brute towards the two who had just failed, and indeed, towards many others who should, at least, be highly commended.

"Out of the four named above, I chose Miss Crawford because she spoke of the reader's 'immense relief' when Sabre held his hand and did not take his revenge. I think only an involuntary sense of what is supremely right could have caused relief at such an outcome, and therefore that Sabre must have been supremely right; a shrewd point, also, in answering the second question, that it was in effect Mabel, and not Sabre, who broke up the home. Miss Kennedy I thought a deserving winner because her answers to both questions are equally good. What greatly added to the difficulty of selection was that so many competitors were good in one answer and not so good in the other. But the replies of Miss E. M. Jones and Mr. Richards ran these two winners painfully close."

MISS KENNEDY'S ESSAY.

Answer to Question 1.

Which of us could have foregone such sweet and perfect revenge on that "wicked-dread Iscariot," Twynning, as Effie's letter afforded? And though Sabre found his enemy already stricken by the heaven-deal;



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Lord Beaverbrook,

whose new book, "Success" (Stanley Paul), is reviewed
in this Number.

how, did he not owe it to himself to establish his own innocence?

From the human standpoint, it was the obvious and justifiable course of action. But the divine ethic far transcends the human, and Sabre was nearer the divine than most of us.

That new revelation, "God is Love," he had glimpsed first from Effie, and she had trusted him to be with Harold what he had always been with everybody—gentle, and understanding things. So he could not but leave Twynning the consolation that his son had been the perfect boy he supposed—though to himself it was the "cumulative touch" that

pushed him right into hell.

In the working together of all things, however, his altruism served him far better than any self-seeking would have done.

Had his innocence been legally proved, Mabel could not have got her divorce and so left him free for Nona—Nona who, loving and understanding him as she did, would be the perfect comrade in a glad new spring.

Answer to Question 2.

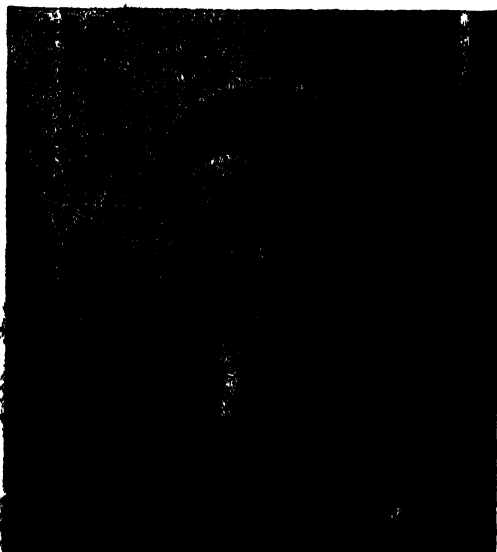
These two characteristics of Sabre's—his "vivid sense" of what was right in his conduct and his "corroding struggle" to do it, were manifested in the sheltering of Effie in his home.

The direct and piteous appeal of the penitent girl, sublime in her pathetic motherhood, who had lived in his house as employee and friend, was to him the clear call of duty which he must obey at whatever cost. But, the individual conscience, not being infallible, the question is whether Sabre's Christ-like compassion for

Effie was compatible with his duty towards his convention-ruled wife.

Sabre's relationship to Effie, being purely one of fraternal friendship, he simply could not understand Mabel's insinuation, and thus an important factor in a problem objectively stated is eliminated in a moral situation which confronted Sabre.

Now, as always, he pitied his wife for that narrowness of outlook which made her so intolerant, but surely he was justified as a responsible being, in not to circumscribe his conduct accordingly. There need have been no scandal, but Mabel's dismissal of the faithful servants, however,



Mr. Harold Nicolson,

whose new novel, "Sweet Waters" (Constable), is
reviewed in this Number.



Miss Marie Bjelke Petersen.

that he remained true to his own ideals of conduct by refraining from crushing Twynning in the hour of his despairing grief over his son's death. Twynning, infamous though he was, sincerely loved his son, whom he had almost idealised into "a thing ensky'd and sainted." Mark was too generous to aggravate Twynning's distress by forcing upon him a true picture of Harold as a quite ordinary and only too human boy, involved in a liason and too cowardly even to attempt to protect the girl he had betrayed. How great is the reader's relief when the storm of passion aroused by the discovery of the letter is over, and Sabre is himself again, anchored once more to his belief in the omnipotence of love, that priceless revelation which he had so hardly won, and of which Effie in her happy days had given him a glimpse.

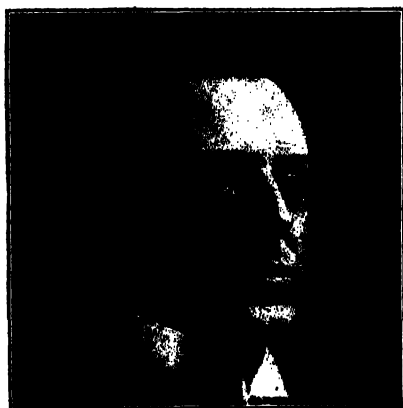
To suffer woes which Hope deems infinite,
To forgive wrongs deeper than death or night,
To defy power which seems omnipotent,
To love, to bear, to hope, till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent.

* * * * *

This is alone life, joy, empire and Victory.

Answer to Question 2.

Sabre was right in sheltering Effie. He most deeply felt a moral obligation to protect her in her friendless state, and he was not the man to yield to his wife on a point of honour. His action was entirely consistent with his character, and it is what we should have expected from him!



Mr. W. M. Parker.
whose play, "Witching Willow," is to be performed in Glasgow this month.

especially in the light of her supposed subsequent history, that she had her own ends to subserve.

MISS CRAWFORD'S ESSAY. *Answer to Question 1.*

All admirers of the gentle-hearted Sabre must rejoice

Equally characteristic was the attitude of his wife. Effie's first appeal was made to her, and her heartless desertion of her husband when the crisis came placed him in an impossible position and defenceless against scandal. It was in effect Mabel, not Effie, who broke

up the home, and in these circumstances the fatal mistake of Mark's conduct lay in neglecting to establish the identity of Effie's betrayer. Quite unpardonable was (in my opinion) Effie's selfishness in allowing such a stigma to rest for months on the name of her protector.



Mr. Bliss Carman

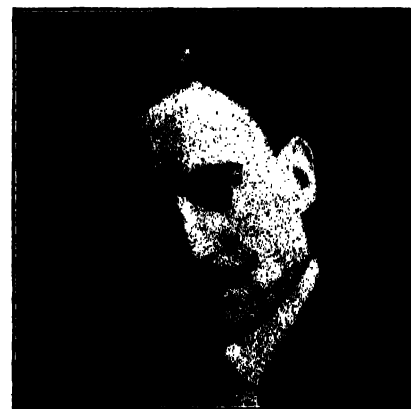
crowned with the wreath of maple leaves presented by the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors' Association.

in Canadian literature. A charming ceremony followed, in which the pupils of the Strathearn School crowned the poet with a wreath of maple leaves.

Miss Marie Bjelke Petersen, who is rapidly becoming one of the most popular of Australian novelists, was born in Denmark, but has for some years now been living in Tasmania. She has put the life and scenery of Tasmania into two of her novels, and is deeply interested in studying the cosmopolitan people who make up the mining population there. Her novels have been translated into several languages and are winning an



Mr. F. Britten Austin.
Photo by E. O. Hoppe.
whose striking play "The Struggle" has been successfully produced at the Strand Theatre.



Mr. Wilfrid Ewart,
Photo by E. O. Hoppe.
whose brilliant novel, "Way of Revelation" (Putnam's), is reviewed in this Number.



Mr. Vachell Lindsay and Mr. Stephen Graham,
after returning from tramping in the Rocky Mountains.
Mr. Graham's new book, "Europe—Whither Bound?" (Thornton Butterworth),
is reviewed in this Number.

increasing vogue in America. A new edition of one, "The Captive Singer," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and her latest, "Dusk," has just been produced by Messrs. Hutchinson.

With everybody talking of hard times, it is cheering to find that a new author can still find a publisher if he writes a good novel. "The Valley of Paradise," a first novel by Alfred Gordon Bennett, is to be published this month by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and the world film rights in it have already been disposed of. It is a romance of London Chinatown and the South Sea Islands. Mr. Bennett, both a new novelist and a young one, for he is only a little over twenty, is the son of Alderman Arthur Bennett, of Warrington, himself the writer of several admirable volumes of prose and verse.

The Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh has now recommended that the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prizes for the year 1920, which were instituted by the late Mrs. Janet Coats or Black, of Millearn, Ayr, as a memorial to her husband, the late James Tait Black, publisher, Edinburgh, should be awarded as follows: For the best Biography or work of that nature to Mr. George M. Trevelyan, for "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill," and for the best novel to Mr. D. H. Lawrence for "The Lost Girl."

A three-act play of modern life by Mr. W. M. Parker, entitled "Witching Willow," is to be produced at the Athenæum Theatre, Glasgow, on the 30th of this month. The producer is

Mr. R. E. Jeffrey. This is Mr. Parker's first appearance as a dramatist, but he has done a good deal of critical work in many periodicals, including THE BOOKMAN, and a few years ago published an admirable volume of studies of "Modern Scottish Writers."

Messrs. Macmillan have added to their excellent edition of the novels and stories of Henry James (7s. 6d. each volume) "The Tragic Muse," in two volumes.

Gyldendal, the well-known publishing house of Copenhagen, Christiania and London, are offering a prize of £3,500 (70,000 Kr.) for the best novel written in Danish or Norwegian during the coming year. A book of distinctive literary value is required, but at the same time its idea and plot must be worked out in an active manner likely to prove popular and create wide interest. This we believe to be the greatest amount ever offered for a prize novel.

Mr. H. Caldwell Cook, M.A., the author of "The Play Way," will be remembered for the remarkable results he has obtained by stimulating the boys of the Perse School, Cambridge, to write original poems and to compose and act plays. Mr. Cook is publishing, through Messrs. Batsford, a selection of these poems from the junior and middle forms, under the title of "Homework and Hobby Horses." The series includes Lays, Ballads, Littleman Rimes and Carols, which have been set to music by a colleague of the editor, Mr. F. G. Hambleton, who also contributes the cover design.

We are beginning to abandon the futile old discussion of whether photography is an art, for most of us seem to have come to the sensible conclusion that, like painting, sculpture and etching, it is and it is not; everything depends on the artist. Mr. E. O. Hoppé, who has done distinguished work with the brush as well as with the camera, has no doubt on the subject. He holds that photography is a fine art in itself, and no more to be compared with painting than that is to be compared with modelling in clay or silver. Unless the photographer is an artist, as Mr. Max Weber has it, he cannot to any purpose "seize and control the fugitive and significant vibrations of light,

time and mood in nature and in life, and record them permanently." The artist can exercise and embody, in the few moments of exposure, "singular quickness of invention and perception, keen personal observation and fine æsthetic impulses." That Mr. Hoppé himself has these qualities is self-evident in the wonderful series of photographs he took of New York in all its varied aspects during his recent visit to America, and in the no less striking collection of typical characters that he has picked out and photographed in English and American cities. These, with a selection of his portraits of famous authors, artists, composers, and public men, will be on exhibition this month at the Goupil Gallery.

The Christmas Bookstall section of the *Boston Evening Transcript* is certainly the most exhaustive survey we have seen of the year's output of books in America, and we congratulate Mr. Edwin F. Edgett, the *Transcript's* literary editor, on its achievement. Mr. Edgett's personal contributions include a very interesting article on the uncollected and recently discovered poems of Walt Whitman. The section has filled four supplements in successive issues of the paper, and in addition to the long catalogue of books, with a brief descriptive note of each, includes a variety of articles on subjects of literary interest and a full chronicle of the best short stories that have been published during the year in American magazines. It is gratifying to note that a very respectable percentage of English authors figure in this list as well as in the book lists. The fourth and concluding section numbers among its contents an article on Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, "A Crichton of the Hour," by Sidney Dark.



Miss Henrietta Leslie,

whose new novel, "Bolsavago" (Page & Co.) is reviewed in this number.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"Charlie," by Louis Delluc (2s.; John Lane), gives a very interesting account of Charlie Chaplin, the man and his methods. It is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

The quiet realism of Miss Peggy Webling's latest novel, "The Fruitless Orchard" (8s. 6d. net; Hutchinson), is its strength and its charm. She sets out to relate the history of a girl journalist in London who wins her way to literary success; she describes both her outward life of work and triumph, and the cloistered existence of a reticent nature, in which are hidden profound emotion, disillusion and dreams unrealised. It is a story of unfulfilment, and because of this a faint melancholy shadows its pages—there is even something tragic in the resignation, the blessedness of unselfishness, that come to Alison Booker in place of the love fate denies her. As an interviewer on *The Arrow*, she cherishes a secret devotion for the assistant editor, who little deserves it, and finding her affection misplaced, becomes mellowed rather than embittered, only to care later for a man already married, and to give him up in a manner entirely consistent with her temperament. The characters are cleverly drawn, and reveal Miss Webling's usual insight and sympathy; the exploits of Jerry Cuff, street artist, and the doings of the members of St. Swithin's, keep the interest very much alive, no less than the experiences and development of Alison herself. Miss Webling does not strain after sensation or dramatic effect; her aim lies closer to everyday life and is poignantly true to it, and we feel at the finish that we have looked into the soul of a living personality, sharing for a brief while another's joy and suffering.

Mr. Leicester Romaine's sketches of Portuguese life and character in "The Blue Skies of Portugal" (London: Hachette) make very pleasant and entertaining reading. He shows a happy descriptive gift, especially in his recollections of "Oporto Days," and touches in stories and telling incidents with a picturesque narrative skill. The story of Rita, in the fourth of his chapters, is particularly good.

"Gilbert and Sullivan Opera," by H. M. Walbrook (F. V. White & Co.; 3s. 6d.)—all about the operas and the authors of them, is a book that should be in great demand now, when these famous musical plays are running again with unabated popularity. A well written, informative, interesting history and commentary that we warmly recommend to all Gilbert and Sullivan lovers, old and new. It has a foreword by Sir Henry Wood, and is enlivened and decorated with sketches by H. M. Bateman and W. Herbert Holliday.

The Ruskin Centenary Council has issued in booklet form (5s.) the lecture delivered by Mr. Bernard Shaw in November, 1919, on "Ruskin's Politics." The wit and humour of the lecture are in the happiest Shavian vein, and Mr. Shaw deduces from Ruskin's political utterances that though he had no faith in Democracy, he was a Communist and a prophet of Bolshevism.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MARGARET PEDLER.

VERY truly has it been said that "all the world loves a lover"; that at heart we are all romantic; and herein lies to a great extent the secret of the undoubted appeal of Margaret Pedler's work. She is deservedly one of the most popular of our modern novelists, and her books, with their freshness and originality, have been acclaimed by all romance-loving readers. The author herself shares with her readers a frank enjoyment of romance, while coupling with it in her personality a keen appreciation of practical values, a sense of humour and a knack of wresting experience out of everyday happenings.

Mrs. Pedler wrote her first short story while still in her teens and had the rather exceptional experience of being paid twice over for it—though, needless to say, the editor did not refuse the return of the second cheque! Her juvenile efforts, however, received but scant encouragement from her family, and she turned her thoughts to music. She was for some years a student at the Royal Academy of Music, finally completing her training under the late Signor Randegger, with a view to taking up singing professionally.

The fates, however, decreed this was not to be her *métier* in life, and very soon her career as a singer was cut short by her marriage to a well-known Devonshire sportsman. Her husband is a descendant of Sir Francis Drake, of circumnavigating fame, and one of their most treasured family possessions is the cedarwood box which accompanied him round the world, and which, in the language of these later days, one might conclude was his mascot!

Naturally, possessing both literary and musical talent, Mrs. Pedler is a keen lover of the beautiful, and after her marriage she devoted her time to the development of her pretty old-world garden and to the collection of old china and furniture. In addition to these hobbies she worked hard at musical composition and has written both the lyrics and music of several songs.

Living as she does amongst such beautiful surroundings, and being the possessor of good descriptive powers and great ability in character-drawing, it was only natural that her literary talent should again come uppermost, and she once more turned her thoughts to writing. But this time it was on a more ambitious scale, and her well-known novel, "The Splendid Folly," was the result.

Mrs. Pedler has for the most part laid the principal

scenes of her novels in "glorious Devon," the county she knows so intimately, and the delicate charm of which she is so well able to convey. But she is a firm believer in the necessity of travel for a writer who wishes to enlarge her ideas and to obtain local colour and the atmosphere of places. During the last two years she has travelled considerably on the continent with this purpose in mind and hopes one day to visit the States, where she has both friends and family connections who are anxious to welcome her.



Photo by Langher.

Mrs. Margaret Pedler.

In appearance Mrs. Pedler is tall and fair, and she has the priceless gifts of a charming personality and a bright and sunny disposition. She is one of the women novelists who takes a thoroughly feminine interest in the subject of clothes and has a particular *penchant* for ear-rings, of which she has quite a charming collection.

She writes, as she does most things, with intense enjoyment and, after a morning of real hard work, is quite ready to enter with zest into tennis, badminton, swimming, sculling or whatever may be on the *tapis* at the moment. She takes the keenest interest in all kinds of outdoor sports and games.

Her second novel, "The Hermit of Far End," was not only an altogether delightful story, but it was a fine piece of literary workmanship. Following that came "The House of Dreams-Come-True."

Next came "The Lamp of Fate," a tense, emotional story of a dancer, which Mrs. Pedler has treated forcefully and with a keen sense of dramatic values.

On a quieter note but with the same romantic charm, which seems likely to make it a worthy rival of its predecessors, is her new novel, "The Moon Out of Reach," which has just been published.

In addition to her novels she has written an original play, "Who Pays?" produced in London in June, and a dramatic version of "The Hermit of Far End" may be arranged for in the near future.

The work of Margaret Pedler has made a sure place for itself, and she is one of the "best-sellers" both in England and America. The general appeal of her stories is proved by the increasing number of appreciative letters she receives from readers of all ages. Which brings us back to the point from which we started, and which Mrs. Pedler has so triumphantly proved—that there is an almost limitless public for such writers of simple and sincere romance.

THE READER.

EUGÈNE GOOSSENS.

BY A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.

DURING recent years, far too much emphasis has been placed on the value of nationality in music. Environment is so much more important and more powerful in moulding a man's musical physiognomy and stimulating his creative work. Next to good opportunities for music-making and the encouragement given by congenial and experienced friends, romantic natural surroundings have nearly always brought the best out of a man. For the last few years the Welsh fortress-village of Harlech has been a jealously guarded retreat for composers and artists, and an artistic colony which included Cyril Scott, Bantock, Goossens, Morales, Bertram Binyon, Astra Desmond, Langdon Coburn and Joseph Holbrooke (who knows every nook and cranny in the rocks, caves and forests) used to be the rule. Then there was also Fergusson the painter, Sancha the cartoonist, and Margaret Morris with an occasional Summer School for Greek dancing. Now with the advent of chais-à-bancs, even on the lower road, the glory has departed; and although the Snowdon views are still as beautiful as ever, the knowledge of the summit and half the land round it being repeatedly put up to public auction, is rather disquieting; for the Harlech charm came from its way of doing fine things quietly and unostentatiously. In 1919 one of the greatest pageants ever organised was given in the interior and on the walls of the castle, but no echoes of the clashing hosts reached the outside world. Those fortunate enough to have lived amidst this panorama of sea and mountain, of Roman camps and Celtic fortresses, of fairy lakes and rolling hills, will understand the magic influence it exerts on creative art. It was there "The Eternal Rhythm," Goossens' finest work, was completed and orchestrated.

* * * * *

Goossens is one of the most interesting personalities amongst the modern composers. A Frenchman by land of birth, British by training and experience, with Belgian blood in his veins, he is a striking example of the superiority of environment and circumstance over nationality in things of art. His open, receptive mind has taken the good from all sources which offered, and it is because his mind is so open, his sensitiveness so great, that he has been longer in finding his full musical

personality than many composers. A love of other arts, besides his own special one, has kept him keenly alive to modern movements, and a genial and generous nature has enabled him to make the best of his operatic and orchestral experience in this much-underrated land of ours, where others would have succumbed.

* * * * *



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Eugène Goossens.

Eugène Goossens was born on May 26th, 1893. His father is the well-known Carl Rosa Opera conductor, a genial personality and a fine artist, whose family of three sons and two daughters are all distinguished in music. Eugène was the youngest son; Léon is one of the greatest living oboists; his two sisters are fine harpists; his other brother, alas, fell in the great war. From the early age of ten till thirteen, Eugène studied at Bruges Conservatoire, then for a year at Liverpool College of Music which, since Goossens went up to the Royal College of Music, London (with the "Liverpool Violin Scholarship") must have fulfilled its ambition and closed its doors.

Having won high honours at the R.C.M., the English musical world was *nominally* open to him. *Practically*, the only opening he could find for his great talents was a five-years' service as a violinist in the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood. A fine experience, nevertheless; for there he acquired his marvellous knowledge of every sound in the orchestra, from the shrillest note of the piccolo to the lowest depths of the contra-fagotto and bass-tuba; there he could not fail to gain much knowledge of the baton, and, what counts for more, of the conducting of rehearsals in a general way. That there are no concomitant evils from playing in an orchestra, Goossens is a convincing example. For keenness, enthusiasm, sensitiveness and sweet sanity he is unsurpassed. Towards the end of 1915 Sir Thomas Beecham invited him to conduct Stanford's "The Critic," and this he did so successfully that he became Beecham's right hand man, conducting regularly at Drury Lane, the Aldwych, and in the provinces. Orchestral concerts also fell to his lot, and at the Manchester, Leeds, Bradford and Liverpool festivals he is ever a popular conductor. Finally, his conducting of an all-British programme at the British Music Society's 1920 Congress, and at his own special concerts of contemporary music, set the seal on his growing

reputation, and established him as one of the greatest of living conductors, with a special *flair* for contemporary music.

* * * * *

The works which belong to his student's period may be passed over lightly—as also may the pieces conducted during the period of his Queen's Hall playing ("Chinese Variations," "Persius" and "Ossian"). The "Impressions of a Holiday" for pianoforte, flute and cello (five tiny musical pictures of country life) would serve well as an introduction to his chamber music, although they are not now characteristic of the composer. The two chansons of "Fortunio" and of "Barberine" (to de Musset's words) deserve a similar description, and the "Concert Study" for piano shows him still in brilliant though superficial mood.

The two sketches ("By the Tarn" and "Jack o' Lantern") for string quartet and the brilliant and exhilarating "Scherzo" for orchestra, "Tam o' Shanter," point in a new direction. This course, however, was suddenly arrested by a rather conscious French phase, persisted in sufficiently long to prove that Goossens could beat the musical "impressionists" on their own ground. The phase covers some very charming and interesting work: his delightful settings of Edwin Evans's two "Proses lyriques" and the "Persian Songs," where he resists the temptation of simulating orientalism in the conventional way, and the "Kaleidoscope" for the piano, which consists of twelve miniatures on children's subjects, full of jolly little things and the funniest little touches. In the "Promenade" from this set we get a new mood, which changes to a kind of playful irony in the "Clockwork Dancer." The pedestrian mood is intensified in the later "Four Conceits" (1918) and the ironic vein of the "Clockwork Dancer" has then hardened in "The Gargoyle," and melted again in the "Marionette Show." The "Dance Memories" (No. 2 of the "Conceits") is little more than a joke, one hand being in the key of three sharps, the other three flats. The "Conceits" already belong to another phase, which the labellers would call Post-Impressionism, of which the "Three Nature Poems" for piano and the symphonic poem, "The Eternal Rhythm," are the finest examples so far.

The change to this new phase is already seen in his "Afternoon" and "Tea-Time" songs (words by Jean-Aubry) and the beautiful Violin Sonata. Here the deeper and more thoughtful emotions (absent from his preceding works, save for a few passages in the "Rhapsody" for cello and piano and the string quartet) are somehow refreshing, because more human and less aloof. A new note, half humorous, half savage, is heard too in his setting of H. R. Barbor's "The Curse," a character sketch of Spanish vagabondage.

For the Overture and Incidental Music to Verhaeren's "Philip II" the composer has gone back to impressionist methods, but in the "Nature Studies" and "The Eternal Rhythm" he has acquired a new language and a deeper personal feeling. The work is based on one of the prose "dance-dramas" of Terence Gray, a young poet whose work lies chiefly in the direction of

mime-drama. The poem treats of the elemental rhythm of all visible and invisible natural forces and the responsive emotional vibrations which it awakes in the soul of the unfettered and fully-developed human being. A long introductory movement suggestive of the intense stillness of mountains, lakes and forests contains the principal theme, "Nature's Call." The "Eternal Melody," heard at first quietly, gradually increases in volume and intensity until, heralded by a dominating trombone theme, it reaches the climax in the "Colossal Rhythm of the Suns." The music then subsides, and the human response begins, with dance-subjects in 7-4 and 5-4 times. This also achieves a tremendous climax, and an epilogue closes the work in the opening mood of tranquil yet everlasting movement. It is in this piece that Goossens has come nearest to the human note which is such an important element in all truly great art. Bach, Beethoven, Strauss, Scriabin, Stravinsky, all have it, and it will doubtless loom more and more in the future pieces of Goossens. A fairly safe augury for this increasing humanism may be founded on the evidences of his recent lectures for the British Music Society, in which he has shown himself singularly facile in placing himself *en rapport* with all kinds of audiences. His little brochure on "Modern Tendencies in Music," published by the Arts League of Service, is quite one of the best descriptions of the aims of the various modern movements in music.

The "Hommage à Debussy" for piano, written in 1920 and just published, is a short threnody in the style of Stravinsky's "Symphonies (chords) for Wind Instruments." The Goossens setting is less poignant, and quite acceptable, being cast in the mould of Scriabin's last Preludes; whereas the Stravinsky piece is an outrage on the lamented composer whom it impudently claims to commemorate.

Despite all these brilliant and interesting works, I am convinced that Goossens' best work has still to come. He has youth and physique on his side. He has passed through one stage after another so properly, even primly, thoroughly acquiring everything new (even if it doesn't matter much, like the Straussian chords in the "Cello Rhapsody") that he has by now mastered all there is to master in technique—pointillist orchestration, Villemin's planes, Strauss's unrelated chords, Schönberg's expressional polyphony, and so on. There is nothing more for him to do now but speak strongly out of himself.

* * * * *

The earliest, and I believe the best, way of getting to know Goossens' music lies through the piano pieces, and his four contributions to this medium roughly correspond to the chief phases of his musical evolution—"Concert Study" (1915), the brilliant legerdemain stage; "Kaleidoscope" (1917-18), the French phase; "Nature Poems" (1919), the Stravinskian phase; and "Hommage à Debussy" (1920), a post-impressionist admiration of the great leader of French musical impressionism.

MOLIÈRE, 1622-1673.

BY ANTHONY CLYNE.

GLORIOUS in French literature is the age of Louis Quatorze, and its greatest glories are the comic dramas of Molière. He created modern comedy, with unrivalled mastery of the subtlest humour, the most fantastic farce, and the most searching satire; he portrayed humanity so vividly and interpreted it so acutely and with such wide range that the significance of his plays is inexhaustible. Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was born in Paris in January, 1622, and after three centuries his genius is undimmed. His understanding of human nature seems as penetrative and powerful to-day as ever, his great gallery of familiar types as fresh and true.

That is because the genius of this upholsterer's son was rooted firmly in his own humanity. Sainte-Beuve said truly that to him we can apply with profound meaning the words of his own *Tartufe*: "Un homme . . . un homme enfin!" "He never ceases to be a man," writes Mr. Frederic Harrison, "wise, tender, and good in every fibre." In Shakespeare, the supreme romantic, the man is sometimes eclipsed by the poet, in Molière, always a realist, never. Molière created no Ariel or Caliban, but men and women only, such men and women as you and I may meet any day. Their trappings are different, but just as much trappings. Some of the whims and foibles he ridiculed have gone out of fashion, but folly never ceases. Molière lived in the midst of labour and anxiety. Had it been otherwise, he might have polished his art to the classical perfection of Racine, but it would have lacked that constant and intimate contact with life in which its chief power over us resides.

His plots are sometimes loosely constructed, his language is often careless. He wrote much in haste, but when he had time he could fashion a close-knit drama of perfect symmetry and write with admirable brilliance and force. At twenty-one, having deserted in turn apprenticeship to the paternal trade and the study of the law, as leader of a travelling company of actors, for ten years he struggled amid hardships and sordid cares. Even during the last decade of his life, famous, though as actor and manager rather than author, under the patronage and protection of the king, he was burdened with prodigious labour, harassed by innumerable anxieties. He had to be simultaneously author, stage manager and actor. He was compelled to waste his energies upon the ephemeral

entertainments of the Court. He had married at the age of forty a girl of twenty, a coquette who embittered his private life. He suffered much from ill-health. The favour of Louis excited envious intrigues he had perpetually to circumvent. The Jansenist historian, Baillet, was to describe him to the next generation as "one of the most dangerous foes which the age or the world has raised up against the Church of Christ," and during his life the ecclesiastics were ferociously hostile. At fifty-one, in the midst of all this toil and trouble, he was taken ill while acting in the title-rôle of his "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," and carried from the stage dying.

Yet he remained the imperturbable artist, the humanity of his work never obscured by resentment as it was never falsified by sentiment, only tinged below the surface by a pathetic melancholy. Not with remote idealism, but in the name of common sense and common truth and common honesty he stripped the follies and faults of humanity of pretence and showed them in all their ridiculous emptiness, perversity and evil. Against prudes and libertines, poetasters and pedants, atheists and puritans, bores and humbugs of all kinds he fought, and his weapon was laughter. He combated egotism and hypocrisy and vanity in all their shapes because they distort human nature. That is the motive of his merciless satire of foppery and quackery and vice. Turn where one will among his plays, one discovers it. In "*L'Avare*" Harpagon remains human, though his miserliness is inhuman and greed has driven out all natural affections; because

of his humanity he is infinitely more terrible. Consider a very different character, Philaminte in "*Les Femmes Savantes*." The complacent pedantry of the learned lady is made utterly absurd, but she is not only ridiculous. She remains a woman, with potentialities of both grace and grandeur of character discernible beneath the crust of pretentious so-called culture. We laugh, and afterwards or while we laugh we meditate upon the distortion of humanity's possible attainment. Always Molière attacks the artificial and degenerate as defacements and deformities of humanity. It was so in "*Le Tartufe*," a bitter satire against religious hypocrisy, which only the protection of the king enabled him to produce. Only the protection of the king, indeed, saved him from prosecution by the ecclesiastical authorities, imprisonment, probably death.



Molière.

He attacked the puritanism of the Jansenists and the worldliness of the Jesuits, because both twist awry human nature. His was a sane, sweet, wholesome view of man and the demands of morality upon him. Upon the harsh creed of puritanism, with its denial of innocent natural pleasures, he looked with disgust as upon the materialism and ambition of other varieties of ecclesiasticism.

Of the many phases of the many-sided genius of Molière, his thirty plays together and each one separately pregnant with significance, some are less obvious than others. The continuous development of his art is very evident, and the marvel of that always expanding and deepening vision and always more delicate and powerful execution is intensified when we remember that all but two of these plays were composed during the last fourteen years of his life. He commenced by using established stage conventions, but with original power. He passed to the more subtle comedy of manners in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and so by continuous progress to "Le Misanthrope" and "Le Tartufe," his greatest works, comedies of character conceived with such insight and so finely wrought that they have actually been denied the name of comedies. Less obvious to the ordinary reader than this development in his art is his indebtedness to other writers. Like Shakespeare, he freely seized upon the ideas of predecessors, especially the classical authors. But such borrowings were only the preliminary suggestions for his plays. He transformed them entirely, using them as occasions for his own peculiar modes of treatment. The perfect ease with which he did this is, as in the case of the English dramatist, a sign of his true genius. It was not from books, but from life he extracted the real raw material of his art, in the provinces a strolling player listening and watching in the streets, at Paris studying the Court, frequenting the shops of fashionable tailors and perruquiers. Still less obvious to the

general reader is the manner in which, again like Shakespeare, he wrote for a particular stage. The greatest artists are often content to adapt themselves to temporary and local conditions. An example of this accommodation is the manner in which he bore in mind the characteristics of the members of his company, creating suitable parts for his wife, an excellent actress if an indifferent wife, his sister-in-law, and the others. Tartufe was plump, La Flèche in "L'Avare" lame because so were the actors playing these parts.

It should be evident from what has been said that Molière was more than a comic dramatist. He was a comic philosopher. His plays amuse all, but the thoughtful detect throughout a melancholy contempt for the vices and follies he castigates. In "Le Tartufe" and "Le Misanthrope" the comedy is so delicately expressed by unsparing analyses of character that it becomes indistinguishable from tragedy. We smile at Tartufe and yet we tremble with fear at his satanic force of evil, at Alceste and yet are wrung with the heartrending pathos. The sublime wickedness of Tartufe, repulsive hypocrite and shameless seducer of his benefactor's wife, overpowers the imagination with horror. Alceste is surely Molière's subtlest creation, a spirit fine-textured, sensitive, yearning to find in life some heart which understands, hating the shams and selfishness around, disappointed in all and left alone with his melancholy, weary and disillusioned. Many have thought that it was within himself that Molière discovered the character of Alceste and that in "Le Misanthrope" he related his own inner history. We cannot help believing this. Molière, like Alceste, could see too deeply and understand too much to rest content with what the world could offer. Like so many courageous and wise spirits, the supreme courage and ultimate wisdom of faith eluded him. But did it elude him? The yearning, the discontent, the perpetual combat with folly and vice is itself faith.

SOME RAREST EDITIONS OF BURNS.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.(Scot.).

I HAVE handled a copy of the famous 1786 Kilmar-nock Edition of Burns, which some unwitting vandal had been using for "shaving paper," tearing the pages off, half a leaf at a time. Whether it was the providential purchase of a safety razor, or the cultivation of a beard, that saved the mutilated middle portion of the book, I know not, but the precious fragment was rescued, and is now in the great Murison Burns Collection recently gifted by Sir Alexander Gibb to the town of Dunfermline. It was costly shaving paper, for the Alloway Cottage Museum copy of the same book, uncut and in the original blue paper wrappers, was secured at exactly £1,000. I know of a similar copy sold by a provincial bookseller not long ago for £800. One of the five copies sent to Mrs. Dunlop was sold by auction in Edinburgh last April for £505, but it was a "cut" copy, measuring barely 8 inches by 5 inches as against the 9 inches by 6 inches of the much rarer "uncut" copies. The record price was achieved at the Hoe sale in America, when a good copy, but not in original state, was sold for £1,160—a mad price!

The Kilmarnock Burns, though a great treasure to the bibliophile, is by no means an excessively rare book. Much rarer than the book itself are the "Proposals" for its publication, of which only *one* copy is known—the one now in the Burns Cottage Collection. The three standard editions of Burns all blunder badly in their supposedly *verbatim* rendering of this unique item. Many will be glad to have an opportunity of correcting the errors (q.v. W. Scott Douglas, 1878, iv, 113; Henley & Henderson, 1896, i, 311; Chambers-Wallace, 1896, i, 316), from the following correct copy:

April 14th, 1786.

PROPOSALS,

for publishing by subscription,

SCOTCH POEMS,

By Robert Burns.

The Work to be elegantly Printed in One Volume, Octavo.

Price Stitched *Three Shillings*.

As the Author has not the most distant *Mercenary* view in Publishing, as soon as so many Subscribers appear as will defray the *necessary* Expence, the Work will be sent to the Press.

Set out the brunt side o' your shin,
For pride in *Poets* is nae sin ;
Glory's the Prize for which *they* rin,
And *Fame's* their jo ;
And wha blaws best the Horn shall win ;
And wharefore no ?

RAMSAY.

We, under Subscribers, engage to take the above mentioned Work on the Conditions Specified.

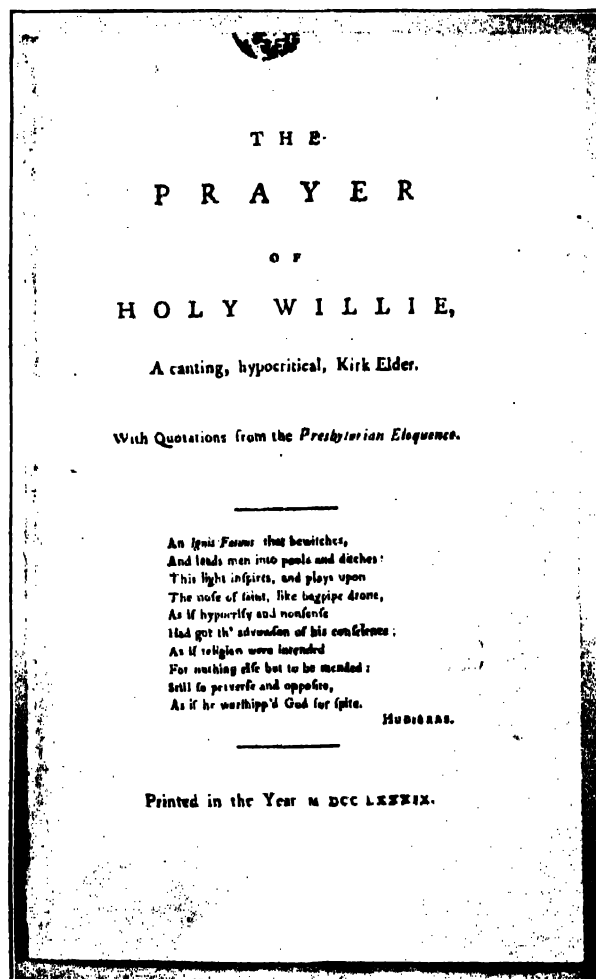
There follows a list of names in MS., some of which are in the handwriting of the Poet. One of the names has a penline through it, and alongside are the words : " The blockhead refused it."

Six hundred and twelve copies of " Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect " were printed by John Wilson. No world-census of the survivors has been compiled, but the collector with a long purse has little difficulty in securing a copy, as it figures fairly often in book auction sales. The British Museum has two copies, and two copies (one uncut) were included in the fine Burns collection recently acquired by Mr. John Gribbel of Philadelphia from Mr. D. M'Naught, LL.D., the editor of the *Annual Burns Chronicle*. The Burns Cottage copy has already been noted. In the Burns Monument close by there is another, not so choice, and the Kilmarnock Burns Monument also boasts a fine example. An uncut copy is in the collection of A. E. Newton, U.S.A., and no doubt a goodly number of the " survivors " have found homes in American collections. At the Burns Centenary Exhibition held in Glasgow in 1896, no fewer than *fifteen copies* of the original Kilmarnock Edition were shown, and while it is " not to be sneezed at," and could not well be ignored in such an article as this, the fact remains that, strictly speaking, it is not entitled to rank as one of the " rarest editions of Burns." Neither is the well-known Edinburgh Edition, whether " stinking " or " skinking " issues, of 1787, nor the London Edition of the same year, entitled to come under our heading. The fact is that none of the editions printed during the life-time of the Poet are of extraordinary rarity, with the exception of the *pirated* editions of Belfast and Dublin, dated 1787, and the first American edition—also a *pirate*—printed in Philadelphia in 1788. The *second* American edition, published in New York in the same year, is also infinitely rarer than any of the author's editions.

There are certain broadsides, printed while Burns was alive, which are of extreme rarity, but in addition to these, there is a much more important printed item which deserves to be made " kenspeckle." Henley & Henderson and other standard authorities inform us that " Holy Willie's Prayer " was *first* printed in one of the seven rare Poetical Tracts, published in Glasgow, by Stewart & Meikle, in 1799 (which were afterwards assembled in a very rare volume entitled " The Poetical Miscellany, containing Posthumous Poems, Songs, Epitaphs and Epigrams, by Robert Burns the Ayrshire Poet." Glasgow. Printed by Chapman & Lang for Stewart & Meikle. 1800). The Poet's great Satire on the " canting hypocritical Kirk Elder " was printed

as a little eight-page chapbook—unknown to all the editors of Burns—*ten years* earlier than Stewart & Meikle's twopenny tract. " The Prayer of Holy Willie," dated 1789, is indeed one of the rarest Burns items, for only one copy is known (see illustration), which is now in the Alloway Cottage Collection. It is shown in one of the cases, and is No. 162 in the new and greatly improved edition of the catalogue provided for pilgrims to the " auld clay biggin " shrine.

Though " The Jolly Beggars " is deemed one of his masterpieces, Burns seems to have rated it very lowly,



Facsimile title page of first edition.

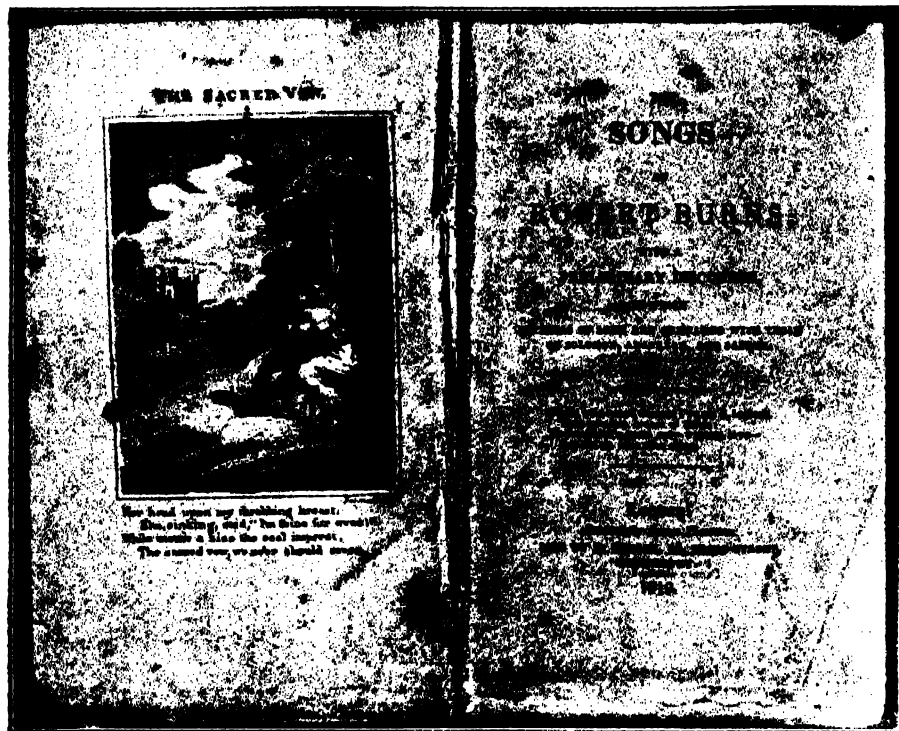
From the only known copy.

for in response to an inquiry from George Thomson concerning it, he wrote :

" I have forgot the Cantata you allude to, as I kept no copy, and indeed did not know that it was in existence ; however, I remember that none of the songs pleased myself except the last—something about :—

Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest."

This neglected child of the Poet's Muse first appeared, " carefully printed from the Author's own manuscript," as a little undated sixteen-page chapbook, the first of the series of seven issued by Stewart & Meikle, who advertised it in the *Glasgow Courier* of Thursday, July 11th, 1799, to be published " on Saturday first." It was sold at twopence. There were various issues, and all are rare, especially the first issue, an uncut copy of which—one of the only two known—has changed hands at twenty guineas. It is entitled " The Jolly Beggars : A Cantata, by Robert Burns." I have two later issues



Facsimile frontispiece and title page.

From Mr. Davidson Cook's copy—one of the only two known.

which vary in imprint, and can easily be distinguished from the first, by the alteration in title, which is expanded to "The Jolly Beggars; or Tatterdemallions. A Cantata, by Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet." We can differentiate by calling these the "Tatterdemallion" issues, and—noting the change in the ornamental design on the title page—can further distinguish the two as the "Lyre" issue, and the "Fiddle" issue.

Before leaving the "Twopenny box" mention should be made of two little chapbooks printed in Edinburgh the same year as the Glasgow seven. Only two are recorded, but more may have been issued. They are entitled, "Elegy on the Year Eighty-Eight" and "Sonnets from the Robbers"—"printed by David Willison, Craig's Close, for George Gray, Bookseller, No. 3, North Bridge Street, 1799." While not, strictly speaking, editions of Burns, these two tracts are Burnsiana items of such interest and rarity, that the Burns collector would gladly give half a dozen ordinary "editions" for either of them. Both contain early or first appearances of Burns poems. I know only of two copies of the "Elegy." A copy of the "Sonnets" was shown at the Burns Exhibition in Glasgow in 1896 (q.v. Memorial Catalogue, 1898, p. 414). It was loaned by Mr. George Gray, then Town Clerk of Rutherglen, but its present whereabouts I failed to trace, nor do I know of any other copy.

An item equally rare is Maria Riddell's "Biographical Sketch" (of Robert Burns), R. Noble, printer, Old Bailey, London, n.d., pp. 12, 8vo. Only one copy is recorded, which was loaned to the 1896 Burns Exhibition by Craibe Angus, and is dated in the catalogue (1796). In the Craibe Angus sale catalogue (1902, item 482), where it is described as "The only copy known to exist"—it is dated 1800. Who secured the little treasure at that great dispersal of Burns books, is as unknown to me as its present location.

Another book loaned to the Burns Exhibition by Mr. George Gray was a copy (formerly owned by Dr.

Currie) of "Poems, ascribed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, not contained in any edition of his works hitherto published," Glasgow, 1801. This is uncut, in the original boards with printed paper label on the front, and has the exceedingly rare cancelled leaf (pp. 53-4). This interesting volume—now owned by the writer—contains Currie's book-plate, but unfortunately has no indication of his opinion of Stewart's "thin octavo" which included poems, some of which Dr. Currie had deliberately excluded from the first collected edition of Burns's Works, edited (atrociously) by him, on behalf of the Poet's widow and family.

Currie's first edition, printed in Liverpool, and published in four volumes dated 1800, is not scarce, though nice uncut copies in the original boards are far from common. However, it stands as a landmark in Burns bibliography, and brings us to the most

interesting period for Burns rarities—the years 1801-02.

One of the rarest of the 1801 editions is the first Montrose one, "printed by Dd. Buchanan; sold by him, and by W. Mortimer, Aberdeen." Oliver's two-volume Edinburgh edition of the same year—of which there are a number of issues varying in the title page—is always held to be the *first with illustrations*, but this Montrose edition is embellished with many Bewick woodcuts—some merely ornamental tail-pieces, but many obviously meant as illustrations. In the Craibe Angus sale catalogue it is described as "Very rare, suppressed." It is not noted in Gibson's "Bibliography, 1881," which is also minus any record of the tiny two-volume edition dated 1801, published by James Robertson of Edinburgh, one of several publishers of unauthorised editions against whom legal proceedings were taken. The Craibe Angus copy was catalogued as "Very rare, suppressed." The reprint of 1802, noted in the "Bibliography," is only moderately scarce.

There is a Paisley printed one-volume edition, dated 1801, which is "very rare." To the same year belongs, according to the Bibliography printed in some of the Chambers editions of Burns's Works, an edition published by M'Millan, Glasgow. To be dogmatic in things bibliographical is very risky, but I think this may safely be dismissed as the *first* "mythical" edition. Chapman & Lang printed an edition for M'Lelland of Glasgow, dated 1801, and probably the *ultra-rare* M'Millan edition originated in the confusion of similar names. Chapman & Lang printed the same edition for other booksellers, but the only variation is in the names on the title pages. They are all rare.

The rarest of all the 1801 editions is another Glasgow one, "Printed by Thomas Duncan, Saltmarket," of which only *three* copies are known. Of these three copies, one is in the Kilmarnock Monument Collection; another is owned by that great Burnsian, Mr. J. C. Ewing, the Librarian of Baillie Institution, Glasgow; and the third is in the Murison Collection. Duncan's

edition has a number of poems not to be found in any of earlier *date*, and would thus, in addition to the lure of rarity, seem to have peculiar "first appearance" interest. In every case, however, these poems were copied from a still more interesting and, bibliographically, more important edition of *later date* which preceded Duncan's volume, to wit, "Stewart's Edition of Burns's Poems, including a number of Original Poems never before published": Glasgow, 1802. This seemingly impossible feat of an 1801 edition annexing poems from one dated 1802, is explained thus: Stewart's, Duncan's, and several other editions of that period were issued in "numbers." Stewart began publication in 1801, but did not issue his title page till 1802 (presumably with, or following his last number—the eighth), whereas the title page of Duncan's edition was issued with the first number in 1801 and so dated. When Stewart's last numbers were found to contain some new poems, Duncan and others appropriated them and issued them in the form of an "Appendix," but despite the date on their title pages Stewart was *first*. It must be stated, however, that the illustrations of Stewart's edition, the "page directions" of which do not fit the pagination, prove that Oliver's 1801 edition—from whence the plates originated—was earlier than Stewart; so that the "first appearances" in Oliver's volumes hold their ground.

Other extremely rare editions of Burns's Poems are dated 1802, notably "Crerar's Edition" in two volumes published in Kirkcaldy, in which once again we find the plates of Oliver's edition. Then we have a two-volume 1802 Paisley edition, in noting which the 1881 Bibliography adds: "This edition was suppressed, and the Publisher, R. Smith, alias 'Pea-strae,' was fined." Another scarce edition has the imprint: "Dundee: Printed by F. Ray. 1802." In the same year was printed the first Newcastle edition, printed by M. Angus & Son, and avowedly based on Stewart's edition. The Tyneside edition is by no means common, but it is not so difficult to find, nor as valuable as the Kirkcaldy, Paisley and Dundee volumes.

Following the rich 1801-2 period, Burns rarities are more scattered through the years. The scarce 1804 Cork edition in two volumes has a misprint in the title of some copies of volume two, the Poet's name being

printed "Burns." Of the utmost rarity is the 1808 Musselburgh edition of the Poems, and hard after that comes the excessively rare *first* American edition of the "Letters Addressed to Clarinda" (Philadelphia; 1809).

Skipping a few years, and passing by many editions of varying degrees of rarity—among which we linger only to mention two printed in Perth in 1813—we come to another year rich in rarities—1819. To begin with, we have "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns" (London: Printed for J. Offor. 1819)—a book which I have no hesitation in describing, in bookseller's parlance, as "excessively rare." The town of Montrose is responsible for no less than three Burns rarities of the same year—"The Lyric Muse of Robert Burns," in one volume; "Poetical Works" in one volume; and "The Works of Robert Burns" in two volumes. Another treasure is "The Beauties of Burn's [*sic*] Poems" (Falkirk: T. Johnson. 1819).

In this same year was published what I take to be the *rarest of all editions* of the Songs of Burns. This was published by J. Thomson, London, and is entitled, "The Songs of Robert Burns, with a Preliminary Discourse, in which his ideas of Love are compared with those of Solomon, Anacreon, and Sappho." Speaking of a copy of this little book with the long title, given to him by Mr. Murison, Mr. Craibe Angus in "The Printed Works of Robert Burns: a Bibliography in Outline, 1899" (60 copies printed) says: "I have never seen another copy." There is no copy in the British Museum, and I assume that the Craibe Angus copy is the one now in the Kilmarnock Monument Collection—No. 111 in the 1909 catalogue. Our illustration of this very rare Burns book is from a choice copy, uncut, and in original boards with printed label on back—one of the greatest treasures in the Burns collection of the writer. The imprint varies from the Kilmarnock copy, so that though two, and only two copies of this edition of the Songs are known, of the identical issue each volume seems to be unique. The "Preliminary Discourse" cannot be well known for its only other appearance—unless I am mistaken—is in another scarce book called "The Songs and Ballads of Robert Burns: including ten never before published: with a Preliminary Discourse and Illustrative Prefaces." London: Printed for William Clark, 1823.

ENGLISH BOOKS AND AMERICAN REVIEWERS.

BY MARY AUSTIN.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mrs. Mary Austin.

THE item which more than any other has, until the last few years, conditioned the reviewing of European books in America, is one which Europe has least appreciated. It is that journals of opinion have practically all of them

been published in the extreme eastern edge of the United States. This implies not only direct contact with European influences but, to a degree hardly understood even in America, explicit European sources of opinion.

No city in the world harbours so many and so diverse types of the young Intellectual as New York, drawn there more often than not by the prospect of finding an outlet for personal expression denied at home. Youth, bumptiousness and general lack of acquaintance with American conditions, natural to the immigrant intellectual of whatever derivation, incline him to critical rather than to creative effort. Both the wish to constitute his criticism a contribution, and the instinctive antagonism to immediate American conditions,

direct his attention toward the output of the older and more familiar civilisation. The journals of opinion, always open to writers in whom the necessity for expression is stronger than the demand for remuneration, afford the happiest hunting-ground imaginable to the youthful quest for effectiveness, with the result that literary attention not only centres on the foreign product, but literary criticism has been in the past preponderantly written by those who are, in respect to their intellectual experience, foreign to the American outlook. With the best will in the world toward the country of their election, most of the weekly and monthly journals of intellectual criticism in the United States could better be called International than American.

It is difficult for the English reader to guess anything of this from the contributor's list. He might suppose that a critic signing himself Ludwig Lewisohn is not altogether Anglo-Saxon in his origins, but how would he be able to say whether Van Wyck Brooks or Francis Hackett were the more recent importation. What he would make of such names as Heywood Brown, H. L. Mencken and Wilson Follett would depend on internal evidence wholly. Even with explicit knowledge of intellectual and racial derivations, there would be no way in which the foreign reader could be certain that any one of these had ever penetrated the American experience any farther west than Philadelphia. All that any of us would be safe in saying is that these are names which determine what will be read with literary anticipation by the rest of the country. They are not by any means an index of all that will be read, for there is a vast reading public in America which knows what it likes and has no hesitancy in saying so at the book-shop or the desk of the municipal library. There is no guarantee that an English book, which has received favourable attention at the hands of a New York reviewer of international reputation, will receive any attention whatever at the hands of the book buyer.

I am often asked by English writers who have never been in the United States, to explain the discrepancies between their New York book notices and their American royalties, which, it is sometimes necessary to assure them, do not arise in the dishonesty of American publishers. I recall how in Florence, a number of years ago, William De Morgan sought me out for the purpose of assuring himself that there was no such hidden reason for the failure of his publisher's returns to come up to the expectation excited by the extremely favourable reviews he had been getting, and the difficulty of explaining to him that New York has no such relation to the rest of my country as London has to England, or Paris to France.

At Prior's Field last summer where I lectured on the pattern of American Literature, Bernard Shaw politely but firmly declined my estimate of his formative influence on American thinking, on the ground that the amount of his American royalties indicated no such wide acquaintance with his published works as would be necessary to prove my case. It is true that Shaw reaches a large part of his public from the stage, but it is even more certain that what goes on in New York is by no means all that is going on in the mind of young America.

I have said that the chief effect of the reviewers with

recognisable names, is to excite literary expectation. But the terms "literary" and "literature" have different connotations in the various levels of intellectual life in America. There is a large class who make a distinction in their own mind between literature, a taste for which is proper to be inculcated in the young, and what is technically known as "reading matter."

Literature is something that the New York critics write about, is supposed to be worthy of all praise but rather stiff to get through. Having paid the tribute of acknowledgment the average member of this class tends to occupy the rest of his time with the variety of reading matter that, according to the contract, is placed "next to" advertisements in the popular magazines.

There is another and larger class who, by way of the proposition that one man's political preference is as important to his country as any other's, has arrived at the conclusion that his literary preference is entitled to an equal consideration. To this group literature is anything they like to read, and if they like Harold Bell Wright or Ethel M. Dell, they have, in a free country, no hesitancy in saying so. To such as these the names of critics have no force, and the standing of writers like Wells and Shaw and Galsworthy is exactly as much as penetrates to them through other mediums of publicity—the daily news, the stage and the moving pictures.

This class of readers is scarcely appreciated in Europe, and has never been treated sympathetically by reviewers even in America, which seems to me a mistake. Because their lack of interest in what is called literature is not necessarily owing to native lack of intelligence or taste. The inhibition against the hieratic literary judgment is profoundly democratic in its source. They object, not to reading well written and significant books, but to being told *ex cathedra* which books are significant and well written. As a matter of fact, genuine feeling for literary distinction does not seem to be any more general in England than it is in America. I am continually astounded there at hearing American books praised which will not bear up under expert technical criticism, and hearing nothing at all of books that represent the best that America has produced. So there must be a measure of naturalness in the resistance opposed by the masses to the literary dictatorship of New York, or any other intellectual capital.

Another item which stiffens this resistance in the general mind, is the association of what is technically called literature with ideas subversive of accepted political and ethical traditions. Unfortunately for the publishers' lists, these are the elements usually emphasised by the reviewers. Nothing that Shaw has ever written has so prejudiced bourgeois America against him as the fierce rejoicings of his young disciples in his handling of moral conventions, blinding readers of those rejoicings to Shaw's genuinely prophetic handling of ethical realities.

Finally, there is a class of book-buyers in the United States who will read anything which they can be persuaded is good for them—anything, that is, which demonstrates its relativity to their conscious, and conscientious, search for culture. This is a characteristic of our people too much laughed at abroad as a pretension,

as a vestigial remainder of Puritanism, as anything but what it is—the deep, instinctive movement of Democracy toward self-preservation.

It is only by a high degree of individual mastery over the technique of living that democracy can maintain itself as a going concern. The only way in which a special class can “put anything over” on the masses is by a specialised knowledge, just such specialisation as is implied in the sacerdotal attitude of the critic. So that we have in America a large class, unable of themselves to make the necessary distinction between an informed and uninformed opinion, regarding the whole caste of critics with distrust.

At the same time this group to whom democracy presents itself chiefly as a choice among experts, is pathetically eager in its quest for the hieratic marks of style and form, as certified by the critics, which determine whether or not a particular book is good for them.

Both these factors—the intellectual semi-detachment of New York, which is the source of criticism, and the preoccupation of the American public with its own successful functioning in the world of life—have contributed to the excessive attention given to foreign books in the past. This is especially the case with authors who deal with complexes of the social order. They are read in the first place because of the American interest in group phenomena, and in the second place because they leave the American reader free to contemplate the social theory unhampered by the necessity of doing anything about it.

This is the sort of thing that must be taken into account by the English author in seeking appreciations at the hands of American reviewers. Praise from them is no assurance of sales success, unless at the same time there is explicit relation of the subject-matter to American experience. I do not mean by this that it must necessarily be stated in American terms. The American public has the capacity for absorbing and digesting local colour, to a degree possessed by no other country in the world. The element of foreignness in English books is far less a barrier to intelligent appreciation in America than the foreignness of American books is a handicap to English readers. The comparatively slow rise of the works of Joseph Conrad to popularity has not been due to his unfamiliar backgrounds, but to the devotion of the first criticisms of his books to qualities of form and style rather than to Conrad's fine and genuinely American feeling for the personal adventure. Even novelists like Violet Hunt and Dorothy Richardson, whose work is crammed with English intimacies, could be made to sell in America provided the critics could be diverted from the feast of technical discriminations such books afford, long enough to tell us exactly their relation to the great American quest.

As a matter of fact there is an evident purpose on the part of the newer organs of literary opinion, such as the *Freeman* and the *Evening Post Book Review*, as well as on the part of the independent provincial centres of criticism in the Middle West, to do just that thing.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. JANUARY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

“The Prize Page,” THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

THE MOOR.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best photograph of any scene or building that has literary associations.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1921.

- I.—The Prize for the best original Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Winnifred Tasker, of Nythfa, Llandudno, and Margaret Brown, of 43, Welldon Crescent, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, for the following:

Oh! never is the road too long, nor is the hill too high
That is ever climbing nearer to the wonder of the sky;
A narrow road and lonely but beyond it lies the moor,
Where the four winds all make merry and the soft rain
drives before;

And who could well be lonely though with none to walk
beside
With the four winds wild and wakeful and the grey rain
for a guide?
Who could not well be happy there? Who is there could
forget
The deep silence of the moorland when the sun has slowly
set?

There when the great mist gather close and melt in clouds
of rain
’Tis then to tread the moorland road with joyous steps
again;
For the miles on miles of heather bedewed with jewels
are
And the gay gorse bloom has stolen all the splendour of
a star—

The same that gleams and trembles near the dim edge of
the moor,
When the twilight plays with shadows and drives them
all before;

Oh! never is the road too long, nor is the hill too high,
That goes climbing nearer—nearer to the moorland and
the sky.

WINNIFRED TASKER.

I HAVE THOUGHT.

I have thought
There might be little babes in heav'n, whom God had
brought
From earth before their dimpled feet should ache;
And so He called my mother up to make
A nursery in heaven for their sake!

It has seemed
There might be poor old folks in heav'n, whom God
redeemed
From earth by reason of their weariness:
And so He called my mother there to bless
And comfort them with her sweet tenderness!

Sweet indeed
That God Himself should call for mother in His need!
And sweet to know her beauty heaven-set!
. . . But oh! I wonder, did the Lord forget
One little child on earth, who needs her yet?

MARGARET BROWN.

We also select for printing:

THE TEARS OF COLUMBINE.

Little tears of Columbine
Fall about the grass,
Turn to gleaming milky pearls
Where her feet shall pass.
White pearls beneath a pearl-grey sky—
Yet Columbine has passed them by.

Little tears of Columbine
Drop beside the way,
Turn to diamonds fairy-tossed
By fairy queens at play.
Beckoning lure for head and hand—
But Columbine won't understand.

Little tears of Columbine
Splash upon the path,
Grieving sorry little signs,
Love's sad aftermath.
A rosary of faithless deeds—
Ah! Columbine has told her beads.

(Doris Amy Ibbotson, 121, Lower St. James' Street,
Newport, Isle of Wight.)

Though more lyrics have been received in this Competition than ever before, the quality is on the whole a little disappointing. We select for special commendation the lyrics by Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Enid D. Woolright (Dundrum), G. Lawrence Groom (Regent's Park), Una Malleson (London, W.), J. A. B. (Highgate), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Lucy Malleson (London, W.) Lorna Yarde Bunyard (Mere-worth), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Hilda de Fleury (London, S. W.), Eileen Edwards (Hampstead), Margery Constance Nunn (Yiewsley), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Doris Hertog (Kimberley, South Africa), Mary C. Mair (Brondesbury), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Dorothy Fielding (Folkestone), Miss D. M. James (London, S.W.), Constance Maunsell (Monkstown, Co. Dublin), Thora Stowell (Cairo, Egypt), Miss L. A. Sunley (Christchurch, New Zealand), George Raymond Shea (Margate), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, New York), W. Maxfield Rogers (Wimbledon), Frederic Warner (Auckland, New Zealand), S. R. Noyes (Parys, Orange Free State), Mona Dickson (Paddington), J. A. Galahad (Portland, Oregon), Margaret Florence Hastings (Montreal), Margery Hunter Woods (London, W.C.), J. I. Douglas (York), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, U.S.A.), Mordaunt Currie (Little Baddow), "The Hermit of Guernsey" (Guernsey), John Peterson (Shetland), Floyd Meredith (New York).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Gwendoline M. Shaw, of 36, Warrington Road, Ipswich, for the following:

THE SURGEON'S LOG. BY JOHNSTON ABRAHAM.

(Chapman & Hall.)

"No sound of hammer or of saw was there."
COWPER, *The Winter Morning Walk.*

We also select for printing:

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVERYBODY.

BY S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards.)

"Oh, the roast beef of Old England."
R. LEVERIDGE.

(A. C. Marshall, Oakleigh, Corstorphine, Edinburgh.)

THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST.

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Down among the Dead Men."
Old Song.

(Beryl M. Colby, St. Hilda's College, Cheltenham.)

A MAN FOUR-SQUARE. BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

(Jarrolds.)

"He'd everything a man of taste
Could ever want, except a waist."

W. S. GILBERT, *A Discontented Sugar-Broker.*

(Phyllis Moore, Waldon House, Lansdown Road,
Cheltenham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best criticism of our Christmas Symposium and supplementary list of poems to be included in the Golden Treasury of the future is awarded to Geoffrey H. Wells, of 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff, for the following:

It is curious to note how four out of the nine contributors to this symposium avoid any definite or in any way complete answer to the request, in some cases giving sweeping replies which go quite beyond its scope. Of the others, Professor Elton confines himself too much to the past, and gives only names very few of which one would wish to dispute: it would have been more interesting had his list given the titles of individual poems. In my opinion, too, poems should be included as poems only, not from any interest they may possess as manifestations of the author's genius, as Professor Walker seems to desire. In the following list I give certain poems not mentioned in the Symposium, but which would certainly have to be included:

BELLOC—"The South Country."

BROOKE, RUPERT—"The Dead," "Tiare Tahiti."

BRIDGES, ROBERT—"London Snow."

CHESTERTON, G. K.—"Lepanto," "The Praise of Dust."

DAVIES, W. H.—"Thunderstorms," "Leisure."

DE LA MARE—"A Song of Shadows."

FLECKER, J. E.—"The Old Ships."

GRENFELL, J.—"Into Battle."

KIPLING, RUDYARD—"Cities and Thrones and Powers."

OWEN, WILFRED—"Greater Love."

SQUIRE, J. C.—"To a Bulldog."

YEATS, W. B.—"When You are Old."

We also select for printing:

Imagination responds with delight to Mr. Monro's picture of a Grand Jury taking charge of the "Bible of the Race." The ordinary reader, without either the grave responsibilities or the unique privileges attaching to the chosen seven, delights to speculate round the theme—there maybe he also sees avenues of despair opening before him.

Certain names present few difficulties: but there are many problems connected with living poets. It is good to face these although in many cases the final verdict cannot yet be given.

A careful collection made now will be of interest and use say in 1970. And after it has been weeded out and the real poems safely set in the Golden Book, such an anthology will still be of value because representative of a nation's feelings: particularly during the years round about the

Great War. Already we begin to realise that much which pleased the ear or stirred the emotion when first written during this stressful time is not worthy to attain the permanency of the Treasury although of value to the historian of the time.

One or two names not mentioned in *THE BOOKMAN* Symposium come to my mind, among them Francis Ledwidge and Arthur Shearly Cripps. The "ordinary reader" suggests them humbly.

(Winifred Bates, General Boys' School, Bridport).

We specially commend the seven competitors who suggest that the following should be added to the Golden Treasury: "On an Air of Rameau" and "Memory," by Arthur Symonds; "The Hill," by Rupert Brooke; "What is there hid in the heart of a Rose," by Alfred Noyes; "The Fugitive," by A. E., and "Dreamy, Gloomy, Friendly Trees," by Herbert Trench (N. M. Butterfield, Ilford). "Lilac Time," by Alfred Noyes; "For Ever England," by Rupert Brooke; "The Shepherdess," by Mrs. Meynell; "Drake's Drum," by Sir Henry Newbolt; Hardy's Nativity Poem; "The Seekers," by John Masefield; "The Old Stoic" and "Last Lines," by Emily Brontë; "Larks," by Katharine Tynan; "Into the Twilight," by W. B. Yeats, and "The Little Princess," by Ian Stoughton Holborn (Jessie Jackson, Beverley). "Into Battle," by Julian Grenfell; "Judgment," by Leslie Coulson; "O Fortunati," by Hugh Freston; "Evening Clouds," by Francis Ledwidge, and "Home Thoughts in Levant," by Edward Tennant (S. S. Wright, Bromley). "The Rainbow," by Leslie Coulson (A. A. Miller, Grimsby). "The Highwaymen," by Noyes; some of Masefield's ballads and extracts from his "Reynard the Fox"; "Arabia," "The Listeners" and "The Song of Shadows," by Walter de la Mare; "Everyone Sang," by Siegfried Sassoon; "The Gates of Damascus," by Flecker; "The Vagrant," by John Drinkwater; "The Soldier," by Rupert Brooke; "In Memoriam," by Maurice Baring; "The Volunteer," by Herbert Asquith; and at least one poem each by Thomas Moulton, Ralph Hodgson, J. C. Squire and Muriel Stuart (J. Shaw, Harrogate). "What shall I bring you" and "We may Not Rest," by R. E. Vernède (Hilda Fletcher, Highgate). "Pro Patria," by Owen Seaman; "November Skies," by John Freeman (Kathleen Rice, Harpenden).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to G. Gordon Salmon, of Cleadon, Canterbury, for the following:

THE SECRET VICTORY. BY STEPHEN McKENNA.
(Hutchinson)

In the last volume of "The Sensationalists" we are given a judicious comment on the after-results of the war. All the characters are deftly drawn, and though Ivy Maitland is an unsatisfactory substitute for the unprincipled Barbara Neave in the earlier book, we are

consoled by the further development of Eric Lane, who passes unscathed through situations that, in the hands of a less capable novelist, would be perilously near the undignified. It is a book broadly conceived, written with perfect craftsmanship, and one that, though its warning is unemphasised, must make us fear a little for the future generation.

We also select for printing:

THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH.

By HERBERT G. PONTING. (Duckworth.)

An undercurrent of truest human nature sways the writer, and Mr. Ponting is as delicate in his literary expression as he is magnificent in his photographic studies. The lone waste is portrayed with a nature lover's appreciation of the comedies and tragedies of life that makes one realise that not alone in the hearts of boys and girls will that spirit of adventure be fostered, which the author cherishes as his reward; men and women will read from cover to cover with pride that so glorious a heritage is theirs.

(Reginald May, 94, Warwick Street, Eccleston Square.)

THE IDEAS OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY.

By PROFESSOR J. H. THIRRING. (Methuen.)

There are many people who wish to acquire a knowledge of the sequence of ideas involved in the theory of Relativity, in order that they may form an opinion, and be "in the swim" of the modern controversy over Einstein's theory. This book presents the theory of Relativity in an understandable and logical form. The author has endeavoured to show how Einstein arrived at his deductions, and how the facts of physical experience, logically treated, yield the theory of Relativity; and in a simple, concise manner, explains the results. It is a book which will be welcomed by many.

(Enid Blyton, 34, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by A. R. MacPhail (Cambridge), Helen Louise Bell (Manchester), A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Winifred V. Knocker (Folkestone), John Hughes (London, S.W.), Lily Garland (Streatham), B. N. Saxelby (Manchester), Christine M. Pocock (Burnham-on-Sea), Winifred Barrows (Great Malvern), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), M. H. Dodds (Gateshead), Nancy Littlejohn (London, W.), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), B. Van Thanl, junr. (Swiss Cottage), Francis Dryden (Ruislip), Harold Cross (Dudley), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Edith Robin (London, W.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sidney J. Green, of 201, Twickenham Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

GERTRUDE PAGE.

By W. H. CHESSON.

WHEN a great musician wrote of "that brutal collection of units which poets call the crowd" he largely increased the number of "mute inglorious Miltons," but was very far from supplying a phrase to fit the multitudes who live along such lines of imagination as are laid down for them by Gertrude Page. The coloured jackets of her novels lie around me as I write. They show me the unprincipled politician about to kiss the incorruptible lady journalist, the heroic fugitive

widow watching her country's wily foe from the Cornish coast, Hilary the huntress waving aloft the fox's brush, the Rhodesian police officer looking with immutable nobility into a world where his heart's hope was killed and reborn, and others (the children of Gertrude Page's brain are numerous and the jacket artists are industrious). The characterisation and incidents of her novels, and the Rhodesian local colour of several of them, have effected a sale of at least two million copies;

and the readers implied in that number are probably more numerous than the entire population of the land of shamrocks and shillelaghs. Yet when we examine the principles and qualities illustrated by her books, the shining of unselfish love and of loyalty to spiritual ideals precludes us from poking fun at the tyranny of Duty over even a Don Juan of fifty. Several novelists would be severely handicapped if the law were to cease to interest itself in the behaviour or misbehaviour of fictitious beings, because though expert in what is timidly termed "suggestiveness," they haven't much more courage for explicitness than the rhyming biographer of the "young lady of Joppa who came a Society cropper." Gertrude Page, however, could not possibly be affected in the fundamentals of her popularity by any liberation of lusciousness, because she instinctively chooses to place an altruistic will before an attractive form and possesses at least a partially awakened cosmic consciousness which, although it betrays her into some rhetorical absurdities, makes her weigh more in the scales of philosophy than those perpendicular earthworms, however clever, who find some mean comfort in belittling humanity and ignoring evidences around them of the *rapproch* between the divine and the human.

Gertrude Page, who can afford to dispense with the "professional" Miss, especially as in private life she is Mrs. Alec Dobbin, informs me that I was her earliest critic. The first to whom she confided her literary ambition was, I think, the "Ans" to whom she inscribed a penetrating study of London life entitled "Winding Paths." "Ans" was a government clerk in the same department as one of her closest friends, a sister of mine who was harried by one malady after another into an early grave. The combination of spiritual and physical beauty presented by "Ans" still haunts my memory, and her marriage, after an abnormally long engagement, was the only event of the kind which I witnessed with a complimentary reverence at all comparable with that which I should have felt if I had seen the wedding of those sublime creatures of fancy, "Jo" Lathom and Jack Desborough, who live in "Where the Strange Roads Go Down" and "Follow After." It was Ans who brought me into postal contact with Gertrude Page, then living at Woburn Sands, who had written a novel at the age of sixteen and possessed courage and inspiration enough to carry her for ten years up the hill called Difficulty to the thrones where the best sellers sit out of the draught in the heaven of success. My fair correspondent wrote a firm, flowing and legible hand. She received criticism with unfailing courtesy and discussed it thoroughly. It was not easy to read every word of "Madge," "Queen Mab" and "Proud Evelyn," but it was impossible for me not to feel that the author was one of those people whose creative power must, if favoured by industry, project some irresistibly

charming person into that public dreamland termed a novel. As a matter of fact such a person was already sketched in one of the early MSS. which I was privileged to see. The public knows her as Hilary, the lovable tomboy in "The Great Splendour," a novel now in or beyond its 225th thousand.

To make a long story short, after hearing "No" in a sufficient number of keys and variations to have dissuaded Bruce's spider from pursuing its architectural labour, Gertrude Page became a contributor to the *Girl's Own Paper*, but she was still far from the day when "Gleanings from the Writings of Gertrude Page" (1920) would not have sounded to a cynic a little like a "spoof" compilation. Years passed and I woke up one morning to find Gertrude Page famous, but the first books bearing her name which I examined did not impress me as adequately representing a great reputation, though one of them was "The Edge o' Beyond," which has been successfully dramatised. Hans Andersen was a genius, but the assumption of the human voice by everything whose speech would be convenient or poetically pretty at any particular moment in his and other fairy tales, is noxious to the vitality of a different order of literature. For instance, if the reader says to me, like Gertrude Page in "The Edge o' Beyond," "In the house a little child lies dead," I am shocked. But if he adds, like her, "The grass left off playing, and stood petrified," I perforce wonder if the child is more real than the grass. Real poetry triumphs by the test of truth; sentimentality is merely exposed. Perhaps Mark Twain was cruel in classifying a variety of sentimentality as "hogwash," but there should be something terrifically sobering to sentimentalists in the mere knowledge that such an appellation exists.

When, aided by the courtesy of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, I made a general survey of Gertrude Page's literary achievements, I found several which could only be the handiwork of a writer of admirable creativeness. Named in order of merit they are "The Great Splendour," "Paddy-the-next-best-thing," "Where the Strange Roads Go Down," with its sequel, "Follow After"; and it is worth noticing that they are all dedicated to people to whom she would obviously wish to give of her best. Another noteworthy *opus* consists of the volumes, "Jill's Rhodesian Philosophy" and "Jill on a Ranch."

To conclude, the eulogy of Gertrude Page may be thus pronounced:—Having a brave, unconventional nature, with a passionate love of open spaces and a lavish gift of humour, she was haunted by images of winsome, prankish girls loved by men of monumental constancy or indeflectible ardour. At the same time, wideawake, from girlhood up, to the activities of the selfish and sensual, she was prepared to beguile her readers into a fictitious world not too unlike fact to be plausible. Fearlessly studious of the geography of the



Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Gertrude Page.

soul's heights, she is, from a hedonistic and imaginatively optimistic point of view, repellently enamoured of sorrow, but everybody knows that if a man by losing eyesight obtains insight, there will be people clever enough to say that physical blindness was an excellent thing—for him. She has an astonishing command of dialogue, and when her sense of humour is operative (which is of course very often) one forgives her the lack of constructive power which causes that nimble but creaky-shoed fairy Coincidence and the Being whom novelists call Fate to come to her assistance. If it be incumbent on a great author to write consistently good English, her falls are truly terrible from the viewpoint of a stylist. There is a solemn and eloquent passage in "The Rhodesian" where "infinite hunger" both "lies as a germ in every human heart" and "stands serene and steadfast as the Rock of Ages"; if I had written it the doctor would have been at my bedside next morning. It is curious how the power of gripping the imagination with no other aid but words does not necessarily accompany an even ordinary regard for the purely literary aspect of a book. And yet the many rhetorical flights in Gertrude Page's books do not leave the reader on the ground waiting for tumbles. No, they carry him with the author, however reluctantly, because her terrestrial idealism is singing in their rhythms.

Cynthia Stockley and F. E. Mills Young are contemporary names in South African literature which

signify more perhaps to a purely artistic valuer of fiction than Gertrude Page, but it would be a very rash detractor who should deny the great merit of Gertrude Page's Rhodesian books. Her husband and she turned a large tract of wilderness into "perhaps the most successful and beautiful ranch in Rhodesia." She has studied with humane eyes, not too quick to smile, both black and white races. She knows and sympathises keenly with the problems of the lonely wife execrably waited on by erratic and odoriferous piccanins under conditions where the fleas are numerous, cookery a pathetic art, and the husband much more of a sportsman than a sympathetic companion. But she has the pioneer's appreciation of the scenic and atmospheric charms which are proof against occasional lions, baboons and cobras, but not against the stationary incubus of innumerable tedious streets and the swarms of covetous rivalries that feverishly throb in them. At home in Yorkshire, Ireland, Rhodesia, she can make her people live in any British setting, and who would not like to live with such people as Paddy Adair, Basil Hope, Hal Pritchard and my pet Hilary? In this age of deceit, when people have to be coaxed by legal falsehood into taking an extra hour of sunlight into their working day and when Romeo and Juliet have degenerated into people who "give the glad eye" and "get off with" the opposite sex, it is a treat to read of such womanliness and manliness, such loyalty and generosity, as flourish in the works of Gertrude Page.

New Books.

MAX BEERBOHM MEETS HIMSELF.*

Just ten years ago it was my privilege to make a survey in these pages of the works, literary and pictorial, which Mr. Max Beerbohm had by then presented to a grateful though select public. In a special article entitled "Max Beerbohm: or Art and Semolina," I, in ordinary parlance, "gave" great, though not quite unstinted praise, to a delightful satirist and caricaturist. But "ordinary parlance" was wrong. It was no case of giving. It was "Hands up!" At the point of the pistol of Mr. Beerbohm's talent I was powerless, yielding my admiration at discretion and to *force majeure*. And now Fate—or is it a good editor? or are they one and the same thing?—has put into my hands at the very moment that Mr. Beerbohm presents his latest pistol at my head, a weapon of offence and defence.

Let me deal with this weapon first, since it has been sharpened in the most sporting way by Mr. Beerbohm himself. In a foreword to "Max Beerbohm in Perspective," the author, Mr. Bohun Lynch, quotes a letter from Mr. Beerbohm deprecating Mr. Lynch's intention of writing the book at all, but begging him, if he is really determined, not "by dithyrambs to hasten the reaction of critics against" him. "My gifts are small," he adds. "I've used them very well and discreetly, and the result is I've made a very charming little reputation. But that reputation is a frail plant. Don't over-attend to it, gardener Lynch! Don't over-drench and deluge it! The contents of a quite small watering can will be quite enough." That is a pathetic appeal! And what has

been Mr. Lynch's response? Practically he has ignored it. Dithyrambs at which Dionysos himself would have blushed! "The Caricature of the King of Spain is a spiritual caricature of the highest quality." Watering cans charged with rose-water enough to suffocate the reputation of a far greater than Mr. Beerbohm. "He touches the heights of imaginative writing." Let me hasten to say that Mr. Lynch does make a show of adverse criticism from time to time, but that I find his blame as unconvincing as his praise. That is a disservice to Mr. Beerbohm—and to his select public. But I think that the *method* of this book will do Mr. Lynch's hero even greater disservice amongst the general public whom we desire to be his admirers. In picking the plums out of Mr. Beerbohm's delightful mixed puddings Mr. Lynch has outdone Little Jack Horner himself, implanting them not in his own particular craw but in a most indigestible pudding of his own making.

But what I am really angry about is the effect that this book has had upon myself. It has rendered me actively critical just when I should have liked to be peacefully thankful. For let me at once say that "A Survey, by Max Beerbohm," had it had no precursors and had there been no Mr. Lynch, would have proved to me a very exquisite feast. Indeed, was so doing, until I began to sip Mr. Lynch's sweet champagne. Followed indigestion, flatulence and odious comparison, urged on thereto, my weapon sharpened, as I say, by another sentence in Mr. Beerbohm's letter quoted above. "Years ago," he writes to Mr. Lynch, "G. B. S. in a light-hearted moment called me 'the incomparable.' Note that I am *not* incomparable. Compare me!" Well, I take up the challenge, compelled by my admiration for Mr. Beerbohm, and proceed to compare him with his greatest rival—himself. Mr. Beerbohm is a national institution and too precious to allow me to

* "A Survey." By Max Beerbohm. 25s. (Heinemann).—
"Max Beerbohm in Perspective." By Bohun Lynch. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

hold my hand now that I am fully roused. The whip will hurt the wielder of it more than it will hurt the boy. That it will not *harm* the last is the schoolmaster's humble prayer. And that I am not embittered, or even "reacted" upon by Mr. Lynch's dithyrambs, let me prove by quoting from one of my most cherished possessions—a letter which Mr. Beerbohm wrote to me ten years ago, in which as will be seen he most delightfully and good-humouredly "reacted" to my banter at his use of exotic words. The closing sentence of my article ran, "I myself have had no personal intercourse with Mr. Beerbohm. True! I once wrote him a letter. But he never answered it!" This was his reply:

"I have received to-day THE BOOKMAN, and by the last paragraph of your essay I feel myself absolved from that harsh law of literary hygiene [*sic*] which inverteed forbids a person praised in a public print to write and thank the praiser. Let there be, on this occasion, no discernment between critic and artist. For once I will be neither impenuous nor implected. Utterly apolaustic, I write to thank you for your most witty and delightful essay and to say—no, really I can't say how much pleasure it has given me. Having said, or rather *not* said this, I am brought sharply back face to face with that liberating last sentence of yours. *When* did you write to me? I am sure I never received the letter. And thus this letter I am writing is to be taken as an answer to one which fate unkindly intercepted."

That is a charming letter and no one could write ungraciously after it, but none but a coward could hold his hand because of it. I trust I shall not hit the harder because my hand is in with beating Mr. Lynch. And my

remarks must be confined to the caricatures, inferior though I think them as a whole to Mr. Beerbohm's writings, because that is the task I am set. Now I am convinced that it is nonsense to say that Mr. Beerbohm is only compelled to his art by "the joyous discomfort of a procreant mind" (the phrase, far from pretty, is Mr. Lynch's) and that he is an inspired artist, quite unurged by external forces (also Mr. Lynch). He appears to me, quite on the contrary, to be much more human than that. He is the present day analogue of Dagonet, Killigrew and Archie Armstrong, who, irresponsible in theory, yet had to keep a shrewd look-out on their audiences. But his is a prouder position than theirs, for he is not merely the jester of a Court but of a People, and unless he continues to jest his occupation is gone. Which brings me to a comparison of the volume before me with those that have preceded it. One thing is of course self-evident (and Mr. Lynch has rightly pointed this out), that in the technique of drawing Mr. Beerbohm is advancing. Unfortunately technique is not what we are out for. What we want in Mr. Beerbohm is satirical inspiration, the lash of the whip. For a whipper-in-chief is as necessary to our fallen humanity as a public executioner—and infinitely harder to find. There are, I admit, fine pieces of satirical fun in this volume, notably "Mr. Lytton Strachey trying to see with Lord Melbourne's eyes," "A Study in Temptation," "Unison," "Mr. Hewlett being photographed

Blame the Cloth," "Sir Philip Sassoon," "An Enigma in 1920," "Sir Claude Phillips 'going on,'" "The Old Adam," "A Chill," "The Cecils Cross Over," "The King of Spain," "Lord Spencer," and above all, "Somewhere in the Pacific," enough to make any other Jester's reputation, and ensuring, I trust, a vast sale for a delightful book.

But there is not the priceless cruelty that informs the far more faulty drawings in "The Poet's Corner," the caricatures in the *Taller* and other papers before the war, and the Pre-Raphaelite series not yet published. I have no doubt that Mr. Beerbohm feels, as Mr. Lynch suggests, more kindly towards his fellows as he advances in years. But I submit that kindness is out of place at the Whipping Stock or at the Gallows. We need to have our foibles, our naughtinesses, our insincerities, our contemptibilities, beaten, if needs be choked, out of us. And Mr. Beerbohm has rightly (with the Hangman) obtained the charter for the doing of it. Doubtless to a kind-hearted man Jack Ketch's was a painful business, but he went through with it manfully. I do beg of Mr. Beerbohm not to give up his whip but to beat us with gusto, although—in the seclusion of Rapallo—he may weep at the sad necessity. Do, Mr. Beerbohm, go on "being rude" (your own words). You can "charge the scroll" with punishment better than anyone. Leave to us (and our spiritual advisers) the mastering of our fate. That is my message.

I am fully aware that I may be charged with ungraciousness in looking a gift horse—and a magnificent one—in the mouth, when I should have been on his back enjoying a gallop. But that must be risked.

Let me, in conclusion, make such amends as are possible by heartily recommending all who have, or have not, twenty-five shillings to spare to become possessed of this latest product of Mr. Beerbohm's delightful pencil, fully assured (for in these bad times we must keep an eye on the market) that the time is not far distant when it will command a most satisfactory premium.



By Max Beerbohm.

"The Cecils Cross Over."

From "A Survey" (Helmemann).

G. S. LAYARD.

SUCCESS.*

Probably no two persons would agree in dealing with so difficult a theme as "Success," since opinions as to what constitutes success in this world differ as widely as the poles. Give one man a book, a pipe, and a fireside, and he is perfectly happy; to another—maybe his own brother—such a fate would spell boredom intolerable. Give one man a stout ship well found in stores, Antarctic seas, and the ice-blink in front of him, and he begins to enjoy life; another finds his choicest hours controlling financial operations in a mahogany appointed office. Lord Beaverbrook cleverly edges away from this problem of definitions by admitting that he writes for the young man whose aim it is to "get on" in business—to make money. "It is the first £10,000 which counts," he says calmly, taking our breath away and making our flesh creep avariciously. "There is the real struggle, the test of character" (we beg to disagree there!) "and the warranty of success. Youth and strength are given to us to use in that first struggle, and a man must feel those early deals right down to the pit of his stomach if he is going to be a great man of business. They must shake the very fibre of his being as the conception of a great picture shakes an artist." Ah dear! Not to all of us is it given to shake the golden apples from the tree with such delightful ease; but then, very luckily, not all of us want to. "Shelley had genius," says Lord Beaverbrook, "but he would not have been a success in Wall Street." That is just the point—he didn't want that sort of success, so the argument must fail when specific instances are given in this vein.

Having underscored our most pertinent comment, we may proceed to admit that much of Lord Beaverbrook's advice to young men who desire riches, and the sense of power which they find in great possessions, is invaluable. "What are the qualities which make for success?" he asks. "They are three: Judgment, Industry, and Health, and perhaps the greatest of these is judgment." His chapters entitled "Moderation," "Arrogance," "Courage," "Panic," "Depression" and "Calm" are admirable essays in miniature, though, according to the scheme of the book, we are aware that always the eye is on "the main chance." Yet after all, and in spite of the finest advice of business magnates, is it possible to turn a young man into a money-making organism? We wonder; and we wonder again if it is worth while. Some few are "made that way"; they can no more help making money than a poet can help writing, or an artist help painting; it is simply their form of self-expression. For the rest of us, we go about our various lawful occasions, making a little money by the way, and are passably happy; and, by leave of Lord Beaverbrook, we are in the great majority, and so do not lack for companionship and comradeship, and the gentle arts that to us make life worth living. Let us then leave it at that, and be content with "Success"—as we prefer it.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

VISIONS.†

It is a quarter of a century since "God and the Ant" made its appearance, the first in a remarkable series of little books with which Mr. Coulson Kernahan took the town by storm. One might perhaps put it more correctly by saying he took the world by storm; for those books sold by hundreds of thousands and were translated into nearly a score of languages. They furnished themes for many pulpits; they were amazingly popular, yet the critics crowned them with praise; nearly everybody read them, and those who did not could not help hearing about them. When such an instant and far-reaching success comes to any man, the prophets naturally shake their heads and say it won't last; you remember how one of

* "Success." By Lord Beaverbrook. 2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

† "Visions Old and New." By Coulson Kernahan. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

them—quite a distinguished one—said that because Dickens's fame had gone up like a rocket it was bound to come down like the stick. No enthusiasm can, of course, keep up its first white heat for good; generally it cools rapidly, is presently lost in the blaze of a new enthusiasm and forgotten, or recollected only as a past sensation. A happier fate seems to have been reserved for Mr. Kernahan. New movements have come, and dazzled and deafened us, and gone; the modern world has advanced so immeasurably that it is sometimes said to have outgrown nearly all its interest and belief in that faith on which those booklets of Mr. Kernahan are founded. Yet when they were collected a few years ago into one volume, entitled "Visions," a new public was ready for them, and their vogue still continuing, they have now been reissued again, with additions, as "Visions Old and New."

You will appreciate the full significance of this if you can recall some of the many books that met with something of the same reception in the latter years of last century and have already gone into the wallet in which Time carries on his back alms for oblivion. Their lives were so short perhaps because they appealed to some passing taste that was soon to grow old-fashioned and die; and Mr. Kernahan has appealed to those deeper, more abiding human interests that are too fundamental ever to change more than superficially, and too old ever to be old-fashioned. These stories and sketches of his are a dreamer's interpretations of the mystery of life and death and the secrets that lie beyond the grave; he sees through the shows of things to the indwelling spirit, and finds light in the dark places, order in apparent chaos, and God ruling where there had seemed to be nothing. He is not so much concerned with vindicating the teachings of Christianity as with vindicating the teachings of Christ. He is a visionary, and puts into parables and poignantly imaginative allegories the truth as it reveals itself to him, the spiritual philosophy he has drawn from musing on the laws and character of Christ and the light that is in His words. They are still, as they were a quarter of a century ago, tracts for the times, written with a profound sincerity, a creative imagination and a simplicity and quiet beauty of thought and expression that make them unique among literature of their kind. Their spiritual insight, their message of hope will comfort and strengthen many in these years of sorrowful memories; no finer sermons were ever preached, nor any that were less like what are commonly called such.

THREE POETS.*

They are not new writers, these three; but there is a certain novelty beyond the day of publication in their latest contributions to poetry. And it is more marked because of vivid differences of style that serve to enhance their intrinsic individual qualities.

Mr. Clifford Bax has written other verse-books, artistic and fantastic, but he never wrote before as he has done in "The Traveller's Tale," which is a kind of modern Pilgrim's Progress, written from the psychological aspect of the world. That world is viable; and he sets out to explore it, and in a pilgrim sense to save it for its very life's sake and for his own:

"Thought by thought
I build up long-lost memories of the world,
Of sky and sun, cities and trees and men"—

At length the subtle shell of the ego that holds him breaks asunder, and he finds himself and discerns the over-soul of the sensual world and the hope of its deliverance. But the way is long for this traveller. Child of the ages, he begins far back in time. He is a primitive savage in the first episode of this ages-long intermittent epic; next he is reborn into a Babylonian house, and a magician shows him man's seal of death and red escape. Then again it is the volcanic force of love, or the collision of empires when Chosroës was king of kings, that cross his experience. The last episode but one brings him nearer home—to a Cotswold town—where he is a parson without divinity to guide him; and last of all comes the voyage that leads him to the glimpse of the blest region, and the final deliverance. It is a clear conceived fable of man's time on earth and his destiny, and the manner of its telling is subtle and often eloquent. Where I think it suffers most as poetry is from the writer's determination to realise his epic theme subjectively, first of all, and to make the poetic idea secondary to it.

In his book of "Music" Mr. John Freeman is often narrative too. In one poem, "St. Bartholomew," he has used that noblest of old London churches as another talisman to prove the eternal heritage, and he might almost appear to be writing a sequence to Mr. Bax's book. He recalls the past; the ancient wildness is restored, and Smithfield is fields again:

"... So with uncertain tread
From crumbling stone to stone silent I stepped,
There in a shallow valley the ruin spread,
And unimprisoned there the clear Fleet slipped,
A gleaming rivulet with whispered rushes."

Men and women, they are all gone. But one old man he recovers from time, who discovers the secret of the dreams of mortal men looking for their eternity, and the night looking for the stars and the dawn of day. The old man's invocation at the close is impressive:

"O thou lost Muse, or silent or unseeing
Whom Spring hath lacked and languid Winter wanted,
Thee have the rivers mourned, and the winds fleeing
Moaned after, thro' forsaken cities haunted
In their wreck by mute pale memories."

The harmonising finale comes from the organ, heard above the noises of street and market outside, as they bring back reality to the dreamer. This is grave music, with the immemorial church informing it, as if Rahere were finding a voice. But in the book are many fresh and delightful melodies along with the organ fugues and sequences, as in the song of the Black Poplar:

"Black poplar-boughs are bare, and comb
With their sharp spines the stooping cloud,
Rain falls in gusts, like the torn foam
When the west wind is loud."

or in the ghostly tune:

"Now the pied spaniel whines,"

in which an arrested melody calls up the death-chamber illusion, with the dog's dread of the unknown for cue.

* "The Traveller's Tale." By Clifford Bax. 6s. (Oxford: Blackwell).—"Music: Lyrical and Narrative Poems." By John Freeman. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount).—"Orchard and Vineyard." By V. Sackville-West. 6s. (John Lane.)

In other pages it seems doubtful why Mr. Freeman called his book "Music." At times he even seems afraid of it and puts in clamorous discords and cart-wheel cadences. For instance, after the rare image of a cry that kept sounding like new snow falling upon deep, soft snow, he writes:

"Last the wrangling hushed,
And I stepped lightlier, and unfearful brushed
Sharp spiny bramble through and pale uncurling frondage
crushed."

There is worse than this in the poem called "The Harp," which begins:

"I the Muse am."

It is hard to believe some passages of it came from the same song-smithy as the sonnet on "Change" and the best lyrics of Book I.

Miss Sackville-West has another mode altogether. She does not so much seize upon things as let them seize upon her; and then as it were by sheer lyrical good-luck her joyous thoughts follow. Her spirit is confessed in her quatrains to Eve, for whom she built a castle in air:

"A windy palace most fantastical,
Whose halls stood full of light and resonance,"
or in those of her cycle of "Insurrection":

"Yet much is merry in men's moods diverse,
I am no mystic, I, that I should preach;
With lips string-drawn as tight as miser's purse,
Dispense their wisdom by my scrannel speech."

Valiancy, great gaiety, a touch of defiance, and then a sure sense of the pity of death: all these are in her intrepid individual verse. She can paint a landscape in three lines; she can do a mad-song, remembering Herrick; she can make ghosts of the Leopards at Knole. Her book is a tonic for a moody reviewer on a December afternoon who would give his ears to have written the passage from a Wealden Diary on a January day, or her Arcady in England.

But all three books, adjusted as they are to different planes, and to utterly different estimates and expectations of the world, are in their way stimulative and not the less because their writers are in many respects poetically at odds.

ERNEST RHYS.

PHYSIC AND FICTION.*

This is the fascinating title of an unusual kind of book. The writer discusses such questions as: "Whether health certificates are necessary for eugenic marriages"; "Whether the profession of medicine is unduly or sufficiently controlled"; "Whether secret poisoning is on the increase." On the first point he sums up his opinion thus:

"We do not, as yet, know enough about the diseases that are hereditary, nor can we predict with sufficient surety what the result upon the future generation will be of the marriage of those where hereditary taint is possible, to make compulsory medical inspection before marriage a trustworthy guide."

The chapter concerning the knotty point, entitled "They all lived happy ever after," will help to clear the minds of many doubtful people.

One of the most valuable sections in a most valuable book is that called "Medicine in Fiction." Sir Squire Sprigge is justly angry with the novelist who creates a situation in which a devoted young woman remains by a sufferer's pillow hour after hour, and day after day, till she wins a hand-to-hand fight with fate, and secures, by her importunity, the life of her patient.

"She is a figment," remarks our author. "For in the hospitals all nurses go to their meals and their beds at stated times. . . . Nurses do not deserve ridicule, and it makes them ridiculous to describe their share in the organisation so untruthfully as has been done. Patients, fooled by fiction, have thought that a broken leg or a scalp wound would entitle the sufferer to the exclusive possession, night and day, of a soft-voiced ministering angel; and have resented their particular angel going to her tea."

Now, what has Sir Squire to say of particular novelists? Scott, George Eliot (who does not remember Lydgate?)

* "Physic and Fiction." By Sir Squire Sprigge. 12s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and Stevenson have, he acknowledges, spoken nobly on the side of the medical profession. The best description of cholera is in Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago." "Kingsley gives a very good account of the dirt of the place, of the pig-headedness of the people." Henry James and Marion Crawford have handled malaria well, and there is the episode of the Valley of Eden in "Martin Chuzzlewit," also well done. Heart disease, we are given to understand, is eminently the novel-writer's favourite. It is so extremely useful in killing off troublesome characters whose part is already played. But only one novel is mentioned in this connection with favour—"Une Vie," by de Maupassant. Lovers of Dickens will enjoy the essay on his medicine, and the note on "Dr. Goodenough."

We have no space in which to indicate all the richness of this delightful book, but we cordially commend it to the doctor, to the nurse, to the budding author, and to all interested in hospitals. We heartily endorse Sir Squire's plea for the wider endowment of medical teachers. Lectureships, readerships, fellowships—all are wanted for the instructors.

THE PESSIMISM OF HENRIK IBSEN.*

Ibsen is not played in the theatre of to-day, but it was Ibsen who created the modern theatre. Before his time the stage was a place devoid of intellectual interest; its discussion of social problems concerned only sexual intrigue. With the rise of Henrik Ibsen drama became a real reflection of life—not only of the life of external action, but of the hidden battles of the soul. Ibsen may have served his purpose; but let it not be forgotten how high that purpose was. Few dramatists have ever had such deeply-marked influence on their contemporaries as the author of "Emperor and Galilean."

Mr. Janko Lavrin, a distinguished Serbian writer, has given the world the best contemporary psychological study of the work of a world-master in "Ibsen and his Creation." Lavrin's analysis of the constituents of the Ibsen themes is an extraordinarily able exposition of the purposes of a baffling playwright.

Students of Ibsen have been puzzled and chagrined by his contradictions, his shifting standards of art, his varying views of ethics. Mr. Lavrin thinks that these weaknesses were due to Ibsen having no sense of an Absolute Value. One would rather say that his drama of affirmation conquered by negation is an *ignis fatuus* springing from disbelief in the existence of God. In the text of the plays the Christian belief is suggested, but the logical trend of them is towards a despairing scepticism.

In Ibsen's world the individual himself is the arbiter of conscience and the judge of conduct; but where each man is his own providence these egotistical ethics clash. In addition there is a large section of humanity, Ibsen's "Compact Majority," who are indifferent to truth and honesty and hold fast to those conventions which mask their dishonours. The result is that the upright individualist, with his fixed standard of personal rectitude—which may or may not be the real way of truth—despairs of an earth which makes spiritual perfection impossible.

Truly does Lavrin write:

"The closer Ibsen looked at the enigma of man and life the more haunted he was by it; and whenever he tried to find a safe refuge in 'positive' ideas or ideals, his inner honesty compelled him to undermine, sooner or later, his own refuge. He is not a convinced idealist, but only a Tantalus of ideals."

Again:

"Among modern spirits Henrik Ibsen may be pointed out as a typical instance of the highly developed moral consciousness, allied to a feeble, almost non-existent, religious consciousness."

In "Brand" we have Ibsen's Superman—"Brand is myself in my best moments," he naively said. Here is a character whose supreme asset is his tremendous Will; but at the moment when its manifestation is most necessary it fails, and Brand is jeered at, stoned and deserted by his incensed followers.

* "Ibsen and His Creation." By Janko Lavrin. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

In "Peer Gynt" Ibsen dropped the theory of the conquering Ego, and set forth that a true self-realisation could be achieved only by harmony with our "Master's intention"; but how is a non-religious man to arrive at a religious self-assertion—especially if there be a doubt, as there is in most of Ibsen's concepts, as to which is the Master and which is the Man.

Peer Gynt is really Rudyard Kipling's "Tomlinson," who was fit for neither heaven nor hell by reason of lukewarmness of soul. The exact similarity can be seen when the Button-Moulder (the Devil) says to Peer, defending himself against total annihilation, and pleading for the torments of hell instead on the ground that his sins are no worse than those of other people:

"Why, that is precisely the rub, my man!
You're no sinner at all in the higher sense;
That's why you're excused all the torture-pangs,
And, like others, land in the casting-ladle!"

Ibsen desired truth in every relationship in life, and in his coldly scientific examination of society arrived at a terrible negative. As Jankrin declares of that bewildering play, "The Wild Duck," which impels all but the Complete Ibsenite to laughter in its most serious scenes: "He soon reached that region where life and falsehood are so organically interwoven that the destruction of falsehood would imply the destruction of life itself."

There is no phrase of Ibsen's more quoted than the famous one, which sounds as if it came from the lips of Nietzsche, "The strongest man is he who stands alone." Is Dr. Stockman, in "An Enemy of the People," not really a weakling? It is true that he fiercely declaims, "All who live upon lies should be exterminated like vermin"; but he also musingly admits that "A normally constituted truth lives, as a rule, seventeen or eighteen years; at the outside, twenty; seldom longer." The supposedly intrepid Stockman does not even believe in his own gospel.

In "Rosmersholm" Ibsen tries another grapple with life. His ex-pastor, Johannes Rosmer, proclaims: "I know no Christian morality. I know no other morality than I have within me." The implication is that Rosmer will be happy in his own self-reliant conscience. Nothing of the kind. His sickly morbidity infects the emancipated Rebecca West, who congratulated herself that she was "beyond good and evil"; and on their wedding night the cheerful couple drown themselves in the mill-race where Rosmer's wretched wife had previously met her death. No wonder Rebecca complained:

"My old undaunted will has had its wings clipped here. It is crippled! The time is passed when I had courage for anything in the world. I have lost the power of action, Rosmer. . . . It is the Rosmer view of life that has infected my will. And made me sick. Enslaved me to laws that had no power over me before."

I believe Ibsen expressed his whole desolating philosophy of existence in the words of Mrs. Alving:

"I almost think we are all of us ghosts. It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we cannot shake them off. Whenever I take up a newspaper, I see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light."

It was in his struggle against this fear that Ibsen became a dramatist. In all his dramatic writings there is that conflict of ideas which is the very heart's blood of the life of the theatre.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

EUROPE AFTER THE WAR.*

Mr. Stephen Graham has gone from Dan to Beersheba—or rather from Athens to Paris—only to find everything barren. Europe—judged by its capitals—is bankrupt, overcrowded, seething with hatred and suspicion, and hag-ridden by the stupidest and most fanatical forms of nationalism. The multiplication of passports and visas, the gambling on the different rates of exchange, and the

* "Europe—Whither Bound?" By Stephen Graham. 10s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Indifference to the starvation of Russian peasants on the Volga and of Russian nobles and intellectuals at Constantinople, are symptomatic of the universal refusal of aid between nations. And the *fontes et origines malorum* are, of course, the European War and the Treaty of Versailles. The Russians have got Constantinople at last. There are 100,000 of them there, without money and without clothes. The Armenians and the Spanish Jews have bought up all their valuables. And the city, ruled by a British general, contains five times as many people as it can house. At Constantinople a pound sterling will keep you for a day. At Sophia it will maintain you for a week. But you probably won't want to stay that long at the Bulgarian capital; for the people, though simple men and good fighters, are no more altruistic than the Greeks, for whom no nation in Europe has a good word. Belgrade contains more cripples than any other capital, Berlin, now a slum *en bloc*, coming a good second. It is to the credit of the Serbians that they have shown themselves grateful to their liberators. Many exiled Russians have obtained administrative posts in Belgrade. But the erection of the great Jugo-Slavian Kingdom has not yet resulted in a fusion of races; for the Croats and Slovenes, with their Austrian culture, have proved far from assimilable. Budapest still hankers after its ex-king, Karl, and resents the alienation of Hungarian territory to Serbia, Rumania and the Czechs. The Magyars are a fighting people, quite implacable. Moreover, like the Germans, they are prepared to work. Vienna may starve eventually; but the time is not yet. Meanwhile the city has increased in population since the war. Its cafés, restaurants and theatres are full; while there are long queues outside the Wechselstuben, or money-changing offices. The Austrians favour a union with Hungary or Germany. As the Poles are the weakest and the most provocative of the new powers, with one friend only, France, so the people of Bohemia are the strongest and most capable. The Czechs have shown their independence in two ways, by renouncing allegiance to the Pope, and setting up a National Catholic Church, and by abandoning the German language, and encouraging the teaching of English. Not that they love the English over much, but that they admire the Americans and ex-President Wilson. The Germans, however, are popular in Italy where, ship-less themselves, they help largely to manage the Italian shipping. There will be no Bolshevik revolution in D'Annunzio's country, which is now quite prosperous; for the cult of Communism was destroyed by the English trade agreement with Krassin. The peasants and proletariat are well-to-do, and the country is well stocked with coal. London is a hopeless city. It interests itself first of all in sport, secondly in divorce cases, thirdly in strikes, fourthly in the Anti-Waste crusade, fifthly in Ireland, and then perhaps in the state of Europe. In Paris, the people are naturally self-conscious in a pre-eminent degree. France stands higher than she has done at any time since that of Napoleon. She has a supreme contempt for the idealism of England and America, and is firmly resolved on the disarming and dismantling of Germany. But France's greatest vice and weakness is avarice. It is her penuriousness, meanness, and exaggerated thrift that stand most in the way of her material greatness now. She wants to fill the rôle of the greatest nation in Europe; but she shrinks from spending the necessary money.

LEWIS BETTANY.

CAROLINE POETS *

The long-desired third volume of Professor Saintsbury's "Minor Poets of the Caroline Period," containing Cleveland, King, Stanley, Flatman and Whiting, is perhaps the most interesting of the set. One of the main objects of this great collection of minors, as the editor remarks in his introduction to one of them, was to present a certain kind

* "Minor Poets of the Caroline Period." Volume III. Edited by George Saintsbury, M.A. 16s. (Clarendon Press.)

of heroic poem, and this certainly is the sole justification for including Nathaniel Whiting's nauseous "Albino and Bellama." But the new volume contains less of heroic poetry than the others, and is delightful by reason of other qualities than those which Professor Saintsbury himself deplores in Whiting.

Cleveland is the most vigorous of the Caroline bards now presented, and I am inclined to think that, besides a crude and incondite satirical energy, he has a finer poetical value than his editor allows him. In a "corpus of metaphysical poetry" such light and bright versing as this must not be deprecated:

"As spiders travel by their bowels spun
Into a thread, and, when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each panegyric line.
Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
As with a Jacob's staff, to take her height."

Take him at his worst, and still his worst is amusing:

"The sea's too rough for verse; who rhymes upon't
With Xerxes strives to fetter th' Hellespont"

a couplet that comes from an elegy upon that Edward King for whom "Lycidas" was written. Triumph of frigidity! cries the editor; but something of this elegy lingered on the affectionate ear of Charles Lamb, for when he wrote upon the astonishing disappearance of George Dyer into the New River, did he not quote Cleveland:

"But can his spacious virtue find a grave
Within the imposthumed bubble of a wave?"

It is easy to quote from Cleveland, even without knowing him, one famous couplet being found in his fierce and vivid "The Rebel Scot":

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wander but confined him home."

The same humour informs another poem, "The Scots' Apostacy," which is lit by a fine line (addressed to the wandering but now to be restricted Scot):

"Live cherished only by the Northern Star."

And I cannot forbear transcribing a single brief passage for evidence that Cleveland was truly a poet and not merely a political satirist; a passage from "An Elegy upon King Charles the First, murdered publicly by his Subjects":

"Let nought then pass for music but sad cries,
For beauty bloodless cheeks and blood-shot eyes.
All colours soil but black; all odours have
Ill scent but myrrh, incens'd upon this grave."

Henry King, author of "Tell me no more how fair she is," has hitherto been but slightly known, and the hundred pages which the present volume spares for him are excellently used. He has a better style than that of his neighbours in the book—witness "Ice may relent to water in a thaw," and

"... One whose fading day
Like to a dedicated taper lay
Within a tomb, and long burnt out in vain,
Since nothing there saw better by the flame."

King, like Cleveland, wrote a long elegy upon the martyr Charles, and like Cleveland used the couplet, but used it with a skill and frequent beauty which Cleveland could not approach. The elegy does not lose in power or dignity by reason of King's note at the end—"From my sad Retirement, March 11, 1648." Years had to pass before a Stuart was restored to his throne and King to his bishopric.

It is for Thomas Flatman that Professor Saintsbury's chief warmth is reserved—perhaps rightly. His "Ode on the Death of the Earl of Ossory" deserves its prime place, and not only for lines like:

"Lament, lament, you that dare Honour love,
And court her at a noble rate."

But Professor Saintsbury omits to remark the beauty of "Retirement," an ode in the time of the plague :

"In the mild close of an hot summer's day,
When a cool breeze had fann'd the air,
And heaven's face look'd smooth and fair;
Lovely as sleeping infants be,
That in their slumber smiling lie
Dandled on their mother's knee,
You hear no cry,
No harsh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noise:
When every sweet, which the sun's greedy ray
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew;
Weary, and faint, and full of thought
Though for what cause I knew not well
What I ail'd I could not tell,
I sate me down at an aged poplar's root,
Whose chiding leaves excepted and my breast,
All the impertinently busied world inclin'd to rest."

There is an individual sweetness here for which any age of readers—Caroline, Georgian or post-Georgian—must be grateful. Something other than gratitude may be felt for the lapdog servilities with which Flatman (but not Flatman alone) behymned an egregious Charles the Second. At best it is the gross absurdity that strikes you in reading :

"When Charles the Merciful did reign,
That Golden Age, when void of cares,
All the long summer's day,
We atoms in his beams might sport and play"—

and an apostrophe to James the Second :

"Dread Prince! whom all the world admires and fears."

The poets in this volume are much occupied with elegy and satire, and in form are fondest of the irregular ode and the heroic couplet. To compare them with their contemporary betters, with Milton and Marvell, with Cowley and Vaughan, with Dryden and Crashaw, is to see clearly their true proportions. They are neither great nor negligible, and now that they are exposed to the general reader, admiration will follow and due enjoyment of delights. And the present occasion reminds us that for great enterprises such as this collection of Minor Caroline Poetry we must still look to an old University press. It is a further satisfaction to record the sustained excellence of material production, despite the long breach of the war. Professor Saintsbury's part in the edition, both in choice and annotation, is hardly to be overpraised; and could he but have forgone his spatter of jocosities there would not be room for the faintest qualification of our thanks.

JOHN FREEMAN.

IMMATURE INDISCRETIONS.*

All the young men just now appear to be writing their reminiscences. This is perhaps as well. The sooner some of them exhaust their stock and relapse into predestined silence the better for all of us. Mr. George Moore has much to answer for. His famous autobiographical trilogy, with its childlike candour and innocent indiscretions, is so easy to read that the very young feel sure it must be easy to write. Hence the flood of immature improprieties. The very young have failed to discover that Mr. George Moore is perhaps the most deliberately cunning of all our writers, a most accomplished artist, at home in two literatures and master of every trick of literary technique. He writes as easily as Pachmann plays; but think of what lies behind that ease! Mr. George Moore has spent thirty years or so in learning how to write "Hail and Farewell"; our innocent young men imagine they can do it as soon as they are out of the Sixth Form.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson is the latest recruit to the ranks of those engaged in showing up their contemporaries. He seems to have been a writer and an actor and several other things, and now proceeds to give his views of famous men and the fathers who begat him. Needless to say that he

* "Modern Men and Mummies." By Hesketh Pearson. 20s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

is cheeky and determined to be irreverent at any cost. Thus, feeling impelled to write about Mr. Lytton Strachey, he begins by discussing biography in general, declares that biographical art did not begin to exist in this country till 1910, dismisses Boswell's "Johnson" airily as "a masterpiece of the Insignificant," assures us that "Lockhart, Foster, Froude and the rest (poor innocent souls) . . . all told at great length everything about their heroes that no one wanted to know," and thus continues :

"Quietly, in the year 1910, the first great biographical work of art in the English language was finished. . . . The author, Frank Harris, had recreated his subject, Oscar Wilde, and unfolded the astounding drama, with an unequalled intimacy, power, vividness and truth. It established an epoch in literary history and created a biographical tradition in its kind."

That was the "first great biographical work of art in the English language." The second was "Eminent Victorians." Now I wonder how Mr. Lytton Strachey, who happens to be a scholar, versed specially in the great age of French literature, likes being praised in these terms?

Mr. Hesketh Pearson will be sure to receive plenty of applause for his irreverence. He can therefore afford to do without praise from me, and so I propose to tell him that such a paper as his "Stephen Phillips" is something very like an outrage. I propose to tell him that the only readable pages of his book are those containing the words of other men—the fantasias of Tree, the letters of Frank Harris and the letters of Bernard Shaw, who must certainly be a miracle of patience and kindness. I propose to tell him further that he does not yet know how to write, and apparently doesn't know that he doesn't know. He will, of course, attach no importance to anything I say, so I will transcribe the opening paragraph of his paper on Sir Francis Galton as a specimen, and ask him to submit it to his soul's idol, Mr. Shaw, who really does know something about writing. Thus Mr. Pearson :

"The most difficult art in the world is the art of understanding your fellow man. Sympathy has to be almost abnormally developed in order to do so. And you must begin the study by trying to understand yourself. In literature, the paucity of great biographies is sufficient evidence of the difficulty, and the negligible quantity of great autobiographies throws a flood of light on the significance of this."

I tell Mr. Pearson quite seriously that the man who can write, print and pass paragraphs like that simply does not know what writing is and is therefore incapable of criticising it.

Mr. Pearson cannot criticise and cannot write; but he can report very well. The parts of his book in which he utters opinions have no value at all; the parts in which he reports certain things he has seen and heard are very entertaining. It is a long time since I have read anything funnier than his account of Tree's monological conversations or the description of an actor's committee meeting at Drury Lane presided over by George Alexander. I shall not be surprised if his indiscretions provoke a shower of injunctions, and I therefore advise readers who want to be amused by the failings of popular favourites to read this book while they can.

GEORGE SAMPSON.



Mr. Hesketh Pearson.

WAY OF REVELATION.*

There have been many occasions when, reading a novel, we have been aware of the author at his work, constructing plot, evading difficulties, carefully drawing his story to its conclusion. There have been fewer occasions when the story has moved, like some fine, natural process, gravely and steadily, irresistibly, towards its inevitable end, the author being a mere accessory—a needful recording medium. Not for many months and many novels have we received this latter impression so strongly as when reading "Way of Revelation." It is a big thing; a novel of note among the published thousands of ordinary interest; it holds a strange reserve of power and tragic emotion; its observation and penetration are free from all reproach of smartness or betrayed effort. That it should be a "war novel" makes its triumph all the more sure, while all the more surprising; but the battle-fields of France and Flanders, so wonderfully, poignantly described, are here seen as the playgrounds of elemental forces contending for the souls and bodies of poor human victims. Of two of those victims, principally, the story tells, bringing them on the stage as young society philanderers, apparently useless, at a ball in midsummer, 1914, and tracing their lives through the years of terror when thousands of such men passed severest tests of moral and physical courage, joked in the face of death, and heartened others by their example. In a story running to more than 500 pages there are of course many characters; in none of them can the author's skill be said to falter, but in Adrian Knoyle and Eric Sinclair it is at its highest. They are not made Greek gods; they are simply ordinary fellows, falling in love, dancing when opportunity comes, dabbling in literary matters and sampling the strange exotic fads and coteries of London; therefore they live, talk, act, and are not dull. Rosemary, the girl whom Adrian loves, is a weakling, blown upon by every warm wind of fashion and fancy; she is not strong enough to resist the enticements of a noxious poet of the erotic type, and there is a tense scene when Adrian, rushing impetuously home on leave, hears them in conversation together and receives almost a death-blow. He seeks death, in fact, after this cruel disaster to his ideals, but death comes to his chum Eric instead, and Adrian lives, wounded in body and spirit, to find happiness later with the calm, steadfast woman whom Eric had loved. Farther than this vague sketch we shall not follow the plot. It has many fine episodes, both of war and peace. Without reserve, we can "place" Mr. Ewart's work among the distinguished, the novels that matter; strong because the personality behind it is strong; a living record that will mean much to all who lived and worked, and hoped and despaired, and lost faith and found it, during those five unforgettable years.

RELATIVITY.†

It is forty-two years since Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address marked the highest tide of materialistic thought and certitude; but how far off and remote does it seem to lie now in the history of the human mind? The day of materialism has yielded its place utterly, and this is filled by many things, but most of all by rumours of the Spirit and echoes of a coming reign which looks like that of the Spirit in all the realms of thought. At least the old icons have fallen and the old false gods are dead. It is also the day of Einstein and "the reign of relativity." As an observer of marvellous acuteness and patience, Darwin is of immortal memory, but natural selection and the descent of man, as explained by him, have "folded their tents like the Arabs," while in the accepted understanding of the term there are moments when it looks perilously as if evolution itself, weighed in certain balances, were being found wanting, like that crowd of strange

* "Way of Revelation." By Wilfrid Ewart. 7s. 6d. (Putnam.)

† "The Reign of Relativity." By Viscount Haldane. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

guests at the Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosy Cross. In this, his latest and perhaps most remarkable contribution to the deep searchings of thought, Viscount Haldane finds no occasion to quote Huxley or Herbert Spencer. These witnesses have passed. He tells us that science has begun to scrutinise its own foundations and to "apply its own methods in the investigation." It is advancing with sure steps into a region which its experts and exponents have "for long" not thought of entering. In this region the scientist and metaphysician must meet, and they may find that they are necessary to each other. It is the region of the relativity of knowledge, which Einstein illustrates in its application to physics, though relativity is a principle that applies to art, philosophy, religion and the whole field of knowledge, over and above physical science. In its proper understanding there is nothing actually new connoted by this principle, thus put forward newly. Plato and Aristotle are said to have realised its far-reaching importance; Plotinus was concerned with it: in a word, it is an old and familiar idea. On such understanding one is inclined to speculate whether it was not known to the schoolmen of the Middle Age who, after their own manner, had taken all thought for their province.

As to the principle itself, Lord Haldane offers us three meanings of the term: (1) that our view of things varies with our personal circumstances and a changed position may revise that view completely; (2) that our direct knowledge is not of things as they are but as they appear in relation to our minds; (3) that experience is dependent on conditions which discover only certain aspects of experience. Our knowledge is relative in this sense, and so also is the experience to which it is directed. Einstein is concerned, as I have said, with the principle of relativity in physics, and in a notice like this it is possible to cite only one of his conclusions, namely, that the character of space and time is found to be purely relative, and so is their reality. Lord Haldane follows the principle outside physics, adopting a philosophical method. He is led thereby (1) to the recognition of a higher order, in which the distinction between thinking and what is thought is "in the end and ideally superseded"; (2) to the tentative acceptance, with Professor Cunningham, of time as a genuine form of reality and the consequent exclusion of a timeless Absolute; (3) to the conception of God as an entirety within which all distinctions and resulting relations must fall, whence He is not subject as differentiated from object and is no entity separated from ourselves; (4) to the recognition of the search after God as after something which is immanent within us; (5) to the acknowledgment of the implications of the personal self as more than merely finite; (6) to the admission that death "at its own level" is an actual event, but that at a level of a different order it does not touch the subject-self, which is no transitory physical object or organism; (7) to the acknowledgment of the self as that in which the universe centres.

Now it so happens that Lord Haldane condemns Mysticism in a sentence when he classes its method as one of negation, but in the deep states of mystical experience there is an age-long testimony to the truth of these views—save only, I think, as regards time and the Absolute. As one who recognises the validity of mystical claims, I count it good and of great augury that such an one as Lord Haldane, in the front rank of thought, has been brought by mental processes to affirm in his own forms of language the identical truths to which the mystics have borne their testimony on the ground of experience. It seems to me another illustration of this our marvellous epoch. We have followed the great quests of thought and objective discovery so far and long in the zeal and sincerity of the quest-spirit that after all the travellings we are going back to God—in a sense because we are driven, yet in a much deeper sense because we have been seeking Him unawares under other names through all. In this our going back, in our provisional and other conclusions by the mind-paths, we return also to the old science of the mystics, whose method is by no means negative only, it is also a mode of action. There is perhaps no notable book of the

moment more likely to lead in the direction of the mystical threshold those who can follow its findings to their final issues than is this on relativity, the reign of which—if it comes indeed to reign—may herald the Kingdom of God.

A. E. WAITE.

A TRIO.*

It is not uncommon to lay down a book with feelings of respect and admiration for its author; it is rare to lay one down with a feeling of simple gratitude for the provision of a four hours' entertainment. Few writers are capable of genuine comedy, and it is with surprised delight that we welcome a successful experiment. May Sinclair's "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" was worth in point of solid enjoyment all the psychological novels of the past five years put together; and now we have Aldous Huxley's "Crome Yellow."

It is the sort of book to which one refuses to apply standards, about which it is impossible to ask oneself whether it is or is not ephemeral, whether it possesses permanent qualities; one is conscious only of gratitude.

"Crome Yellow" is not really a novel. There is no plot, there is no theme; the various incidents are not threaded on any single string. It is a book of episode and digression. Denis Stone, a minor poet, arrives at a country house in the first chapter; and in the last chapter he departs from it. But "Crome Yellow" is not the story of Denis Stone. It is a discursive narrative; it is a satire on modern foibles; it exploits certain modern types. It has the charm of intimate conversation, during which the mind flies off at unexpected tangents. Its sole continuity is the continuity of Mr. Huxley's unlagging humour. In "Limbo" Mr. Huxley was just missing it all along; nothing quite came off. In "Crome Yellow" he just gets there every time. And perhaps the most agreeable reflection of the reader who has finished this entertaining book is the knowledge that Mr. Huxley has only begun his career and that there are still so many books for him to write and for us to read.

Eighteen months ago Michael Arlen caused a certain sensation with the publication of "The London Venture." It was a book of anecdote and causerie and reminiscence written in the manner of "Memoirs of My Dead Life." Indeed, there were so many resemblances of style and matter that the book was once at least reviewed under the heading, "Is it by George Moore?" Mr. Arlen has, however, in his new book abandoned the style at any rate of his master. "The Romantic Lady" is composed of three short stories and one long story. They are told in direct, straightforward narrative. An occasional phrase, such as "How charming it is to meet in life what one is tired of meeting in books," informs the reader that Mr. Arlen is a collector not only of first but also of privately printed George Moore editions; but on the whole as regards its style "The Romantic Lady" is a surprising successor to "The London Venture."

This change would naturally be thought to indicate an improvement in the quality of Mr. Arlen's work. But the interest of the narrative is not increased by it. For Mr. Arlen, while abandoning George Moore's style, has retained in a certain measure his technique, and the two are inseparable. Each of these four stories is embellished with an unnecessary wealth of discursive descriptions. The plot is in each case slight, and with the possible exception of "The Romantic Lady," the plot is in each case lost in its setting. George Moore's style is admirably fitted for the graceful, effortless decoration of a trivial theme. Mr. Arlen's new style is not. It is fitted for direct narrative, for straightforward storytelling. And though "The Romantic Lady" is a more original book and therefore perhaps a better book than "The London Venture," it provides the reader unfortunately with less entertainment.

* "Crome Yellow" By Aldous Huxley. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"The Romantic Lady." By Michael Arlen. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"Patchwork." By Beverley Nichols. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Beverley Nichols's first novel, "Prelude," was an interesting book and made one wonder whether its author would become a novelist. His second novel, "Patchwork," is an equally interesting book, but it closes speculation. It is unlikely that Mr. Nichols will ever be a good novelist. "Patchwork" is "Prelude" over again, with Oxford instead of Marlborough as its setting. Raymond Sheldon is Paul Trevelyan three years older, and the shadowy incidents and characters of the book have no object other than the providing of an obsequious background. Mr. Nichols parades the same personality, and though the study of that personality is not uninteresting, nor would it be unprofitable if impartial, it is not a sufficient basis for sustained dramatic narrative. Mr. Nichols had a big reputation at Oxford as a speaker, and there are many signs in "Patchwork" that "the spoken word" is his *métier*. There are several descriptions of speeches, and on these occasions the writing is firm, at all other times it is a backboneless imitation of Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Nichols is far more likely to do valuable work as an orator than as a writer.

ALEC WAUGH.

Novel Notes.

THE TOWER OF OBLIVION. By Oliver Onions. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Merely to praise the cleverness and the ingenuity with which he has treated his latest theme—the case of a man who at forty-five begins and continues to live backward instead of forward, would be to render scant justice to the power and originality of so masterly a craftsman as Mr. Oliver Onions. Far better is it to announce to all his admirers that "The Tower of Oblivion" is the finest book he has written since "In Accordance With the Evidence," and that the closing chapters reach a level of pathos and poignancy to which the author has never before attained. We can think indeed of no scenes in recent fiction which are so starkly and plangently moving as those in which Derwent Rose, the hero, gone back to the age of eighteen, beseeches his old friend, Sir George Coverham, to aid and to abet his suit for the seventeen-year-old Jenny Aird. Mr. Onions has often been accused of being steely, of writing from the head instead of from the heart. In his study of the cataclysm that overwhelms Rose—novelist, athlete, swimmer and ex-officer—he easily rebuts this charge and reveals a tenderness, a sympathy and a passion which rank him with novelists like Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy. The story is a fantasy of course; to give an account of its development, therefore, would be to spoil to some extent the reader's interest. So we shall tell no more of the plot than to reveal the quaint coincidence that makes hero, narrator, first heroine and last heroine's mother all professional writers of fiction. But we must enter a protest against Mr. Onions's new habit of overworking his adverbs, an exasperating trick which seems to be the result of his great admiration for Henry James.

CROSSING PICCADILLY CIRCUS. By Ward Muir. 7s. (Heinemann.)

There is a good deal of truth in the views upon art that old Adam Creighton expounds for the benefit of his son David, whose story is in this book. "All manner of follies and foulnesses," Adam says, among other things, "are foisted on us under the name of art. . . . We are given a book which may spell ruin for some readers, and we are told that this is justified because the book is art. Cant! As though there are not countless books which are fine and pure and true art, and the authors of which have not needed to write a solitary line which could do hurt!" Adam was an evangelist who toured the world as a popular preacher, and David, in his youth, had accompanied him and shared in the services to the extent

of playing the cornet. But David has outgrown that phase of his career and is a little ashamed of it; his father is dead, and the cornet laid aside. You meet him on the first page crossing Piccadilly Circus; as he pauses on the island midway, he sees Maisie Farlow on the opposite pavement, and Maisie's story and his own unfold themselves in his mind, and as he comes to the end of them, near the end of the book, he completes his crossing and greets her. Maisie is a girl of the demi-monde, a simple, unimaginative sort of innocent animal creature who, like Cinara, can be faithful in her fashion. Her character is sketched, the chronicle of her loves and various lovers narrated with shrewd humour and a large charity that neither excuses nor condemns, but shows the life as it is, its tawdry glamour, the dazzle and squalor and piteous cheapness of it all. The very frankness of the realism so robs it of allurements that, however much Adam himself might have disapproved of the theme, he could not have said such a story could do hurt to any and needs must have acknowledged the art with which the thing is done. Mr. Ward Muir has made a silk purse out of a sow's ear; his story might easily have been sordid and distasteful, but, leaving the tragedy implicit in it to speak for itself, he has told it lightly, sympathetically, sometimes cynically, and interests you in the least respectable of his people not because they are that but because they are so poignantly and primitively human.

MARJORIE CONYERS. By M. I. Whitham. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Miss Whitham is as clever as ever in her characterisation. She should have made more of the silver spoons, after rousing our curiosity about them at the first, and the diabolical plot of Caroline oozes out in an unconvincing way. But apart from that the story is singularly attractive. Marjorie is left an orphan, dependent on rich relatives, and she occupies her position with dignity. Her beautiful cousin threatens to upset her happiness, and we are on the edge of fears for a time. But love asserts its rights, the inheritance is lost, and yet Marjorie and her lover come together by a stroke of dramatic justice. The essential charm of the book lies in the women, young and old, the two mothers, the wealthy spinster, and the two girls. The common ordeal to which all are subjected is worry about money, worry about possessing or desiring or lacking it. But the atmosphere of the novel is not sordid. On the contrary it is vital, and the vitality comes from the heroine's fine spirit. We have nothing but praise for the crisp, sure touch of the authoress.

SWEET WATERS. By Harold Nicolson. (Constable.)

A romance of Turkey, by one who knows the diplomatic service from the inside. The two men in the book are both connected with it. Tenterden, the hero—who appears rather tardily—is Counsellor of Embassy at Constantinople. He has served there before. . . . "On the table the familiar, inevitable incidents of the Chancery . . . the typewriters, the Foreign Office List, the envelopes, the paper baskets, and the little green tags, the familiar cameo on the writing paper." There is a stately heroine called Eirene. Tenterden loves her, but thinks himself too old for her. She plays about for a while with Angus, the unworthy fellow, but then goes to nurse at the front (for war plays a large part in the volume); and all ends happily. The book abounds in colour; it is full of a sensitive and attractive charm. And, of course, the story gains enormously through its picturesque and uncommon setting.

THE SINGING CAPTIVES. By E. B. C. Jones. 6s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

At a first reading or a casual reading this new novel Miss Jones impresses by its close, its scrutinising study of the half-dozen or so characters of which it is composed. At a second reading, or a more leisurely and thoughtful

reading, the size, the force, even the simplicity of the story, become realised. The key-note of it all is meant to be struck by the quotation on the title page from Webster's "The White Devil": "We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry." In our opinion, however, these caged birds depicted by the author—these "singing captives"—are crying all the time, with scarcely an exception. Put shortly, the story is concerned with a husband and wife—Sir Harold and Lady Peel—their sons, Roden and Francis; their daughters, Caroline and Stella, and Lady Peel's nephew, Evelyn Cashel. These, with a few outside friends at times, live in wealthy ease, in unquestioned luxury, but criticising, jarring, misunderstanding, even scorning one another in their daily intimacy. On the surface it is a light, frivolous life that Miss Jones depicts so carefully, but as the story advances we see the individual feelings underneath. Lady Peel, so restless and seemingly futile; Sir Harold, so suave, stolid, courteous, seemingly immovable in his wealth and reliability; Roden, so sulky, discontented, idealistic, despairing, with his genuine admiration for the half-educated typist he had met in the Green Park; Caroline, so self-conscious, self-critical, impatient of the smallnesses of her mother and Stella, with her tragedy of a lover killed in the great war; Stella, apparently frivolous, yet revealing occasional glimpses of a passion of sisterly love; Evelyn Cashel, so polished, smiling, clever, insincere. It is a distinctive family. And then, at last, Sir Harold—always a speculator—is ruined. And the feelings of each man and woman in the book are, the reader realises, already revealed, even before the crash comes. It is a piece of writing that commands respect as well as admiration for its care and its brilliance.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LION. By Ashley Gibson. 3s. (Colombo: *Times of Ceylon*.)

The public of the West, even that section of it known as the "reading public," cares little as a rule for the legends and literature of the Orient lands. Yet, as Mr. F. W. Bain has shown, there are stores of beauty for those who have the knowledge and perseverance in the literature of India, to take only one country out of many. In this little book Mr. Gibson places before us a few characteristic examples of classic Sinhalese work in the "Mahavamsa" tales. History, myth and fantasy are so closely blended that only the scholar can attempt to analyse them, and even he may be baffled. In the absence of special knowledge on the subject we can only record our appreciation of the attractive manner in which the author, using Dr. Geiger's translation, has rendered several of the stories into a pleasant narrative form. Intrigues, soothsaying, magic, play their part, and animals have the gift of intelligent speech, as in the folklore of all primitive races; each little story has a beauty of its own. The concluding tale, written by the author himself, proves how excellently he has studied his material, for in delicacy and charm it is in no way inferior to the others.

BELSAVAGE. By Henrietta Leslie. 7s. 6d. (Page.)

When Belsavage, young and ardent, married the handsome and scholarly Martin Dean, she stepped from the exciting and jolly companionship of the south-western studios into a country life of loneliness. For Martin had queer ideas on the subject of parentage, and no real knowledge of women at all; absorbed in his writing and his vegetable garden, he treated his wife merely as a friend. And when Dick Mortimer suddenly arrived from Africa the inevitable result was that his admiration of the lovely, lonely Belsavage brought instant response. The two had their hour of happiness; then, amid the dying fires of passion, came realisation of consequences, the admission that love meant something more than this, and the awakening of Martin to the fact that his wife was a woman, not simply an unemotional chatelaine. Martin, we must confess, is hardly credible; he is the weak point in the story. Otherwise, the author has drawn her characters well and with consistent care, the conversations being

exceptionally good. At the end comes reconciliation, magnanimity on the part of Martin, and the prospect of a home instead of a house. It is a clever novel built round a theme very difficult to treat, with several tense situations, but it lacks the compelling force, the touch of greatness and background of tragedy, which might have made it powerful. Belsavage herself is vividly depicted, and is convincing at every move; in her the whole interest is concentrated, and had the author been as successful with her men characters as she is with this life-like heroine her work would have taken a very high place in the fiction of the year.

THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES. By H. St. John Cooper. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

If this romance follows a pattern which has become familiar to novel-readers, it nevertheless is worth reading for the sake of its originality of treatment—a pattern containing the same elements being capable of very varied arrangement. A *mariage de convenance*, with its risks of the appearance of former lovers, altered within a very short time to a marriage of affection; a series of clever contrasts between moneyed, vulgar but good-hearted City magnates and poor but proud aristocracy; a village romance in interludes; and a touch of mysticism in the memory-dreams of two of the characters whose ancestors lived on the scene where the story is laid; such are the materials cleverly woven together by the author. The plot is excellently worked out; one has to finish the book, once it is begun. And though the sentimental side is slightly laboured, there are many pages of genuine humour, and many characters which give evidence of keen observation.

THE NOBLE ARMY. By Christine Campbell Thomson. 7s. 6d. net. (John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

Miss Campbell Thomson has chosen the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots around which to group the dramatic happenings of her story. "History," she says, "is merely incidental—a background for character"; and she introduces more than one heroic personality into a tale of Catholic devotion and intrigue on behalf of Queen Elizabeth's beautiful rival. Gervase Wyllard, sensitive and peace-loving, is not found wanting when the time comes to choose between love and duty; nor does his young brother Basil fail in the test; and Anthony Babington of Dethick meets his end gallantly, faithful in heart and soul to the Queen who was never to reign over England. A period of strife and scheming has given Miss Campbell Thomson a lurid and tragic setting, and although her tale of peril and adventure is destined to go down in a blood-red sunset of disaster, because of the demands of historical fact, she saves for some of her characters a hope of better things and the consolation that though men be slain and causes lost, truth cannot die and courage belongs to all time. The story is capably written and may be warmly recommended to all lovers of old-time romance.

JEWELS IN THE DUST. By Edith Nepean. 8s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

This book is not so much a novel as a "movie" between the covers of a book. We had noticed the fact, had even sensed the delights of a comfortable cinema stall, before the inscription on the wrapper, "Author of 'Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills' (appearing on the films)" gave a clue to the puzzle. The story is a little involved, but it travels so swiftly that complexities appear inevitable. The three men and the two women "change partners" in a bewildering manner. It is a relief at the end to find the heroine, who is charming and irresistible, safely provided with a child which belongs to her lawful husband. At one time, at more than one time indeed, so satisfactory a development appeared problematical. Perhaps the best parts of the story concern the filming of a big play, with bits of information as to the process, new to the reader—such as a necessity for "goggles," owing to the very strong lights. These are small matters, but interesting. We hope that

"Jewels in the Dust" may appear triumphantly upon many a "screen," to which medium we think it more suited than to that of cold print.

GREEN STONES OF EVIL. By Margaret Peterson. 3s. 6d. (Melrose.)

In her novel, "Green Stones of Evil," Margaret Peterson has attempted the impossible, but so cleverly that, once begun, it is difficult to lay her book aside unfinished. The author herself says, "One cannot describe dreams and nightmares." This is just what she has attempted; or rather to describe "Evil." It is impossible! Perhaps only one writer has come near to success—Rudyard Kipling in that most terrible short story of our language, "The End of the Passage." And there he attains his purpose by describing the effect of Evil upon the victim, not by any description of Evil itself. Miss Peterson's story is arresting; her descriptions of scenery are delightful and convincing; her characters well thought out and full of interest. The book is unusual and the story grips.

THE BEST LOVER. 8s. 6d. By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)

This volume contains four stories, none of them short, none too long. It is interesting to find "Rita" apparently scoffing at style, while her own style is so easy, flowing and assured. Not on a single page is the reader pulled up by a superfluous word, and, thanks be! the ubiquitous "that," so continually encountered and resented, seldom raises its ugly head. "Rita" has kept her worst story for the end; luckily it is also her shortest. "Princess Imperious" is not a convincing narrative, and the heroine fails to arouse much sympathy. "Wanted—To Adopt" is naturally impossible, but how amusingly impossible! We confess to a desire for absolute enlightenment as to the exact ages of the hero and heroine; but perhaps they never even told one another! The longest tale, which gives its title to the book, is full of frolic—frolic which ends, as it should, in happiness. It is refreshing to find oneself amongst young people of whom, when they overstep the mark, their creator obviously disapproves, while she saves her affection for those—and there are several—who possess hearts, or brains, or both. A gentle book with which to pass a pleasant, idle hour.

The Bookman's Table.

DRAMATIC THEORY AND PRACTICE IN FRANCE. 1690-1808. By Eleanor F. Jourdain. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)

In the French drama of the eighteenth century Miss Jourdain tills a field so admittedly barren that she may well have been tempted to enliven her subject by shirking its responsibilities. To select a round dozen of representative plays, giving their plots in full and interpreting them in relation to their contemporaries, was perhaps her best chance of writing a "popular" book. It says much for her conscientiousness and critical honesty that she has resisted this temptation, giving us instead a detailed survey of her period in which even the dulllest of dull dogs is allowed his little day; and if this method makes the field of Miss Jourdain's cultivation rather "heavy going" for the dilettante reader, the student reaps the richer harvest. At the same time, the book reveals no little constructive craftsmanship. The chief danger of so encyclopædic a work is that it may be overlaid with detail and become chaotic. Miss Jourdain averts this by examining each playwright in the light of certain standards applicable to the century as a whole; and she contrives that these standards shall be within the experience of the average reader even when he has no knowledge of the individual playwright. Thus she looks back to Molière and to the Classical Tragedy, forward to the spirit of the Revolution—in either case basing her arguments on familiar ground.

As the supremely typical figure of the transition she takes Figaro, another old friend, and shows how the servant who has brains and humanity, and may very well be a better fellow than his master, is as far removed from Molière as he is prophetic of the Revolution itself. Most wisely, again, she disarms criticism of individual fatuity by treating the age quite frankly as one of experiment, with its two new theories of realism and idealism (incompatible, as Diderot saw) in bitter conflict; while its growing love of liberty and strange obsession with the "play with a moral" are clearly defined.

A few hinted parallels with English drama might be pursued further with advantage. The average English bookman reads his French dramatists with one eye on those of his own country; he is as much interested in the English parallels and derivatives as in the French drama itself; in a word, he is insular and perhaps subconsciously demands more prominence for his English parallels than he has any right to expect. He may complain, for instance, that when Miss Jourdain analyses the increasing sensationalism of Lagrange-Chancel and Crébillon, she neglects their exact English equivalent, psychological though not chronological—the blood-and-thunder developments of Ford, Webster and Tourneur. On the other hand, Miss Jourdain may retort that our own drama is outside her subject, and that to have dealt with so great a host of authors in one handy volume is in itself a sufficiently creditable achievement: as indeed it is.

THE FALL OF MARY STUART: A NARRATIVE IN CONTEMPORARY LETTERS. By Frank Arthur Mumby. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Constable.)

It is fortunate that the effects of the war on publishing has only had the result of delaying the publication of this further volume of "History in Contemporary Letters," which feature Mr. Mumby originated a good many years ago, and it is to be hoped that from now on volumes will appear at more frequent intervals. We have had already "The Youth of Henry VIII," "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth" and "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart: The Beginning of the Feud." The present work, "The Fall of Mary Stuart," is as interesting as its forerunners.

"Less than three years are now dealt with, yet in that brief period occurred the fateful marriage with Darnley, the assassination of Mary's favourite, Riccio, the birth of James VI, the murder of Darnley and the mystery of the Casket Letters, the abduction of Bothwell, with its sequel in the marriage at Holyrood, the surrender at Carberry and the flight of Mary's third husband, his imprisonment, abdication and escape, her defeat at Langside, and, finally, her crushing disillusion on seeking safety in England only to find that all Elizabeth's promises of friendship were worth no more than the paper on which they had been written."

What a wealth of material there is here for students of history, and what a wealth of incident for the historical novelists who never tire of this vastly interesting and unfortunate personage. Mr. Mumby has brought to bear his profound knowledge of the period, and has most adroitly selected the letters that tell this undying story, contenting himself with brief but scholarly passages to fill in the gaps. If the idea of this series was admirable, the way in which it is being carried out is masterly, and Mr. Mumby is entitled to hearty congratulations.

PAPER BOATS. By K. S. Venkataramani. Rs. 2. (Madras: Theosophical Publishing House.)

This little book of tales and sketches resolves itself into a vivid, very attractive picture of life in an Indian village. Beginning with the Indian beggar, "the most interesting of the world's ragged men," and giving character studies of seven varieties of this class, it proceeds to tell of the fishermen, who are a caste by themselves, of how cricket is played by the villagers, of the Hindu temple (perhaps one of the most interesting things in the book), of the little Arunalam, the Pariah, of the Hindu pilgrim, of "My grandmother," "My Neighbour," who used to be a Sub-Registrar of Assurances, of the World-Teacher, Sankara, and of the marriage of the little twelve-year-old Saraswati. The book has atmosphere; some of the studies of rural life are very charming. Mr. Venkataramani writes a sensitive, idiomatic English, and the sympathy and intimate understanding with which he interprets his people should make the reading of his book a liberal education for Englishmen who would really know India by seeing something of it through the eyes of an Indian.

Music.

DO THE WORDS MATTER?*

By RODNEY BENNETT.

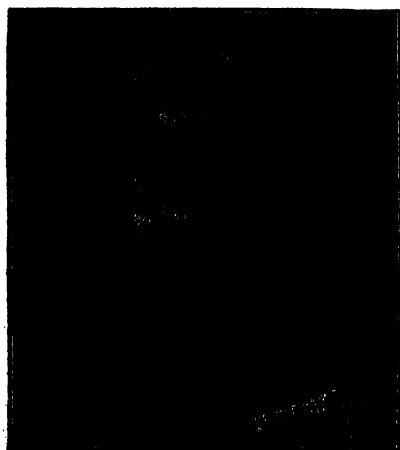


Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. Granville Bantock.

ONE of the salient and encouraging things about modern songs is the all-round improvement in the choice of lyrics. This applies even to the commercial ballad, the song composed not as the result of a creative impulse, but primarily and more or less

obviously, to tickle the palate of an omnivorous public, and so to earn royalties. Songs about roses and gardens are still with us, though the consumptive child, after being an unconscionable time a-dying, seems at long last to have succeeded—a happy release. But even in these verses, which would rarely appear in public without musical crutches, there is sometimes discernible a freshness, and usually a technical achievement, which compare favourably with the looseness of their Victorian ancestors. Further, various composers who usually boil the pot with the *average* Mr. Teschemacher and his *alter ego*, Mr. Lockton, have lately been turning their attention to certain more serious poets of to-day, particularly Masfield and Kipling, and scanning the anthologies for likely and non-copyright lyrics of yesterday and the day before. These try to cultivate both worlds and sometimes get them strangely mixed. They are mere excursionists into literature. Less widely, though more respectfully known, are the composers who confine themselves

* "Five Cameos." By Landon Ronald. (Enoch; 3 keys.)—"Requiescat," "Calm is the Morn," "Now fades the Snow," By Henry Geehl.—"Now," "By the Fireside," "A Pearl, a Girl," "Summum Bonum," "The Moon Maiden's Song." By Granville Bantock. (All published in two keys by Swan.)

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to verses that matter, eschewing the gilded attractions of catchpenny minstrelsy. They are a growing band.

Whether he be an excursionist or no, there is hope for the man who collaborates with Bridges, Brooke, Binyon, Gibson, Hodgson, the Housmans, Kipling, Masfield or W. B. Yeats, to name only ten of the moderns whose names figure on recent song covers. There is certainly hope. The question is: how much? Given a bad, or at least characterless lyric, what are the chances of a good song? Given a good lyric, what are the chances of a good song?—or a bad? Briefly, to what extent does good music depend upon good poetry? Strictly speaking, of course, a good song can only result from a double and dependent excellence. But taking the word "good" in a more popular sense, one is forced to admit, looking back over a surprising number of classic songs that have inspired the world this many a year, that they derive from lyrics which, unset, would have been long ago forgotten. And for operatic libretti!

Indeed, harmless and undistinguished lyrics have to their credit a not dishonourable record. They have their points. Their most obvious advantage is that they do not argue. They are not aggressively sensible. Like most characterless things they are docile. They are all things to all tunes. Hence their popularity with even great musicians. It would be too much to argue that weak lyrics have positively inspired great songs, for milk and water is not a heady draught; but it cannot be disputed that many great songs have been, as it were, released by milk-and-water poetry. In the mind of the creative genius are many song-poems which have not settled into words. He chances upon a lyric which gives a faint voice to his music, and out upon it flows the stuff of which songs are made as pearl-stuff flows upon a nucleus of nacre. The musician has been inspired by the poor lyric in much the same way as some of the greatest poets have been inspired by women so characterless as to make the world wonder at the inexplicable infatuation. The ideal was there: the woman was there. She approximated, glorified by the light in the dreamer's eyes. . . . I think it was Rossini who boasted that he could set a railway time-table to music. He probably could have done. A railway time-table, having the maximum of sound to the minimum of sense and form, has infinite possibilities. At the moment, however, poor lyrics are at a discount. They have served their turn; they may serve their turn again, given the right indiscriminating genius. In the meanwhile the musician has developed in his literary appreciations.

The origin of these remarks is a chance collection of songs (enumerated on p. 200) from two publishing houses. They vary considerably in style and quality, but they have it in common that all are settings of verses by authors of independent repute. Of the three composers represented, two, Landon Ronald and Henry Geehl, have cultivated the popular ballad, and one, Granville Bantock, has not.

One's immediate curiosity concerning the first two is to see how far they will escape from their more ordinary preoccupations. Mr. Ronald does and does not. There is a curious similarity among the songs; and similarity between settings of Binyon, Herrick and a very ballady verse by Howard Burleigh suggests a lack of adaptability. Mr. Ronald, shaping all his

verses to his own style, resembles an actor who fits his parts to himself rather than himself to his parts. Indeed his songs immediately suggest histrionics. They are characteristically graceful; they have a certain rhapsodic flow; they are mannered. They suggest a facile, polished, but studied gesture. It was by chance that I took Mr. Geehl's three songs, "Requiescat," "Calm is the Morn" and "Now Fades the Snow" in that order. All have words by Tennyson. By the first two I was pleasantly surprised. The words had effectively rescued Mr. Geehl. The first escapes the mawkishness that the poetry might have provoked, and it is written well for the voice within the small compass of an octave. Both establish an atmosphere. In the third setting, though the words are perhaps the most interesting of the three, they have failed. The music is often obvious; and the conventional leaping chords between the verses prepare one for the worst. It comes. Mr. Geehl gives the climactic note of seven beats and a pause to a mere preposition. Sad relapse!

Seeing that Granville Bantock had drawn upon Browning for four of his five songs I was at once intrigued, for Browning at his easiest is on the abstruse side for song. As it happened I started with the toughest: "Now" from the Dramatic Lyrics. I thought: "That will puzzle Mr. Bantock." I was wrong. Success or failure, the song is a *tour de force*. It flows. It marches, and swiftly. But was it worth while? Intricate, highly parenthetical, the words are impossible to make into an understandable song. I cannot imagine even the most alert audience fathoming

"So you make perfect the present—condense,
In a rapture of rage, for perfection's endowment,
Thought and feeling and soul and sense——"

at a first hearing—or a second. The other poems are easier, and such difficulties as they present Mr. Bantock sweeps away with the same broad gesture. The best, "A Pearl, A Girl," in spite of its painful title, has a fine lyrical movement. It is interesting to note that the easiest words have resulted in the least satisfactory song, "Summum Bonum." The triple "kiss" at the end, even if it were a pleasant word for a top G, which it is not, irritates. In "The Moon Maiden's Song" from Dowson's "Pierrot of the Minute," a mellifluous lyric has been made the occasion for a grateful song beautifully written for the voice.

JOHAN BACKER-LUNDE.

The third of the admirably planned concerts of the Bromley Orchestral Society on December 14th was rendered notable by the second performance in England of four sketches for orchestra by the Norwegian composer, Johan Backer-Lunde.

His chief fame depends in his native country upon songs, of which some have been published in England. Of these two were sung by Mme. Luis. They present him in his more serious mood—some of those I remember were delightfully whimsical, and humorous things. The first, "Stig, sol, stig," is of a wild eeriness characteristic of so much Scandinavian music and poetry:

"Rise, sun, rise!
Rise on your glorious way.
Kill all traces of your icy cold winter,
Dusky days and coal-black nights,
Kill all trolls that shrink and scamper,
Afraid of the light, the light and you,
Afraid of the light and you!
Rise, sun, rise on your glorious way!"

" Rise, sun, rise !
 Rise over hill over height.
 Yet here are chilling gusts in the air,
 The grass is withered and pale lies the tuft,
 The flowers withhold their colour and fragrance.
 Comes not the Summer soon ?
 Rise, sun, rise over hill, over height."

It is a fine and vigorous song. The second, " Hvor er Gud ? " contrasts with the same sombre atmosphere a gentler and more wistful note :

" Where is God ? In roaring oceans.
 Where is God ? In sighing forests.
 Turn to Him and learn to listen
 And His voice you soon will hear.
 Where is God ? In praying children.
 Where is God ? In wandering stars,
 In the blare of battle trumpets,
 In the sacred tones of organs.
 Where is God ? In fragrant blossoms,
 In the song of nightingales,
 In caressing breath of Spring—
 Everywhere eternally."

The orchestral work of Backer-Lunde is of recent date, and the four pieces on this occasion are not sufficient to afford any clue to his quality as a composer in the larger forms. The first, " Taake " is the most ambitious. By an interesting coincidence it came next in the programme to the A Minor piano concerto of Grieg. Without any direct imitation of the older master, there is a real affinity in style. They are both strongly national. They are both instinct with the spirit of Norway, its mountains and torrents, its poetry, its songs. " Taake " pictures the sea-mists on the fiords. The atmosphere is quickly evoked and firmly held by a clever use of wood-wind and muted strings. An interesting and effective piece of work of strongly nationalistic flavour. The second, " Halling," a rough peasant dance, is less ambitious and, on first hearing, less interesting than the other three. Either as a result of structural defect or of faulty playing the conclusion on the present occasion was unexpected and a little lame in effect. " Serenata," the third sketch, of which the style is indicated by the title, is a jolly thing, considerably the most modern in tone of the four. Whimsical, dexterous and unsentimental, it possesses a charming humour and variety of mood. The concluding " Burlesque " has the air of being based upon a folk-song which is treated with a brisk and merry directness of style.

Although exceedingly good for a semi-amateur Orchestra, the playing was inevitably not of a quality to give a definitive performance to new work by a strange composer, and its occasional crudity and lack of light and shade was accentuated by the size of the hall. Even so, the impression remained that Backer-Lunde is a composer with something to say and a faculty for saying it clearly. His imagination is picturesque and has variety. About his material, treatment nor use of orchestral colour is there anything innovatory nor strikingly modern. He is not extravagant. He does not experiment. On the other hand he knows clearly what he wants and secures it in the simplest way. The result is an effect of lucidity and clearness of colour similar to that which is one of the greatest charms of Grieg.

The outstanding qualities of his work in these four sketches are simplicity, directness of statement, and humour. They will form a welcome addition to the repertory of orchestral bodies which are sufficiently wise and adventurous to break new ground. The promoters and players of the Bromley Society are warmly to be congratulated upon their enterprise. Their work on this occasion was stimulating and full of promise.

R. B.

SUCH IS "LIFE."

Mr. Ernest Austin asks us to publish the following note :

My attention has been called to a criticism of a song of mine which appears in your October issue. The title of the

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song is "Life," and the name of the critic is May Byron. If inaccuracy and impudent ignorance should be the qualifications of a critic—they are here blatantly set forth. I am accused of bad diction, of placing heavy accents on the words *But, and, or, Through, 'Tis,* and "worst of all" (as your critic writes) on *Per-haps*. Your critic also refers to the last *bar*.

Both these statements are inaccurate. My song is not barred at all—and the imagined accents on the words mentioned above are delusions of your critic. But her delusions are stated with such an air of convincing superiority that I owe it to myself and my publisher to contradict them.

And now in explanation of the form of my song, I quote a passage from the Programme of the Blackpool Festival, 1911—"Quite a number of Mr. Ernest Austin's songs have been published without bar-lines, and, to the *Musical Standard* of June 29th, 1907, he contributed a powerful plea for the abolition of bars and time-signatures, arguing that the *pulse* of the music must change at every dramatic or emotional change of words. So he would dispense with the customary mode of denoting time-signatures, giving the crotchet or minim a metronomic value which would cover accentual changes. A continuous and settled time-signature is often found to be an impossibility on account of the numerous changes and alterations of the pulse and rhythm of melodic phrases."

This particular song, one of the examples referred to above, has twice been chosen as a test by the Blackpool Festival Committee, and was included in the Art series recently published by Mr. J. H. Larway, because it has dared to exist since 1908—with an ever-increasing circulation.

This same song was scored for orchestra by me expressly at the request of Sir Henry Wood, a musician who is not likely to interest himself in songs containing "amazing inaccuracies."

Your critic states that the last "*bar*" suggests the smell of hot rolls, coffee, bacon, and the morning paper. Mr. Ernest Austin needed courage here," etc. . . . Maybe, but I should be sorry to have the courage of such ignorance and bad taste as I see manifested in this criticism.

ERNEST AUSTIN.

Our reviewer replies :

It is true that in a strictly literal sense Mr. Ernest Austin's music is not barred. Neither were the Madrigals of the Elizabethan composers: and the writers of "Ayres" changed the length and measure of their "*bars*" *ad libitum* throughout a song. But dotted vertical lines are employed by Mr. Ernest Austin, not only at the end of every stave, but four times in the course of the music: and the average vocalist would naturally regard these as bar-lines of some sort, no other explanation of them being forthcoming. The accented prepositions, etc., on which

I commented, occur, in each case, immediately after these dotted lines, i.e. at the beginning of a fresh section; and the average vocalist aforesaid (who is seldom a technical expert, and is probably unacquainted with Mr. Ernest Austin's expressed views on the subject), would scarcely regard those words otherwise than as being stressed.

I am not concerned to defend myself against Mr. Ernest Austin's charges of ignorance, etc. My qualifications as a critic are known to you. I have expressed an honest opinion of the song "Life"; but I do not claim infallibility. If my judgment be at fault, I am sorry: but, such as it is, it is mine.

MAY BYRON.

AN AFRIDI SONG. Music by Percy Elliott. (Paxton.)

Both the words and air of this song have strength and distinction. It goes with a swing from start to finish.

AS I WENT A-ROAMING. By May H. Brahe. (Enoch.)

A very tuneful and simple duet for soprano and contralto, with a quaint old-fashioned lilt.

JULY FUGITIVE. Words by Francis Thompson. Music by Amherst Webber. (Ricordi.)

This charming setting of Francis Thompson's beautiful poem has been sung by Dame Nellie Melba, and though rather difficult is not too difficult for a talented amateur.

MADONNA LILIES. By Robert Coningsby Clarke. (Chappell.)

A pleasing fancy, pleasingly set to music.

BELLS ACROSS THE MEADOWS. By Albert W. Ketelbey. (Keith, Prowse.)

A picturesque descriptive piece—not difficult for the average player.

FAIRY RECORDS FOR CHILDREN.

"It's me that was born," he said angrily, "Why shouldn't I be told how I did it?" This is one of the sentences in the charming child fantasy "Birth," in the "Tales of the Fairy Dustman" records just published by "His Master's Voice." These embody quite a new idea. They are the work of four people. "Puck the Painter" made up the delicate narrative, laden with pretty and true and useful thoughts that the littlest can understand. "Pan the Piper" composed the haunting and beautiful melodies. Marjorie Montefiore spoke them distinctly and Walter Glynne sang tunefully. The whole thing is done with such airiness and art that the work deserves a big success. Of the six in the series, "The Dustman's Arrival," "The Little Nut Tree," "Birth," "Faith," "Courage" and "The Bunnie's Lullaby," "Courage" is best of all.

The Drama.

WILL SHAKESPEARE.

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

ALMOST the only fact we know for sure about Shakespeare is that he wasn't Bacon. This certainty comes to us through something stronger than mere evidence; it comes through feeling, or, if you like, through faith. By logic, Achilles never overtakes the tortoise; but by the truth that is beyond logic, we are certain he does. So, when some cryptogramophone grinds out his squeaky arguments to prove that "Twelfth Night" was written by the author of "The Advancement of Learning" we can reply, as simply and sweetly

as one ever can to the human gramophone, "We know it wasn't."

The next best thing to knowing nothing about a character for drama is knowing everything. In the first case you can freely imagine the facts; in the second you can freely select the facts. That the first is the better case is clear from the frequently recurring necessity of altering facts to suit the story. For examples, see Shakespeare, *passim*.

I have made these very obvious remarks because,

when Miss Clemence Dane's play, "Will Shakespeare," was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, most of the people who write about plays in the papers proceeded to discuss with great energy two propositions: the first, whether it was right to put Shakespeare on the stage at all, and the second, whether the Shakespeare thus put upon the stage bore any resemblance to the real Shakespeare. It is with proper humility that I differ from these experts, but I venture to think that the first proposition is entirely irrelevant, and has no use whatever except the pleasant one of allowing the critic to write at least half of his notice before going to the theatre. Shakespeare, who put almost everybody on the stage, would have had no doubt about the matter, for his dramatic progenitors even put God on the stage, as Goethe did two centuries after Shakespeare. Rules *a priori* are valueless in art. The only valid test is the pragmatic test, Is the character artistically successful? Can it be successfully transmitted from stage to audience so as to give artistic pleasure and conviction? Whether the character is real or imaginary, credible or fantastic, matters not an atom. The sole test is whether it can get over the footlights alive.

To the second question—whether Miss Dane's Shakespeare is a true portrait of the real Shakespeare, the most obvious answer is that there is no "real" Shakespeare, definitely and indisputably known. The few established facts about Shakespeare are sufficient to make, say, a thigh-bone, the rest of the image being conjectural plaster of Paris, like the reconstituted *megatheria* in museums. The Shakespeare we think we know is the Shakespeare we make for ourselves on the principle enunciated by Bagehot, that the man who wrote "Hamlet" must have been such a man as could have written it. Now here is a curious point. No critic raises the least objection when a scholar like Dowden recreates Shakespeare's mind and art in a volume of prose criticism; but most critics lift indignant voices to the sky when an imaginative writer like Miss Clemence Dane recreates Shakespeare's mind and art in a volume of poetic drama. Let us say firmly and distinctly that *one is as valid as the other*. If we are going to reject on principle Miss Dane's imaginative view of Shakespeare we must equally reject Dowden's critical view of Shakespeare. Criticism cannot claim for itself a liberty it denies to poetry.

Most of the critics of "Will Shakespeare" whose notices I saw concerned themselves with propositions they were not required to discuss. They asserted first that Shakespeare must not be put on the stage at all (as if he hadn't already been put on the stage about a dozen times), and next, that the "real" Shakespeare was a familiar figure totally unlike Miss Clemence Dane's hero; and the effect of all this irrelevant indignation was that the public got from the supposed experts a conviction that the play was entirely unsuccessful as a dramatic entertainment. So they began to stay away. But the experts were wrong. With certain reservations to be indicated presently, "Will Shakespeare" is a highly successful, as well as a very beautiful stage play. It is enthusiastically received by those who see it. It has strong emotional scenes boldly faced. It has striking characters excellently acted. It grips the

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attention, and leaves the attentive auditor in the imaginative atmosphere of poetry for days afterwards. Moreover it is richly, movingly English. I cannot say what the peculiar quality is that makes England something that is not Ireland or Wales or Scotland or France or Italy; but, as an Englishman, I am acutely sensitive to that quality in fact and in art. I can never take England for granted. There is something about the look and "feel" of England that grips me at the heart whenever I come home even from the short absence of a holiday; and it is this "something" that certain of our greatest writers are specially happy in embodying. Rabelais, Montaigne and Molière could never have been English; Fielding, Hazlitt and Dickens could never have been anything else. But the greatest in this kind is Shakespeare himself, the most English of all English writers, never to be really understood by the most diligent of foreign students; and not the least high quality of "Will Shakespeare" is that it smells strongly of England all through. Clemence Dane's Elizabeth is embodied England.

The critics, then, were quite wrong in denouncing Miss Dane's figure of Shakespeare as unpardonable or unpermissible or unhistorical; but they would, alas, have been right had they denounced it as uninteresting; and that charge really matters. The unfortunate fact, which no well-wisher should seek to disguise from the author, is that her Shakespeare is rather dull and her Anne Hathaway rather tiresome. In a play that is full of poetry Shakespeare is the least poetical figure. As a youth he is ill-mannered, obtuse and unkind even to coarseness; as the older man he is morbid and dry and morose. I am bound to add that Miss Dane's faulty handling of the character is not redeemed by Mr. Philip Merivale, who plays the part very soundly and conscientiously, but who is as lean and saturnine as the "real" Shakespeare was (undoubtedly) rich and jovial. The Shakespeare of Miss Dane and Mr. Merivale could never have invented Sir John and Sir Toby.

Miss Moyna Macgill had an impossible part to play; for Anne is at one moment a tearful, discordant little shrew, and at the next a creature rapt into the empyrean and becoming the inspired voice of mystic motherhood. Right from the beginning of the play Anne is a much more poetical person than Shakespeare himself and makes his alleged need of escape from the prose of home seem the thinnest of excuses. Generally, in the first act there is too much of everything—too

much talk, too much recrimination, too much Will, too much Anne, too much Henslowe, and far too much mummery of Visions and Fates. A ruthless producer should have revised this act inexorably with the abhorred but necessary shears. The whole play has here and there moments of dullness and excess, due possibly to the author's symbolic purpose, but they too can be easily removed for stage purposes. The gravest stage fault is that the play goes on too long. When the Queen departs, and Shakespeare, new-inspired, turns resolutely to the task of transmuting his suffering into song, the play is ended and the curtain should fall. We

certainly do not want to hear a few more pages of Anne's mysterious "Voice." We get far too much of this feminine "Chorus," perhaps because the woman in Miss Dane cannot deny a deserted wife the privilege of recrimination, even though it be on the mystic plane. "Super-nag," let us call it.

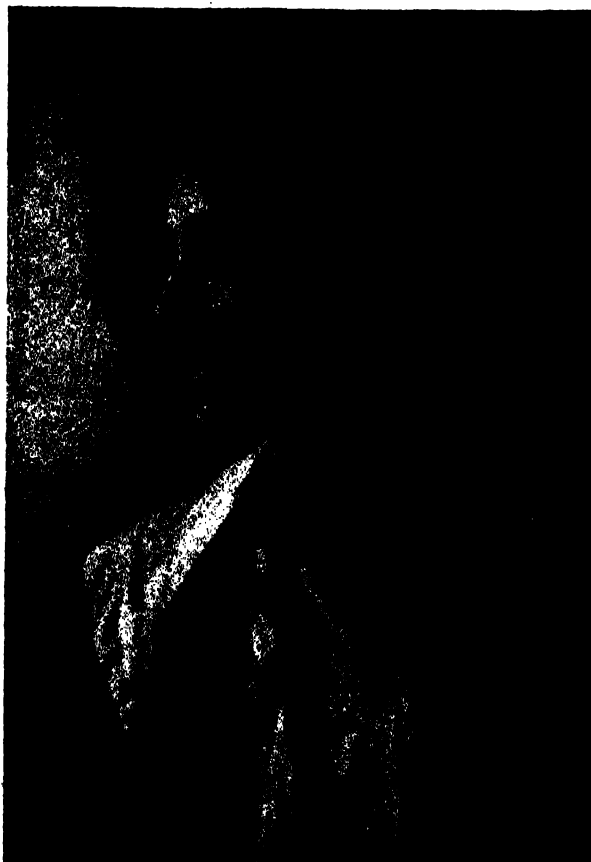
The later acts are better than the first. We get Elizabeth of England matchlessly played by Miss Haidée Wright, and Mary Fitton, embodied as a "Beautiful Black Devil" (if she will permit the paraphrase) by Miss Mary Clare. Her scene of surrender to Shakespeare on the night of "Romeo and Juliet" is a moving and convincing piece of strong, emotional acting. Mr. Claude Rains made Kit Marlowe a full-blooded, dashing lover, against whom the melancholy and tristful Shakespeare

stood no possible chance. Only in his death-scene did Mr. Rains fail to rise to the height of his part. It is needless to add that Henslowe was delightfully played by that faultless Autolycus and Sir Toby, Mr. Arthur Whitby.

And so, after making a full and strict deduction of all its faults, I turn to the balance of beauty and declare that "Will Shakespeare" is the bravest and loveliest play the London theatre has had for many years, and I think it a serious matter that so many accredited critics of drama could do no more with this piece of fresh and living beauty than trample it obtusely into the dust. Some of these writers have been unpleasantly notorious just lately, and it is a sign of times not good when a sane journalist like Mr. Massingham should write a letter to the papers calling for a close time in dramatic criticism.

The printed play, now happily available,* confirms the fine impressions of the acted drama. The titular character is better in the book than on the stage, and the others are certainly no worse. What strikes one

* "Will Shakespeare: An Invention in Four Acts." Gs. net. (Heinemann.)



Clemence Dane.

about the writing, whether prose or verse, is its strength, its personal, underived originality. In a play about Shakespeare there is not a single line derived from his works. It is a very remarkable woman who can write in this strain of mingled power and loveliness, and keep to the height of her great argument without dropping even for a moment into stage sentiment and banality. Moreover, it is not merely pretty writing, it is real dramatic verse that carries each scene on without a pause. Unless the England that once loved poetry, the England that once responded to the might and magic of Shakespeare himself is dead beyond recall, this great imaginative tribute to our greatest soul should be both the herald of a better stage and a treasured possession of the reader.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

BY T. MICHAEL POPE.

THERE is, we are told, something of a slump in the London theatres at the present time. These slumps are periodical; their causes are difficult to ascertain; they are rarely of long duration. In the meanwhile, here is a fact to consider. Early in the month of October a season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera was inaugurated at the Prince's Theatre, one of the most capacious—as it is one of the most inaccessible—playhouses in London. The season will terminate in April. * That is to say, the promoters are confident of being able to pack the Prince's Theatre for six months with nothing more novel or attractive than a series of popular revivals.

To what is the astonishing success of these operas to be attributed? How comes it that Gilbert and Sullivan share with Shakespeare a place in the popular affection which has hitherto been accorded to no other British dramatist—no, not even to Sheridan? We are suffering from no lack of musical plays to-day; but we have no Gilbert, and no Sullivan.

That, I suspect, is the real answer to the problem. It is now fifty years ago since William Schwenk Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan first met and, collaborating in "Trial by Jury," laid the foundations of English comic opera. That meeting marks an epoch in the history of the British theatre. It may be that such things do not happen twice.

Apart from the happy conjunction of these two stars, it must be borne in mind that Gilbert, as a writer of polished lyrics, had the advantage of being the first in the field. The English musical play had, for all practical purposes, ceased to exist in 1871. It had been supplanted by French *opéra bouffe*, which, though not without merit, had never seized very strongly upon the popular imagination. The strength of Gilbert's achievement lay in the fact that he revived the English musical play, gave it a new form, and invested it with a dignity which it never attained before and which it has never attained since. For Gilbert has had many followers, but no successor.

Since Gilbert's day the stage lyric has pursued a strange and devious course. It is generally the work of a man who has been called in to furnish a few musical numbers to some play designed primarily to afford a suitable part to one of the leading "stars" of the day.

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Consequently the average musical comedy lyric has but little direct relation to its surroundings. You could, for instance, transfer a lyric from "The Golden Moth" to "Sally" without either play suffering any damage as the result. Gilbert's lyrics, on the other hand, are inextricably intertwined with the narrative of his plays; and, so far from retarding the action, they continue it. (Imagine the effect of "The Highly Respectable Gondolier" in "Trial by Jury"!)

Again, no reader of Gilbert's lyrics can fail to be impressed with the high level of their technical skill. At his best, he achieves pure poetry. The song in "The Yeomen of the Guard," beginning:

"Is life a boon?"

is worthy of inclusion in any anthology of modern verse. And even in his more frivolous moods Gilbert has the happy knack of writing in such a way that his lines effect an instantaneous and permanent lodgment in the memory.

"When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,"

is a couplet that, once heard, is never forgotten.

But the frivolities of Gilbert ought not to blind us to the fact that underneath all his plays there was a very serious purpose. These plays do embody a definite criticism of life, and it is in this respect more than in any other that they differ from the average musical comedy or light opera of to-day. With the sole exception of Thackeray, Gilbert was the most effective social satirist of his age. Himself a product of the Victorian era, he was among the first to raise the standard of revolt against the Victorians. He hated their sleekness, their complacency, hated above all their incurable sentimentalism. His courting couples are always depicted as simpering idiots. Gilbert, indeed, was as relentless a foe to romantic love as Bernard Shaw himself—and equally incapable of understanding it.

If Gilbert, however, was free from many of the defects of the Victorian period, there were others from which he never succeeded in emancipating himself. He had much of the unconscious cruelty of that epoch—something, too, of its innate vulgarity. The spectacle of lonely spinsterhood rouses him to peals of raucous laughter. His old maids are invariably rather contemptible figures. However much we have deteriorated in other ways since Gilbert's time our attitude in this matter has undergone a marked improvement. No writer of our period would dream of making a young lover woo an elderly spinster in such language as this:

"Are you old enough to marry, do you think?"

"Won't you wait 'till you are eighty in the shade?"

"There's a fascination frantic

"In a ruin that's romantic.

"Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?"

It is surprising, indeed, how little of human kindness there is in Gilbert's treatment of men and women.

But this is merely to say that Gilbert had his limitations. The real greatness of the man is to be found in the fact that though "the local hit at follies of the day" played so large a part in his operas those operas have lost nothing of their appeal to the present generation. His genius enabled him to lift the local into the region of the universal. The precise extent of his indebtedness to Sir Arthur Sullivan is obviously a matter for the consideration of the musical critic.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. At the Court Theatre.

What with the change in manners and the revolution in ideas Goldsmith's dramatic masterpiece seems an oddly mixed drama to-day. It was the first "natural" drama of manners in English; yet to-day much of it seems too natural, and much too affected. Sincerity speaks the language of pretence, and naturalness is but another name for boorishness. None of the characters, for instance, really object to Tony Lumpkin's insolent ingratitude to his mother; but his way of showing it is deemed vastly ungenteel. It is a difficult play for modern actors; and the only really successful performances at Mr. Fagan's revival are Mr. Dale's as young Marlow, Mr. H. D. Nicholson's as Hardcastle and Mr. Miles Maherin's as Digsworthy. Tony Lumpkin is gallantly attempted by Mr. Clark; but he is too old for the part, and clings too closely to a bad theatrical tradition, though there are moments where his clowning is excellent. Mrs. Hardcastle is a genuine, foolish, fond mother; but Miss Yarell turned her into a rather doubtful aunt. Her Mrs. Hardcastle obviously kept the jewels, not to benefit her beloved Tony, but to spite Miss Nevill. Miss Belcher's Miss Nevill is better than Miss Grossmith's Kate Hardcastle; but neither of these actresses shows any sense of the tradition to which the play belongs. R. E. R.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS. At the Globe Theatre.

To the bookman who is also a playgoer the production of a new play by Mr. A. A. Milne is an event of the first importance, and there is no doubt that the most genuinely delighted among the applauders of "The Truth About Blayds," will be the literary folk. They alone, one feels, will derive full and lasting satisfaction from the "atmosphere" of the Blayds household—the household of a famous Victorian poet who has talked on equal terms with Browning and Tennyson and Meredith and theirs will be the most enviable thrill when the stupendous hoax of the pseudo poet is disclosed. Mr. Norman McKinnel's portrayal of Oliver Blayds, the ninety years old poet, is brilliant; indeed, so convincingly does he act that one experiences no difficulty in crediting Oliver with having maintained his bogus supremacy in the world of letters for the past three-score years and ten. Such a hoax has its tragic side, and it is this aspect rather than the comic one that is stressed in the play, with the result that the most vivid picture one takes away from the theatre, next to that of Oliver Blayds himself, is of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Oliver's middle-aged daughter bemoaning the sacrifice of her youth and her lover for the sake of—a hoax. S. H. W.

THE THING THAT MATTERS. At the Strand.

There are dramatic qualities in Mr. Britten Austin's short stories that make his success as a dramatist a foregone conclusion, and one may say at once that the story in "The Thing that Matters" is one of the most poignantly interesting he has ever told. It is a story so full of incident, and developed with an art so careful of detail and so sure in the handling of its situations that any bald outline would do it an injustice. To Sir Alfred Pelham, faced, through the criminal folly of his son, with the alternative of ruin for himself and his family, or a shameful evasion of his responsibilities, after the evidence against his son has been destroyed, honour is the thing that matters. To his daughter, Margaret (Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore), when she and James Winthrop are suddenly faced with the discovery that Winthrop's first wife, believed to be dead, is still living and apparently bigamously married to Wilson Mowbray (Mr. Owen Roughwood), Winthrop's friend, the thing that matters is love, and she meets her crisis with as uncompromising a loyalty as her father had met his. Miss Kylie Bellew was charming as the erring wife. Mr. Bouchier was wholly admirable as Sir Alfred Pelham; a strong part that might easily be over-sentimentalised, but he interpreted the pathos and the tragedy of it with a restraint that gave poignance to both. Lady Tree made a very natural Lady Pelham, and Mr. Louis Goodrich's Lord Marchdale was the polished, shrewd, imperturbableascal to perfection. "The Thing that Matters" is a brilliant piece of work very cleverly presented; its first reception seems to indicate that it will have a long run.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked by the Directors of the David Copperfield Library, in Somers Town, to write a note that could be framed and hung by the bookcase that contained the gifts by American publishers. The following is a copy of the letter she has sent :

"To the Dear Readers of the David Copperfield Library, in London.

"I began to love Charles Dickens and to read him when I was a little 'country mouse' eight years old ; and when I was eleven (oh, wonderful good fortune !) I travelled with him on a certain railway journey between Maine and Massachusetts. It was a magical, a miraculous trip of two hours, during which my child-hand was in his and his arm around my waist ; so that in that long talk we became real friends. I have

told the tale in 'A Child's Journey with Dickens.' Some of you may have read it, and it will explain my interest in the David Copperfield Library.

"There are many other Americans, thousands of them, who love and read Dickens and want to share in making this library in the house where he lived as a boy. One of them, Annie Carroll Moore, who chooses the children's books for the New York Public Library, has made this representative selection which I am asked to send as a gift from the generous American publishers whose names appear in each of their presentation volumes.

"KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"New York."

Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly "More Trivia," by Logan Pearsall Smith ; and "The Life of a Tyro," by Wyndham Lewis, with illustrations by the author.

"Letters on Education," by the Hon. Edward Lyttleton, is to be published this month by the Cambridge Press.



Rev. Dr. John Brown.

literary associations besides those with Bunyan. Mark Rutherford (W. Hale White) was numbered among its members. Dr. John Holland Rose, the eminent historian, spent his earlier years in Bedford, and attended Dr. Brown's church; and Professor J. M. Keynes, whose book on what happened at Versailles has been a centre of so much controversy, was sometimes seen in the Manse pew there. Dr. Brown was Professor Keynes's grandfather, his eldest daughter being the mother of the most drastic critic of the Peace Treaty.

Margaret Rivers Larminie, whose "Search" (Chatto & Windus) is reviewed in this Number, is widely known as Mrs. R. C. Tragett, the All England Ladies Singles Badminton Champion for 1911 and 1912, and as past and present holder of many other Badminton titles. In "Search," a story of contemporary English life, she has written a very remarkable first novel.

A new novel by Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, "The Man in the Twilight," just published by Mr. Cecil Palmer, tells the story of a great industrial struggle for supremacy between two men of wholly antagonistic temperament and ideals, and into it is woven a strong love romance. The setting is the vast primeval forests of Canada.

So much difficulty is often experienced in obtaining accurate and reliable information about American artists and art

Dr. John Brown, who died last month at a very advanced age, was author of a biography of John Bunyan and had been pastor of Bunyan Meeting House Church, Bedford, for forty years—a church which has

institutions in the United States, that many will be glad to learn of the existence of the *American Art Annual*, of which Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts & Co., of Cork Street, have recently been appointed London agents. This annual, which is published by the

American Federation of Arts (Washington, D.C.), includes an exhaustive "Who's Who" of American artists, a summary of recent additions to museums and galleries, a list with prices of the most important works sold by auction during the year, and full particulars of the leading art schools, exhibiting societies and other bodies in the States. An indispensable work of reference for all who wish to keep abreast of the times as regards Art in America.



Mr. Edwin V. Odle.

well known as a dramatic critic and miscellaneous writer, whose first novel, "The History of Alfred Rudd," a story of the Variety Stage, Messrs. Collins are publishing this spring.

Nobody has been more susceptible to the spell of China than has Mr. Arthur de C. Sowerby. He was born at Tai-yuan Fu, in Shansi, in 1885, his parents being British missionaries there. He made a second visit to England in 1889, receiving a rather

broken education at Maidenhead and Bath, and went to Bristol University in 1904. Next year he kicked over the traces, and after a good deal of roughing it in Canada went back to China, doing museum work there, between expeditions into the wilds. He taught at the Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin, for two years, then went on an expedition with Mr. M. P. Anderson for the British Museum, and in the autumn of the same year (1908) accompanied the "Clark Expedition" into Western China and met with disaster. Hostile tribesmen murdered their surveyor, and Mr. Sowerby escaped with his life by a miracle. Subsequently, accompanied by his wife, he



Photo by Chasney

Mr. Arthur de Carlo Sowerby.

went exploring and collecting for the United States National Museum. With intervals in England, he has been exploring in China ever since, discovering numerous new species and making large collections of animals and birds. He has found time to write and publish two books "Fur and Feather in North China" (1914) and "A Sportsman's Miscellany" (1917), and the Tientsin Press, Limited, of Tientsin, which published these, is shortly issuing a third, "The Naturalist in Manchuria."



Mr. Charles Brudenell-Bruce.

Messrs. Gyldendal, the Scandinavian publishing house, have recently taken more spacious offices in 11, Hanover Square, and the management of the English branch of this enterprising, old-established firm is now under the direction of Mr. Charles Brudenell-Bruce. Mr. Bruce was in the Legation at Christiania throughout the war in connection with the Ministry of Blockade, and was subsequently Secretary of the Schleswig Plebiscite Commission, under Sir Charles Marling. The ideal of Messrs. Gyldendal is to form a closer bond between England and Scandinavia. Among the projects of this firm is the establishment of a Scandinavian Circulating Library for the benefit of Scandinavians in England and for all familiar with the tongues of those countries. It is hoped that the Library will be opened on February 1st, together with the retail department for Scandinavian works in the original languages. Messrs. Gyldendal will also from now onwards publish more works by English authors, and hope to offer them simultaneous publication in the various countries in which the firm have

branches. Among books they have in hand for early publication is another English translation from Knut Hamsun's works, under the title of "Wanderers"; "The Miracles of Clara van Haag," by Johannes Buchholtz (both translated by Mr. W. Worster, well known as the translator of Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil"); "Life," by Johan Bojer; "Sakhawachiak," by Ejnar Mikkelsen, the latter a novel of Eskimo life; "Selaambs," by Sigfrid Siwertz; and "Atheism in Antiquity," by Professor A. B. Drachmann.

It is not easy for any author to live down a good reputation when once he has made it. Mr. Desmond Coke has written some of the most delightful stories of modern school life, and finds that nearly everybody expects him to go on doing likewise, though he is bent on making new departures, and has made them successfully more than once. His latest novel, "Pamela Herself," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have just published, takes a large canvas, studies a certain difficult type of feminine character, and traces through twenty years the life of a woman who, as a vital and amusing girl of seventeen, marries the young head master of a Public School, without the smallest realisation of the responsibilities to which she is pledging herself, and it is not until a dramatic crisis arrives which forces her to choose between the success of her husband's career and her own idea of happiness that Pamela, at last, finds herself. In spite of the school interest, it is a story on broader lines and of a different kind than any Mr. Desmond Coke has hitherto attempted.



Photo by Claude Harris.

Mr. Walter Hutchinson,

Editor of "Hutchinson's Story of the British Nation," a pictorial history of the British peoples from the earliest times to the present day, the first number of which has just been issued.

The charming fairy-tale for children, "The Luck of the Bean Rows," recently published by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, with illustrations in colour by C. Lovat Fraser, has been dedicated to Princess Mary, and now contains a dedicatory poem, with her permission, of which this is the second of three verses:

'Since gifts go to you—Wed-
lock's wage—
Accept this Dedication Page
With homage from the hands
that give it.
All life's a fairy tale—go
live it!'

The 1922 volume of "Who's Who" (42s.; Black) has arrived among the earliest New Year books—a portly development of a work now in the seventy-fourth year of its useful career. Its concise records of distinguished men and women in every walk of public life give it a unique place as an annual biographical dictionary of most catholic scope. There can no longer be any excuse for the world to know nothing of its greatest men, for "Who's Who" opens its doors to everybody who has done anything notable in literature, art, science, politics, the Church, the Army, the Navy, business and general society, and here in its wisely cosmopolitan pages you find all you need to know about over thirty thousand such.

"The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (3s. 6d.; Black) is in certain ways the complement of "Who's Who," and with its dictionary of British and American publishers, newspapers and magazines and agents, its practical information concerning agreements and copyrights, and on writing for the stage and the cinema, it is as invaluable to amateur and professional artists as "Who's Who" is to all sorts and conditions of the world at large.

The extraordinary success of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's brilliant novel, "If Winter Comes," has led to a demand for new editions of his earlier books, "Once Aboard the Lugger," "The Happy Warrior" and "The Clean Heart." "If Winter Comes" is now in its fourteenth English edition, and still remains one of the best-sellers in America.

Many in the book trade in this country as well as in South Africa will wish to congratulate Mr. Thomas Yardley, of Messrs. Yardley & Yardley on his election as Mayor of Pretoria. Mr. Yardley, who is a man of wide public interests, was born and bred among books. He took an active part in the business of his father, the late Mr. Thomas

Yardley, the well-known bookbinder of Liverpool Road. After his father's death in 1907, he joined the staff of the Oxford University Press and eventually toured South Africa on their and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's behalf. In 1913 he joined Mr. Harvey in opening what is now one of the most up-to-date and best stocked book shops in the Transvaal. Mr. Yardley is a Freeman of the City of London, as were his father and grandfather, and his rapid rise in the public affairs of the go-ahead seat of the South African Government shows the same conspicuous abilities which so quickly enabled him to build up a prominent



Photo by Maud Davil.

Mr. Ward Muir,

whose brilliant new novel, "Crossing Piccadilly Circus" (Heinemann), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

position in the business life of South Africa. In being elected Mayor of Pretoria, Mr. Yardley has well deserved his honour. He gained his position through hard work and sterling integrity, and it is gratifying that a bookseller and a Londoner should hold the highest municipal executive post in Pretoria. We wish him every success in his year of office.

"Tales of the Eternal," a new book of short stories by Mr. Perceval Gibbon, will be published this spring by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

The exhibition of his photographic work which Mr. E. O. Hoppé held last month at the Goupil Galleries, was very largely attended, and won warm encomiums from the art critics of the Press. As a result, we understand, Mr. Hoppé is arranging to publish a volume of his portraits of famous authors, artists and public men, and a volume of his striking photographs of New York, which is to be followed by a companion volume of London photographs.

After unavoidable delay, the first two volumes of the "Vailima" edition of Stevenson's Works are



Mr. Ernest Raymond,

whose new novel, "Tell England," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

now ready. This edition will contain a good deal of new autobiographical and other matter, including about a hundred hitherto unpublished letters and some hundred and fifty new poems, two new fables and, among three or

four other fragments, fifteen chapters of "A History of Henry Shovel," written the year before Stevenson's death. The general editor is Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, assisted by Mr. W. D. Howe. The work is published by Messrs. Heinemann, in association with Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Methuen and Messrs. Scribner.

"Geoghan's Kid," a novel of life in the West Indies by Mr. Lister Ralph, is to be published immediately by Mr. Leonard Parsons.

Mr. Ernest Raymond, whose first novel, "Tell England: A Study in a Generation," Messrs. Cassell have just published, was educated at St. Paul's School, and was a master at Eastbourne and Bath for five years. He took a first-class in the Universities Preliminary to Holy Orders at Chichester Theological College, and when the war came was

given a chaplaincy, within a month of being ordained. He saw active service in Gallipoli with the 10th Manchester Regiment, and was present at the evacuation. In the following year he went to Egypt, and was sent with the Desert Column that conquered the wilderness of Sinia and entered Palestine. He was later at the Battle of Passchendaele; then ordered to Mesopotamia; joined the "Hush-Hush" Brigade in Persia, and in 1919 was with our troops in Russia.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

No genuine Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast should fail to read Mr. Henry A. Lytton's very entertaining book of personal recollections, "The Secrets of a Savoyard" (6s.; Jarrolds). He is the last of the race—that is, the last of the original players in these operas who is still playing in them. Not the least interesting part of his volume are the stories of his marriage (he married at about seventeen while still at school, and was caned and expelled from the school for it) and the early vicissitudes of himself and his wife in the theatrical world. Hard times to endure, no doubt, but to read of they are a delightfully romantic prelude to the record of a long and successful career on the stage. Mr. Lytton has played thirty parts in the thirteen operas, and pours out good anecdotes lavishly, about the operas themselves, their authors and producers and the actors who have become famous in them, including an account of how the real partnership between Gilbert and Sullivan was dissolved through a ridiculous quarrel over the price of a carpet. The stories of all the operas are given in outline at the end of the book. A very welcome addition to the annals of the modern stage, and not the less so for being lively and personal but without a touch of malice anywhere.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

F. E. GREEN.

IT is never an easy task to sit in judgment upon a Compleat Author. The first thing the critic has to do is to knock his unruly victim, so to speak, into shipshape order; to stand him up four-square to the winds, a solid tri-dimensional figure divested of all props and appurtenances, with the entire Works in his hands, and that single aspect of countenance which expresses the inmost soul of him. F. E. Green, I am afraid, defies such man-handling. He is one of those many-sided writers who will never consent to be simplified down to three dimensions, but seem to corrugate into at least a dozen.

Take up a book of his, and you can never be sure which F. E. Green you will meet there: novelist, short story writer, rucksack wayfarer, rural statistician, champion of Hodge, vivisector of landlordism, Quixote

* "A Few Acres and a Cottage." (Andrew Melrose.)—"The Awakening of England." (Nelson.)—"The Tyranny of the Countryside." (Labour Publishing Co.)—"History of the English Agricultural Labourer, 1870-1920." (King.)—"The Surrey Hills." (Chatto & Windus.)—"A New Agricultural Policy." (Leonard Parsons.)

of politics, prose poet, or apostle of pigs and poultry. Probably you will encounter a great deal of each, and go on your way profoundly shaken but rejoicing. You will be reminded of the gentleman who confessed to Dr. Johnson that he had always tried hard to be a philosopher, but somehow cheerfulness was always breaking in. F. E. Green might have been just an agricultural expert, but somehow beauty kept breaking in; so much so, indeed, that more than one editor has had to rebuke him severely for his display of "style." He might equally have been a high priest of beauty; but here it was the agriculture which kept breaking in. It is all as disconcerting to the critic as it is delightful to the reader with a zest for life in all its aspects.

Presume to seek out the author in the flesh on his little Surrey holding, and similar bafflement probably awaits you. You may, if you are lucky, find him appropriately enshrined among his books and papers in the simply-furnished living-room, with its two great

brown curtained bays framing wide views of the Leith Hill ridge and the richly-wooded Weald. More likely than not, you will encounter a rustic working among his fruit trees, Jersey Shorthorns, Large Blacks, or White Orpingtons—and ask if Mr. Green is at home. The retort will probably leave you in no doubt of the fact; it will have a certain literary tincture, like good Sussex ale.

You will be looking at a man with the vigorous, ample build of a yeoman—and the face of an artist, with its forehead of a thinker, its deep-set blue eyes of a dreamer, its full lips—partly hidden by the big, drooping moustache—of a humorous, whimsical good-nature, its chin of a worker and fighter. Alternatively, as you climb the garden path between the apple and plum trees and tall Madonna lilies, you may hear a significant droning. That will be either the yeoman hiving a swarm of bees, or the artist dictating a swarm of ideas. Both are possessed of something sharper than honey, and in either case it is possibly dangerous to approach too near. . . .

We might do well perhaps to linger a little over the holding, for it supplies the clue to what is most distinctive and valuable in F. E. Green's very considerable work. That work has grown out of these twenty-four acres of Surrey clay as surely as his three-acre orchard, vegetable plots, hay and corn crops, cows, pigs, bees, poultry, and the frugal cottage home itself, with its tea-roses clambering royally about brown casements and angles of wall, and its grassy fore-plot bordered by wallflower, sweet-william, phlox, snapdragon, nasturtium.

When he went there a generation ago the place was nothing but a bare upland field; he, and his life's comrade and co-worker, Constance Green—something of a poet, as well as a spirited hostess—have made of it a beautiful homestead worthy, in all but size, to rank with the traditional homesteads in that homeliest of Wealds undulating between the North Downs and St. Leonards Forest. That may sound like an experiment in smallholdings and the simple life, but it is more than that. F. E. Green cherishes no illusions about peasant proprietorship in a country which has yet to learn the elements of co-operation from the smallholders of Denmark and Holland. He has consistently refused to fabricate sensational revelations of profits from a few acres. What he came into Surrey to experiment with was Life, that other "little holding" of Meredith, "lent to do a mighty labour."

"I was impelled towards the new life by a love of nature and simplicity and an admiration for Thoreau," he once confessed to me over the sizzling of his winter logs. "Tolstoy's 'What To Do' influenced me strongly in my desire to work as a labourer. It was a reaction from the soul-deadening artificialities of city life, with their lack of creative joy. Above all I wanted to rouse people to a sense of the realities of life. To write faithfully of the bottom dog was always my ambition. I wanted to experience, and not merely describe as an onlooker, the life of the worst paid class in England."

You may find the germ of all this in his sketches of London working-class life—"Love and Hunger." Two of the characters are farm labourers migrating with their families into the town slums in quest of more wages and less servitude; another is an artisan who prefers shabby volumes of Ruskin, Carlyle, Morris,

Mazzini, Shelley, Crabbe, and Massey to solid dinners. They indicate clearly enough the spirit of righteous protest and uncompromising truth-seeking which the older F. E. Green is to carry into the country-side with all the zest of a Cobbett, a satire more effective than his burly oathings, perhaps, and a sense of beauty more penetrating than his robust exuberance.

Of the Surrey holding, and the month-to-month trials and labours and recompenses thereof, you may enjoy a whole year in "A Few Acres and a Cottage" (1911). Surely there was never a more naïve record of the kind, in which porkers and poetry were so strangely—our author's philosophy would have us say naturally—intermingled. For the practical worker in Arcady there is science and to spare; for the idyllic visitor, strong draughts of beauty. It might be called "A Few Acres—and God's Universe," for a chink in the commonest everyday task suffices, as it does with the Chinese poet, to let in the Cosmos.

It is the soul more than the agricultural fabric which concerns us when we come to "The Awakening of England" (1912), "The Tyranny of the Countryside" (1913) and the "History of the English Agricultural Labourer, 1870-1920" (1920). In these the early promise has come to splendid fruition. The years of manual labour and hard struggle on the holding have served to develop, as nothing else could, a man skilled in the crafts of the country-side who can go out to the inns and hovels and hedges and highways and meet the farm and village worker firmly and squarely on his own ground. No small achievement that, for one town bred.

In the first part of the "Awakening" its author follows close on the tracks of Cobbett's "Rural Rides." In the "Tyranny" he tramps Belloc's "Roman Road." But he is neither bemused by history nor dazzled by the picturesque. It is the living, transitional England of to-day that he looks for with such ruthless penetration and insight, such intuition and sympathy. The past comes in only as the womb which helped to shape the present, and for purposes of comparison. One doubts if there was ever a chronicler of rural life—not excepting Cobbett himself—so sensitive to the beauties of pastoral England, and yet so provokingly unwilling to be blinded to the human realities underlying them.

The underlying realities find their most tragic expression in the Pastorals of Hampshire and Surrey in the "Tyranny." The first is a treatment of the old village theme: "Lizzie Turner's been and disgraced 'erself." We see the pregnant girl and her lover trudging off with their box under the haughty Roman nose of the lady of the manor, so to speak, and the sensual indifference of the squire and his sporting friends. The son of the boorish farmer, who has been induced to dismiss the girl, rebels; they fight sullenly over the loading of a bled pig, and when the squire and his lady come along the farmer is lying with glassy stare in a pool of manure, the son has collapsed on the hog-stool and blubbers dementedly like a child. "Ah, my lady, there's been foul play here. Is your hand white?—white as that pig's back? Or is it red with blood like mine—blood red! blood red!" The second shows us the change wrought in an unsophisticated girl who becomes nurse to a county family and repudiates the

simple craftsman of the woods to whom she was plighted:

"That's what done it!" he cried, flourishing his great axe towards the Big House. "It ruins its maid-servants and its men-servants inside and outside—curse it!"

"A gleam of red light seen through the tracery of the bare branches, now burgeoning into new life, shot across the sky. It ran with the colour of blood along the gleaming edge of the axe which Martin struck with fierce incision into the heart of the oak. Shrieking, it fell with a crash to the ground."

The "History"—perhaps his greatest labour of love—is none the less dramatic, although it is packed with statistical grain for students and authorities to thrash out. The curtain rises on the seventies, with their peasant customs which later conditions were to destroy; the morris dances on village greens; the wedding revels in barns, with the fiddler on upturned tub, and candles guttering down oak pillars; the courting idylls, when the lover would tramp to the girl's home, wake her up in the night by throwing gravel at the bedroom window, eat and sup with her in the farm-house kitchen, and return in the early hours; the Plough Mondays; Easter Plays; Harvest Suppers. But all these are seen in proper perspective:

"There was something lacking in the novelist's pictures of perennial harvest homes; of farm kitchens groaning under the weight of gargantuan dumpings and pitchers of beer. . . . To get the right perspective we should have to open the cupboard of the farm labourer's wife and figure out . . . how they fared on the contents of that cupboard."

So we are shown what life really meant in terms of 10s. a week, day-long labour and tumbledown cottages. We see Joseph Arch, hedge-cutter and preacher, haranguing labourers in the heart of Shakespeare's England. Meetings were held under the stars, on roadside wastes, in sheep-folds, in pounds, "on wind-swept commons under the pale moon." When there was no moon lanterns were stuck on bean poles, or some one would brandish candles on the top of his hat. The speakers, from Arch downwards, were blunt, God-fearing men bursting with scriptural allusions, but out of their labours the first rural union grew, enrolling 70,000 in one year.

Then comes frustration in the period of depression following on the black year of '79. By '81 700,000 farm dwellers had migrated to towns or colonies, 5,000,000 sheep had perished from disease, village industries had decayed, 1,000,000 acres had been lost to

the plough. The rest is a tale of abortive strikes, lock-outs, the sporadic growth of unions, bad housing, evictions, victimisation. If we call it an epic it is because this rural *Odyssey* is written with the blood of the humble labourers and their wives—F. E. Green never forgets his women—who had to endure the brunt of it. And his labourers are never the stolid oxen of urban imagining:

"Scrutinise the faces of the men selected to negotiate, and you will find them anything but immobile. Every facial muscle moves, as they sit listening with watchful intentness. Nervous tension is betrayed by the eye, which is as keen as a hawk's; and when their silence is broken it is by the language of a long pent-up pain."

Nor will he agree that nature makes no appeal to those who labour with plough and hoe. In words of impassioned beauty, which fix the tenor of the whole book, he shows what the spiritual country-side means to the lonely worker whose feet are set in the home-land clay, and whose heart is filled with such dumb fealty to the acres which bred him that he will often endure life-long hardship for their sake.

These rural chronicles should be as familiar to the ordinary country lover as his guide-books, for they do for the land worker and his cottage what the guide does for the historic county family, the wayside church and ancestral seat. At the very least they might serve to save the casual wayfarer from those excesses of pastoral idyllicism which are unworthy of a realistic age. We find none of these in our author's

own charming, anecdotal pilgrimage, "The Surrey Hills" (1915), which shows how he was saturated with the literary and historical lore and loveliness of his home county, like George Bourne, while being man and artist enough to pierce through them. How deep he has gone, and to what immediate purpose, we may judge by his "New Agricultural Policy" (1921).

A Life of Cobbett is at present in the making. Like Cobbett, he too is unresting in his efforts to help build Jerusalem "In England's green and pleasant land," and it will be our fault and not his if Babylon and Moloch prevail. He gives to life more than ever he took from it. More than that one can say of no man.

TREVOR ALLEN.



Mr. F. E. Green.

From a drawing by Alec Miller.

NOTE.—The last sentence, and others, in the above article must now be read in the past tense, for, as we go to press, we learn with very deep regret that, after an illness of some months, Mr. F. E. Green died a day or two ago.

THE READER.

A. A. MILNE: DRAMATIST AND LITTÉRATEUR.

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE is the Fortunate Youth of Letters. It seems but a few years since, as a soaring undergraduate, he was editing *The Granta* at Cambridge—it is really some considerable time—and he still looks like a boy and writes like six well-equipped men.

Milne's latest play, "The Truth about Blayds" at the Globe, is not as a composite whole the best thing he has done; but its first act is one which any dramatist would be proud of: Henry James would have given his little finger to have written it, and the idea is strangely Jacobean. Oliver Blayds, at ninety years of age, is one of the great Victorian figures, a poet who almost patronises Swinburne and who chuckled over the scathing wit of Whistler. Old Oliver had been at Windsor, too, and had held his own with the formidable "Widow." His two daughters regarded him as a god, and his son-in-law, William Blayds-Conway, waited on him with greater deference and awe than Bozzy gave to Dr. Johnson. The immense joke of the situation was that the mighty Blayds was an almighty humbug. The poetry which made his name immortal was the work of a friend seventy years dead—the unrecorded Jenkins. When Blayds did attempt a volume on his own account, the result was thoroughly dismal.

I can remember few better curtains than this venerable humbug, played with magnificent unction and power by Norman McKinnell, about to confide to his unmarried daughter, Isabel, the terrific bluff of his long and dishonest life. It was impossible for the play to survive brilliantly this knock-out climax. My only complaint is that Mr. Milne did not sustain the ironic note, an achievement easily within his powers; but I fancy he had to struggle hard with his artistic convictions before he relapsed into that comforting sentimentalism which is the standard curse of the English stage.

"The Truth about Blayds" has had many predecessors. Milne's "First Plays," which can luckily be read in volume form, were not the work of a professional writer, but the recreation of a (temporary) professional soldier. Playwrighting, as he has said, is a luxury to a journalist as insidious as golf, and much more expensive in time and money. To write plays, then, while he was a journalist, seemed to him as depraved an act as going to Lords in the morning. In the army the case was altered; his job was soldiering, and his spare time was his own affair. Hence a great beginning with the cute and witty "Wurzel-Flummery"—the best play of his first period, and perhaps still the best of all. The others were "The Lucky One" (doomed, as he protests, from the start by reason of its too good name); "The Boy Comes Home," produced by Mr. Owen Nares at the Victoria Palace; "Belinda," produced by Mr. Dion Boucicault at the New Theatre in April, 1918, with delectable Miss Irene Vanbrugh in

the delicious name part; and "The Red Feather," a mannered operetta, presented at the Everyman Theatre last year.

Milne's "Second Plays" comprise another great Boucicault-Vanbrugh success, "Mr. Pim Passes By"; "Make-Believe," "The Camberley Triangle," "The Stepmother" and "The Romantic Age."

Very many people who are not familiar with Mr. Milne as a dramatist are assiduous students of the articles republished from *Punch*, and his fascinating essays on anything and everything, as also his novels.

He obviously does not care for being interviewed, but bravely concealed his inner anguish when I brutally approached him for the "story of his life."

"When I came to London first," he said, biting on his pipe-stem, "I had enough money to keep me for a year. That was in 1903. I took rooms in Temple Chambers, wrote articles and sent them on circuit. At the end of a year I had spent my money and earned £20. I moved to Chelsea, took two rooms in a policeman's house for ten shillings a week, and went on writing. In my second year I earned £120. In my third year, *Punch*—for which I had been writing a good deal—offered me the assistant editorship on Burnand's retirement from the editorship.

"I was assistant editor of *Punch* up till the war. When I went into the army in 1914 my place was of course kept open for me, but I decided on demobilisation—by mutual agreement with the proprietors—not to go back. In the army in 1915 I really began to write, as explained in the dedication to 'Once on a Time' (published by Hodder & Stoughton), which is, incidentally, my favourite book. When that work was finished, I felt I must go on with something, and so turned to plays. We, that is, my wife and I, wrote four plays while I was in the army—'Wurzel-Flummery,' 'Belinda,' 'The Boy Comes Home' and 'The Lucky One.' The three last were written after I had been invalided back from France.

"I was employed at this time," explained Mr. Milne, "at a signalling-school at one of the forts on the Ports-down hills. We had a cottage at Portchester, two miles away. I got up at 6.45 every morning, staggered up to the fort 400 feet above us, taught there till 4.30, staggered home, had tea, and then sat in the garden and dictated to my wife. This was really rather an effort, as I was ill at the time, and, in fact, had to retire again into hospital for some weeks in the middle of things."

At this juncture of the interview Mr. Milne amazed me with the following electrical statement: "We wrote 'Belinda' in a week—with the day beginning at 5.30, although of course we had the whole Sunday. Within a fortnight from the evening when I said, 'I will now think of a play for Irene Vanbrugh,' it

was invented, written, typed and accepted. In general, however, I do not recommend this way of writing plays.

"For a year after the war I wrote weekly essays for the *Sphere* and the *Outlook*; I had left *Punch*. I had the uneasy sense that I ought to have still some form of regular income. None the less, these essays have gone the way of the *Punch* weekly articles, and I am now in the happy position of being able to write what I like, when I like, where I like; and it mustn't necessarily be plays all the time."

That last declaration will be a very welcome one to the many admirers of Milne's essays, novels and other belles-lettres. It would be a tragedy if he went the way of Sir J. M. Barrie and devoted his whole talents to the art of the theatre.

I asked this delightful writer what time he *did* write, and he told me that he did most of his work in the morning, and sometimes after lunch, but never after dinner. That appears to me an ideal arrangement for a man who wants to preserve some ease in life and perfect peace of mind in the evening. "Mrs. Milne encourages me to go to my club every day; she says it brightens me up and that I bring her back plenty of good stories," said this happy husband.

Reverting to his method of work, Milne does not believe that easy writing makes hard reading. He is one of the blessed souls who invents with ease. "I have no difficulty about subjects," he cheerfully admits; "in fact, the whole trouble of the modern writer is that he has a superfluity of subjects. Suppose one desires to write around the matter of 'Boots,' the choices are infinite."



Photo by F. O. Hop

This is the good luck of Milne. Many felicitous writers take hours in hitting on a subject, and toil over the accomplished end in sweat and blood. I think part of the secret of Milne's facility is that he smokes a pipe. Cigarette men have such periods of fiddle-

daddle in the manipulation of the ephemeral cigarette that their attention is distracted from the brain-task in hand. I think it most possible, too, that Milne smokes Barrie's celestial mixture, the Arcadia. He certainly looks very happy and curiously boyish while enjoying tobacco.

A pipe, too, is the best instrument for assistance in detective problems. Milne emulated Sherlock Holmes as nicotine consumer while writing his most ingenious and titillating serial, "The Red House Mystery," which is shortly to appear as a novel.

He has a courageous and illuminating taste in other people's fiction. He declares that Samuel Butler is the man who wrote the best novel in the English language in "The Way of all Flesh." His second choice is Kenneth Grahame's golden book, "The Wind in the Willows," which he rightly assumes has never had its full deserts.

"Should I ever find myself in the dock," Milne has declared, "and one never knows—my answer to the question whether I had anything to say would be: 'Well, my lord, if I might just recommend a book to the jury before leaving . . . ' Mr. Justice Darling would probably pretend that he had read it, but he wouldn't deceive me."

And some of us like Milne almost as well as Grahame and treasure "The Day's Play" equally with "The Wind in the Willows."

MISS ALICE BIRD: A MEMORY.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

A FEW months ago there passed away at Hampstead a lady of infinite grace and charm, advanced in years but amazingly young in spirit, and up to the last deeply interested in modern life and thought, and of unabated sympathy with poets and all literary people. Miss Alice Bird, known to all her troops of friends, young and old alike, as Lallah, was one of the last connecting links with the far-off days of Keats and Leigh Hunt, and it was she who was in possession of the MS. of Keats's "Hyperion" which she generously allowed the British Museum to acquire, rather than suffer it to find its way into the collection of some wealthy enthusiast in the States. Her brother, Dr. George Bird, a well-known doctor in his time, many years her senior and a man of great culture and breadth

of mind, had been Leigh Hunt's physician in his closing years, and we find his name mentioned several times in Leigh Hunt's correspondence.

The history of the "Hyperion" MS. is so curious that I will here write down the details as given me by Miss Bird herself.

Thornton Leigh Hunt, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, in the midst of his busy life of journalist and *littérateur*, planned to edit his father's correspondence, but had not enough continuous leisure for sorting out the letters which filled two huge chests. He was much helped in his task by two members of his family and by Miss Bird, who was then considerably under twenty years of age.

These young people sorted out and arranged the

letters chronologically in packets of ten years, and got all the material in order for Thornton Leigh Hunt to work on. Many weeks were spent in this loving and thrilling labour; and Miss Bird's description of the delight with which she steeped herself in the atmosphere of the period covered by the correspondence makes one convinced that she, above all others, was the rightful enthusiast chosen for the privilege.

The book was finished and published. As we all know, it was in two volumes, and entitled "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, edited by his eldest son." One of the first copies was presented by Thornton Leigh Hunt to Dr. George Bird, and bore the inscription: *To George Bird: these relics of his friend and patient. A tribute of friendship unchangeable.*

Thornton Leigh Hunt was most grateful for all the help his diligent young collaborators had given him, and he said:

"How can I ever thank you young things enough? You've worked so hard for me."

Then turning impulsively to the piles of letters and manuscripts, he added:

"Here, I know what I'll do for you."

And he took some of the bundles and gave one to each of them. Miss Bird's bundle had a roll on the top, and to her he said:

"Take care of that. There's something valuable there."

That was the only remark he made about it. She put the treasures carefully away, and having seen after their safety, probably forgot his words about the roll. She was young, and her days were full with the joy of living and being, and of sharing her brother's home and the claims of his career. In busy, happy activity there seemed no time to focus on the past; and the roll remained unfolded, in patient abeyance, until "the ripe hour came."

Then one morning, many years afterwards, Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, went to visit Miss Bird and she showed him some of her literary treasures—letters from Shelley, Keats and Leigh Hunt, and other papers—and amongst them that roll which, I understand, she vaguely believed to be a copy transcribed by Leigh Hunt. But Dr. Garnett's keen eye knew better. He pounced upon it with joy and excitement, examined it carefully and declared it to be the original MS. itself. His opinion was confirmed by other experts. A special meeting of the trustees was called, and it was decided to tell Miss Bird that if she were willing to part with it, she would certainly receive from America a sum that would run easily into four figures, but that the British Museum, eager as it was to possess this MS., could only afford to make a modest offer of three or four hundred pounds. Miss Bird's answer was that its proper home was the British Museum, and that nothing would induce her to yield it up to America.

So in the British Museum one may see it any day. There, after its long years of sheltered privacy, it lies harboured in a proud publicity.

It will thus be realised that from an early age Miss Bird was enriched with rare traditions shared by few; and during the long years when she lived with her brother and made a home for himself and his daughters,

she accumulated experiences of special value and formed friendships with many fine and famous men and women. From their house Sir Richard Burton and Lady Burton were married. It was to Miss Bird herself that Swinburne used to read his "Songs before Sunrise," before they were published. To her Sir William Crookes invariably brought his proofs to be corrected, and to her, on the wettest morning ever to be imagined, he came with his O.M. medal to receive her proud congratulation. Henry Irving, the Bancrofts, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Grant Allen, the Burne Joneses, William Rossetti, Madame Bodichon and William Black are but a few names chosen at random from the amazing list of illustrious personages with whom she had intimate intercourse.

In addition to her own vivacious and sunny individuality, she had a perfect treasure house of memories and interests to offer to her new friends as they came along in a never-failing procession. For her view was that one should keep one's old friendships intact, but also form new ties, especially with the young; and in her case this was easy enough to do, since she was endowed with a special elasticity of mind which makes for easy and delightful companionship with an infinite variety of temperaments. Her favourites were poets. If you had the good fortune to be a poet, you became a Royalty with a kingdom of your own. But whatever your gifts, you had your own definite place of respect and honour in her thoughts. That knowledge alone was stimulating to work and endeavour; and it is certain that no author ever came away from her presence without a feeling of resilience which hastened inspiration and fulfilment.

It was at Mrs. Lynn Linton's house that I first saw Miss Bird, about thirty-five years ago. I remember how much she impressed me even then as a *grande dame* of the past. Her picturesque appearance, her charm and her great sense of fun and her laughter were things one could never forget. One felt, even on a slight acquaintance, that she was a dispenser of sunshine, and that her joyous appreciation of life would linger in one's memory, even if one were never likely to meet her again. Fortunately for me and many others, she and her brother left Welbeck Street, after he had retired from practice, and came to settle in Hampstead; and it was my privilege to see them constantly and to enter into a close friendship with her which has only ended with her death. The corner house in Windmill Hill, where she continued to live after her brother's death, was the prettiest niche in Hampstead, I always thought; and it became to me, as to scores of her devoted friends, a precinct of pleasure, where at all times hospitality and a warm welcome were awaiting us, and a leisured, gracious presence was ready and eager to talk books and politics and all the happenings of the great world, about flowers and gardens and Nature and all her works, about the latest scientific discovery—"ununderstandable, my dear, but amazing and thrilling," she would say, flinging her arms out in mock and resigned despair.

If you'd written a book, you would find she had read it and marked the passages she liked, and also those she did not like, for her literary mind was fine and critical, and she knew by instinct the apt word, the

inapt phrase, the fortunate setting, the failure in consecution. If you were lucky enough to find her with a Keats or Shelley volume in her hand, then she would read you her favourite poems from these, her favourite poets, and bathe you in the atmosphere of their genius. At other times she would speak you one or two of Shakespeare's sonnets, or show you some of the letters she possessed of Shelley and Leigh Hunt and other literary men of that halcyon era. She had read and remembered so much, that her stored mind could offer you an amazing wealth of facts and impressions. Now and then, if you asked her, she would tell you about her father, James Bird, of Deerbolts Hall, Earl Stonham, who was known as the Suffolk poet, and of his later home in the nearby village of Yoxford, where she was born. She would present you with a mental picture of herself in disgrace at school, standing before the window with a dunce's cap on her head, so that all the world might know and note the measure of her iniquity. Or in her vivacious manner she would throw her arms dramatically towards the ceiling to show how the school-mistress caused her hands to assume a suitable whiteness when a caller of the male sex was awaiting her in the drawing-room! She loved to recall also how, at the age of eighteen or thereabouts, she left the village to go and stay two or three weeks in London with her brother, Dr. George, whom she adored, and instead stayed forty years. She liked you to know, too, that in the early days of that long sojourn she had earned some very handy pocket-money with her pen.

If you chanced to be a suffragette, fresh from the fray, and with the light of battle in your eyes, she knew how to respect and share your aims and outlook, even if she did not see eye to eye with you in all your methods; for her sympathy was always with rebels and social reformers, and she had memories to relate to you of the great agitators of the past who had been friends and patients of the Doctor and intimates in the home circle.

If you were "a traveller from an antique land," an explorer, or any kind of wandering brigand, you would have a special claim on her regard, since she dearly loved the Richard Burtons of the world, and was ever thrilled with stories of dash and daring. If you were a little child, grandniece or grandnephew, or no relation, you called her by the name of "Lallah," as every one did, and played with exciting toys on the drawing-room floor, as though it were your rightful nursery, and screamed with rage when you were fetched home. If you were downhearted and wanted a "sprce," you sought her out and found her ready to fall in and make

a dash for anything whatsoever you suggested in the way of joyous adventure.

If you were a young man or a young woman just entering on your career, you were fortified by her absolute belief in the rights and claims and possibilities of the young—all the doors open, all the barriers down for the triumphant passage of the young. So long as you were alive and alert, it really did not matter what you were or were not; and you could have as many faults as you liked, with a comfortable and an easy

conscience, and yet be sure that you would continue to be appreciated for the one outstanding characteristic which had secured her admiration from the beginning of your acquaintance.

This was her code of friendship throughout her long life of eighty-nine years; to rejoice in and be satisfied with different qualities in different people, and not to be ridiculous enough to turn away from them should they prove to be unequipped with all the virtues in a solid mass. A wise and fair code which makes for happiness, a code which all of us, if we could, would fain adopt for our own.

It was my good fortune to be with her, two or three weeks before the end, at a moment when she was feeling stronger and inclined for intimate talk. I spoke then of this code which had been such a lesson to us all, and of the sunshine which she had

shed on so many lives. She smiled, shook her head deprecatingly and said they were glad words to hear, even if they were not true.

But they were entirely true, as we know well.

When the Great War came, some of us wondered what her mental attitude would be, since she had been a pro-Boer in past days and held no brief for England. But she ranged herself wholeheartedly on her country's side, and counted herself proud that her own young relatives and boy friends joined up instantly and came to say farewell to her in their khaki or blue. In her own way she did what she could for the wounded, took them out for drives, entertained them to tea and plied them bountifully with peppermint creams! I remember one man in the hospital where I was working—a rather rough man, too, coming to tell me that he had spent the jolliest afternoon with a "pal of mine," and that she was the brightest and sprightliest and most sporting old lady he'd ever met, and he hoped she'd ask him again. I said: "That must surely be Miss Bird of Hampstead." And he answered: "Right you are. She's a stunner."

She was delighted with this story; and I have not a doubt that her warm admirer was asked again.



Photo by Valentine.

Miss Alice Bird.

It was amazing how she kept up her interests and activities almost to the last. A few weeks before her illness she went to hear Harry Lauder at the Palace, and also to the Everyman Theatre. And on the hundredth anniversary of Sir Richard Burton's birth she journeyed to his tomb at Mortlake to leave there her own tribute of flowers.

She has gone her way. The thought of death had ever been unwelcome to her. She had adored life, and always said that she would wish to have it all over

again, every minute of it. But as her last illness lengthened into weeks and months, reluctance faded into acquiescence, and acquiescence into willingness. She died, as she had lived, with a smile on her face.

Other people inhabit the corner house on Windmill Hill. Other eyes look upon the old Clock House in the rear and the sweet trees so charmingly grouped in the old Hampstead garden opposite.

It will be difficult to pass that way.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY.

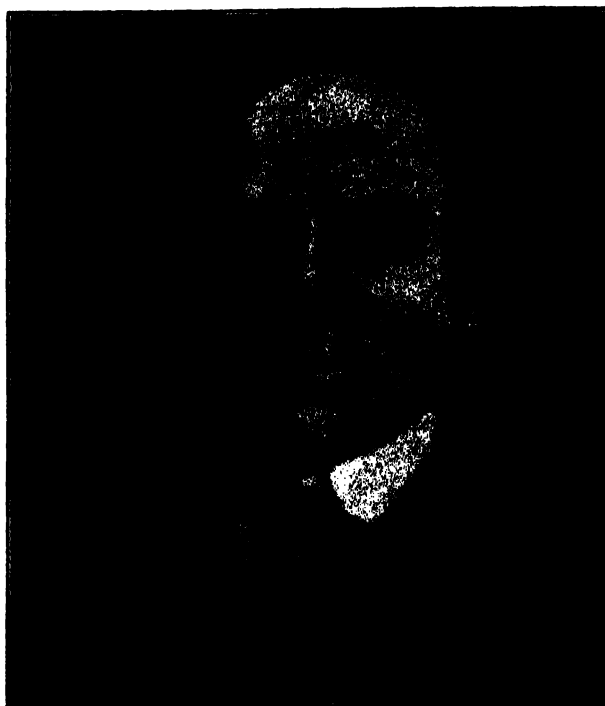
BY THOMAS MOULT.

THE trade winds of English poetry once blew out west across the Atlantic from these shores almost without ceasing; of late, however, they have varied more than usual and borne many books to us written in America. It is to be confessed that towards this change in the weather our attitude has not been of especial heartiness. Even at best it is an attitude not simply insular, but *penin-sular*, for there can be no insularity so *ungracious* as that of the pen. Individuals here and there, more receptive and internationally inclined than the majority, have at last gained attention for American poetry, but only through sheer hard work—work which might have been easier had there been one or two modern masterworks to hold triumphantly before us. But masterworks are as rare across 'the water' as they are in England.

Too easily have we dismissed as negligible the poetry of America since Whitman, because, forsooth, it has not reached the standard of supremacy. We have chosen to ignore the important if optimistic possibility that all this good, bad and indifferent work may be the next best thing to supremacy—a preparation for it indeed, an approach. Further, in that approach may there not have been sufficient worth to challenge comparison with the poetry of England itself during the same period?—especially as English poetry seems to have shown, until quite recently, a falling away from its former greatness. There is, to choose among several examples of this worth, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, "The Man Against the Sky," with its fine opening:

Between me and the sunset, like a dome
Against the glory of a world on fire,
Now loomed a sudden hill,
Bleak, round, and high, by flame-lit height made higher,
With nothing on it for the flame to kill
Save one who moved and was alone up there

To loom before the chaos and the glare
As if he were the last god going home
Unto his last desire";



Mr. Edgar Lee Masters.

From "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell
(Oxford: Basil Blackwell).

or there is (and this a particularly apposite instance from a poetry of which considerably more than the average amount has been done by women) Miss Edna Vincent Millay's remarkable "Renaissance":

"... No hurt I did not feel,
no death
That was not mine; mine
each last breath
That, crying, met an answer-
ing cry
From the compassion that
was I.
All suffering mine, and mine
its rod;
Mine, pity like the pity of
God.
Ah, awful weight! Infinity
Pressed down upon the finite
Me!
My anguished spirit, like a
bird,
Beating against the lips I
heard;

Yet lay the weight so close about
There was no room for it without.
And so beneath the weight lay I
And suffered death, but could not die."

But it is hardly by a process of individual selection that we shall come to any comprehensive appraisal of modern American poetry. We must take into account that Whitman, who died in 1892, had found his audiences anywhere rather than among his own people; that the prevailing influences had for a long time been the work of Longfellow and Whittier, Holmes and Lowell; and that, if the poets since the Spanish-American war are to be complained against as accepting too readily the heritage of Whitman and stripping away from themselves too ruthlessly the veneer of the alternative group, allowance has not been made for the terrific reaction towards the author of "Leaves of Grass," which took place universally; for Whitman is probably the greatest element of disturbance in the poetic atmosphere of the whole world during the past fifty years. Perhaps if

they had resisted the Whitman influence even less than they seem to have done it would not be amiss; for who would not rather look forward to an era which expresses the spirit of Whitman or, say, Poe than to one which is a return to the bland and facile self-satisfaction of Longfellow and Whittier?

There is one thing readily discernible, whether the influence is of Whitman or Longfellow or no. Contemporary poets in America are not suffering from the sins of their immediate predecessors, as are the younger men in England; they have not to spend half their effort in showing that to be exquisite and obscure is not necessarily to be a poet. Lucidity is their first quality, from Richard Hovey, Edwin Markham ("The Man with the Hoe") and Mr. Bliss Carman right onwards; we find it even in Mr. Carl Sandburg, the poet of the etching-like "Smoke and Steel." Mr. Sandburg is supposed to be of the ultramodernists, but his subtlety is usually simplicity itself. Take, as an example, the poignant poem called "Grass":

"Pile the bodies high at
Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let
me work—
I am the grass; I cover
all.

"And pile them high at
Gettysburg
And pile them high at
Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let
me work.

Two years, ten years, and
passengers ask the con-
ductor—
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work."

We find it no less in Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose obsession with the concrete domestic facts of life, that "they are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens" or that "the winter evening settles down with smells of steak in passage ways" is the constant wonder and delight of London intellectuals, and whose "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is for them a portent. We find it in Mr. Ezra Pound—at least, until he began to turn out those amazing productions which no one can say to this day are original poems or translations from any of a dozen languages. In naming these men, along with Mr. Robinson and Miss Millay, Mr. John Gould Fletcher, Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. James Oppenheim, and Mr. Conrad Aiken, we are not simply naming the more complex minded, but those whose work is most characteristic, and successfully so, among American contemporaries.

Characteristically American, we say, and yet who would venture to make the distinction at the present moment between the poetry of that country and of ours—or, for that matter, between American and

European? The distinction might be possible in other branches of literature, but poetry is never so localised as prose. Mr. Louis Untermeyer has just compiled an anthology* which, admirable and thoroughgoing in every way and the most helpful of introductions to the subject, presents us with examples from the poetry of a hundred writers since Emily Dickinson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. We do not find it possible to make definite classifications with any of them, unless it be the negro dialect writers, or those humorous individuals who are pursuing an excellent and apparently inexhaustible vein, such as Mr. Franklin P. Adams, with his delicious song about the rich man who has a motor-car, country and town estates, a heart that seems light, and a fifty-cent cigar, concluding on the drollest note conceivable of carefully prepared surprise:

"Yet though my lamp burns
low and dim,
Though I must slave for
livelihood—
Think you that I would
change with him?
You bet I would!"

Except in poets of this type—and it has, after all, no essential place in our survey—there is no prairie slang, no town Americanisms, nor is there anything vulgar or bizarre—unless the poet is of a cosmopolitanism that imagines vulgarity or bizarre as essential to modernity. Mr. J. G. Niehardt's full-blooded stanza, familiarised to us by its appearance on the title page of a popular novel by Jack London:

"Let me live out my years
in heat of blood!

Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine!"

might have been uttered by Henley himself. And Miss Sara Teasdale, with her artless, unornamented lyrics, now ranging over half a dozen volumes, might easily have been one of the English "Georgians":

"Arcturus brings the spring back
As surely now as when
He rose on eastern islands
For Grecian girls and men;

"The twilight is as clear and blue,
The star as shaken and as bright,
And the same thought he gave to them
He gives to me to-night."

For some portion of the distinction which this tiny example may possess it is possible that Miss Teasdale is indebted to the author of "A Shropshire Lad," and there are quite a number of verse-writers included in Mr. Untermeyer's collection who have all the simplicity of Miss Teasdale and little of her distinction. We may

* "Modern American Poetry." An Anthology. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. 8s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)



Mr. John Gould Fletcher,

From "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell
(Oxford: Basil Blackwell).

without difficulty reduce the anthologised hundred to a considerably fewer total of American poets with whom the English reader must reckon, although there are in addition one or two not included in the volume at all—such as Mr. Sherwood Anderson. Miss Amy Lowell, herself of much significance in poetry, appears to suggest, in a valuable series of critical essays just published on this side,* that the number of poets who count not merely as individuals but as vital influences may be figured on six fingers. She regards these half-dozen as each illustrating a tendency in present-day American poetry, and in addition to a remarkably intuitive and sympathetic analysis of their work separately, in which she brings the poet into relation with his predecessors and points out the precise moment at which he has broken away from tradition, she treats him biographically in a very helpful fashion. Her list varies, naturally, when contrasted with the names already introduced into the present article; but the variations do not matter so long as she sets out, as we have done, with the name of Mr. E. A. Robinson.

Mr. John Gould Fletcher has made the generous claim for Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson that he has done more than any other man living to make all this new American poetry possible. He was born in 1869 in a Maine village. "His voice is the voice of the New England conscience, or rather what was left of that conscience after the wave of industrialism, cheap immigrant labour, and dollar-hunting swept over New England in the seventies, at the beginning of which period he was born." Mr. Robinson, thinks Mr. Fletcher, has shown himself spiritually akin to Mr. Hardy, though in his love for cryptic statement he resembles closely the later Browning—the Browning of "Parleyings." But on the whole he is far keener in his outlook on human defects than Browning. "It is as a definitely New England product that we must take his poetry—a product owning certain affinities to Browning, Hardy or Crabbe, but with a sharp, sub-acid quality of its own."

Since 1897 Mr. Robinson has issued five volumes, not one of which has been issued so far with an English publisher's imprint. Mr. Fletcher's note on the Browning influence is particularly interesting, for Browning has impressed his poetic personality on the younger generation in America most noticeably. Mr. Robert Frost, a native of California, having been born in San Francisco in 1875, has the mark of Browning to some degree or other on the poems of each of his volumes—two of which, noteworthy, were first published on this side, where he neighboured with Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Wilfred Gibson in Gloucestershire during part of his stay here from 1912 to 1915:

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing. . . ."

The late Edward Thomas was in his turn influenced by Mr. Frost, whose "Death of the Hired Man" Mr. Untermeyer rightly claims to be one of the best genre pictures of our time.

Turning to Mr. John G. Fletcher himself, it is of

* "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry." By Amy Lowell. With portraits. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

interest to note that he is one of the "Imagists," a group which, although disbanded, must still be accounted as perhaps the most important of the few American poetic coteries (contrasting in this respect so healthily with England); also, like Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Ezra Pound, he has made his home in England. He has written a very fine poem on Abraham Lincoln—naturally a favourite subject in contemporary American verse. Judging by his latest volume, "Breakers and Granite," Mr. Fletcher appears to be developing strongly. His poetry has a sweeping movement, like the tide before storm, and a grasp which Mr. Conrad Aiken (who, born in 1889, is three years his junior) alone approaches, though Aiken is more dreamy, more musical, as is well shown in "The House of Dust," his fifth volume, published last year. Mr. James Oppenheim is another poet who has written on Lincoln. More definitely in his other pieces, however, are to be found his finest qualities, prophetic and psalmistic. Mr. Mencken has portrayed him as standing, as to one leg, on the shoulders of Walt Whitman, and, as to the other, on a stack of Old Testaments. Besides his poetry, Mr. Oppenheim has written several volumes of short stories, four novels, and two poetic plays. He has also been editor of *The Seven Arts*, a magazine now defunct. "The Runner in the Skies" from his second of five verse-volumes, is a characteristic piece:

"Who is the runner in the skies,
With her blowing scarf of stars,
And our Earth and sun hovering like bees about her
blossoming heart?
Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled;
She hurries through the night to a far lover. . . ."

Several names which have found no place so far in this essay are already familiar to English readers, and it is perhaps as well for a reminder to be given that, worthy as they are, they do not represent the whole of contemporary American poetry, nor all its most characteristic and hopeful phases. The work of Miss Amy Lowell is, we believe, to be issued shortly in a collected English edition, which will of course include "Patterns," perhaps the most successful example of *vers libre* in modern English poetry.

The work of "H. D." (Miss Hilda Doolittle) and of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, Spoon River Anthologist, is already issued here. So is that of Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, although in his case we are not supposed to regard the published volumes as the expression of his maturity. He is reported to have expressed a desire "to escape for ever the reciting and chanting Vachel"; none the less, "The Daniel Jazz" and "General Booth enters into Heaven" are something more than the juvenilia of an intensely earnest and vehement writer. They are the expression of a poet, but one too fervently set on using an art in terms which began to be obsolete with Caxton. He has learnt, and this is the discovery that most American poets are making (with the help of Miss Harriett Monroe, whose editorship of *Poetry* has counted for much in their development)—that poetry never tickles the reader, nor shocks, just as music never jingle-jangles. There is all the difference between the emphasis which comes of Bovrility, as one might call the chief physical characteristic of the United States, and the virility of an artist's expression.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. —*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses: the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto, original or selected, for the Irish Free State.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Violet D. Chapman, of the British Embassy, Paris, for the following:

THE OUTCOME.

I prayed for Happiness—unknowing
Fate held in store a greater gift,
Guiding my footsteps blindly going
To where Life's eddies whirl and drift.

Through weary years my prayers unanswered
Beat back like blows on soul and brain,
And nearer than myself was Sorrow,
And closer than my heart was Pain!

Yet at the last Life's anguish brought me
The greatest gift the gods can send:
Not even Happiness had taught me
The loving-comfort of a friend!

Had I not known the outer darkness
Without a ray of hope or light,
The Dawn had never risen so glorious,
The sun had never shined so bright!

Though Happiness may crown me never,
Nor Joy upon my pathway smile,
Yet what is mine I hold for ever,
Counting the price I paid worth while—

Since at the last the gods have spoken
From that great calm where questions
cease:

"Greater than Love is Understanding—
Greater than Happiness is Peace!"

We also select for printing:

THE UNCHARTERED COAST.

I row my boat close to your golden shores
Where lie deep shadows of your dreams, and there
Put by the dripping oars; I do not dare
To venture where the lavish sunlight pours
Its benison on flower-enamelled floors,
Only my tired thoughts follow, follow where
Your heart's white temple throws upon the air
Music of chiming bells which upward soars.
If in my ecstasy I drift too near
Those shores of loveliness and dim their light,
Yet at your whispered word, your lightest plea,
My rocking boat shall from your borders steer,
Once more the oars shall dip, and with the night
I will row out into the open sea.

(Lorna Keeling Collard, Way Close, Wincanton,
Somerset.)

IRIS.

She stepped adown the winter street
As silently as Time,
About whose unreturning feet
Is quietness sublime.

She seemed as kindly as the year,
As joyous as the day,
My love leaped out to follow her
As silently as they.

(R. A. Finn, The Sundial, Surbiton.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Margaret Brown (Harrow), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), M. Bell (London, W.), Una Malleson (London, W.), G. Lawrence Groom (Regent's Park), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Gilbert Quin (London, N.), Ruth Hardwick (Hornsey), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Dorothea Humphreys (Manchester), G. Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Lucy Malleson (London, W.),



Prize photograph by Annie P. Pearson.

Dove Cottage: The Garden.

Freda Isobel Noble (Forest Rise), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), M. A. Berkeley (Cranborne), Ivan Adair (Dublin), P. Sn. Aswath (Madras), Eileen Peek (Washington, U.S.A.), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), D. Freeman Larkin (Anerley), J. E. Simpson (Birkenhead), Geoffrey H. Wells (Birkenhead), Floyd Meredith (New York, U.S.A.), Amy Laishley (York), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), H. Drury (Streatham), D. Maver (Hampstead), Edith Allen (Llandaff), L. M. Priest (Norwich), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Hazel Fyfe (South Kensington), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Hilda de Fleury (London, S.W.), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, U.S.A.), Geoffrey Fyson (Cambridge), Elgar Owen (Muswell Hill), Lilian M. Belletti (Stanwell), S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), B. Worsley (Llandaff), Cecil Thomas (Gibraltar), Laura Yarde Bunyard (Maidstone), Elizabeth Clegg (Boscombe), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Hugh Rodger (Bury St. Edmund's), Henry Barnett (Kobe, Japan), B. (Westerham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Maude R. Fleeson, of 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

THE BEST LOVER. BY "RITA." (Hutchinson.)

"To her faults a little blind."

MATTHEW PRIOR, *An English Padlock*.

We also select for printing:

CROSSING PICCADILLY CIRCUS. BY WARD MUIR. (Heinemann.)

"Give me your hand."

Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 2.)

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE. BY CLIFFORD BAX. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

"Then he will talk—good gods; how he will talk."

NATHANIEL LEE, *Alexander the Great*, Act I, Sc. 3.

(Mrs. C. K. T. Palmer, "Jesmond," The Park, West Hartlepool.)

THE SINGING CAPTIVES. BY E. B. C. JONES. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

1. "Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie."

Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Flora Thompson, Post Office, Liphook, Hants.)

2. "When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing."

Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Lorna Leatham, The White House, Neville's Cross, Durham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best photograph of any scene or building that has literary associations is awarded to Annie P. Pearson, of 50, The Boulevard, Halifax, for the photograph (p. 223) of Dove Cottage, so long the home of Wordsworth in the Lake District.



Photo by Gladys Lant, B.A.

Interior of Grammar School at Hawkshead.

The desk on the right immediately by the door is the one occupied by Wordsworth and inscribed with his name.

We specially commend F. Sarcombe Smith (Bromley, Kent) and Gladys Lant (Leicester) for their photographs (which we also reproduce), and A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Sidney S. Green (Leytonstone), Vera Russell (Edinburgh), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Miss Ives (Erpingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to

Sidney S. Wright, of 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following:

INDIA OLD AND NEW. BY SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. (Macmillan)

This admirable book, written with knowledge and sympathy, sheds welcome light on much confused and loose thinking regarding affairs in India to-day. After-war chaos has undermined the Indian's respect for Western civilisation, and Sir Valentine asserts that a new, re-invigorated faith in the British Empire's mission can only be restored by bold, tolerant statesmanship based on "the principle of partnership in rights and duties." Those who dismiss Ghandi as a fanatic of little account, will learn that he is a man of brilliant intellect and honesty of purpose, who is saint and prophet in the eyes of an enormous following.

We also select for printing:

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE TEACHER.

BY H. CRICHTON MILLER, M.A., M.D. (Jarrolds.)

The theories set forth in this book, being based on practical and wide experience, are especially valuable to all thinking people, since they are concerned with the future generation in whom every one, perforce, is interested. The association of old with new facts in psychology, pure and physiological, makes an appeal to old and young alike, and the helpfulness of the chapters on "Emotional Development" is beyond words. The independence of thought shown by the writer in relation to modern theories makes for their greater value in the eyes of many readers, and also gains for those theories a fairer hearing.

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

THE KINGDOM ROUND THE CORNER.

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Dawson goes from "strength to strength," and considerably enhances his steadily growing reputation as a novelist in this his latest work. Our author is a psychologist, and a stylist, with a strong vein of genuine romance running through his fascinating pages. In this book he gives us one of the best pictures of post-war London that we have yet met; all the pathos, romance and strangeness of the world in those days is here depicted. There is fine character-drawing, strong situations, brilliant epigrams, and an indescribable, elusive charm.

(James A. Richards, M.I.P.S., 10, Park Road, Tenby, South Wales.)



Photo by F. Sarcombe Smith.

"The Leather Bottle," Cobham.

Mr. Tracy Tupman's retreat ("Pickwick Papers.")

We select for special commendation the reviews sent by B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), C. Fellsmith (Felsted), Helen Louise Bell (Manchester), M. K. Boothby (Newby), H. A. Bush (Bolton), W. Brock (Ashton), Lily Garland (Streatham), Edith Robin (London, W.), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Enid Beyton (Beckenham), A. Mason (London, S.W.), Rolanda Hirst (Washington, U.S.A.), Florence Dunfield (Newcastle), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Lucy Malleson, (London, W.), Ethel Webster (Bristol),

F. Elsie Lawrence (B.C., Canada), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), M. A. Sheer (Taunton), B. C. Hardy (London, W.), E. M. Roberts (East Croydon), P. J. O'Connor Duffy (Moy), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), B. Webb (Birmingham), Margaret Wallace (London, N.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Mannington Sayers, of Northgate, Totnes.

New Books.

RECOVERED ESSAYS.*

There are few writers of whom it can be said, as it most truly can of Mrs. Meynell, that she has touched nothing she did not adorn, that her lightest essay written for an evening newspaper is worthy of saving and keeping. She is a born essayist as she is a born poet. The qualities of her poems and her essays are interchangeable. She has written nothing to which she has not brought a careful and an assiduous thought. When one writes "lightest" of her work, one remembers that she is never light in the sense of slightness. In her finest inspiration one feels the craftsmanship, difficult often, exacting from the reader the same conscience in the understanding that went to the making. This high standard in her work has prevented Mrs. Meynell being anything like a voluminous writer. Everything she has put her pen to has been noble and dignified. She has always *wrought*—and she has found the English speech to her choice a flexible instrument. It is creditable to the public taste that she has always had so many admirers. There must be a wider audience than one would casually suppose for an art so exquisite and so painstaking.

One reader remembers these essays over many years and is happy to have recovered them. There are memorable passages that one has not forgotten in, say, twenty crowded years, as in the essay, "Superfluous Kings":

"But Shakespeare conceiving for royalty not only 'the beauteous Majesty of Denmark' and the 'courteous action' of the dead—'being so majestic'—and the dignity of Hermione's daughter, and the tempest of Lear's elemental tragedy, will not consent to touch us with nothing more than pity and terror. He confronts us with the uttermost of pride of life in the royalty he sings; confronts us—no, rather brings us to our knees—before the arrogant splendour he conceives.

"Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze."

"It is the pride of life and the pride of death. Only hand in hand with a queen does Antony venture on the prophecy of that immortal vanity. It is to him are given the most surprising lines in any of the tragedies, it is only as the lover of a queen that he has the right to them. To him is assigned that startling word, the incomparable word of amorous and tender ceremony, 'Egypt.'

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

"That territorial name, murmured to his love in the hour of death and in her arms. I know not in the records of all genius any other such august farewell."

Somewhere else in an essay, or perhaps it was by word of mouth, she has taken from its setting and held out to our admiration and our memory that keeps such things like a star or a jewel, that other incomparable speech of the tragedy:

"Of many thousand kisses this poor last
I lay upon thy lips."

She answers exquisitely responsive to all such beauties and she makes others responsive.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

I have kept the falling cadences rather since I read the essay than since I read the tragedy.

* "The Second Person Singular and Other Essays." By Alice Meynell. 6s. (Oxford University Press.)

Her subjects are many. They are of waterfalls and Sterne's tomb in Bayswater, from Jane Austen and Joanna Baillie, to her own personal friends Patmore and Meredith. She has a finality in what she says. One feels it is the last word.

To her lovers it will be a joy to find the natural woman in her essays. Her admiration, literary, for Jane Austen does not reconcile her to the spinsterishness of the immortal spinster. All through you feel that she can hardly tolerate Jane—Jane who even spends some of her irony on a little girl of three, "to whom children were only spoilt children." One wonders that any children were spoilt in those rigid days for children. One enjoys her intolerance of Jane through all her acknowledgment of the qualities of that masterly satirist.

"The Second Person Singular" takes its place rightly by those other slender volumes of the same writer's essays that give distinction to a bookcase. But I should like to get this into grey and silver out of the heavy black binding which misbecomes things of sweetness and austere light.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOVELS BY WOMEN.

"Nearly all bad novels are written by women" was a cheerful generalisation by Mr. Mais in a recent review, with a comfortable oblivion of his own beginnings. It is perfectly true that a certain type of sob-stuff is supplied largely by women, while what might be called the beef tea type of fiction, bred mostly in America, staged on a desert background in various continents, is a masculine responsibility. But apart from this unprofitable allotting of blame between the sexes, and when this kind of gourd growth of fiction, born in a night to perish in a night, has been put on one side, is there such a thing as a common element present in all women creators of character, from George Eliot to Miss Rebecca West? And what is it?

It is of course nothing so tangible as an opinion. It is rather a reaction, comparable to the word test of the psycho-analyst. It can perhaps best be indicated by pointing out that George Eliot felt that Rosamund Vincey required slapping more than Stephen in "The Mill on the Floss" required kicking. The repulsions and exasperations of a woman writer are different to those of a man, and they all have a tendency to regard the same kind of predatory egoist as unendurable.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney in "Made to Measure"¹ may be said to "hands up" before the problem. Men, being rational creatures, ought to prefer the tender-hearted and honourable woman to the shallow, mendacious little cat. But none of these things count at all. There has only got to be a particular atmosphere of beauty round a woman and James Pumphry will pursue her, not indifferent to the fact that she is a liar and cold-hearted (he feels it bitterly), but dragged on against will and judgment and honour. She lies to him, she betrays him, she leaves him, she returns; he pines for her and is eternally hers, despite self-contempt and humiliation. It is "black magic."

¹ "Made to Measure." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 8s. 6d. (Collins.)

Mary, the woman he once loved, admits her helplessness. She is everything lovable and helpful, but she has not got the philtre. The story takes place in the absurd and ungracious setting of a London suburb in peace time, smashed up later by war; absurd and ungracious but wistful to the feelings just because it was at peace.

Miss Angela Mallowes (in "The Foolish Sex"²) is nothing like so merciful. She traces with embittered irony the posings and attitudes of hack phrases with which utter selfishness glosses over its carefully engineered successes. "I have made mistakes and committed follies, but never, never have the motives of my follies been base or unworthy of my first white passion," writes Angel, the super-minx of the story. "Child as I was, in experience if not in years, I had yet a great faith in the protection, the power of the purity of womanhood," she smirks as she kisses lover No. 2 "under the twisted acacia." She goes to stay with a Catholic cousin and is cheered to find "her Director, that quiet, observant-looking man . . . had found time to dwell upon the problem of my youthful, restless soul." When her hostess's rich, bald and obtuse cousin comes to call, "There have been moments when I, poor wandering, bewildered mortal, have felt the nearness of the other world. . . . There was work lying to my willing hands. . . . I could help. . . . Ah, Frank, if you had only *let* me help you . . ." Frank, poor man, becomes Husband No. 1. "Blind adoration is but another form of masculine selfishness—it can never give contentment to a true woman" is the conclusion Angel rapidly comes to, and proceeds on the strength of it to work a complicated system of duplicity about bills and other men's kisses. Her comment when her flagrant provocativeness has provoked these is invariably, "How men misunderstand us poor women," until she feels the need of "a youthful simplicity" conveyed by a black picture hat "to keep my faith alive in the old ideals of purity" in the murky surroundings of an unabashed collusive divorce where her husband takes on the rôle of the guilty party. Miss Mallowes's irony becomes more savage as she tells of the entanglement of a poor foolish young subaltern and the subsequent complete and rapid oblivion that covers him after his death in France. After a few more episodes Angel lands herself safely in a third marriage with a rich young man, whose troubles are still to come when the book closes. It is perhaps a trifle drawn out but every page has small touches which amply repay a careful reading.

Miss Muriel Hine's "Torquil's Success"³ is primarily a study of a rather bearish young genius, bent on success, who gets entangled in a marriage with a beautiful and wealthy young woman, to the injury of his gifts. Miss Hine's writing might be described more as an attempt to be fair to her characters than an achievement in understanding them. She adjudicates painstakingly between Torquil and Fiammetta. But "Judge not" is almost as important a rule in the creation of character as in Christian ethics. When verdicts and sentences come in, life is apt to fly out of the window. Miss Hine, no more than others, can keep a certain note of exasperation out when she is describing the woman who conquers by sheer beauty, even though she admits her case against her husband. But it is really rather difficult to understand either what Torquil found attractive in the fatiguing literary conversation of Josephine, his earlier Egeria, or the seductiveness of his disastrous passion. The conversation of Nan the cheerful tomboy who invariably prefaced her (entirely harmless) escapades with "All right. But you mustn't tell Mum," or the entrancing observations of an inconsequent widow whose deceased husband Maurice attends her as a kind of spiritualist chaperon, tactfully approving everything she really wishes to do, would seem both more enticing. But alas! of these we see all too little, and of the stern, strong, secondary hero, Heron, all too much!

² "The Foolish Sex." By Angela Mallowes. 8s. 6d. (Page & Co.).

³ "Torquil's Success." By Muriel Hine. 8s. (Lane.)

Not having read "The Red Flame," Lady Miles's novel, "Red, White and Grey,"⁴ came as a discovery, and a very pleasant one. It is a study of three women, the men of the story being no better than shadows, mere necessary points and letters in a diagram. Lady Miles is as impartial as Miss Hine is judicial. She takes no sides and shows no preferences. But with a steady and sometimes brutal candour she proceeds to anatomise the hearts of her heroines, giving the moments when the steely truthfulness of Camilla degenerates into flippant hardness, together with the times when it performs an absolutely necessary surgery on the almost deliberate self-bewilderings of Felicity. Felicity is a really admirable study, fascinating, magnetic, but with a blind spot where passion is concerned. Her perfectly genuine perplexity when her adorer refuses to find it "so nice" to be "just friends"; her dismay when she discovers she has inadvertently detached her friend's lover and somehow cannot pack him up and send him tidily and promptly back, her warm and sincere but impersonal kindness and generosity are all convincing, and described with a skill almost uncanny. Yet Lady Miles has understanding left (it is too detached to call sympathy) for the sombre, sensual, obstinate and unscrupulous Poppy, bred in a sordid and quarrelsome home, who has passion, devouring and determined, but is without affection or honour. She should not however have been called Poppy, that is the author's one lapse.

LUCY MASTERMAN.

THE COUNTRY OF THE COLOUR BLIND.*

"Consider what sort of world there would be if all flowers were grey, all leaves black and the sky brown." So wrote John Ruskin. And in this magnificent volume Mr. Pennell gives us the opportunity of judging.

And frankly when we compare it with most of the colour books of the day, we are tempted to envy the colour-blind. I speak, of course, of physical vision. To the spiritual eye there is here colour and to spare. This is a collection, by a great lover of the beautiful and himself an artist, of the finest pen-and-ink drawings of to-day and yesterday, reproduced under his own watchful superintendence. To do justice to it as a picture gallery and as a book of reference is impossible in the confines of a short article. It is indispensable to all who would find themselves abreast of the possibilities that lie in the modern methods of reproduction. Nor does the value of the book rest there. Perhaps indeed its chief portent lies in Mr. Pennell's demonstration, which will come as a revelation to many, that pen drawing as a distinct art, as an end in itself, is but in its infancy. The old masters certainly made pen drawings and magnificent ones, but they used the pen for sketches of projects, intentions and memoranda. When they drew for reproduction they were limited to the possibilities of the etching needle and the burin. The modern artist is in quite other case. By the invention and perfection of photo-engraving he is set free to do what he will on the paper, assured that his most intimate and nervous lines, his most delicate drawings, can be multiplied and so make illimitable public appeal. It is, as Mr. Pennell rightly says, one of those rare cases in art in which machinery is better than hand-work, although, he slyly adds, "it is mostly hand-work after all." For it is a melancholy fact that the process-plate of to-day is not so good as its fellow of twenty-five years ago. Why? Because the then maker of it was not merely a mechanic but a craftsman loving his job, whereas now, with rare exceptions, he "ca's canny" like every one else and scamps his work. And you can no more trifle with your work on a process block than on a wood block without being found out—by those who care.

⁴ "Red, White and Grey." By Lady Miles. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

* "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen." By Joseph Pennell. £7 7s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

It must not be supposed that there were no artists, great or small, who worked freely with their pens before process was discovered. But they were the exceptions. Charles Keene was an outstanding example. But he cared nothing for the public. He refused to consider the limitations of the wood-engraver, of whom he was the despair. As a consequence, he was looked upon by those who could not see deeper than the block as rather a bore. It was not till after his death, when his original drawings were seen, that he rightly took his place amongst the immortals. Vierge, Rico, Dietz, Lalanne and Detaille, amongst the earliest of a great host who were destined to reap the benefit of process work, were far more fortunate. They obtained a reputation and a publicity which they would have sought in vain from the wood-engraver. Take for example the drawing by Wilhelm Leibl on page 165 of this volume to see what half-tone can do. The success of it is amazing when we consider that the original was made on tinted paper with grey watery ink and washes, reinforced by charcoal or crayon. A wood-engraver would have refused even to attempt it. The success is even more apparent in the masterly reproduction after Antonio Fabres on page 45. But it is invidious to select personal preferences for distinction; for there is something in this wonderful book for every one, however diverse his tastes.

It will be obvious from what I have said that Mr. Pennell's letterpress is of great value. There is however one point upon which I feel compelled to comment adversely. Why does he put vitriol into his ink pot when writing when he can conjure such beautiful and tender things as the Le Puy, which now hangs on my wall, when he is drawing? I find no fault with his fierce indignation. Indeed he was indignant with me long years ago as I was indignant with him, and I hope we both learned lessons from one another. I go all the way with him when he scarifies "the business man and the ad. man and the editor-man who is fattening on what is called art," in America or anywhere else, to whom "Art and literature are subordinate to advertisement" and by whom "the goods advertised are proclaimed in an uplifting and soul-yearning voice." They are despicable. But indignation overreaches itself and loses force the moment it becomes unmannerly. Why for example drag in, when discussing Bastien Lepage's portrait of our late King, such an uncalled-for rudeness as "It is more remarkable as a drawing than as an example of princely stupidity"? King Edward was no more stupid than Mr. Pennell himself, and he certainly had better manners. Further he had a much more difficult and responsible position and discharged himself in it much more than passably. He may not have been a good judge of art, but I doubt if Mr. Pennell is a better judge of kingship. No! This book is too fine to be disfigured with such *ad captandum* excrescences; Mr. Pennell's knowledge is too wide, his letterpress too informing, his taste in art too good to make such things worth while. Nor is his industry less. Though he has omitted a few pen draughtsmen—and women—who might have been included—the names of Gwendolen Raverat, Eric Gill, Sturge Moore, Claud Shepperson, Edward Reginald Savage jump into the mind amongst others—yet he has introduced to the present writer at least, who has ever had his eyes open for the best, many of which he had never heard, not only giving his word for their talent, but proving it by outstanding and typical reproductions. Further he has of course won my heart by quoting Whistler's saying, that Charles Keene was the greatest British artist since Hogarth.

G. S. LAYARD.



Market Square at Chartres.

By Joseph Pennell.

From "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (Fisher Unwin).

AMERICAN LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

The widow of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the American poet and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1881 to 1890, has published a very pleasant book of reminiscences. It is original in style, written in the third person, and touched with a delightfully demure sense of humour.

Through her husband's position she naturally met many of the most prominent figures in the literary worlds of America and England—where the Aldriches paid visits on several occasions. But she has her own interesting little niche of girlhood memories before she met her future husband. Sixty years ago in Boston she formed a close friendship with Edwin Booth, the actor, and his young bride. The story of Booth's brief happiness is told here very touchingly. It only lasted two years, for his wife died suddenly at the age of twenty-one, and when the end came Booth was playing his part on the stage. Booth was, of course, the brother of John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on that fatal April 14th, 1865; and while that grim tragedy was enacted, the brother of the murderer was taking his farewell benefit at the Boston Theatre, amid tremendous applause. Yet the next day, by his brother's act, his life was in danger, and the name of Booth execrated:

* "Crowding Memories." By Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 18s. (Constable.)

"Through the unending hours of that awful day Mr. Booth shut himself within his room, his prayerful wish that the frenzied mob might seek and find him and end his misery. And ever present in his memory was the agonising thought of his mother in her wretchedness and grief, for John Wilkes was her idol, her youngest born, and whatever the world might find of him unlovely he was to her a most devoted son."

Mrs. Aldrich saw Ford's Theatre just as the great tragedy had left it, except that it now was guarded by soldiers, inside and out:

"The stage was still set with all the *mise en scène*, as on that eventful evening of the President's death. In the box from behind the curtain that had shaded his chair I picked up a play-bill that might have fallen from his hand."

She also saw the room, in a house on the other side of the street, to which Lincoln was carried, and where he died.

Mr. Aldrich and his future wife, Lillian Woodman, first met at the table of Edwin Booth, and thus it is that the Booth family play a prominent part in the early portion of these reminiscences. As quite a young man Aldrich became assistant-editor of *The Home Journal* (a post formerly held by Edgar Allan Poe), thanks to the kindness of N. P. Willis. But Willis was not quite the European celebrity his simple-minded compatriots imagined. Although one of them, Professor Peck, quoted by Mrs. Aldrich, said of Willis, "In Europe he lived with nobles and gentlemen; dined with ease with kings"; he was in fact merely a very pushful young man and the pioneer of the interviewer. He forced his way into the presence and society of notable people in Europe, but they regarded him as a snob and a bore, despite the picturesque and fulsome manner in which he described them in his journalistic effusions in *The New York Mirror* and in his book, "Pencilings by the Way."

However, Willis and James T. Fields proved a good introduction to literary circles, and when Charles Dickens came to give readings of his works in Boston, at the close of 1867, the young Aldriches had the pleasure of entertaining, and being entertained by, the great English novelist, who was much interested in the tiny house of the youthful couple and their very youthful maidservant. Perhaps the little *ménage* reminded him of that of David and Dora. Dickens told Longfellow about the small house and its occupants, and the poet came to see for himself, and the place suggested an idyll which later found expression in "The Hanging of the Crane."

Mrs. Aldrich has an amusing, if a trifle unkind, story to tell about Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who came to visit her on a very hot day. By way of refreshment a claret cup, which unwittingly had been brewed over-strong, was offered to the famous authoress. The result was that Mrs. Beecher Stowe was overcome and had to retire to a sofa to sleep off the effects of the potation. Her crinoline flew up, revealing old V-elastic boots, white stockings and flowery garters. And when her hostess tried to put right the toilet disarray, all the thanks she got was: "I won't be any properer than I have a mind to be. Let me sleep."

Mark Twain, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, Oscar Wilde, and many other notable figures appear in this record with humorous detail. In London the Aldriches met Irving, Whistler, Sarah Bernhardt and Robert Browning—who wore diamond studs and carried a crush hat, upon which he sat all through dinner! Like all Americans, the Aldriches loved London. As Henry James truly observed to them: "It is the heart of the world, and I prefer to be the least whit in its whirl, than to live and own a territory in any other place."

This is a very entertaining book.

S. M. ELLIS.

DOWN DARTYMOOR WAY.*

When I have finished reading one of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's books I always wonder why the dickens I don't go and live down on "Dartymoor" and sit in the cosy bar of "The Plume," and listen to Johnnie Rowlands and Sam

* "Told at 'The Plume.'" By Eden Phillpotts. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Turtle and Uncle Tom Cobleigh and the rest of them, talking their talk and telling their tales with a quaint mixture of shrewdness and romance. In "Told at the Plume," Mr. Phillpotts relates a series of stories of to-day and yesterday, in which the man and the maid, the parson and the hangman all have their place. Indeed, the story of the hangman and his rope is one of the best of them.

Most of the stories are told through the mouth of Inn-keeper Rowlands, the landlord of "The Plume," a jovial soul with a keen eye to business. He speaks with the rough eloquence of a man of his class, for Mr. Phillpotts has too sure a touch to put the wrong words on the lips of any of his characters.

Each story appears to arise naturally out of a conversation or an incident—as, for instance, in the case of the marmalade-coloured cat and the devilish machinations of one Samuel Black. Here we have a murder, and very nearly two, the second being averted in quite a natural way by—but I am not going to spoil it for you!

Then we have the remarkable adventures of the young lady in the red riding-hood (no connection with the Wolf firm—under entirely new management), and the case of the girl, the potman and the frog, and what happened to them, and a dozen other 'mazing things.

I read every word of the book with delight, and wished there had been many more.

F. D. G.

ABERDEENSHIRE ANTIQUITIES.*

The unpretentious title of this book and the author's modest preface, describing its growth out of a suggestion that a sort of guide-book should be prepared, giving some simple description of the Stone Circles and other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Duncricht, utterly fail to do justice to the elaborate and beautiful monograph which is the outcome of this suggestion. As the author says: "Of course the thing grew—grew beyond all original ideas of what it should be. . . . But the book does not profess to be scientific, and has no sort of claim to be conclusive or positive or exhaustive or didactic."

Bishop Browne, however, could not handle such a subject without dealing with it on scientific lines and in a measure exhaustively, and the result will perhaps appeal even more to the archaeologist than to the sightseer, for whom it is professedly meant.

The chief indication of a desire to cater for the latter rather than for the former is to be found in the illustrations. Some fifty stone circles or remains of circles are dealt with in the book, and these are illustrated by between forty and fifty views from photographs of the circles or their main features, beautifully reproduced. But of only seven of the circles are there ground plans given, and of these three are mere sketches, their object being only to show the compass bearings of the stones. It must, however, be admitted that many of the circles are now so incomplete, or are known to have been so disturbed, that plans of them would be of very little value.

The main part of the book is devoted to the Stone Circles of the district, which are of a type peculiar to Aberdeenshire, and possibly unique. Their distinguishing feature is the presence of "a great Recumbent Stone, lying tangentially on the circumference of the circle, weighing many tons; with two high pillar stones standing on the circumference of the circle, one at each end of the Recumbent Stone, as Flankers or supporters." The author comes to the conclusion that these stones were used as "sacrificial stones," as well as to mark the orientation of the circles. For such a use there is naturally enough no evidence, but there is nothing against his views except that, if this was the reason for the presence of the Recumbent Stone, it is hard to see why a feature of such importance should only be found in the circles of this one district.

* "On Some Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Duncricht House, Aberdeenshire." By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne, D.D. (C. & O.), D.C.L., LL.D. 43 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Theories as to the object of these circles have been advanced by Sir Norman Lockyer, who thought they were astronomical and designed in order that the times and seasons might be determined by the rising and setting of the sun, or of certain stars. He assigned provisional dates for the construction of the star-circles on the assumption that the observation star was either Arcturus or Capella. The author points out the importance of such observations in days when no almanacs existed to direct the people in farming and other work. Another theory has been put forward by Mr. Hadrian Allcroft in a paper on "The Celtic Moot Circle" in the Transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society who, taking Homer's descriptions of the places of assembly in his day, considers that the Aberdeenshire and other rude stone circles represent the peristalith of undressed stones which in some cases surrounded the circle of dressed stones on which the elders sat. The dressed stones, as he points out, would be the first to be broken up or carried off when the circles fell into disuse. Mr. Allcroft does not, however, suggest, as Bishop Browne seems to think, that the Recumbent or other undressed stones were themselves used as seats.

Long-standing tradition, as the author shows, ascribes these circles to the Druids, and they have been known from time immemorial as "Druids' Temples" and as places where the people used once to go to worship. He evidently considers that they were also clock-circles, where the presiding Druid or magician could tell the times and seasons by day or night, and schools of instruction where he taught the young men who came to him to learn the secrets of his craft. But circles in use for these purposes would also almost inevitably be used as the general places of meeting for the settlement of disputes and the transaction of the other business of the community, over which the Druids would naturally preside.

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to give an adequate idea of the fullness and charm with which Bishop Browne has handled his subject, or of the wealth of learning he has brought to bear on it, and we can only glance at the remainder of the book. Two chapters are devoted to the Ogam script and to an attempt to read the two or three inscriptions which occur in the district. These show great ingenuity and, if they are not correct, as to which we can offer no opinion, at least they deserve to be. Two more chapters deal with the symbols of Pictish art found carved both on undressed and dressed stones, in the latter case generally in combination with the Christian cross. The Roman poet Claudian, who took part in the invasion of Caledonia about A.D. 400, tells how the Roman soldiers were wont to study the designs tattooed on the bodies of Picts who had fallen in fight, and the author suggests that the Pictish symbols are these same designs transferred to stone, when the fashion of clothing the body came in with the spread of Christianity and drove out the custom of tattooing. The symbols themselves he is inclined to take as marks of rank, etc., rather than as religious in their origin. Here again the question arises why the habit of carving the symbols on undressed stones should be confined within narrow geographical limits, and again there is no satisfactory answer.

A final chapter deals with cup-markings on certain stones in the district, where the grouping of some of the cups appears to be intended to represent certain of the constellations. The author gives cases where the intention seems to be unmistakable and suggests that the markings were in fact charts of portions of the sky prepared for the instruction of apprentices, while they would also serve for the production of copies on deerskin, etc. The same idea has already been suggested in connection with certain

of the Scandinavian rock-carvings and cup-markings by Herr Gudmund Schütte in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October, 1920, and by Dr. M. Schönfeld in *La Nature*, February 5th, 1921. It is suggested that in other cases cup-markings are astronomical registrations of recurrent cycles of time. Undoubtedly the Druids and other heathen priests of bygone days were far more advanced in knowledge than we are ready to believe, and it is to be hoped that archaeologists in other parts of these islands where cup-markings are to be found will put these theories to further test.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

THE WHISTLER JOURNAL.*

Whistler's vivid, provocative personality makes him as interesting in himself as in his work, and the authors of the authorised life of Whistler have in this handsomely-produced, lavishly-illustrated volume supplemented that biography with the story of the life he lived with them in the three years after he had asked them to write it, adding thereto the more intimate things he told them "of the sixty-six previous years in his troubled, triumphal career." The biography was the drama on the stage, but here you go behind the scenes and learn how the play was written and produced, and see the principal actor at close quarters.

It was a request from the *Century Magazine* for an article on Whistler's table-talk that suggested the commencement of this Journal, and the keeping of it has resulted in a rich collection of Whistleriana that is a valuable addition to the record of his career and to our understanding—if we can ever understand—of his character. Whistler could say caustic things of his contemporaries; he said them of Alma Tadema, whose works and ornate house amused him, and whom he always described as "he of the St. John's Wooden eye"; and Mr. Pennell is often no less caustic in his frequent and admirable footnotes to the Journal. He may be right in saying, "Poor Tadema, his fame ended with his life, but Whistler's

*"The Whistler Journal." By E. R. and J. Pennell. Illustrated. 35s. (Lippincott.)

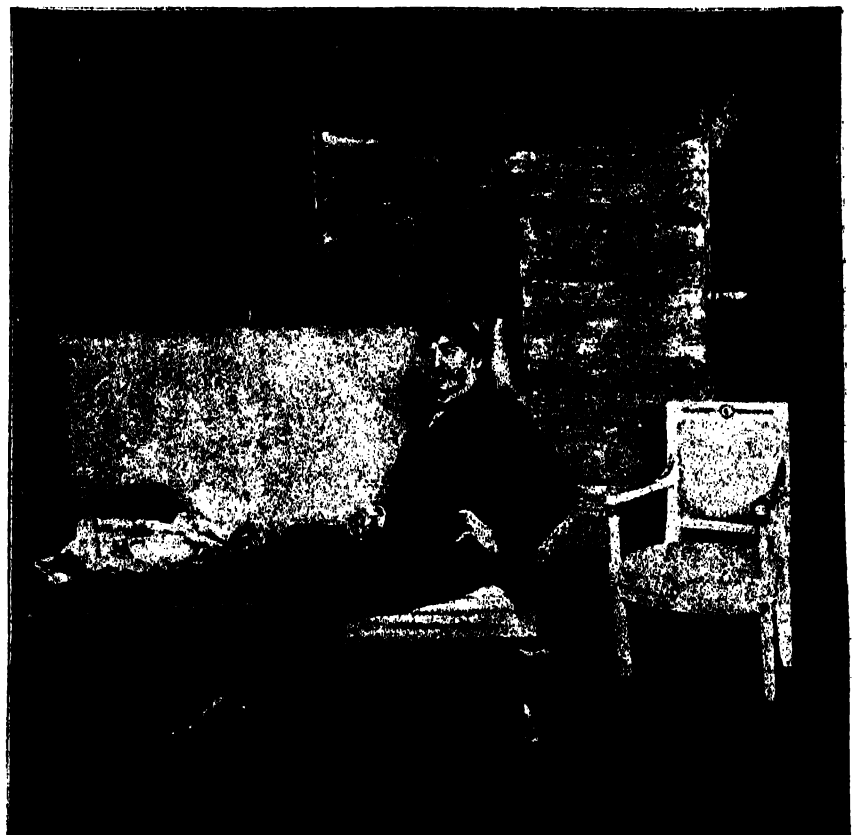


Photo by Dornac.

Whistler in his Paris Studio.

From "The Whistler Journal" (Lippincott).

began with his death and has been growing ever since"; but is he so right in his concluding judgment, "And now Ruskin has more fame as an artist than as an author, and Burne-Jones is near forgotten, and Whistler has triumphed all over the world"? Whistler's triumph is undeniable, and if the rest is not, it is a frank and downright expression of opinion, and it is this frank self-assertion that lends piquancy to the notes throughout as the devastating frankness of Whistler himself does to much of the Journal. There is a story of how Swinburne, Rossetti and Meredith were dining at the Garrick Club when Swinburne complained that Meredith, then editing the *Fortnightly* in John Morley's absence, had sent him only ten pounds for a poem. "Meredith explained it was what he usually got for his own poems. 'Yes, for yours,' said Swinburne, 'but mine?' Meredith tried to point out the justice of it: what was enough for him was enough for Swinburne. Swinburne got up, came over to him, and slapped his face. This was the end of their friendship." Good pleasant and unpleasant anecdotes of authors, artists and other famous men of the time are scattered liberally up and down the pages of an interesting and entertaining book that, taken in conjunction with the "Life," gives us as detailed and minutely complete a picture of the man and the artist, his manners, mannerisms, littlenesses and greatness, as we have of any famous in art or letters except, perhaps, Johnson.

The reproductions—over a hundred and sixty—of portraits, etchings and sketches by Whistler, and portraits, caricatures and sketches of him by various artists, etchings of his houses by Mr. Pennell, and facsimiles and sketches of documents and articles associated with him, add enormously to the interest and value of a work that will take its place as the complement of one of the most interesting if not one of the greatest biographies in the language.

A MIXED GRILL.*

Still they come! Book after book appears on the many phases of that vast subject we lump under the heading of "Labour," and meanwhile Labour continues to decline in status and the unemployed still persist in disfiguring our social landscape. We have thousands of books, an amazing amount of more or less exact information, quite a lot of good intentions, and yet little seems to be done to get at the roots of the problem. So what are we going to do about it? To those of us who are really interested there seems but one thing to do, and that is to keep on pegging away, utilising the opportunities we get to spread knowledge and quickening ideas; and one means of doing this is to try to push those books which can be of some assistance to the earnest inquirer. And fortunately, little as their effect may seem to be, quite a number of the books that come to one's table are of this category.

To the student of the agricultural problem, for instance, the two books now before us may be heartily recommended. Mr. Wolff ranges widely, with sympathy and understanding, and presents a survey of agriculture, with illustrations to support his contentions, from all over the world. Briefly, he seeks to re-establish on the land a peasantry which, whilst to a great extent being in the position of free cultivators, will have access to better training and education, and will naturally develop the co-operative system which has been of such enormous advantage to such a country as Denmark. Mr. Davies and Miss Evans are more drastic in their proposals. "Recent land reformers," they say, "from Mr. Lloyd George upwards, have been more distinguished for their

* "Land Nationalisation." By A. Emil Davies and Dorothy Evans. 4s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)—"Rural Reconstruction." By Henry W. Wolff. 15s. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Proletcult." By Eden and Cedar Paul. 4s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)—"What We Want and Where we Are." By W. A. Appleton. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Labour: The Giant with the Feet of Clay." By Shaw Desmond. 10s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Labour in Transition." By W. A. Orton. 10s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)—"National Welfare and National Decay." By William McDougall. 6s. (Methuen.)

destructive criticism—not to say vituperation—than for constructive suggestions," and they seek to restore the balance. They plump for the nationalisation of the whole land of the country. Half-measures will not suffice. So they give a detailed and comprehensive scheme whereby such a policy may be carried out. The general objections on the ground of finance and the like are faithfully dealt with.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul head the second chapter of their book, "What is Proletcult?" Yes. Quite so. What is it? And then they quote Herr Walther Rathenau's book, "In Days to Come," to the effect that new ideas make a more definite impression on the mind when they are associated with a new name. This is apparently the justification for their horrible title. "The word Proletcult is fire-new, and brings us up with a jar against the question of terminology." It does; a nasty jar! But surely Mr. and Mrs. Paul, as students of psychology, should realise that a repellent name is likely to give a lasting and definitely unfavourable impression of the thing named. The book itself, which is better than its title, attempts to show that all educational efforts in a capitalist state seek to keep the workers in a state of subjection to capitalism, and that a true workers' education would aim at teaching them how to emancipate themselves from capitalism. Mr. Appleton writes in the opposite strain. He is somewhat disgruntled with the modern labour tendencies, which he obviously regards as dangerous and not a little mad, and he has little concern for our many theorists.

Both Labourists and anti-Labourists alike will be pleased with Mr. Desmond's book. The latter will conclude from it that they were always right in regarding agitators as enemies of God and man; and the former will enjoy the joke of watching the author illuminating the obvious, with a solemn face expounding on 250 well-printed pages the trite fact that working men are human beings. The cream of the joke, however, is reserved for those of us who have known Mr. Desmond for many years and watched his development through his C. N. L. Shaw, Desmond Shaw, Patrick Desmond, and now Shaw Desmond periods, those of us especially who had no ridiculous illusions as to what happens when a man comes down out of the clouds and suddenly realises the existence of his own and other people's feet.

Better than any of the above-mentioned books—in conception, design and execution—is Mr. Orton's "Labour in Transition." It opens with a survey of the country and of industry on the eve of war, and traces the varying phases of development through the war to the general collapse of Labour after the miners' defeat in June. It is a comprehensive and well-balanced statement; and forms one of the saddest pieces of reading I have come across for many a day. But it should be read, and read carefully, and its sane and cool judgments pondered by those who now so desperately cling to their traditional privileges and power. In an entirely different category from the others, Mr. McDougall's book is also, as one would expect, an excellent piece of work. It deals not with social theories, but with the whole vast problem of civilisation itself; and to those of us who are so largely preoccupied with ideas for the transformation of social systems and national organisation it seems too ruthlessly realist. "The truth is," says Mr. McDougall, "that forms of organisation matter little."

The thing that matters to a nation, to civilisation, is the quality of the stuff of the human beings themselves. If this stuff is poor, civilisation will decay and break up under any conceivable form of organisation. Some new force is engendered in a race, and a nation rises to greatness and glory; only to decline and decay, and, in spite of the dazzling achievements of the past, "there are not lacking indications that our western civilisation may have reached its climax, and even now be sliding down the curve of decline." Strong as they now seem in the world, Britain and America may be on the downward grade; they are threatened by an insidious danger which, if it is not checked, will bring them both to ruin. Having gained certain qualities which enable them to develop a civilisation

of a certain degree of complexity, there comes a time when the complexity outruns the innate quality of the race to cope with it. And to this point we now seem to have come. Increasing demands are made upon our leaders and rulers, upon our people as a whole, and instead of improving to meet these demands, their qualities are diminishing or deteriorating. The one factor that can save us from this fatal decline "is the increasing knowledge of human nature and of human society, and of the conditions that make for or against the flourishing of human nature and society. But the mere increase of such knowledge in scientific academies is of no avail, if that knowledge is not widely diffused among the people, and if it does not become a guide to action in public and in private life."

ROWLAND KENNEY.

LORD SALISBURY'S SCHOOL-DAYS.*

In all English political libraries of any importance there has been for a good many years past a conspicuous gap waiting to be filled by the official life of Lord Salisbury. Half of the gap will be filled by these two volumes in which Lady Gwendolen Cecil records the first half of her father's career: from his entry into Parliament in 1853, that is to say, until the Conservative debacle of 1880. Two more volumes, presumably, will complete the work. It cannot fail to take a very high place among biographies of this order. It will not appeal to so large a circle as the six-volume Beaconsfield or the three-volume Gladstone, or the two-volume Lord Randolph Churchill, but in point of literary equipment Lady Gwendolen Cecil challenges comparison with the authors of those three fascinating books. Knowledge and judgment, tact, wit these were the principal requisites for complete success in her task; and she has them all in a remarkable degree. She needed wit more than did those other biographers. Lord Salisbury was often brilliant both in his writings and in his speeches, but he was nine-tenths a mere politician, and lives of politicians are so apt to be dull. He was not an endlessly interesting human being of flesh and blood like Lord Randolph or a transcendent genius like the "Grand Old Man." Lord Morley's great work would have been absorbing even without its epigrams and irony. As for "Dizzy," all that his biographers had to do was to keep him talking. It would have been almost stupid of them to be witty themselves.

It is a really remarkable achievement on Lady Gwendolen Cecil's part to have contrived to make the whole of these two volumes so readable, taken up as they are to such a degree with political events and problems long since forgotten. She will manage to hold her readers' attention, one is sure, right to the end. It seems safe to prophesy, however, that nothing she can have to tell us about her father's life and work in later years will compare for interest with the strange story of this triumphantly successful man's piteously miserable boyhood. After reading it, one can never again think of Lord Salisbury as one used to think of him. He looked to the world like one of Fortune's Favourites. The owner of "the most beautiful home in England," as it has been called by one well qualified to judge; endowed with good looks and good health; esteemed and admired and famous; married to a splendid wife and the father of affectionate and talented sons and daughters: if ever there was an enviably lucky mortal, it was, to all appearances, this third Marquis of Salisbury. As far as the grown man was concerned that impression was true enough, but the opening pages of this book are a revelation of such schoolboy unhappiness as is rare indeed. How far young Lord Robert Cecil's misery was due to his own morbid sensitiveness and how far to the actual cruelty of his companions, cannot now be estimated; Lady Gwendolen herself is at a loss to say. Certain it seems in any case that he suffered more than nine hundred and ninety-nine English schoolboys out of a thousand. His

life at a preparatory school, near Hatfield, he described once as having been "an existence among devils." At Eton his troubles were even worse:

"I am bullied from morning to night without ceasing," he wrote to his father. "Just multiply ten times the bullying I got under C--- and you will have some faint idea of what I get at present. . . . When I come in to dinner they kick and shin me and I am obliged to go out of dinner without eating anything. . . . I have hardly any time to do lessons because I spend so much time in being bullied. I get a punishment regularly every morning because I have no time to learn lessons."

Seldom indeed does the butt of a school grow into a man in any way comparable with the Lord Salisbury we knew. Perhaps the nearest parallel is to be found in Anthony Trollope. Readers of Trollope's autobiography will recall the painful description given at the zenith of his career by that very prosperous novelist and popular clubman of his extraordinary woes at Harrow, and how he was despised and persecuted by masters and boys alike. There was this similarity between young Trollope and young Cecil, that both were little slovens—incurably careless of their personal appearance, their clothes and books and other belongings. In other respects they had not much in common. Trollope's talents were to remain entirely undiscovered until his dismal school days had been followed by seven years of apparently hopeless inefficiency as a clerk at the General Post Office. Lord Robert, unpopular and a muff, did at least give early proof of his exceptional intellect. "One subject, not usual for proficiency in a schoolboy, in which he excelled was theology." Lord Dufferin was always to remember him at Eton as the "thin, frail little lower boy . . . even then writing such clever essays."

It is with genuine relief that one reads of young Cecil's removal from Eton at fifteen and of the two years of peaceful happiness which followed at Hatfield, "passed for the most part in practical solitude," and devoted to books and botany: "The only happy period of his boyhood" his daughter calls it. At Oxford he suffered from continual illness. Not until a long sea voyage was prescribed for him in his twenty-first year did his luck turn, once and for all, to be crowned, six years later, by a singularly happy marriage.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil's work will be read by many thousands with keen appreciation, but the reader to whom it should bring most comfort will be the shy, self-critical, ugly duckling kind of youth Lord Salisbury himself, in these early chapters, is shown to have been.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

THE CITY OF GOD.*

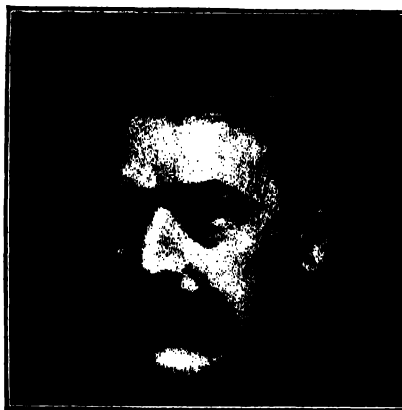


Photo by E. O. Hoff.

Mr. A. E. Waite.

This is a volume of mystical poetry—the seeking of the soul after God, the pursuit of the Divine Presence, the desire to hold God by the hem of His garment so that He may not be lost. It is a strange book in these days, as full of the other world as the "Divina Commedia," when even religious men and women give no such share of their

minds and hearts to religion as was commonly given in days when people were less troubled about many things. To Mr. Waite religion and the Pursuit of God is the beginning and the end of all things. I'm afraid he need not hope for a large audience. Yet this is poetry of great beauty, never uninspired, never crabbed and difficult. He

* "The Quest of the Holy Grail." By Arthur Edward Waite. 6s. 6d. (Watkins.)

* "Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury." Vols. I and II, 1830-1880. By his Daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil. 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

has a fresh and a radiant choice of words, a musical diction which makes blank verse lyrical, a profound sense of beauty and a rapt intensity of thought. This is a book for the true mystic. It will not concern others, nor will they follow Beata and Quaestor Dei on the mystical way. Mr. Waite's is not, I gather, an orthodox religion, but he is obviously one in love with religion, caught into it, saturated with it, perfectly aware of the immanence of God. One cannot imagine that anything else could profoundly interest him. Perhaps, indeed, outside that flooding light, there must be darkness for the one who has beheld it.

The lyrical poems which follow each section will be understood of the plain man or woman who has religion and thrills to its appeal. St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and the other great Christian mystics, John Tauler and Herbert and Bunyan and Crashaw, might acknowledge a kindred spirit in Mr. Waite: they would find him their soul's countryman. Here is one of those clear and shining lyrics:

- "For what from me could hide Thee
In worlds without I sought
Who needed none beside Thee;
But there I met with naught.
- "With golden tongues for leading
All Nature's glories preach,
And beauty spreads for reading
Her gospels, clear as speech.
- "Where earths and skies and seas are
The witness never fails;
Thy revelations these are
And not Thy clouding veils.
- "I only then conceal Thee:
Strip off this self, and I
Shall unto That reveal Thee,
Which not in self can die:
- "A Thou within my being
Which past all mine and me;
My ways of thought and seeing,
Is I at one with Thee."

Not all who run can read or even aim at understanding the "Holy Grail," but who reads may run towards the goal and the vision. All the same, I am not sure that Mr. Waite might not once have been burnt at the stake as a heretic.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

MIXED COMPANY.*

Amid the seething mass of mediocrity which swamps our fiction market, it seems to me that there are only two writers of the present day who stand up like rocks in the foam against the general tide of competent criticism which overwhelms our modern novelists in the reproach of mere cleverness. One of these two writers is not of English birth, unfortunately. The other is Mrs. Dawson Scott.

There are many other women novelists, each more or less excellent in her way, but none of them bearing that hall-mark of distinction which characterises Mrs. Dawson Scott's work. In her latest book, "The Haunting," she is constant to her ideals as ever. There is no paltering with the facts of life, no pandering to what is known, quite wrongly, as popular taste. There is the story she has to tell, there are the people she has to make known to us. And just as she is a born story-teller so are her people born alive. This story of a wretched fratricide driven to madness and death by remorse is saved from being either morbid or gloomy, in any true sense, by the intense humanity of the minor actors in the tragedy. Above all, there is Morwenna Liddicoat. No finer type of woman has ever been created in literature. And such a common, such a universal type! We have all met at least one Morwenna at some period of our lives. It has been left to Mrs. Dawson Scott to recognise and realise her sublime

* "The Haunting." By C. A. Dawson Scott. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Gods." By Shaw Desmond. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"Latchkey Ladies." By M. Grant. 7s. (Heinemann.)

qualities, so that henceforth we should all know her and love and honour her. She is wifehood and motherhood; she is womanhood incarnate. I have no space to dwell at fuller length upon the many other transcendent merits of this most thrilling and moving book. I can only say to those who have let it pass without reading it, or, worse still! have read it without understanding, that their loss is greater than they will ever know.

I can only commend these to "Gods."

If "Gods" were the work of a blundering beginner I should say unhesitatingly that it shows fine promise. But Mr. Shaw Desmond is no novice, either in journalism or fiction. Which makes matters all the more disheartening. If you want cleverness, here it is in abundance. One might almost say, as the children say, that the author is too clever by half. He attempts too much. He is too self-conscious. Not one of his biggest scenes quite comes off. And some of his characters—witness Paris Asthar and Thrum—are sheer anachronisms. Not that I would condemn the book outright, by any means. It contains some altogether authentic and intimate studies of humble folk. One chapter entitled, "A Day in the Life of Jenny Fontaine," apart from its mannerisms, is uncommonly well done. And there are other bits almost as good. Indeed, if Mr. Shaw Desmond would only write as easily and clearly in fiction as he wrote in journalism he might even yet make good.

Let me in turn commend him to "Latchkey Ladies." But, first, a grumble. I do wish every lady-writer would somehow make it known on the title page whether she is "Miss" or "Mrs.", or even a woman. One can never be quite sure. However, here is a book most gracefully and charmingly written. The hero of course is a cad: women's heroes mostly are. Happily, however, he is the least convincing and most boring person in the book. The sufferings he inflicts on Anne, the heroine, form the slender thread upon which the story hangs. The main theme is expressed in Anne's own words: "Latchkey ladies, letting themselves in and out of dismal rooms, being independent and hating it." But she says that in one of her despondent moods. There is always the society of the Mimosa Club to fly to. And a very entertaining society of Ladies it is, where old and young alike are so delicately differentiated. Here the author's depiction of character is sure as it is deft and light. She has humour and verve. She has also a deep sense of the poignant pathos of a lonely woman's lot. She tells how their loneliness drives them into dangerous company—fortunately not so dangerous as that of the hero. For it must not be thought that all her men are cads. She has one inimitable study of a frightful, delightful snob who gallantly comes to the rescue of one of the most feather-headed of the latchkey ladies. In her handling of children also is the author most appealing. If only for the sake of that one chapter, "Poetry Day," this book was well worth writing and as well worth reading.

EDWIN PUGH.

MODERN SCULPTORS.*

In the second volume of his exhaustive book on modern sculpture, Mr. Kineton Parkes draws a distinction between Anglo-American and Continental sculpture:

"Anglo-American sculpture is fabricated, as a whole, with great technical ability and careful gravity, Continental sculpture with more temperament. In America and Great Britain artists are often made; those of the Continent of Europe are often born."

But do the facts warrant this interesting theory? Is Continental sculpture, "as a whole," really more thrilling than British work? It would surely be nearer the truth to say that in every country many sculptors are made but few are born. The academic sculptors of France and Italy are just as much "made" sculptors as the English academic sculptors, and are certainly not inferior to them in "technical ability." On the other hand Alfred Gilbert

* "Sculpture of To-day." Vol. II, Continent of Europe. By Kineton Parkes. 30s. (Chapman & Hall.)

and Jacob Epstein, in their own way, are sculptors born even as Rodin and Mestrovic.

People who have visited the Paris *salons* and the Royal Academy pretty regularly for the last twenty years have been unable to detect this essential difference which Mr. Parkes tries to see in Anglo-Saxon and Continental sculpture. There may be differences of quantity, for assuredly there is more sculpture and more importance attached to sculpture in France than there is in England; one might even go so far as to say that "great technical ability" is more common in Paris than in London; but the one thing that really matters, the high quality of genuine inspiration, is as rare on the Continent as it is in England or America.

How many sculptors have there been since the Renaissance who have succeeded in capturing the imagination of the public? Rodin did, and the genius of this great solitary has thrown so great a glamour over the work of his compatriots that superficial observers have been apt to imagine that French sculpture, "as a whole," is incomparably superior to British. Yet take away the great figure of Rodin, and where shall we find another of his countrymen who in recent years has produced one work so full of meaning and significance for the common man as the "Physical Energy" of our own G. F. Watts?

Mr. Parkes is not directly concerned with Rodin, because it is the living sculptors of to-day who are his immediate subject, but he cannot ignore the immense influence that Rodin has had on modern sculpture, and incidentally he repairs an omission in much modern criticism by giving its true value to the work of the Italian sculptor, Medardo Rosso.

More and more as time goes on we see that the "Balzac" was the turning point in Rodin's career, and that the fierce controversy over this impressive statue blazed the name of Rodin all over the world, and made him eventually one of the outstanding figures of his time. It is equally certain that the "Balzac" was the result of Rosso's influence. That Rosso was eighteen years younger than Rodin is beside the point, for as Mr. Parkes rightly points out the French master was big enough to know that "you can always learn something from the young." Rosso was undoubtedly a pioneer in impressionist sculpture and Mr. Parkes is amply justified in ranking him as "by far the freshest force in Italian sculpture since the Renaissance."

It is a disappointment to find no work by Rosso included among the illustrations of this volume. Indeed the illustrations are regrettably scanty in comparison with the wealth of information given in the text. The honour of the frontispiece is allotted to Antoine Bourdelle, as the foremost living exponent of the Rodin school, and if a French sculptor had to be selected for this position most critics will agree that the choice is justified. But it is a little extraordinary that there is no illustration of any work by Aristide Maillol, whose influence in Paris to-day is as great as that of Bourdelle and whose work is at least equally creative and original. The absence of Maillol is the more marked since room has been found among the illustrations for two works by Joseph Bernard, two by Paul Landowski, and two by Céline Lepage.

Since it is admitted that "Mestrovic's earnest spirit has influenced European sculpture profoundly," it seems inadequate to give one illustration only of his work while so many lesser sculptors are given two illustrations, and though "The Dancing Woman" is charming and characteristic, it cannot be accepted as one of the greatest examples of the essentially tragic art of Mestrovic. Mr. Parkes might well have given more importance to this Serbian sculptor, who of all the artists illustrated here has the best right to the frontispiece.

Belgium is handsomely treated, Egide Rombaux getting two illustrations, but Russia is decidedly scamped, the illustrations being limited to one by the cubist Archipenko and one by Numa Patlegcan. Even the text does not mention Naoum Aronson's Beethoven monument at Bonn or his bust of Tolstoy, either of which might deserve a place among the illustrations.

Mr. Kington Parkes is far too conscientious an historian to omit the younger advanced sculptors whose art sometimes appears extravagant to conservative eyes. As a chronicler he duly notes their existence and mentions some of their works, but he illustrates them insufficiently. It is a great pity that the illustrations contain no work by Brancusi, Gaudier-Brzeska or Zadkine, all of whom belong (or belonged) to that army of youth from which there is always something to learn. These omissions cause the volume to appear a little biased in favour of academic sculpture, though as a matter of fact the author seldom expresses an opinion of his own. His second volume, like the first, is an extremely useful compendium of facts about contemporary sculptors, but it has no pretensions to be an essay in criticism. He gives us opinions for what they are worth, and it does not affect the solid utility of his biographical information if we hesitate to believe that Malliol still regards "fine stuff and varied technique" as "the true principles of art," or to accept Nadelman's contention that "all that is logical is beautiful," or if we cannot entirely agree with Rosso that sculpture is "a moment's monument." Some sanitary appliances are logical, but they are not generally accepted as beautiful, and the quality of the moment must always have a bearing on the worth of the monument. The Sphinx is not the monument of a moment, but the shrine of an idea.

The reason why so little modern sculpture has succeeded in capturing the imagination of the world is because so little of it has succeeded in fulfilling the first duty of any art, namely to communicate emotion. "Technical ability and careful gravity" spent on trivialities are not enough, and it is the absence of deep emotions to any considerable degree in the general body of sculpture of to-day that makes Mr. Parkes's two volumes, after all, to a great extent, a record of the failure of sculpture.

FRANK RUTTER.

A GERMAN DIPLOMATIST.*

That Baron Eckardstein's diplomatic memoirs are vastly interesting is not to be gainsaid, and it is in the nature of a compliment to the author to say that the better informed the reader the more carefully will he read the volume. It may be, perhaps, that some of Baron Eckardstein's stories about the Kaiser, coming from one who was long in his service, may be regarded as in doubtful taste, but even these lapses, which are certainly illuminating, may be pardoned, or at least condoned, being the result of apparently very justifiable irritation at the outrageous conduct of the Kaiser on the one hand and the Wilhelmstrasse on the other. To some extent the account of affairs as given by Baron Eckardstein must be accepted with reserve, for though, as the whole world now knows, the German Foreign Office officials were poor diplomatists, yet it must be admitted that it does seem extraordinary that, while nearly every one else blundered and took the wrong point of view, Baron Eckardstein was almost always the one person who pulled the irons out of the fire. In the arrangements he made on behalf of his country with Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne and Chamberlain, it was always Baron Eckardstein whose desires prevailed—or can it be that it was only so it appeared to him? In "these artless reminiscences," as the editor, Professor George Young, styles them, it is clear that he was not to blame for his failures. "It was no doubt the fault of Berlin, not of the Baron, that almost all his negotiations resulted very much more to the advantage of Great Britain than of Germany," says the editor, "but one must allow for this in condemning the buttings-in and breakings-off of Berlin that he denounces." And here it is that we come to the vitally interesting matter of the memoirs.

That the German diplomacy was bad has long been an

* "Ten Years at the Court of St. James's, 1895-1905." By Baron von Eckardstein. Translated and edited by Prof. George Young. 21s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

open secret in well-informed circles, but how blundering it was was until comparatively recently known only to those who, directly or indirectly, came into contact with it. Baron Eckardstein draws the veil so that all who will may see, and see it in all its arrogance, stupidity and near-sightedness. That there might actually have been an Anglo-German Alliance at the beginning of this century, Baron Eckardstein states as almost certain, and he emphasises the fact that this arrangement was, indeed, frustrated only on the one hand by the folly and vacillation of the Kaiser and, on the other hand, by the crass stupidity and conceit of Baron Holstein, Political Director of the German Foreign Office—or, as he puts it, "the all-powerful and eccentric Holstein and the morbid megalomania of Wilhelm II."

Really it seems as if the Kaiser could only blunder. After the death of Queen Victoria the Kaiser sent for Baron Eckardstein and made him report very fully on all current questions. "His criticisms and conclusions," we are told, "showed much clearness of mind, concentration and common sense." The trouble was that he was as unstable as water, and his opinions were at the mercy of the last comer. During the Cowes Regatta of 1893 he was grossly discourteous to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, who did not suffer affronts gladly. He offended his uncle Edward again and again, one day at dinner on his yacht, *Hohenzollern*, when English people were present, calling him "an old peacock." In a letter to King Edward in 1901, when the question of the Anglo-German alliance was on the tapis, he wrote that the British Ministers were "unmitigated noodles." It is not surprising that Baron Eckardstein cries out, "Berlin certainly understood very little of the psychology of British statesmen. If only our German Michael could some day grasp the fact that diplomacy is chess and not skittles!"

Another evil genius was Geheimrat Fritz von Holstein, Director of the Political Section—the ruling factor in the Foreign Office and in the foreign policy of the German Empire—and him Baron Eckardstein pillories in no uncertain way:

"His official superiors, the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretaries were, so far as he was concerned, only a sub-government in hopeless opposition. 'His Grey Eminence,' or 'The Empire Jesuit,' as his enemies called him, ruled with a rod of iron, and often did not allow even his immediate superiors to see his secret reports and letters. Adroit, devoted to power and indifferent to its appurtenances, but crotchety, touchy and suspicious, von Holstein was one of the most singular and secretive personalities that ever appeared on the stage or stood behind the scenes of German politics. No one who had seen how his activities worked could maintain that they were to the good of the German people. He died long before the war, but he shares with several others the chief responsibility for it."

If Baron Eckardstein never made a great reputation when he was in the German Embassy at London—and during a considerable portion of his service as First Secretary, with a sick chief, he was virtually ambassador—he, as the editor of this volume submits, must be acquitted of any large share of blame for the failure. That he was not quite so clever as he thought is but little, but he was certainly, with his limits, a much more competent diplomatist than is proved by the results. Not a Disraeli, or Salisbury, a Lansdowne or a Grey, could have achieved much against the handicap which Baron Eckardstein carried—it may be, of course, that they would have contested the handicap. In 1902 Baron Eckardstein revolted, and when the Kaiser said to him pretty brusquely that he could not understand why he insisted on leaving the service, he answered, "I am tired, the future of the Empire seems to me very black, and under existing conditions I do not see how I can do any really useful work." Whereupon the Kaiser abruptly broke off the conversation. Baron Eckardstein remained in the German diplomatic service *en disponibilité*, and stayed attached to the Embassy in London on that footing until 1907, when he finally retired.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

CONVENIENT CHUNKS.*

This book is described by the author as a "God's-eye view of a village." He claims to have "taken a village at one moment during the war and endeavoured to give a camera obscura presentment of the multitudinous intrigues, ambitions, desires, disputes, interests, and all the social, political, financial, sexual and religious factors which thread the fabric so closely." Two maps of this imaginary village of Fletton are included, some fifty genealogical trees of the principal families, and an indexed "Who's Who" of several hundred inhabitants.

Mr. Gilbert claims Fletton to be "essentially a type." His people, he says, are to be found in every village, although there are no personal portraits. The book is written almost entirely in free verse, although occasionally Mr. Gilbert bursts into rhyme. Each of the one hundred and ninety-two characters expresses himself or herself in one or other of these forms, with the exception of Old George Jenkins, who tells us of his youth in honest prose; and the fact that the author lets his characters talk instead of himself talking about them gives their words a gusto and exuberance they would probably not otherwise possess. Unfortunately the author, in writing in free verse, is often unhappy with his instrument. It is the hardest of all instruments to use successfully—harder even than blank verse; and one of Mr. Gilbert's own characters whom his private "Who's Who" describes as—"Age 47; Vicar's wife; Church of England; Conservative"—Mrs. Osmond Lorne, describes his method:

"I've seen how to write poetry without bothering about rhyme or metre,
Just cutting what you have to say into convenient chunks."

The author says what he has to say in over two hundred and fifty pages of these "convenient chunks"! Deliberate humour is the only possible excuse and reason for this form. Here he is successful. "Young" Butler Atkin, for instance, says:

"The war wasn't all it was said to be,
The ground not properly drained,
Tiny fields with onions growing in every gateway;
The folks was weakly and undersized,
And couldn't talk plain English."

"Gentleman Pinion" says, "I lent my motor to the Military at barely what it cost," which I cannot believe; and Emma Burtonshaw (age 32; Infant Mistress in Council School; Spinster; Church; Liberal—*vide* "Who's Who") is responsible for almost the best passage in the book. Miss Burtonshaw is horrified at the villagers' cruelty, and ends a long tirade of protest:

"I apologize to the Inquisition;
It had a moral purpose (of a kind);
It didn't torture anybody to get up an appetite or relieve its liver,
Or bring in a profit;
Nor, so far as I know, did it plead in justification that the victims didn't really mind."

The reasoning here is sound and original and the form of expression amusing; but it is not poetry. Poetry cannot be expressed in such slipshod utterances as these. Every good poet is his own editor; and editors, as we know, "regret." Mr. Gilbert never apparently "regrets." Everything that comes into his mind comes out, through the mouths of his characters, in the first and worst words. If he has a standard of acceptance and rejection, like a good editor, he would appear never to use it. The first line—indeed, every line—in the book illustrates this. The Earl (who gives his name later on in the poem as Geoffrey Llewellyn Aubrey Warrington Coote) is speaking:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
Or very nearly;
From Fletton Towers' topmost turret . . ."

He talks for twenty-five lines with only one full stop, although these lines vary, it is true, from two to eleven words each in length. Mr. Gilbert may well object that the inhabitants of a village do not habitually talk in

* "Old England." By Bernard Gilbert. 20s. (Collins.)

rhyme or blank, but in free verse which as a rule is neither prose nor poetry. As I have already said, he argues in his preface that "Fletton is a type—its people are to be found in every village." If this is true, which I for one emphatically deny, the average English village does not at all events consist entirely of such intriguing, demoralised, scandal-mongering and repulsive characters as the vast majority of the characters in this book so infamously entitled "Old England." Nearly all the inhabitants of Fletton seem to be abandoned to the lusts of the flesh or the ecstasies of religious mania. Consequently much of this book could not be read out loud in mixed society—and poetry is not the right medium for smoking-room conversation. We are accustomed to honesty in modern letters, but when Mr. Gilbert claims, as he does, that the thoughts and actions of many of his characters are typical, he sins against the light. The village of Fletton is thoroughly demoralised and decadent—judging by its villagers, and this, as those acquainted with rural life are aware, is not true of the average English village. Lamenting poachers, ladies acquainted with the "best social ideas" climbing in their limited society, abusive parliamentary candidates—of such are these "villagers," Nathaniel Dodd (age 88; Market Gardener; Widower; Primitive Methodist; Labour) in a tirade of over seven pages, rightly deplores the sentiment expressed in the lines:

"God bless the Squire and his relations
And keep us in our proper stations"

It is true that in writing of village life Mr. Gilbert is competing with our finest living authors. The village is Mr. Hardy's spiritual home, and Mr. Hewlett's "Village Wife's Lament" is one of the loveliest pastorals of this or of any age. But another writer about a village—Miss Susan Miles—whose poem "Dunch" is also in free verse, succeeds where Mr. Gilbert fails. One of her characters (I quote from memory):

"Brings with her an atmosphere of good plain needlework,
Cowslip wine, linseed tea—
And skirts worn out at the bottom, from curtsying to
Quality."

Mr. Gilbert lacks this true Old English quality. His impressions for all their vigour are distorted and imaginary.

—GEOFFREY DEARMER.

THE CRAFT OF FICTION.*

The eager neophyte who buys Mr. Percy Lubbock's "The Craft of Fiction" in the expectation that it is a textbook from which he can learn the whole art of novel-writing, is doomed to disappointment. The title is indeed misleading; it promises more than the book gives. Mr. Lubbock is not concerned with the whole art or craft of novel-writing, he is merely investigating certain fundamental premises which an author must decide upon before he commences to write his novel. His publishers announce upon the wrapper that Mr. Lubbock's book is "a critical exposition of methods in fiction, particularly of the lines on which Tolstoy, Flaubert, Dickens, Thackeray and Balzac worked." "Methods" must be taken in its most exact and limited sense; it is merely the fundamental method of presentment—personal or impersonal, dramatically indicative or retrospectively narrative, or a combination of these—exhibited by selected novelists, typical of diverse manners, which Mr. Percy Lubbock puts under analysis. The result is a piece of criticism which, although not so fascinating to read as it might be, is nevertheless of considerable value in the elucidation of the still imperfectly explored theory of the art of fiction.

The novelist, contemplating the theme he is to make vivid and significant to his reader, must first decide a question which is vital to his success. What attitude shall he adopt towards his subject? Shall he talk about it in the first person as an author in no way involved with the

* "The Craft of Fiction." By Percy Lubbock. 9s. (Jonathan Cape.)

characters in his book, even as Thackeray did in "Vanity Fair"? Shall he narrate it in the form of an autobiography like, say, "Esmond," where the hero risks becoming vague to the reader in the absence of a direct description and only such knowledge as may be plausibly possessed by a character in the plot can be imparted? Shall he narrate it, never obtruding himself, as impersonally as possible, so that the reader gains the impression of a panoramic picture in which long periods of time are deftly elided, as in Tolstoy's "War and Peace"? Shall he present his drama, himself a discreet third-person, as it is mirrored upon and affects the consciousness of the central personage—a consciousness upon which the reader's attention is kept steadily focused—as in Henry James's "The Ambassadors"? Shall he, still discreetly in the background, unfold the story as it appears to and affects the chief personage but supplementing unobtrusively the necessarily limited vision of that chief personage with his own wider and deeper knowledge—as in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary"? Or shall he work in a succession of vivid scenes, each one dramatised in detail, as Dickens tended to do? Of course, with the possible exceptions of Flaubert and Henry James, no novelist writes his book with rigid adherence to any one method, but in every case one of these methods is the mould into which he casts his work. Which, if any, is the best? This is, roughly stated, the problem to which Mr. Lubbock devotes his analysis.

Mr. Lubbock approaches his main theme through a discussion of "form" in the novel as illustrated by Tolstoy's clumsily constructed "War and Peace." And, though somewhat over-elaborated, his remarks in this connection preach the true gospel. He has already analysed "War and Peace" into two totally distinct stories—one the personal story of a selected group of young people who grow up into maturity and find themselves looking in surprise at a younger generation already entering upon the adventure of life that was their own so short a while back; the other, the epic of 1812 where Alexander and Kutusov, Napoleon and Murat are the chief actors:

"In 'War and Peace,' as it seems to me," he says, "the story suffers twice over for the imperfection of the form. It is damaged, in the first place, by the importation of another and an irrelevant story—damaged because it so loses the sharp and clear relief that it would have if it stood alone. Whether the story was to be the drama of youth and age, or the drama of war and peace, in either case it would have been incomparably more impressive if all the great wealth of the material had been used for its purpose, all brought into one design. . . . Tolstoy's novel is wasteful of its subject; that is the whole objection to its loose, unstructural form. Criticism bases its conclusion upon nothing whatever but the injury done to the story, the loss of its full potential value. . . . A subject, one and whole and irreducible—a novel cannot begin to take shape until it has this for its support. It seems obvious; yet there is nothing more familiar to a novel-reader of to-day than the difficulty of discovering what the novel in his hand is about."

The writer of fiction cannot hold too strongly to this maxim—"a subject, one and whole and irreducible."

This vital importance of a clear conception of the subject is in fact the key to the whole matter, both of structural form and method of presentment. Through something over 200 pages Mr. Lubbock analyses the different methods of presentment with a subtlety that would be more swiftly shared by the reader if it were less elaborately expressed. He seems to imply a final preference for the method of Henry James's "The Ambassadors"—for the "story that is centred in somebody's consciousness, passed through a fashioned and constituted mind," but, admirably just and acute as are many of his *obiter dicta*, it is difficult to grasp precisely the conclusions to which his analysis has carried him. The novelist of genius, of course, settles the matter for himself in rough-and-ready fashion by instinctively choosing the method that expresses his subject (and his own personality, of which his choice of subject is but another symptom) most significantly. Possibly he would achieve more perfect work if he held always definite canons of method before his mind; possibly not. It would be a dull "Tristram Shandy" written with

the exact precision of Flaubert or Henry James! But the discussion of these points is, or should be, stimulating.

Here is just the trouble with Mr. Lubbock's book. It is interesting if, with an effort of attention, you bend your mind to it. It is not stimulating. It reads like a spoken lecture where the argument can be reiterated with an insistence that becomes tiresome and deadening on the written page. It is far too prolix in its expression. All he has to say could easily have been put into the compass of one of Stevenson's essays, and it would have vastly gained in the compression. Almost any of his phrases, taken at random, is luminous; the whole bewilders with excess of light. "The Art of Writing"—and this applies to the Craft of Fiction—"is the art of discarding the superfluous."

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

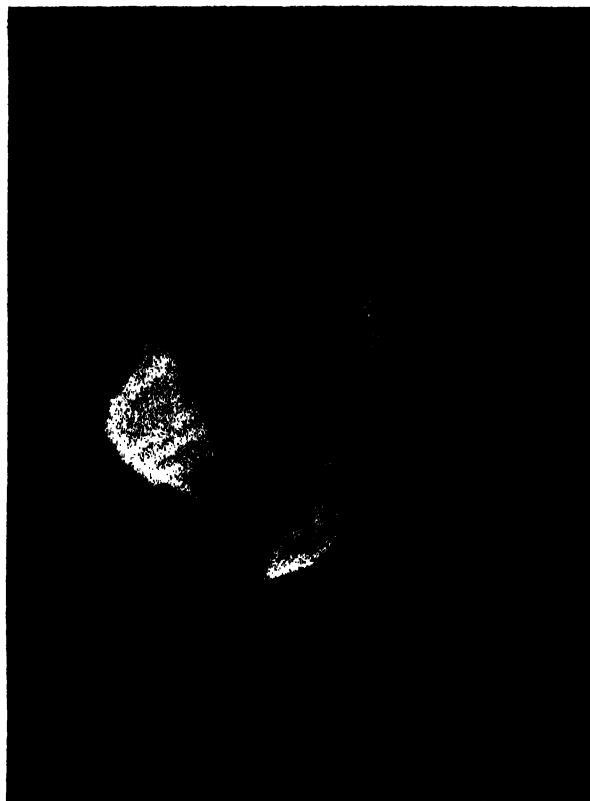
Novel Notes.

THE MOON ROCK. By A. J. Rees. 8s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This is a tantalising story of mysterious crime, for the carefully woven plot is studded, like a spider's web in the dawn, with glinting drops of greater interest. "That furtive departure on a dark whispering sea beneath a blood-red moon" was from a "trachytic island where wine-dark breakers beat monotonously on a black beach of volcanic sand, strewn with driftwood, kelp, dead shells, and the squirming forms of blindworms tossed up from the bowels of the sea." A wonderful island. We want to go back to it, to be told why the dead man was buried "with his bottles of diamonds in his coat pockets, and more in his leather bag in his breast pocket." What a setting for a story, and A. J. Rees knows the South Sea islands as we, his readers, know the restaurants of London. But it is knowing a thing too well that prevents a novelist from using it. He wants the something about which he is still learning, which holds for him wonder and surprise. The best character in the "Moon Rock" is Remington, the middle-aged doctor, who when he could take his revenge, stands aside. "I was in the position of Providence, and withheld my hand, as Providence generally does. At sixty revenge is a small thing. What is human retribution to the ferocity of Time's revenge on us all?" True, oh true!

HUMBUG. By E. M. Delafield. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

In "Humbug," Miss Delafield tells us, there are no "individual indictments"; but her perception of human foible is so keen that every reader must smile a little wryly, acknowledging that this or that thrust has got home. She has in fact turned clear eyes on life, then with the tools of her insight, her vision, her fine ruthlessness, lifted aside the veneer and shown us the raw wood that it covered. At her touch the stucco peels from the house, the paint and powder from the face, and the insincerity of things and people is revealed. Which is to say that she is a satirist. Throwing a bright light on the weaknesses of humanity, she obliges us to see the results, in broken lives and suffering, of the worship of false gods. Cutting through the rubbish with which we clutter up our minds, she makes us see things as they are. It is natural that, to a mind of such clarity, the function of the novel should be distinct from that of the play. The book moves undramatically, events do not stand out like mountains, and the interest for the writer lies not so much in the psychology of her characters—for they are mediocre—but in the idea behind. This was evident in her first novel, "Zella Sees Herself," and is even more apparent in "Humbug." So far this is Miss Delafield's finest book, for it has the witty brilliancy of "Zella," "The Pelicans," etc., and the serious note of "Consequences." Her technique has hardened, and if she still hardly writes a story, she does begin and end and take such trifles as grammar into consideration.



Margaret Rivers Larminie
Mrs. R. C. Tragett.

SEARCH. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. (Chatto & Windus.)

Probably Miss Larminie is not aware of the fact that she has written an extremely sad novel. She tells the story of the inner life of a sensitive and charming man, Jim Stonehouse, who has the most dreadful ill-luck in his love affairs. He marries cold and correct Alice Channing, when he should have waited for her lovely, impulsive sister, Sophy. Stonehouse suffers very much; and his advances to Alice, his chills, longings, disappointments are sketched with an able pen. The main interest of the story lies in its portrayal of moods, and does not hang on events save on the perpetual buffeting Fate deals out to Jim. Just at the end the writer overshoots the bounds of probability, when she makes Alice die immediately after Sophy's wedding to a nobody—a few hours afterwards! Stonehouse and Sophy just missed joy. Up to the last we find Jim's feelings dealt with carefully. Bitterness, so long struggled against, at least threatened his soul, but his will and spirit rose to meet it. We would draw our readers' attention to the thoughtful study of the old father-in-law—perfectly done. An uncommon book.

FOR ME ALONE. By André Corthis. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

The force of this story lies in the simplicity, the subtlety of its tragedy and in the hidden emotions of a woman's heart. The fact that it was awarded the Grand Prix du Roman for 1920 lends it, of course, a sort of glamour and an added interest; but one has only to read the opening pages to enter into the thoughts of an ordinary woman whose life on the surface has been smooth and uneventful, yet beneath whose outward calm lies a deep well of bitterness. She writes her story for herself alone, to be consigned to the flames as soon as it is written—the ungarnished history of her marriage to a man who cannot rise to her heights of feeling, nor understand the things she says, nor guess the things she does not say. It presents a vivid picture of them both—the egotistical doctor without vision, without ideals; the wife, removed from her environment by a superiority of intellect and imagination, groping after her dreams, to have them shattered at the last. The artistry of the book is exquisite, the woman's temperament traced with delicacy and tenderness, all her suppressed longings, her voiceless sufferings, finding vent in the

THE GIFT OF TONGUES | Success of Pelmanism

NEW METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH OR SPANISH

IT has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Indeed Disraeli once said something to the effect that we were a race of "noble barbarians, speaking no language but our own." This evidently is neither the view nor the experience of the well-known Pelman Institute, which has opened a special department for teaching Foreign Languages through the post by a new and most effective method.

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THE LOBSTICK TRAIL. By Douglas Durkin. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A bracing novel of rough folk in Canada, out to make their fortunes in that wild land. We first meet Kirk Brander, the vigorous hero, hardened and fit after many experiences. He had prospected for gold and copper, he had struggled with comrades against the wild forces in nature, each day having its supreme desires, and each night its reckoning up of victory and defeat. Now, at the end of his fifth year in the north, Kirk was going down to The Pas alone, with his dogs, and his cariole filled with furs, conscious that after five years of roughing it he could be of some good in the world of men. But Kirk was not to return after all to civilised places. There is a big theft of furs, and Kirk takes the place of the man who is suspected, in a great dog-Derby race through a winter trail running across country and across the lakes. This race is excellently described, and the plot unfolds among the group of people concerned in it, in an enthralling way. There is romance and adventure for Kirk; he loves a girl settler used to the wilds, and is left happily telling her that they are going to open a huge mine. "And we'll have a town of our own, Jule, of five thousand people."

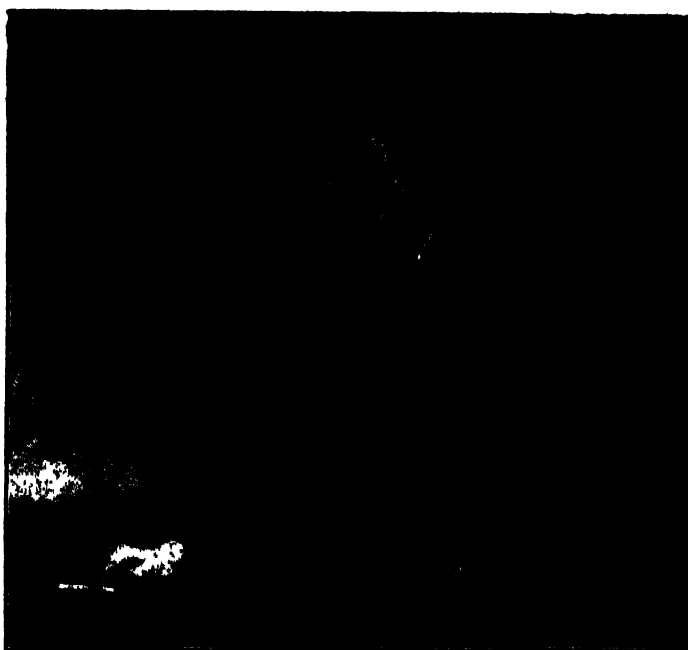
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ESSAYS ON THE LATIN ORIENT. By William Miller. M.A.(Oxon). 4os. net. (Cambridge University Press)

Mr. William Miller has written previously on "The Latins in the Levant" and—in the Cambridge Historical series—on "The Ottoman Empire." The present essays are reprinted from various reviews. A prefatory note informs us that in all cases they have been revised and "brought up to date by the light of recent research." In their original form there can be no doubt that they are well known to scholars and students of their subjects. They are collected here into a handsome and memorable volume, the index of which alone extends to thirty-two pages. The studies are of extraordinary interest, that on Frankish and Venetian Greece alone attaining the dimensions of a considerable work. Other subjects are the Romans in Greece, the Genoese Colonies in Greece, Turkish Greece, and the Venetian Revival therein, while in a final section, entitled "Miscellanea from the Near East," there are engarned valuable monographs on the "Mediæval Serbian Empire," Bosnia before the Turkish Conquest, Balkan Exiles in Russia, and the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. Mr. Miller is a ripe scholar and we are sure that his papers in their revised and permanent form will be welcome alike to his peers in the academies and colleges of learning, and to those who are inquirers only and only beginning to read in the historical literature of the Latin Orient.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES. By Arthur Belville McCoid. 6s. (Hayes.)

"The inspiration for this book," we are told in the brief preface, "is derived from long experience in the Courts." There Mr. McCoid has been brought into direct contact with the old, dusty, tangled web of the marriage relation. "Marriage," he says, "is a little problem play, with Love in the rôle of stage-manager and Money as the property man. When the wedding music dies away, the audience of friends and relatives settles itself comfortably to watch the drama. Old Daily Life rings up the curtain of experience. The husband and wife occupy their little stage of matrimony alone, uncertain of their lines." There is a fine intuitive quality shining out frequently among the merely commonplace paragraphs in this volume. The



Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennett,

whose successful first novel, "The Valley of Paradise," was published last month by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

descriptions of the various types of husband are very shrewd, particularly that of "the husband who has convinced himself and his wife that he loves her, and yet continues to lead a dual existence." Male readers will doubtless pause to consider the advice—"to develop an interest in the wife's relatives, which in all probability is lacking at first." The insistence on the necessity for good temper on both sides is not in the least overdone.

THREE ACCOUNTS OF PETERLOO. By Eyewitnesses. Edited by F. A. Burton. 6s. (Longmans.)

Peterloo is one of those dark chapters in our domestic history that we do well to remember, if only because it offers a terrible example to our rulers of how not to use the power that is vested in them. Here are three accounts of that tragedy by three independent witnesses, two of them now for the first time published. The story of Bishop Stanley, in his written statement, and in the evidence given by him at the trial brought by men who were injured in the crowd against members of the Manchester Yeomanry, is impressive and convincing because the absolute impartiality of the witness, his desire to say nothing more nor less than the exact truth as he saw it, is transparent throughout. The account of Sir William Jolliffe, which has appeared before, indirectly but sufficiently confirms the Bishop's story. But the fullest, most interesting of these records is in the reminiscences of John Benjamin Smith, copied from the original manuscript formerly in the possession of his daughter, Lady Durning Lawrence. He sets the "bloody proceedings," and the reason for them, in clear and unmistakable light. As foot-notes to a history that no Englishman can be proud of and no Government should be allowed to forget, these two new accounts in particular are of the greatest interest and value.

NOVISSIMA VERBA. By Frederic Harrison. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

In "Novissima Verba" Mr. Frederic Harrison collects the studies of current events and of new works which he contributed originally to the *Fortnightly Review*. "After very careful consideration," he writes in a brief preface, "I offer these essays as my deliberate judgment on urgent problems of State, still far from solution or settlement." The volume is full of incisive judgments and of illuminating comment. Mr. Harrison's old and experienced eyes survey the world chaos sagaciously. "The country vicarage and rectory, with their culture, graces, learning and humanity, will be no more known. . . . Labour, no doubt some day,

by its wonderful co-operative energy, will supply the village reading-room, the games, the holiday-making, and all the spiritual education of the ancient Church of their fathers. But the intervening time, before Labour has learned to replace what it is bent on destroying—this will be a hard time for the old poor." There are reviews here of many books, among them one on Thomas Hardy's poems. "In this mass of lyrical effusion, Nature is a graveyard: man is a hopeless mystery: love works out tragedies: Death ends all—but it leaves ghastly wraiths on earth." "Real life is not fated to end in nothingness," closes the critic. Perhaps the most memorable thing in a collection abounding in grace, wisdom and understanding is Mr. Harrison's remarks about the future: "The average citizen in easy circumstances will not see that an entirely new social atmosphere has been created on the habitable globe, as if, from pole to pole, it was overcharged with electric cycles. Such new ideas, hopes, courage and ambition have never been infused into thousands of millions of men and women in such mass, and over such range of area and clime."

Music.

SAINT-SAËNS.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

MR. ARTHUR HERVEY'S volume on Saint-Saëns was written for the "Living Masters of Music" series, and it appeared almost at the very moment of the composer's death. There is nothing sinister or remarkable in the coincidence. After all, Saint-Saëns was old (though not quite so old as Mr. Hervey makes him in dating the first performance of "The Promised Land" back to "the Gloucester Festival of 1813"), and the most sincere of admirers could hardly expect a musician born in 1835 to remain indefinitely alive merely to justify the title of a series. But though Death has intervened, it is of the living man and living musician that Mr. Hervey writes, and he writes with simple, perhaps too simple, admiration. He is the devout lover, which is a very nice thing to be, especially if you are a professional critic. It is a monstrous perversion to imagine that a critic is a fault-finder; but that is undoubtedly the general public belief about newspaper critics, and it is also the belief of many newspaper critics about themselves, and certain of them try to magnify their office by strange violence of malice or loud obtuseness. Have we not often met (you and I, Reader) in books borrowed from libraries, those marginal remarks of some aggressively silly creatures who scribble "Rot!" or "Rubbish!" on pages not their own, and who go about (as we may be sure) for days after with a haughty pride at having committed criticism? But we know (do we not?) that throwing blots is not criticism. A critic is a person who enjoys with discrimination, and tries to express his enjoyment rationally, that other people may enjoy too. He may—indeed he must—sometimes explain that he receives no enjoyment, but he does not spend his existence in looking for non-enjoyment. A man who is fastidious about his food, as all sensible persons are, may announce to the waiter (with becoming words) that the grilled sole just served is stale; but if he is a rational being he does

* "Saint-Saëns." By Arthur Hervey. 6s. (John Lane.)

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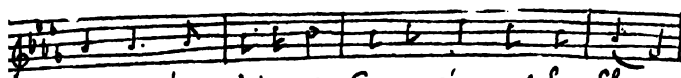
not go through life looking for bad fish. All of which, I fear, is what the textbooks call A Digression.

Well, Mr. Hervey is not a fault-finder. He diffuses a sense of genial, if not very profound enjoyment, quite appropriate to the occasion; for can we ever enjoy Saint-Saëns profoundly? I wish that he had done here what he has done in his volume on Liszt, namely, given musical quotations of themes from the works discussed, and above all I wish he had written a little more carefully. Think, Mr. Hervey, of Saint-Saëns's almost remorseless clarity and finish, not only in his music but in his prose! Can you suppose he would have tolerated such a sentence as this?—"If a spirit of lively optimism prevails in the charming Trios above mentioned, the reverse is the case as regards the Sonata for violoncello in C minor, a veritable masterpiece," etc. The volume contains too many sentences of that sort.

And I should like to raise a question about one of Mr. Hervey's judgments. Writing of the *opéra-comique* in its technical sense, that is, a piece in which spoken dialogue alternates with musical numbers—a form, by the way, towards which Saint-Saëns himself was very indulgent, Mr. Hervey says:

"Still it is generally accepted nowadays that the music should be continuous in operas that are seriously-conceived, whether the subject be of a tragic order or partake of the nature of comedy."

Well, it happened that, just before I received Mr. Hervey's volume, I heard "Don Giovanni" at the "Old Vic.", performed as a work not continuously musical, but as an *opéra-comique*, with dialogue and music alternating; and although I have heard it at least a couple of dozen times as a "Grand Opera" and (happily) know most of it by heart, I felt at the "Old Vic." that I was really hearing "Don Giovanni" for the first time. And surely Mr. Hervey won't deny that, musically, "Don Giovanni" is a serious work! I hold (as a mere personal opinion) that the future of opera still lies along the line of music with dialogue either spoken, or set to flexible Mozartian recitative. I believe that the "magnoperations" of Meyerbeer, and the super-Meyerbeer of Wagner, and the super-Wagner of later misguided persons lead nowhere but to the desert. And if you ask me to give a reason for the belief, I will point to Mozart—and "The Mikado."



Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix Comme s'ouvrent les fleurs

C. Saint-Saëns

Saint-Saëns.

From "Saint-Saëns" (John Lane).

However, I appear to be fault-finding after all, so I hasten to recommend Mr. Hervey's volume as a very enjoyable and instructive account of Saint-Saëns as man, musician and critic.

Saint-Saëns is really the last of the classics, the last musician, that is, who followed without question the line traced out by Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, writing (though as a man and a Frenchman with a national and personal difference) as they wrote, and in the forms they used. He originated nothing; he left no permanent impression on any musical form, as, for instance, Beethoven did upon the symphony, and he gave to nothing that he wrote the stamp of a strong personality. César Franck was much more limited in range and much less fertile in invention; but every phrase he wrote is incontestably his and no other's. "Samson et Dalila" on the other hand might have been written by the composer of "Hérodiade." The music of Saint-

Saëns never raises the heart and mind to an *O Altitude!* or exclaims "Behold, I show you a Mystery"; but it flows pleasantly on in its facile, elegant way, never puzzling or teasing the hearer—except by the monotony of its very facility and elegance.

I think no great quantity of his work will remain in the permanent repertory of music. Much of it is shallow, with the volubility that says very little. As long as there are French pianists the two best-known Concertos will continue to be played; the familiar Symphonic Poems are always sure of a place in Promenade Concert programmes; and "Samson," having at last overcome the hypocrisy that banned it from the stage, is likely to remain popular for a long time. It is a pleasing entertainment. In fact, much of Saint-Saëns can be played with success at Lyons's Popular Café; but I don't think that much of Bach could, and not even the best of Mozart. Mr. Hervey pleads for performances here of the other operas, and complains that "Henry VIII" was given only two or three hearings at Covent Garden, and never had a chance of establishing itself. I am reminded of the embittered French dramatist who complained that the management never put on his play except on nights when the theatre was empty. I heard "Henry VIII" twice when it was given here, with Hégdon as Anne Boleyn and Renaud as the King, and I assure Mr. Hervey that it failed to draw for no other reason than

its own insipidity. I am an intrepid and incurable opera-goer (somebody really ought to give me a medal for all the performances of new operas I have not only heard, but have dutifully paid to hear), and I am certain that I don't want to hear "Henry VIII" again.

Let us, as an example to our young and impatient composers, consider the fate of Saint-Saëns as an opera writer. Although a well-known and popular musician, he besieged the Paris opera houses in vain for many years. He was thirty-seven when his first opera was performed in Paris, and that was merely a one-act "curtain-raiser." His most popular opera, at first called "Dalila" (I am naturally pleased that the other party to the proceedings duly received titular honours), was not produced in France at all, but was given at Weimar in 1877, thanks to the insistence of the ever-generous Liszt, and was afterwards played with great success at Dresden, Hamburg, Prague, Cologne and other "enemy cities"—observe the date. Not till 1890 did it reach France, and then it was produced, not at Paris, but at Rouen! Do they really order these matters better in France? Certainly not in Paris, which, musically considered, is a grotesquely provincial and overrated city. But Paris really took him to what passes for her heart, and gave him in the end a great State funeral at the Madeleine, gracing his passing with military splendour and the oratory of Senators. Can you imagine England doing that for a mere musician? Our national recognition of an English Saint-Saëns is likely to reach no higher than a Civil List pension of fifty pounds for his widow, with a public and unashamed announcement of the poverty that makes it necessary.

Well, there let us leave Saint-Saëns in the church that he served so well, not praising him beyond his worth, but remembering him with gratitude as one who, in an age of ugliness, natural or affected, was faithful to the ideals of formal beauty he had found in the greater masters.

SOME VERY MODERN MUSIC.*

Many critics have emphasised a definite distinction between emotion, as represented by colour, and intellect, as revealed in form. Emotion, they say, is the feminine side of art—intellect its masculine expression. Certainly, in literature, constructive ability—the sense of form—is often curiously lacking in the work of women; who nevertheless display an intense degree of emotion, and the power to arouse it in others. In pictorial art, a fine draughtsman may have a weak colour-sense. But music is, or should be, more purely inspirational than either of the above.

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Music, still comparatively in its childhood, evinces nowadays the daring unconventionality of youth. A new quality suffuses the most modern songs, a quality for which it is hard to find a name, because there is little against which to measure it. *Toujours de l'audace* might be its motto: but that would not comprehend its authentic merits. One might term it the apotheosis of sheer cleverness: yet there is much more to it than that. This quality includes a dramatic and descriptive power, which is far from resulting in mere programme-music, but is the outcome of almost uncanny insight and sympathy as regards the ultimate facts of things. The composer often sheds a totally new light upon lines in which our casual gaze had discerned no special significance. They are transmuted from carbon into diamond: they are transfused with strange fresh meanings, whose truth we cannot but accept. They and the music together represent a remarkable blend of emotion and intellect—it is impossible to say which predominates.

Look, for instance, at Arthur Bliss's "Madam Noy," quintessence of modernity. He has taken some bizarre verses about an old witch who digs up a bone from the seashore, to work therewith an ill spell against a skipper and his black-sailed brig: and at night she hears a knocking, and a whisper, "Give back my bone!" *Allegro fantastico* exactly describes this music. It is diabolically clever—witness the weird effect produced by using the soprano's lowest notes, it is amazingly thrilling; and, although the subject is by no means beautiful, nobody can gainsay that the song is, as a whole. For beauty is a many-sided matter, and "Madam Noy" reveals some of those facets with which one is least acquainted—which must be, to some folk, almost disconcerting in their newness.

The words of "Two Nursery Rhymes" are almost entirely descriptive: yet Mr. Bliss, who revels in picturesque detail, has found fine material here. "The Ragwort" is not, intrinsically, a good lyric for setting: nevertheless the composer has lifted it from its natural plane until the Ragwort, the "Bohalaun" of Irish fairy-lore, becomes a magical golden thing. "The Dandelion" is of an exquisitely gay simplicity, "smelling of Flora and the country green": and note the novelty—I had almost said the bravado—of utilising the clarinet to provide the unaccompanied vocal part with a second and more flexible voice!

The above songs, however, are for concert rather than for private use: they demand skilled interpreters. Any well-trained amateur should rejoice in "A Lake and a Fairy Boat," a charmingly dainty soprano song by Josef Holbrooke. The last two lines, in particular, of this delicious little romance, are loveliness itself.

As an exponent of the modern school of song-writing, Cyril Scott needs no introduction. He possesses that peculiar felicity of handling whereby the least-promising lyric is exalted on the wings of the music. The rollicking ruggedness of "The Huckster," with its bumpetty two-wheel-cart pianoforte rhythm, exhales the actual buoyant breath of "this fine May morning" here depicted. The poignantly wistful questioning of "Have ye seen him pass by?" finds issue in a triumphant, cynical conclusion which is a masterpiece of surprise.

"A Chinese Night" is queer, quaint, exotic: it would reveal the same characteristics had it no words at all. It will not prove to everybody's liking; to some it will be an acquired taste. Others will find pleasure in it, and a savour as of "joss-sticks" and scented silken garments. "An Assyrian Love-Song" lies well under the voice, and lingers tunefully in the memory; with a massive melody suggestive of love-making beside Ninevite sculptures. The music is more fortunate than the words: for it is doubtful what "Allah," a "minaret" and "Damascus" have to do with Assyria. Somewhat the same remark applies to the lyric of the pretty little trifle, "Mary Callaghan and Me." It is a lighthearted ditty, extremely easy for both vocalist and accompanist: but the first verse deals with a wedding, the third with a christening, and the middle one with an accouchement! which is no subject

for song to anybody concerned. "The Pirates," a cheerful effort suitable for anybody, has a real touch of humour at the close. The harmonisation of the first four lines in each verse may seem a bit raw: but this will not be obvious to all. "The Music that Love Made," while of a contemplative strain, demanding a cultivated, thoughtful executant to evoke its best effect, exhibits a quiet charm of its own. Among the above-named ten songs there is sufficient scope, choice, and diversity to attract and to satisfy the most fastidious.

MAY BYRON.

TRUE-TONE VIOLINS—HOW TO MAKE THEM AND PLAY THEM.*

Mr. W. J. Farrell, an artist in the craft of making violins, and Professor Leopold Auer, an artist in playing and teaching others to play violins, each has written a book of extraordinary interest. If a love of the violin did not presuppose some acquaintance with it as a player, these books might unhesitatingly be recommended even to the uninitiated, provided that they have ever sat at the feet of a Kreisler, a Sammons or a Kubelik. When our vociferous acclamations of some great master of the bow have died away and we wend homeward with shining eyes and a troubled soul, there remains place for curiosity about the wonderful instrument from which divine music was so masterfully evoked, there remains a lingering question—how is it done? If the reader is not experienced in the qualities and faults of violins, he or she will miss the full flavour of controversy in Mr. W. J. Farrell's plain-spoken treatise on "The True-Tone Violin"; but there is no escaping a conviction of Mr. Farrell's sincerity and thorough knowledge. He claims that violins can be produced with the natural or Cremonese tone—not haphazardly, but definitely, one after the other, and that, in spite of the experts, they can be produced in British workshops without the long period of from fifty to a hundred years for seasoning which has been regarded so long as necessary. This is certainly striking evidence from a master-craftsman, when the craft of making violins is being revived in North London by newly-apprenticed ex-service men. "It would be very interesting," he says, "to know just how many of our present-day firms have given preference to the British violin. We see the foreign variety advertised very abundantly. We never see an advertisement relating to new British violins. Always the preference for the foreigner, because the foreigner can supply the cheapest, and usually the inferior article." Mr. Farrell's demand for violins of first-class tone will certainly be echoed not only by the modest fiddle-scraper at home, but more deliberately by the violinists in our best orchestras. His claim that the art of Stradivarius is being practised to-day by English craftsmen should awake their sympathetic interest. Mr. Farrell is instructive as well as controversial, and his chapters, illustrated by helpful photographs, dealing with right and wrong violin-making, are admirably clear, in spite of a happy-go-lucky employment of the English language.

Professor Auer has high credentials as a teacher of the violin. During sixty years' experience his pupils have included such famous instrumentalists as Richard Bourgin, Isolde Menges, Mischa Elman, Kathleen Parlow, Jascha Heifetz and Max Rosen. His book, "Violin Playing as I Teach It," is valuable to teachers as well as students. Professor Auer gives a timely warning in his "introduction," that all who decide to devote themselves to music should at the outset ascertain whether nature has gifted them adequately for the particular instrument they propose to master. Among the "pre-requisitions," "a certain amount of auditory sensibility" is certainly not inappropriate. Fat fingers, wrong conformation of the hand, arm and wrist are other obstacles needing recognition.

* "The True-Tone Violin." By W. J. Farrell. 5s. (Cassell.)
—"Violin Playing as I Teach It." By Leopold Auer. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Such difficulties avoided, the student will find Professor Auer's chapters on "How to Hold the Violin," "How to Practise," "Tone Production," "Hints on Bowing," "Left-Hand Technique," and so on, a precious supplement to their present knowledge, and his remarks on "Style," "The Violin Repertory of Yesterday and To-Day" and "Practical Repertory Hints," are charged with valuable advice to teachers. The opening, autobiographical chapter, entitled "How I Studied the Violin," is so interesting and yet suffers so obviously by compression, that one concludes by a return to this chapter and a wishful thought that the author may join the ranks of eminent musicians who have written reminiscences full of undying interest to new worshippers of Euterpe.

R. L. MEGROZ.

BACH'S CHORALS.*

The author of the three volumes of research, inquiry and study of "Bach's Chorals" is the professor of literature at Aberdeen University, a former professor of history at Armstrong College, a Cambridge scholar and, before that, a choir-boy at St. Paul's Cathedral under Sir John Stainer. His early training and his lifelong enthusiasm for music account for his passion for Bach. The non-professional nature of his calling, from the musical point of view, accounts for the successful fulfilment of his colossal task, for surely no professional musician could possibly have afforded the time for so immense and all-absorbing an undertaking. It is rare indeed that the expert knowledge of the musician is so happily harnessed with the polished technique of the literary scholar. It is still more rare that we find a volume bristling with organ technicalities as does this final volume, free from such errors as, say, Mr. Ernest Newman is guilty of in his translation of Sweitzer's "J. S. Bach," one chapter of which is enough to set an organist's hair on end. ("Flügel," however, should have been translated by "Harpichord.") Dr. Terry's discovery of Bach's early use of Witt's hymn-book, "Psalmodia Sacra," opens up a new field of exploration and enables the author to give here for the first time the full design and purpose of the "Orgelbüchlein." The author's method is to give the source of the hymns and melodies; the tunes are given in their earliest published form; a translation of every hymn used by Bach is provided, and biographical and bibliographical information is furnished concerning authors, composers, the *locus* of the MS. and autograph texts, etc.

We congratulate Dr. Sanford Terry on his brilliant achievement. It is only when the scholar trespasses into the uncharted waters of musical aesthetics that his *dicta* are open to question. Thus, logically, the preface is the weakest part of this third volume. It quotes Mr. Harvey Grace, the editor of the *Musical Times*: "Until recently not more than one organist in a hundred knew what Bach was driving at. In many cases it was impossible to say whether the music was joyful or sad." This is unconvincing; for the provision of the words to the Choral Preludes does not unravel the knot, if knot there be—after André Pirro's exhaustive revelation of Bach's pictorial method. Take the first tune in Dr. Terry's book (p. 83) where the alto melody belongs to a hymn of a very different mood. Or again take the second tune, where our author himself admits: "In none of the three movements (founded on this tune) is there apparent an intention to distinguish the stanzas of the hymn by musical treatment." No; the only clue to the rendering is to be found in the music itself.

One other matter: one regards the reappearance of Errata sheets in books as one of the least welcome of post-war features. Dr. Terry's second volume contained fourteen Corrigenda of the first book. This volume contains no less than fifty-four for the second. One wonders where the Corrigenda of this present volume will appear.

S. F.

* "Bach's Chorals." Part III. The Hymns and Hymn Melodies of the Organ Works. By C. Sanford Terry, Litt.D. (Cantab). 30s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

AUGENER—"The West Wind." Words by John Masefield. Music by D. M. Stewart.—"Serenade," for Violin and Piano. By Arthur Baynon—Welsh Airs and Dances. For Violin and Piano. Arranged by Alfred Moffat.—"Sonata," for Violin and Piano. By Herbert Haworth

CHAPPELL & Co—"The Four Cross Roads." Words by H. Kenniston Wynne. Music by H. Lyall Phillips.—"Speak to me from Shadowland." Words by Edward Lockton. Music by Frederick Drummond.

J & W CHILSIER—"L'Adieu à la Vie" Four Lyrics by Rabindranath Tagore. Trans into French by André Gide. Music by Alfredo Casella (Chester Library)—"Le Bestiaire" Poems by Guillaume Apollinaire. Music by Louis Durey

CURWIN & SONS—"The Small Holder" Part Song. Words by Anna Bunston. Music by Joseph Holbrooke

The Drama.

LITERATURE AND THE SILENT DRAMA.

CURRENT FILMS REVIEWED.

BY FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.



Charles Dickens in 1837.

From a sketch by Samuel Lawrence.

"Pickwick," which Dickens was writing in 1837, is now making a successful appearance as a Film Drama

CINEMATOGRAPHY has made immense strides in recent years, and one of the most interesting developments has been the "filming" of famous novels. Admittedly there is still room for improvement, but on the whole the producers have constructed pictures which convey the spirit

of the books selected as faithfully as it is possible for the camera to do. It must be remembered that when the dramatised version of a novel is presented on the stage, the actor can not only make use of the actual words of the author, but can add to their effect by the intonations of his voice; whereas the film actor has to rely on gesture and facial expression for his effect.

So far books for filming (to use a convenient term) have been selected at random; naturally enough, the producers have looked at the question through the little window of the box-office. One does not blame them, but it is to be hoped that this branch of the art, or industry, whichever you prefer to call it, will receive such public support that producers and their backers will not hesitate to put out complete film libraries. There are "popular" printed editions of the works of Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray and a dozen other famous writers; why should there not be

with "popular" editions "also?"
middle c

It has been suggested that the filming of a book adversely affects the popularity of the printed edition. On the contrary. For my own part, at least, had I not already known and loved Mark Twain's, delightful "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," I should certainly have obtained a copy after seeing the artistic representation of it recently shown on the screen.

The great danger is the temptation of the producer to introduce an anachronism for the sake of "improving" his picture. In a film version of "Dombey and Son," shown some years ago, there was, I am told for I did not see it myself—a telephone much in evidence. The mentality of the producer was evidently similar to that of an actor who would gag in Shakespeare. Fortunately such instances are rare.

At present there is a distinct boom in the literary film. Among those which have been shown or are still in course of preparation are "Kipps" (H. G. Wells), "Broken Blossoms" (Thomas Burke), "Sinister Street" (Compton Mackenzie), "The Channings" (Mrs. Henry Wood), "Vanity Fair" (Thackeray), "The Pickwick Papers" (Dickens), "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (Hardy), "By Berwen Banks" (Allen Raine), "No. 5, John Street" (Richard Whiteing), "The Scourge" (Rafael Sabatini), "The Children of Gibeon" (Walter Besant), "The Three Musketeers" (Dumas), and many others—not a bad selection from the literary standpoint.

There are, it is true, many films which are worthless—foolish, suggestive and in bad taste—but that is all the more reason why the public should heartily support those producers who are giving them clean, charming and amusing pictures. In this respect it is pleasant to find that British producers are well to the front. The whole industry is passing through a difficult and trying time, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the British public will discriminate between the gold and

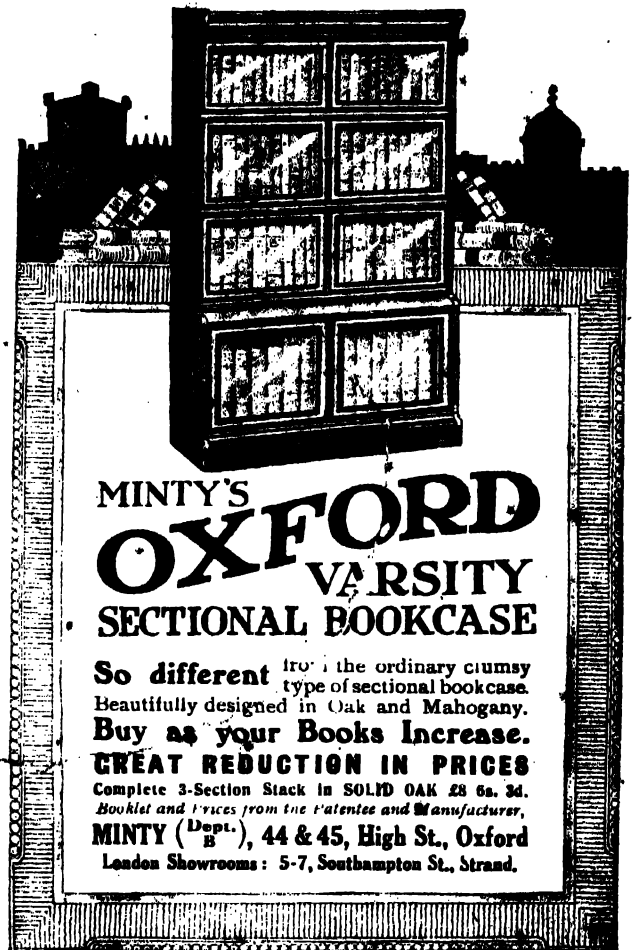
the dress and so make it possible for the producers of the right films to continue their work.

The book-lover should not only welcome the cameraman to his world, but should requite his labours by hearty personal propaganda among those of his fellow-readers who have not yet realised that book and film are friends, not enemies.

* * * * *

Having seen the production, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of the film version of "The Three Musketeers" in which Mr. Douglas Fairbanks played D'Artagnan, I am proud to think that no British producer was responsible for such an appalling travesty. The ruthlessness with which the producers mangled the immortal romance was only equalled by the mixture of buffoonery and vulgarity with which Mr. Fairbanks attempted to convey an impression of the character of the immortal Gascon. His fencing was ludicrous even to me, and the comments of a skilled swordsman who saw the film with me were too pointed to be reproduced. It is such an elaborate production should be so. The costumes and settings must, I think, have been costly, but their effect is destroyed by the utter failure to appreciate the spirit of the book. For example, D'Artagnan, like the other Musketeers, was a young man of good family, remarkable for his slim figure and graceful movements; the actor who played the part was made up to look like a fat debauchee who would murder his mother for a couple of francs. The object of "filming" a book is, I take it, to present as accurate a pictorial story as is possible consistently with the compression which time and other considerations demand—a task which any competent sub-editor could perform as readily as he writes a synopsis of the serial running in his daily paper. Here, however, the producers have lightheartedly cast aside all restraint. Not content with maltreating the original narrative, they have introduced incidents which Alexandre Dumas never contemplated, and which have not even the merit of being amusing, interesting or probable. And through it all Mr. Fairbanks clowns his way with a cheerful disregard for good taste and artistry. One can almost hear him saying "Gee!" as he perpetrates his absurdities.

In happy contrast is "The Channings," from Mrs. Henry Wood's famous novel. It is rather the fashion nowadays to sneer at Victorianism, but the reception of this film when I saw it was a well-deserved tribute to producers and actors alike. It was thrown on the screen immediately after a typical "sex" play, and the comments I heard were by no means favourable to the latter. I do not think I have ever seen a film in which the original story was more accurately told. The story is admittedly rather sentimental, and the picture could very easily have been allowed to degenerate into bathos. But good taste and good acting save the situation every time. Lionelle Howard, who plays Arthur Channing, took the trouble to learn the organ for the purpose of this film—and became so fond of it that he is now a capable musician. The only criticism an exacting critic might make, perhaps, is that the return to health, after grievous illness, of Mr. Channing is so complete as to make some of us a little envious—but I am not going



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to quarrel over so small a point in a production that is a credit to the British screen. The costumes are delightful, and one cannot single out any one actor or actress for praise where all are so good. This is certainly a film to be seen, whether you like Mrs. Wood's style or not.

I feel so much sympathy with Mr. E. A. Baughan and Mr. Eliot Stannard, who "adapted" Dickens's delightful "Pickwick Papers" for the screen, that many obvious criticisms of the result of their labours must, I feel, be left unwritten. After all, it is not a novel, in the accepted sense of the word, and it is such a lengthy work that it would be impossible to reproduce even its main incidents with making a film that would take weeks instead of months to show. Perhaps they compressed the story too vigorously, and yet one does not quite see how they could have avoided doing so, unless they avoided themselves to some particular portion of the novel as a vehicle for Dickens's cheery good humour, a complete success. Mr. Frederick Volpé as the venerable Pickwick in make-up, gesture and expression is admirable. I do not think his performance could have been better. The Bardell of Miss Mary Brough is a disappointment, but one felt that he was capped to some extent by the introduction of his character at the wrong time. Perhaps the best of an excellent cast, however, were Miss Athene Seyler as the spinster Aunt Rachel and Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Alfred Jingle. Of course, they were parts that gave them both great opportunities, but not every one would have made such excellent use of them. Mr. Thesiger thoroughly understood the danger of exaggerating the peculiarities of one of Dickens's cleverest pen-portraits, and not once did he overdo it. The picture ends rather abruptly, and it may be that the lover and keen student of Dickens will complain of the rate at which he is whirled through the story and of the elimination of many well-beloved characters and scenes. But I would ask him to remember the enormous difficulties of filming such a work, and to consider not so much what has *not* been done, as the admirable way in which what *could* be done has been done.

* RURITANIA REVISITED *

Nicholas Stone, recluse and student, is discovered in the rich seclusion of his New York home, expounding his gospel of an ideal America to the young architect who is in love with his daughter. He has a "past," we are told; and a few cryptic references, a foreign phrase or two, the zealous secrecy of his old servant, all confirm the hint. Presently arrives a deputation of officers from the Balkans; seven years ago Stone had subscribed to the Valdaniah famine fund, and the deputation hopes that he will now help to supply the same country (recently democratised) with the sinews of peace. Stone, strong in his creed of non-patriotic internationalism, refuses contemptuously; and the deputation is about to retire with apologies for having mistaken its host for a Valdaniah when, in an incautious moment of political argument, truth leaps out; Nicholas Stone is, miraculously, Niccolò da Pietra, ex-Chancellor of Valdania, "killed" twenty years ago in the assassination of the late queen and her only child. Stone's daughter enters, to be at once recognised as the missing princess; when the position is explained, she

* "The Cockpit." By Israel Zangwill. 5s. (Heinemann.).

decides immediately to accept her responsibility, and by the practice of her own gospel of peace, honesty and love to reconcile all jarring discords in the cockpit of which apparently she is the only hope. Stone protests in vain; swords flash into an arch, beneath which the new queen passes on her inspired mission to Valdania, where the rest of the action is laid; Stone perforce remains behind.

But this is Ruritania, you exclaim—the scene of how many dozens of romantic adventures! And so in a sense it is. "The Cockpit's" action-plot is that of a typical "Ruritanian" play; and though much less dramatic than "The Melting Pot," it is more melodramatic, and contains several capital situations, of which that just described and a fine "actors' scene" in the second act are best. Setting matches action; the grotesque uniforms, the somewhat childish oracles, the mediæval palace which "has a dungeon: naturally!", the clash of modernity on barbarism—all these are in the best Ruritanian style. But to leave criticism of the play at that would be to give a maliciously unfair account of Mr. Zangwill's achievement; like a good craftsman he uses the familiar conventions of Ruritania as a safe foundation, on which he erects an edifice of a very different kind. His theme is Ruritania seen with the naked eye of reality, not through the roseate glasses of an effete romance; and as this kind of romance has been made effete for us by nothing more surely than by the realities of the last seven years of European politics, it is not surprising that his play should contain many tragically paralleled from our common life. The apt in victory to plunder the women's treatment by the politicians; the "truth" which is far too near to the ground "and" with the mediæval condemned our own island story is bitter with the bitterness of impotence of his ideal against the wondrous tenderness of a steady flame beneath "The Melting Pot" gotten.

To pervert Ruritania thus to other things is an achievement. Musical comedy has long turned heroisms to burlesque; Mr. Shaw once turned comedy, in his case a kindred form—witness the facility with which Bluntschli was boiled down into the Chocolate Soldier. But behind "Arms and the Man" lurked some sound anti-Junker argument which we have lived to appreciate, and to which the author of "The Cockpit" would himself subscribe; the Marquis Fiuma has something in common with Sergius Saranoff, and General Roxo a good deal more with Boxer Bridgenorth, the wooden-headed fire-eater of another Shavian play. Only what Mr. Shaw saw comically in terms of individuals, Mr. Zangwill sees tragically in terms of states; to combine the worst of barbaric autocracy with the worst of modern democracy is to invite consequences even more frightful than ridiculous; and what the one dramatist foreshadowed by implication, the other interprets after the event. A like moral might indeed have been drawn, by any reader with an eye on realities, from most cloak-and-sword romances of the old Ruritanian type; for though these extolled as romantic adventure what Mr. Zangwill stigmatises as a criminal gamble in other people's lives, the facts are the same. The last lines of "The Cockpit" are strangely impressive and symbolic; the queen's cause is lost in the very hour of her troops' victory; the conscript Priest is borne out, dead. The satire will last, for it is informed with those qualities of white-hot sincerity and first-hand impressionism which make for literary permanence; it may even achieve a certain amount of stage success, if its author will allow it to be produced blatantly enough; so that on the peace conferences of some future century, perhaps, it may not be wasted.

E. CHARLES SUTTON.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.
A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Soliloquies in England," a new volume by George Santayana, will be published this spring by Messrs. Constable.

In the course of an interview in the *Boston Transcript* Mr. Thornton Butterworth has some interesting things to say about books and publishing. He confesses to a firm belief in the topical book, and thinks that courage and caution count in publishing for even more than foresight, since one has always to allow for the fickleness of the public taste and the facts that, so far as a book's fortunes are concerned, "events have their influence, and a national calamity or a world's sensation may interfere with the success of the best-planned book that is going." He believes that most publishers, like himself, keep an open door for new authors,

and are quick to recognise merit and give it its chance with the public. He thinks the secret of success in publishing is the "quiet, steady enthusiasm" which comes of a belief in the book published, and though he owns "there is such a thing as luck," he is satisfied that an author's success is more often attributable to "good sound work, with good sound workmanship behind it." On the debatable question of whether serial publication injures the sale of a book, Mr. Thornton Butterworth answers emphatically that it does not. He has in fact found it to have a distinctly opposite effect. The *Memoirs of Baron von Eckardstein*, which he recently published, appeared serially in a popular Sunday paper, yet, he says, the whole edition of the book was sold out two days before publication, and "it was the same with Mrs. Asquith's *Autobiography*; with Edward Bok's; with General Townshend's 'My Campaign in Mesopotamia'; with John Russell's 'Where the Pavement Ends,' and others I could mention."

"Princess Mary," by M. C. Carey (3s. 6d.; Nisbet), an admirably written biography of our popular young Princess, has the double merit of being as



Mr. Alec Waugh.

dovecotes with "The Loom of Youth," one of the most successful of first novels by one of the very youngest of first novelists. We have had two books of his war-time experiences in the interval, and at length he has completed a second novel, "The Lonely Unicorn," which Mr. Grant Richards will publish next month. The title gives nothing away, and the most we can gather is that it is very much of a love story but not a psychological novel as, although the characters think as much as is good for them, they are doing something most of the time. There is even some cricket in it, but we know nothing of the unicorn beyond the admitted fact that he is lonely.

Mr. Lloyd Williams, whose new novel, "The Only Girl in the World," has just been published by Messrs. Page & Co., is a precocious author who began to write stories as soon as he could read them, but before he thought of printing any and settling down to a literary career, he coquetted with several other callings. He was by turns office boy, commercial traveller, actor, school-master, public entertainer, journalist; then he wrote a long story which ran successfully as a serial, and in a short time he had won the place he still holds in the front rank of newspaper serialists. It is some time since he published a book, and his many readers will hope he will not let so long an interval pass before he follows this with another.

interesting as it is timely. The book is attractively produced and well illustrated with photographs.

It is five years since Mr. Alec Waugh fluttered a good many

It is less than a month since the literary world received with interest the news that William Charles Braithwaite, the Quaker historian and banker, had received the honorary theological degree of

Doctor from Marburg University, for his contributions to Church History, and especially for his important books, "The Beginnings of Quakerism" and "The Second Period of Quakerism," no less than in recognition of his efforts on behalf of education and international friendship. His sudden death last month after his return from attending an educational conference in London, has deprived the Society of Friends of one of its most valued members, and the world of letters of a ripe scholar and a very able historical writer. Dr. Braithwaite, who came of a seventeenth century Westmorland Quaker family, lived at Banbury. He was Chairman of the National Adult School Union, and served as Treasurer of the Friends' Ambulance Unit during the war.



Mr. William Charles Braithwaite.



Photo by Walter Gardiner, Worthing.

Mr. Lloyd Williams.

A curiously interesting book, and one which will be of special value to print collectors, is "The Headless Horseman," by G. S. Layard, which Messrs. Philip Allan are about to publish. It tells the strange story of the most widely discussed copper-plate engraving in the world—that by Pierre Lombart that survives in various phases: headless, and, in different states, wearing the heads of Charles I, Cromwell, and another. It has taken Mr. Layard twenty years to track down all his facts and unravel the mystery of this protean print, and the story he has to tell of it makes a romance that will appeal even to those who know

little of the fascinations of collecting. The book will be issued in a limited edition of 250 copies, with 25 on hand-made paper, each signed and numbered by the author. It has an introduction by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E.

The February issue of *The Bookseller and The Stationery Trades' Journal* prints interesting lists of best-selling books in London and in eight great cathedral cities of England and Wales. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" heads each list. In similar records of best sellers in America, in the last month's *American Bookman*, "If Winter Comes" is the only book that appears in all of them, and in most cases it heads the list. No novel has had so great and immediate a success on both sides of the Atlantic for many years past. Mr. Hutchinson's new novel, "This Freedom," will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in the autumn.

In 1859, Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt and William Morris were among the early recruits to the Artists' Rifles; famous names have never been lacking from its muster roll; and in 1914 the number of our younger authors, artists, journalists and publishers who enlisted in that distinguished corps broke all records. 15,002 "Artists" served in the war, and "The Roll of Honour of the Artists' Rifles," compiled by Major S. Stagoll Higham, V.D. (nos. net; Howlett & Son), gives all essential particulars in the service of every one of these. 10,256 were gazetted to commissions, 1,852 won honours, and there were 6,071 casualties. The book has been compiled, illustrated, printed, bound and published by past and present members of the Regiment, the

illustrators including W. C. Horsley, W. Lee-Hankey, H. M. Paget, W. B. Wollen, E. Handley-Reed, J. M. Watt and John Nash.

A further volume which Messrs. Appleton are adding to their series of musical works is "The Singer and his Art," by Thaddeus Wronski.



Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

From a drawing by D. Burroughs.

Mr. Daniel O'Connor has taken over *The Review of Reviews*, which will henceforth be edited by himself. He intends to make it again what it was under W. T. Stead—literally a review of the world's reviews. We heartily wish him success in his enterprise.

H. G. Wells's new novel, "The Secret Places of the Heart," will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell, who are also publishing "The Altar Steps," by Compton Mackenzie, and "The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman," a new

satirical novel of modern society by Stephen McKenna.

A new novel by Allan Monkhouse, a realistic domestic drama entitled "Helen," will be published almost immediately by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

During the whole of this month there will be on view at the Brook Street Art Gallery an exhibition of sketches in the East and other work by Stella Langdale, and of oil paintings, sketches and drawings by E. Hesketh Hubbard, well known as a painter and etcher of caravan and circus life, founder of The Print Society and editor of "On Making and Collecting Etchings." Miss Langdale is the illustrator of Stephen Phillips's "Christ in

Hades," Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," and other books.

The death last month of Mr. Edward Wright passed almost unnoticed by the Press, yet he was an abler, more accomplished man of letters than are many who have achieved more notoriety. Always an insatiable reader, with a wide knowledge of French and Italian as well as of English literature, he did not begin to realise that he had literary gifts of his own till he was nearly thirty, when an illness and deterioration of his voice ended all prospect of his career as a vocalist, and he turned to writing. The first thing he wrote, a long article on "The Golden Age of English Prose," was accepted and published by the *Quarterly*, and in the course of a year or so he contributed other articles on such subjects as "The Novel of Misery," "Literature of the Outlands," to the same magazine. He edited an edition of Andrew Marvell for Messrs. Methuen; did a good deal of miscellaneous work for many papers, and wrote reviews and critical articles and verse for the *Academy*, *THE BOOKMAN*, etc. He contributed some hundred articles to that most successful of war-time periodicals, *The Great War*, and, to say nothing of other activities, translated stories and wrote some of the introductions to Mr. J. A. Hammerton's twenty-volume "Masterpiece Library of Short Stories." He was a hard worker, and finished in harness, at the age of fifty, for he had spent all his last day in writing a long article for a forthcoming publication, and had scarcely completed it when he fell unconscious and died of heart failure. His literary judgments were sound and his style had clearness and individuality. His latest contribution to *THE BOOKMAN*, a tercentenary article on Andrew Marvell, is being reprinted in the Marvell Memorial volume, which has been compiled and edited by the Chief Librarian of Hull.



Mr. Edward Wright.

From a drawing by W. Scott Hetherington.

the writer to exchange the "robe" of the lawyer for the "apron" of the workman.

"Green Room Gossip," by Archibald Haddon, which Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing, discusses with a good deal of freedom all the principal happenings on and concerning the London Stage for the last few years. Mr. Haddon is well known as the dramatic critic of the *Daily Express*.

Messrs. Leonard Parsons announce a £100 First-Novel Prize Competition in which the winner will receive, in addition to the prize-money, a liberal royalty on every copy sold, and retain all film, dramatic and translation rights. The last day for sending in MSS. is the 30th September next. Full particulars can be obtained on application to Messrs. Curtis Brown, Ltd. (who have undertaken all preliminary arrangements), of 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.



Mr. and Mrs. Ridgwell Cullum and Mr. B. W. Mats (right).

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's new novel, "The Man in the Twilight" (Cecil Palmer), is proving the most successful of his books. A large first edition was quickly exhausted, and a second edition is now in the press.

"Cosmic Vision," by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, which Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson will publish shortly, is an attempt to define a point of view whence the life of Man may be seen and lived in harmony with the scientific vision of the universe, without the assistance of any of the accepted religions. Incidentally a brief account is given of the foundation and purpose of the Doves Press and Bindery, and of the motive and circumstances which led

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The essayist who can steer clear of worthless brilliance and yet write arrestingly on "ordinary" subjects, deserves all our gratitude. Mr. Bart Kennedy succeeds, in this lively, very thoughtful, and exhilarating book, "Thought - Coin" (5s.; Rider), in proving that the "ordinary" aspect of the world is the wonderful one; and he does it without straining after effect, without turning the English language head-over-heels to make us stare and clap and call him a clever

fellows. He is simply good company, a traveller who has known the roads of thought, the way our minds and bodies work in this strange setting of a "lukewarm bullet," as R. L. Stevenson called our planet, and who passes on the knowledge he has gained, the ideas that have come to him here and there. As one who has been sailor and soldier, miller and miner, singer and actor, and many other things in his career, he has "seen life," and his experiences have not been wasted, as this book proves. Whether fanciful or critical, his mood provides good fare, and we are quite sure that many readers will be found to whom his "thought-coin" will prove inspiring and of permanent value.

The "Catalogue of a Handel Collection," formed by Newman Flower (Idlehurst, Sevenoaks), will be the first intimation to many who know him only as a novelist and as Messrs. Cassell's editor-in-chief, that Mr. Flower is a Handel enthusiast. He acquired the collection, formerly owned by the Earls of Aylesford, of the series of transcripts of Handel's works made by his amanuensis, John Christopher Smith, and has made large additions to it, which include first editions and early editions of Handel's

scores, letters, manuscripts, autographs, portraits of Handel, of singers in his operas, and early copies of works by his contemporaries. A complete list of all the collection is given in the catalogue, which is illustrated with some excellently reproduced portraits and facsimiles of MSS.

"Swannington: Its Church, Rectors, and History," by the Rev. John Dixon Wortley, M.A. (12s. 6d. net; Norwich). Norfolk is for the historian a happy hunting ground. Here, in many of the towns and villages, Time seems to have stood still; the march of progress has left few visible traces; the glamour of the past is with us wheresoever we go. To the Rector of Swannington this history of his village, its church and rectors, must have brought many hours of pleasant research. He has delved back into the centuries, gathering together facts and surmises that result in a most interesting book even to those unacquainted with the locality. Those who know the picturesque valley in which the village is situated, know the village itself with its green and rivulet, its ancient church, its life and associations, will welcome the volume as a valuable addition to the many records of the county.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

VICTOR BRIDGES.

MARCH 14TH, the birthday of Mr. Victor Bridges, was, in a much earlier year, that of Johann Strauss, "the father of the waltz." The coincidence is happy, for to read Mr. Bridges is to start a series of joyous vibrations comparable with the urgings of inspired dance music. He is not didactic; he does not invite his reader across the bourne of incarnate life. He is an entertainer, and though Dame Folly may find him too strenuous, and the Man-About-Town too monogamous, he appeals not only to the honourable and "sensible" reader, but to most Britons not too dominated by the calls of duty or mischievousness to wander into dreamland. The very discreet lawlessness of his imagination may, it is true, provoke a half-admiring sneer from Bohemia and Alsatia, but he never deserves the frowns with which writers who inflate their stories with "messages" so often darken dreamy faces. A love addressing mightily both body and soul across leagues of danger is naturally his theme in a long story, but he excels in depicting "pals," and the earnestness of the lover does not hypnotise the lover's creator.

Mr. Bridges never loses consciousness of an alliance with frivolity. Grace and humour keep the average temperature of his writing lower than its pace towards its blissful goals might excuse. His writing is, with all its romanticism, in tune with our civilisation. It goes with modern clubs and cuisine, and that elegant restraint which made the adventurous finder inquire at Ujiji of the heroic found, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Mr. Bridges impresses one more by this felicitous harmony of his art with the characteristic British gentleman of the better type, aristocratically fraternal, wittily urbane, nonchalantly heroic, than by any obvious claim to stylistic originality such as Meredith at one end of a chain of authors and Mr. Bart Kennedy at the other might put in. But freshness is a charming trait, and this quality is enjoyable in all the volumes produced by Mr. Bridges. Freshness is something which makes the crocus just as pleasing this year as last year: the fried herring also successfully endures comparison by the same virtue. In art it is not nearly as usual as it should be. Blessed therefore is Mr. Bridges.

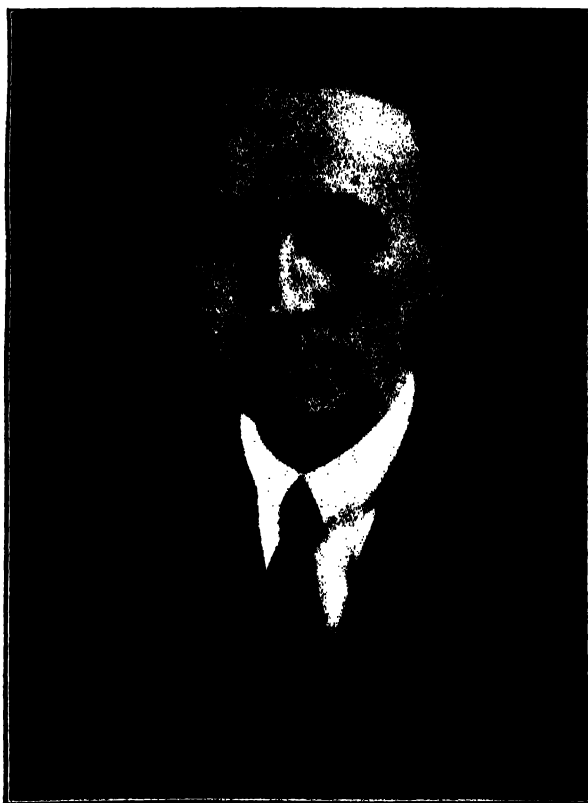


Photo by E. O. Hopf

Mr. Victor Bridges.

A pause is the rhetorical homage due to a beatitude, and so I temporarily leave criticism and supply a few biographical details: Our author is the son of Captain and Mrs. George Bridges, of Clifton, Bristol. Captain Bridges is a soldier-poet who served throughout the Indian Mutiny. On his mother's side the novelist is a grandson of the Right Hon. Fitzstephen French, for forty years Member for Roscommon, and he is also related to Lord John Russell the prime minister, as Mrs. George Bridges is a great granddaughter of the statesman's uncle, Lord William Russell, who was murdered by his valet. At Newton Abbot and Haileybury, where Victor was educated, he was much more successful at Latin, Greek and history than at mathematics. Ere finding himself as a story-writer he had experiences in banking, the theatre, journalism and editorial work. He was the first secretary of the Boy Scouts, and a little volume, "Camping Out for Boy Scouts and Others," shows that he was able to do a candidly useful thing brightly. "I had written short stories ever since I can remember," he informed me. The first paper to print his work was *The Bristol Times and Mirror*. He feels he owes much to the encouragement and advice of the dramatist, Christopher St. John, who helped him consistently when he first came to London. As regards the style of narration which Mr. Bridges adopts, he pays tribute to the veteran Mr. F. C. Philips, whose "As in a Looking Glass" and "A Jack and Three Jills" struck him as being written "in a delightfully fresh, simple and crisp fashion which," said he to me, "I at once [after reading them] began to try to follow."

Here we return again to criticism. If we fail to see in the novels of Mr. Bridges the reflex of a model, it is because he clothes thought as a West End tailor clothes a gentleman whose dress succeeds by escaping remark. A remarkable style, a "great" style, increases the reader's articulateness; it enlarges his understanding of the art of sound; but it separates the stylist from his contemporaries; it produces an ill-natured feeling that he is "putting on side"—posing with the artificial increase of bulk obscurely referred to in that idiom. Mr. Bridges, delighting in naturalness, has a style which is, by his predilection, doomed to be ordinary in the best sense of the word—that is, easy without slipshodness. His stories address one almost with the directness of "films," and, considering his choice of incidents, his skilful simplicity in narration is just what we like.

Thanks partly to the format which his obliging publishers, Messrs. Mills & Boon, have given to most of his works, one can carry all Mr. Bridges' passports to literary immortality in one's pockets (if one wears an overcoat). There are "The Man from Nowhere" (a success of 1913), "Mr. Lyndon at Liberty," "The Lady from Longacre," "The Cruise of the *Scandal*," and "Greensea Island" (recently published). The first three books have been translated into nine modern languages, and "The Man from Nowhere" has been published in Braille for the blind. Let us attempt to account for this astonishing success.

The *motif* of "The Man from Nowhere" is centuries old, and was adroitly and spicily used by the late Mrs. K. C. Thurston in "John Chilcote, M.P." less than

twenty years ago—the *motif* of deceit, supported by physical duplication. In both the novels I have named the mimic is the better man of the two, and it is clear therefore that it is not for fundamental originality that nine foreign nations found it desirable to read "The Man from Nowhere." No; there is a better reason. In this tale, as in "Mr. Lyndon at Liberty," Mr. Bridges started with a situation out of which excitement had to flame and flow, and from the moment when the heroine attempts to murder the impersonator, we know that we are in the hands of a master of fiction. The turning of hate into love is one of the most alluring spectacles in the wide world. Frank Norris knew it and proved it in his art; so does Mr. Bridges.

Again, in "Mr. Lyndon at Liberty" we have a story starting at the moment of an escape from a convict prison. The fugitive is innocent and formidable: the contrasts of the story are very vivid, and not only on the spiritual side, for, as befits the grandson of a chairman of the Kitchen Committee in the House of Commons, Mr. Bridges emphasises the difference between a convict menu and a crack *restauranteur's* "symphony" with the thoughtfulness of an epicure. Danger hovering over love, threatening the larder and all that is cosy and jolly, has a special fascination for Mr. Bridges, though his best characters are too charming to require the baying of wolves behind them as an aid to our friendship, and though hubbub is not favourable to the exhibition of his finer talents.

With "The Lady from Longacre" the class of what I call Ruritanian fiction received a notable addition, for though the psychology of royalty seems hardly to be as much in Mr. Bridges' province as in Anthony Hope's, his two heroines are attractively feminine, and one of them succeeded in victimising me to a train that never reminds the passenger for Bagdad to change at Turnham Green.

"Greensea Island," the fourth of Mr. Bridges' long stories, is, in regard to plot, distinctly reminiscent of Sir Conan Doyle, but even when the novelist's creations act in an old plot such as the parent of this one which revolves around the innocent owner of miry money, one yields to the spell of spiritualised sex, just as one does in daily life after encountering the bleakness and hypocrisy which the sagacity of many people recommends as prudence and courtesy.

Mr. Bridges makes cleanly amorousness, staunch friendship, smiling valour, a fat purse (we must not forget that), a not too Christian revenge, and a happy ending, a solace to the lonely. Occasionally he pleases by perfection of invention as in the short stories, "Full Back for England" and "With the Conquering Turkey," but if we compare his perfect farce with his imperfect comedy we find that he deserves more praise for winning pretty smiles than for extorting loud laughter. For instance, from the point of view of the ingenious, "The Cruise of the *Scandal*" is dull as soon as it leaves off presenting a "risky" situation, and yet, owing to the charm of certain lovers, the story is immeasurably superior to "The Nadir Bandar" which is as ingenious as a folk-tale polished by a thousand tongues.

Lastly, to express Mr. Bridges in the space of a head-line, let us call him "A Master of Dialogue."

W. H. CHESSON.

THE READER.

ALFRED NOYES AND "THE TORCH-BEARERS."*

BY GILBERT THOMAS.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we review Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Selected Verse." Since that notice was written there has come before us a new volume by Mr. Noyes that confirms us still more emphatically in the opinion there expressed that, however much at times he may have let his facility run away with him, and however little he may conform to the popular standards of the moment, Mr. Noyes has a range of vision, a dignity, and a spiritual inspiration that place him in the foremost rank of contemporary poets. His new poem, "The Torch-Bearers," while complete in itself, is the first volume of a trilogy that will seek to fulfil a task that has long awaited the right hand. It is to be an epic of science. To small and bemuddled minds, "science" has commonly suggested something fundamentally antagonistic to "poetry," while to many even of the best intellects of the last century it seemed that the study of the rocks must necessarily undermine the Rock of Ages. To-day, happily, experience is making us wiser. We realise now that science and religion, starting from different ends, are boring the same tunnel through the mountain of human ignorance and error, and that, when eventually they join hands at the middle, they will have made a straight course for the lighted train of Truth. And if hitherto we have been blind to the poetry of science it has only been because our eyes were full of blood. Our heroes have been men of iron—despoilers and destroyers:

" Wars we have sung. The
blind, blood-boltered
kings
Move with an epic music
to their thrones."

But the events of the past few years have cleansed our vision, and (never to revive, let us hope) all romance has faded from slaughter and brute force. There is another type of conqueror that claims at last "our epic music":

" Have you no song, then,
of that nobler war?
Of those who strove for
light, but could not
dream
Even of this victory that
they helped to win,
Silent discoverers, lonely
pioneers,
Prisoners and exiles,
martyrs of the truth
Who handed on the fire,
from age to age;

* "The Torch-Bearers." By Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood.)

Of those who, step by step, drove back the night
And struggled, year on year, for one more glimpse
Among the stars, of sovran law, their guide;
Of those who, searching inward, saw the rocks
Dissolving into a new abyss, and saw
Those planetary systems far within,
Atoms, electrons, whirling on their way
To build and to unbuild our solid world;
Of those who conquered, inch by difficult inch,
The freedom of this realm of law for man;
Dreamers of dreams, the builders of our hope,
The healers and the binders-up of wounds,
Who, while the dynasts drenched the world with blood,
Would in the still small circle of a lamp
Wrestle with death like Heracles of old
To save one stricken child."

It is in the history of this "nobler war"—the battle of science for light and knowledge and harmony—that Mr. Noyes has found the theme for what promises to be, when complete, his most ambitious and finest achievement. The second volume, which is now being written, will deal with the earth and will reveal the poetry of evolution; the third will turn to mechanical discovery, and will conclude with a general synthesis. The present book bids us gaze, through the eyes of the astronomers, at the heavens. The theme has been in the poet's mind for many years, but it first began to take definite shape, he tells us, "during what was to

unforgettable experience—the night I was privileged to spend on a summit of the Sierra Madre mountains when the first trial was made of the new 100-inch telescope." The "Prologue" describes the Observatory which, upon the purple mountain's height, above the pine woods and the clouds, shone by day:

" No larger than the small
white dome of shell
Left by the fledgling wren
when wings are born.
By night it joined the
company of heaven,
And, with its constant
light, became a star.
A needle-point of light,
minute, remote,
It sent a subtler message
through the abyss,
Held more significance for
the seeing eye
Than all the darkness that
would blot it out,
Yet could not dwarf it.
High in heaven it shone,
Alive with all the thoughts,
and hopes, and dreams
Of man's adventurous
mind. . . ."

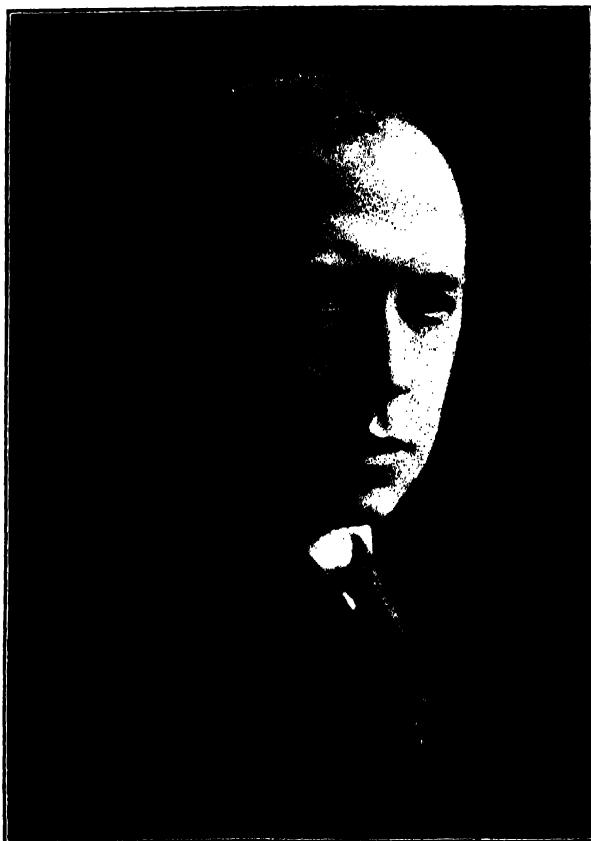


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Alfred Noyes.

A new portrait.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

The nine miles' zigzag ascent to that dizzy height is vividly brought before us, and then the wonderful experience of that night, with its first discovery of a moon of Jupiter, "a perfect rounded pearl, poised in the violet sky," is recorded in verse remarkable both for its spaciousness of atmosphere and for its meticulous precision of detail. And then, as the poet leaves the eager throng at the base of the majestic telescope, and wanders out alone into the silence of the night, he communicates to us the eternal voices of that silence; and having in the latter pages of the "Prologue" elucidated his scheme and purpose, he plunges with his first tale "into the middle of things, with the revolution brought about by Copernicus," though by means of an incidental lyric he gives a suggestion of what had gone before.

It was Copernicus who first dared the suggestion that the earth was not the fixed centre of the Universe, but was itself a moving planet. From him the torch passes to Tycho Brahe who, dying in exile, hands over his tables of the stars to a young man named Kepler, who, with their help, fashions his own great laws. Kepler corresponds with Galileo; and in the year of Galileo's death Newton was born. From Newton we pass to William Herschel and, finally, to Sir John Herschel, his son. In his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" Mr. Noyes adopted a very attractive form, half narrative and half lyrical, of presenting the characters and achievements of discoverers of a very different kind, and of the poets with whom they associated. In "The Torch-Bearers" he reverts, with even greater success, to the same method. Though throughout the poem there is the connecting link of history and of a philosophy which seeks to show that "spiritual values are not diminished or overwhelmed by the 'fifteen hundred universes' that passed in review before the telescope of Herschel," the story of the scientists is told with a wealth of human drama, in which are all the elements of humour and pathos, of hope battling with despair, of unswerving loyalty to truth, and of indomitable courage shaking its fist in defiance of difficulty, persecution, and the gibes of the vulgar.

There is deep pathos, for instance, in the figure of the blind Copernicus upon his death-bed, holding heroically to life till the book in which he has set down his discoveries should come from the printers, and, when the volume arrives just in time, saying happily at last his *nunc dimittis*, having fingered the lettering upon the cover. There is rich humour in such incidents as the King of Scotland's visit to Tycho Brahe in Denmark—the king, hitherto secure in his belief that he was God's vice-regent over the realm that was "the centre of the centre of all worlds," being much perturbed by the new notion that the earth itself was but one among innumerable moving stars. The visit of Sir Henry Wotton to Kepler gives Mr. Noyes scope not only for a very pleasing domestic idyll, but for much

happy disquisition upon the relation of poetry to science. The character and career of Galileo are presented to us by means of a number of letters passing between those most immediately concerned in his fortunes, and if the poet rejects as historically unsound the Galileo of popular legend, it is only to put a more human and convincing Galileo in his place. But perhaps the most delightful chapter in the book is that which centres around William Herschel, who was at once scientist and musician. In vision the author sees him conducting an orchestra before the beaux and the belles of Bath. As he waves his wand, he soliloquises; and, thrown into the form of Herschel's soliloquy, Mr. Noyes's faith in the unity of law which governs the Universe, and which expresses itself alike in mathematics and science, art and religion, reaches no mean heights of lyrical rapture. Quotation from a long narrative poem is as futile as it is unfair, and lack of space unhappily makes it impossible for us to do more than mention the fact that some charming lyrics besprinkle the narrative. Mr. Noyes has never written anything more beautiful in the lyrical vein than "The Shepherdess of the Sea."

We can indeed but hint at the varied store of riches contained in this first volume of "The Torch-Bearers." It is a poem great in aim, and (in our opinion) great in achievement, and if it does not immediately win the full recognition it deserves, it will only be because in theme and manner it is so widely removed from the poetical mood of the hour. Not that we would belittle the prevailing mode. The world is wide, and there is ample room in it for trim gardens with their carefully cultivated plants. Yet in such gardens the soul of man cannot find permanent satisfaction. Sooner or later the cloistered pleasance must pall; sooner or later we must find ourselves again upon the rugged mountain top, gazing into the star-sown heavens, and seeking, however vainly, to read the riddle of the Universe, or else plunging into the vortex of the city, striving, however inadequately, to interpret the ways of God to man, and of man to his brother man. And poetry, sooner or later, must escape from the graceful but narrow confines within which the "Georgians" have temporarily enclosed it. It must return to the big themes and find its inspiration once more, not in æsthetic contemplation, but in the passions and aspirations of the soul. Passion—the passion of love, the passion of endeavour, the passion for truth—has admittedly been too often glibly treated; but that does not alter the fact that it is only in such passion, and in the interpretation of it, that the greatest poetry can find its source. However much opinion may vary (and legitimately vary) as to the quality of Mr. Noyes's own achievement, we cannot but feel that by remaining true to the main tradition of poetry, during a time of transition and instability, he is rendering to English literature a service for which posterity will not forget to thank him.

CHARLES LAMB: A FEW MORE DETAILS.

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

DURING one of the "lively skirmishes" at one of Lamb's evening parties in the Temple there was a discussion most delightfully described by Hazlitt as to the persons one would wish to have seen, when

Ayrton, turning short round upon Lamb, said: "I thought that you of the Lake School did not like Pope?" "Not like Pope! My dear sir, you must be under a mistake—I can read him over and over for ever!"

Lamb's admiration of Pope's works—or at least of some of them—must have been known to Procter who, in 1823, sent him a portrait of the poet which he acknowledged jubilantly :

" April 13th, 1823.

" DEAR LAD,—You must think me a brute beast, a rhinoceros, never to have acknowledged the receipt of your precious present. But indeed I am none of those shocking things, but have arrived at that indisposition to letter-writing, which would make it a hard exertion to write three lines to a king to spare a friend's life. Whether it is that the Magazine paying me so much a page, I am loath to throw away composition—how much a sheet do you give your correspondents? I have hung up Pope, and a gem it is, in my town room; I hope for your approval. Though it accompanies the 'Essay on Man,' I think that was not the poem he is here meditating. He would have looked up, somehow affectedly, if he were just conceiving 'Awake, my St. John.' Neither is he in the 'Rape of the Lock' mood exactly. I think he has just made out the last lines of the 'Epistle to Jervis' between gay and tender, 'And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes.' I'll be damn'd if that isn't the line. He is brooding over it, with a dreamy phantom of Lady Mary floating before him. He is thinking which is the earliest possible day and hour that she will first see it. What a miniature picture of gentility it is! Why did you give it me? I do not like you enough to give you anything so good."

Mr. Lucas gives a portrait of Pope in his large edition of the "Letters" from a painting by M. Dahl which does not answer in the least to Lamb's description, and it may be confidently stated that it is not the one to which he refers in his letter. In Dahl's portrait Pope is looking up; it may perhaps be admitted that he is in a meditative mood though it is more that of a writer struggling to find the proper word; and there is not much "gentility" about it. The foregoing particulars, one is inclined to think, make it improbable that an engraving of Dahl's painting was what Procter sent to Lamb.

The engraving here reproduced answers in every detail to Lamb's description. It forms the frontispiece to a magnificent edition in giant folio of Pope's "Essay on Man," published in 1819 by Robert Jennings; the poet is looking down not up; he is, without doubt, meditating; and the engraving may aptly be described as "a miniature piece of gentility." The portrait was painted by Jervas, who instructed Pope in painting in 1713, and is engraved by J. H. Robinson. In the "Advertisement" the publisher states that the engraving is "a most admirable and unique full-length portrait of Pope, from a painting, executed at an early period of life, by his friend

Jervas, in the valuable collection of George Watson Taylor, Esq., M.P." and that is "an indisputably authentic and hitherto unedited portrait of Pope."

In the biographical sketch of Richard Cosway, R.A., in "Nollekens and His Times," Smith is probably referring to this portrait—though Jervas painted Pope's portrait more than once—when he writes: "From Berkeley-street, Mr. Cosway removed to Pall Mall, and for many years resided in the centre of three houses,

which originally were only one. . . . In the middle part, as it is now divided, lived Jarvis the Painter, immortalised by Pope, whose whole-length portrait he painted, without exposing much of his deformity."

Neither Lamb nor Smith, it will be noticed, spells Jervas's name correctly; the former calls him *Jervis* and the latter, *Jarvis*.

GEORGE DYER'S MEMOIRS OF LAMB.

In my former article in last July BOOKMAN I stated that George Dyer contributed two short memoirs of Lamb to the *Christian Reformer* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, respectively. In the former Dyer's initials are appended; the latter is unsigned. The fact of Dyer's having written two obituary notices is disclosed in the following letter by William King to Dyer :

" To George Dyer, Esq.,

" 14, Clifford's Inn,

" London.

" DEAR SIR,

" I was much gratified on hearing that you and Mrs. Dyer were going to dine at Amen Corner with Mr. Tate. At the same time I learnt that you have now entirely lost your sight, which must sadly detract from your enjoyments, though perhaps the gradually increasing decay may have finally reconciled you to total deprivation.

" You would, I think, be well pleased with your visit. The Canon has the traits to win your regards—fine scholarship, vigorous understanding, a kind heart and generous sentiments. Though you could not now, alas! see your welcome in his honest face, you would feel it in the grip of his hand, hear it in the tone of his voice, and at once fall into free conversation. If the young ladies discovered your love of music, they would be ready to gratify it.

" The chief purpose of my letter is to thank you for the two little memoirs of your amiable friend Charles Lamb, dictated by yourself; but I have also something more to say about him. His death and the comments on his character and writings revived recollections of the disquiet that was at first caused you by the appearance of one of his essays in the *London Magazine*, and the correspondence to which it gave rise while we knew not who 'Elia' was. To your mind also this event may have brought back similar remembrances, and an anxiety may have very naturally arisen, which you perhaps have too great delicacy to avow, as to the fate of the long, confiding letter which you wrote to me respecting your 'commencing



Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Alexander Pope.

From a contemporary painting.

life,' etc., as 'Elia' phrased it. You may be wishful that the particulars should not be lost, and yet be fearful about my imprudent or improper use of the little sketch. It has never been shown to any one and now, as the blotted original could hardly be made out so as to be fluently read to you, I have destroyed it, after first making the single fair copy which I send you. The hiatus, indicated by stars towards the end, was caused by my putting into the fire, some years ago, a small portion of your MS. which, if I remember rightly, contained some reflections on the 'Ædes Valpianæ' which it then seemed advisable to commit to the flames.

"Make my respects to Mrs. Dyer, and believe me,

"Yours, my dear Sir, most sincerely,

"WM. KING.

"Richmond, Yorkshire.

"March 21st, 1835."

Dyer's acquaintance with King went back a good number of years, for, after the appearance of Lamb's *Elia* essay "Oxford in the Vacation" in the October number of the *London Magazine*, 1820, King wrote to Dyer calling his attention to Elia's details of the latter's "commencing life" as "usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at . . . at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging, etc." Whereupon Dyer wrote the letter referred to by King. (This letter was after Dyer's death published in *The Mirror*, Vol. XXXVIII, 1841.) On receiving Dyer's letter, King apparently wrote a letter of complaint to the editor of the *London Magazine* and, from a remark under "The Lion's Head" in the November number of the magazine to "W. K."—informing him that he "will see we have made use of his paper; and we trust he will excuse the liberty we have taken with the communication"—it is very probable that the "liberty" taken with his letter was the forwarding of the letter to Lamb who replied to "W. K." in the following number. The offending paragraphs were omitted when the *Elia* essays were reprinted in book form in 1823.

Dyer's first biographical sketch appeared in the January issue of *The Christian Reformer*, 1835, and is here reproduced:

"THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

"We now announce the decease of an amiable, benevolent and ingenious man, Mr. Charles Lamb, who died at Edmonton, after a few days' illness, on Saturday, the 27th December last, in the 61st year of his age. Mr. Lamb was well known to the public as a man of literature, and the memoirs of men of literature are often traced in their writings. Thus, in the case of Mr. Lamb, we collect that he was descended from a family in Lincolnshire, but, was born in London, and received his education in Christ's Hospital; that at an early period he became a clerk in the India House, where he was greatly esteemed for his good humour; that he removed from it, at length, with a handsome annuity (being placed on the superannuated list); and that he lived in intimacy with the first geniuses and poets of the time.

"The following is a list of his published works as correct as we can give them: (Here follows a list of Lamb's books.)

"It is but justice to Mr. Lamb to say, that in the above works he has in general displayed as much literary taste as he has pathos and wit; his peculiar talent was humour, and his principal delineations are taken from private and domestic life; but he is always pleasing, and his style is rather after the manner of our old English masters, of whom he was a professed admirer (although we do not consider him in the light of an imitator,) rather than of those authors termed classical, on whom he was taught to put so high a value at public school; and though he

continued to read and admire the latter, he chose to be considered as an English writer of the old school.

"The above list will, we think, present a true picture of the late Mr. Charles Lamb; for, what he appears in his writings before the public, he was seen to be in his life and conversation among his friends. He was sociable in his manners, critical and exact in his taste, of a rich imagination and a most sprightly wit; and as a man, humane in his feelings and benevolent in his actions. His jokes, which were always kept within the bounds of decorum, never lost him a friend, nor made him an enemy. To sum up the whole, we consider him to have been a person possessed of the finest qualities, both of head and heart.

"Mr. Lamb's amiable disposition eminently fitted him for domestic life, but he was never married: he lived forty years in a most tender friendship with an only sister; they were similar in their pursuits and studies, in their joys and sorrows, their affections and recreations, and may be referred to as the most perfect model of fraternal and sisterly love. Miss Lamb was the authoress of an excellent work, entitled 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' which was brought out under the superintendence of her brother.

"It does not appear from Mr. Lamb's writings that he intermeddled much in the political and theological disputes of the times; but to the estimation in which he held our old dramatic writers and poets, we must add the admiration which he always felt for the political works of Milton, Sydney, and other writers of the same class. Nor was he unacquainted with many of our best Puritan authors, whom he respected for their earnestness, variety and seriousness, and above all for their sincerity; and being of a quiet, peaceable disposition, he was fervent in the praise of George Fox and the founders of the Society of Friends called Quakers, although he never joined their society, and did not separate himself from the Church of England, to which he was trained at Christ's Hospital.

"Clifford's Inn.

G. D."

The memoir in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which I now transcribe, and which, as stated above, is unsigned, appeared in the number for March, 1835. From the similarity of the style and the recurrence in it of the phrases used in the earlier notice there does not seem to be much room for doubt in ascribing it to Dyer:

"MR. CHARLES LAMB.

"Dec. 27.—At Edmonton, after a short illness, aged 60, Mr. Charles Lamb, a gentleman well known to the public for his many pleasing works in prose and verse.

"Mr. Lamb was a native of Lincolnshire. In his 8th year he was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he derived his taste for general literature, and his fitness for the pursuits of commercial life. He continued there till 1789, about which time he obtained a situation as clerk in the East India House, where he continued till the year 1825, and then retired, with a handsome annuity, on the superannuated list.

"Mr. Lamb's principal works were as follow: A small volume entitled 'Blank Verse,' printed in 1798 in conjunction with his friend Charles Lloyd; 'Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets,' 1808; Two dramatic pieces, 'John Woodvil,' a tragedy, and 'Mr. H.,' an afterpiece. 'Rosomond Grey,' a beautiful pathetic tale, and 'Old Blind Margery.' The Works of Charles Lamb, 2 Vols., 1818. 'Elia,' 1823, a collection of Essays, which were the most admired of his works, and appeared originally in the *London Magazine*. 'Album Verses,' 1830. 'The adventures of Ulysses' and 'Tales from Shakespeare,' 2 Vols. The Last Essays of 'Elia,' 1833. Subsequently to his specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, he published a second series, which appeared in Mr. Hone's Every Day Book, under the head of the 'Garrick Papers,' extracted from the valuable collection in the British Museum, and that work is illustrated with very valuable notes by Mr.

Lamb. To this list of his productions may be added a small poem entitled 'Satan in quest of a wife'; and he also aided his sister, Miss Mary Lamb, in her elegant little work entitled 'Mrs. Leycester's School.'

"On considering Mr. Lamb as diligently engaged in the pursuits of commercial life, it might surprise us that he could find leisure to write so much for the public; but the truth is, his faculties were extraordinary. The wit that he brought with him from school continued to flow uniformly and to increase through the whole course of his life. It was almost as natural with him to say witty things as to breathe; he could not enter a room without a joke, and he may be said to have almost conversed in extemporaneous humour. Nor did his discourse consist of merely sportive pleasantries; they had often the force of eloquence, joined with the solidity of argument, enlivened and softened by a humanity and benevolence which invariably beamed in his countenance. Perhaps, too, they were a little increased by his infirmities; for he had a defect in his utterance, which gave a somewhat of quaintness and peculiarity of tone to his conversation. Overflowing as his spirits were, they never exceeded the bounds of propriety and decorum; and towards the fair sex, though he was never married, he never failed to evince the kindest feelings and purest respect.

"Mr. Lamb has left behind him no other relation but the sister already mentioned, who is as amiable in disposition as himself, and who possesses a considerable share of literary talent. They were similar in their characters, their manners, and their studies; and there cannot be well conceived a more perfect example of fraternal and sisterly

love, and untiring friendship, than that which existed between them, and which Mr. Lamb has elegantly alluded to in one of his poems, and likewise in one of his Papers, entitled 'Mackery End'; wherein he says, 'I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division,—but that is impossible.'

"The present tribute of respect to the memory of this estimable gentleman, is offered by the same pen which gave a previous account of Mr. Lamb's works in the Gentleman's Magazine."

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINWRIGHT, *alias* JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

It has been generally considered, on the authority of Talfourd, that this notorious scoundrel—the one-time friend of Charles Lamb before his villainy had been brought to light, and a frequent contributor to the *London Magazine*—was, before he began his literary career, a cavalry officer. Talfourd writes: "It was whispered that he had been an officer in the Dragoons." Such however was not the fact. He was what is called in the Army a "foot-slogger." He was gazetted an Ensign in the 16th (Bedfordshire) Regiment of Foot on April 14th, 1814, but his army career was of short duration as he had resigned his commission before July of the following year.

THE DIVERSITY OF DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

THE mercurial temperament of Dion Clayton Calthrop is as apparent in his latest book, "Tremendous Adventures" as his first. Here are all the qualities that have endeared him to tens of thousands of readers—whimsicality, tenderness, simplicity, sophistication, wit, sentiment, buoyancy, tragedy, geniality, cynicism, romance, realism—blended in the most bewildering and attractive manner possible.

I have a grudge against Calthrop in his realistic fantasy that he does not give us nearly enough of Stephen Frogmore after his evolution from a kind of Tulkynhorn to a kind of David Copperfield. The saturnine lawyer had a beautiful romance which flowered and faded in a remote past:

"Forty years ago Mr. Frogmore had his one crowded hour of glorious life—the crowded hour lasted three months to be precise. He had loved, and his love had been returned. He had, with the whole strength of his strong nature, been devoured and consumed by the divine fire, and Sophy Curlet had

died. Mr. Frogmore had died then in spirit; nothing was left of his fire but ashes."

The author gives old Stephen a little of the power of the phoenix just before death, in the short space of repose which his doctors has insisted on too late. In

a golden space of countryside bright but peaceful, the Happy Valley in South Devon, Sophy came to him, much as she has been in life, but with a butterfly gentleness:

"She was ridiculously sweet, tender, but not shy. She seemed to have been blown there as softly as thistle-down. She had the most absurd parasol, a thing that would not have shaded a mouse, white satin with moss-roses and forget-me-nots embroidered on it, and with an ivory stick to it which a child, handling it carelessly, would snap.

"You have come back to me, Stephen, after all these years?"

"With his hands digging into the turf he whispered, 'Yes.'"

That meeting between the old man and his young love is to me the most tremendous adventure in



Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop.

Calthrop's chronicles of the Happy Valley; but the characters who carry on the main body of the action are Mr. Frogmore's faithful clerk, Henry Belton, his delicious wife, Rose, and the fascinating but disturbing Pindar Willoughby, who cuts across their married content.

The best thing one can say about the bucolic Henry is that he is a faithful trustee of the Sophy Curlet Horticultural College, whose rose-blooms are a recurring sweet requiem for the girl of the fairy parasol. I will say no more about Pin and Rose and the fairy god-mother, Lady Angelina, since Dion Clayton Calthrop's devotees would frown on me for betraying their secrets; but I will dwell instead on the real-life romance of Calthrop as an author.

Calthrop, who is as much playwright as novelist, and as much painter as either, is of French, Irish and English blood, and comes of a family which has been closely identified with the stage for generations. His grandfather, Dion Boucicault, was the famous author of "The Shaughraun," "Arrah-na-Pogue," and other robust melo-comedies of Irish character which delighted old London audiences; his father was "Handsome John Clayton," who played dashing rôles in Pinero's early farces and comedies; that well-graced young actor, Donald Calthrop, is his brother; the irresistible Irene Vanbrugh is his aunt; so Calthrop was practically cradled in a property-basket over which good fairies watched: he owes his main success in life to the fairies and to the happy disposition they gave him.

Dion began life as an artist, and laboured strenuously with paint in Paris. He had exhibits at the Salon and the Academy. His career as an artist was apparently decided for life when he began to suffer from insomnia. Finding he could not sleep at night, he penned fanciful little articles which first found admittance in a brilliant periodical, since forgotten, called *The Butterfly*. These prose sketches lightly pressed him out of his pictorial work in the Beaux Arts.

His first book, very appropriately, was "The Guide to Fairyland," illustrated by himself. Of the many lightsome volumes that followed, his favourites are, in fiction, "Perpetua" and "St. Quin"; in essay form, "Etcetera," and in art a three-volume "History of English Costume," with his own illustrations in black-and-white and colour. Many years of research, eager, but patient, went to the making of a standard work of immense value to students of dress through the ages, which is a favourite prize-book in American colleges.

"Yes," he stated with a pensive smile when I asked him about "Museum headache" and its causes: "I still continue to suffer from it when I visit the Mecca of the books; but that indisposition is all in the day's work; and I love the Museum in spite of this dolour."

Readers of Calthrop's books imagine they are written with extraordinary ease; and in a sense they are: "I love my work, every hour of it; but it generally takes me two years to get a book dovetailed into the right shape. I write my books in the street."

I suppose the speaker saw some incredulity in my eyes; for he said with laughing determination: "I mean that literally. When I am walking in London or the country I think out my situations, and even my

sentences; and in the morning I have the picture of the pages in my head, and commit them to paper just as they came to me."

Calthrop writes a beautiful neat hand, closely resembling Charles Dickens's, and practically without any erasures or additions. He likes using the pen, but balked at the typewriter, and was horrified by the mere cold, forbidding appearance of the dictaphone.

His two favourite novelists are Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson; and the influence of both may be faintly traced in his works. Some months ago he had a very severe shock, as his eyes one day failed him, and he feared he was going blind. After a period of intense depression he was restored to the joy of life by the decision of a famous oculist that he was merely suffering from eye-strain and too much smoking. "I used to have a box of cigarettes at my elbow when I worked," he confessed, "and half a dozen well-primed pipes; and I smoked away like billy-o. Now I smoke not at all when I am working, and enjoy tobacco much more in relaxation. At the present time I am having a rest from actual writing, but am planning out the finish of a new play, 'England's Oak,' a kind of modern 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' with humble obeisances to the Bard.

"At one time I was so rushed with two plays that I used to take my lunch in a cab. This was when I was busy on 'À La Carte' for Gaby Deslys at the Palace, and 'Harlequinade' at the St. James's with Granville Barker. I wrote and designed the dresses and scenery of both plays, and produced one of them. I enjoyed my light meals in the cab when speeding from one theatre to another until the time came when I took two calls on the one night. Incidentally I may say that poor Gaby was one of the kindest, jolliest and most generous colleagues that any author-producer ever had. She was compact of fun and good nature."

Other plays from Calthrop's agile hand are "The Old Country," in which his friend, Gerald Du Maurier, played lead, and "The Southern Maid." As producer he is proud of designing the costumes for Tree's magnificent presentation of "Faust," and of getting the real furniture of the period for a Royal Command performance of Bulwer Lytton's "Money" (or rather an act of that ingenuous old stager).

Dion Clayton Calthrop is an authority on furniture, and has many fine specimens of different periods in his sunny flat. But he seems to collect almost anything that attracts his fancy. He has, for example, a complete set of constables' batons, including one used by a famous Bow Street runner. Sir Neville Macready when he visited Calthrop urged that he should leave these curious instruments to "The Yard," which has only two on view.

One of his most graceful collections is of walking-canes of different periods; but he is just as keen on old prints, old china, and even ancient belaying-pins.

Our author has a great love of the sea, and his favourite amusements are swimming and deep-sea fishing. During the war he was Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve.

I asked Calthrop for his philosophy of life, and he replied: "I do not take myself seriously, for life is serious enough of itself. I find the world a good place just because there are so many good people in it in spite

of all the dismal conditions of the war and after. If we all endeavour to be happy in ourselves, the whole current of humanity will carry away the little cares of the world, if not the great. In society there are forces of evil, but evil people are in the minority. All round this visible temporal world there are also joyous influences which can only be seen by the eyes of a mirthful

faith. I don't believe in fairies that you can kodak, but fairies, or their similitudes, do exist. The actual fairies in our superficial world are children."

Calthrop is one of the lucky men who can talk to children in their own language—a secret and difficult task, even for an enchanted Celt who spoke French before he learned English.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best advice in not more than eight lines of original verse to any well-known public character.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Elsie B. Granville, Kelvin Lodge, Browning Avenue, Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth, for the following:

THE FISHERMAN'S LASS.

When I runs my little skiff ashore,
With all its shining load;
When I trudges thro' the twilight,
Up the winding wind-swept road;
I whistles merrily a tune,
Though toil-worn I may be;
For I've a little lass at home
Who's everything to me!

My lass, she ain't a beauty,
Like one reads about in books;
And she ain't the kind of gal what thinks
A deal about her looks;
No dimples dance upon her cheek,
Her hair, quite straight and brown;
But I wouldn't swop my Mary
For the prettiest lass in town!

Her mouth—it ain't a Cupid's bow,
Nor starry are her eyes;
She ain't got much book learning,
And she's not so very wise,
But if the squalls should sweep our way,
And lash to foam life's sea,
Her love, unchanged thro' changing years,
My beacon light shall be!

We also select for printing:

IN PRAISE OF ONE.

Oh, little gods of wilderness,
Be good to one who sees
The fingers of the wind caress
The ruffled locks of trees,
Bend all the wilding wood to her
To blossom to her hand;
Oh, little gods, be good to her,
Whose love you understand.

Oh wilderness, take heart again,
And welcome one who hears
The gentle harper in the rain
Harp with a sound of tears,
Bid sunlight fall like wine on her,
And rainbow arcs entice
The coloured webs to shine on her
From looms of Paradise.

(Eisdell E. Tucker, 181, Grove Lane, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.)

THE LITTLE HOUR.

The little hour is here to-night,
So strangely sweet and wonderful
That trees are
trembling with
delight,
And all the dewy
cups are full
Where fairies sip,
and gently
shake
Their silken ham-
mocks as they
wake.

To-night the earth
has nestled down
In fields and
pastures round
about,
With eider from the
thistledown



Miss Teresa Hooley

whose new book of poems, "Songs of the Open," has just been published by Jonathan Cape.

To keep the cool grey shadows out;
And nightlights ready in the sky
To tell the hour of waking by.

So quiet the little acorns sit
Upon the oak, and you can see
The corners where the spiders knit
Their dainty webs so cunningly;
Only you must on tiptoe go
And not let other people know.

Nothing is new, and nothing old,
But dreams are hanging overhead;
And all the things you have been told,
And everything that you have read,
Could never seem so sweet as this—
The little hour when fairies kiss.

(Muriel Garbutt, 43, Victoria Street, St. Albans.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), D. C. Thomson (Oxford), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), Una Malleson (West Kensington), Margaret Brown (Harrow-on-the-Hill), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Rudolf Robert (South Kensington), Marjorie Holmes (Bentham), Miss D. H. Glasson (Sydney, Australia), M. Hurl (Barnsbury), Dorothea Humphreys (Manchester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), V. Walker (Whitehaven), Percival Hale Coke (Skegness), Violetta Thurstan (El Burg-el-Arab, Egypt), Edith Allen (Bristol), Agnes Dewar Scott (Woolwich), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, Mass.), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), Hilda de Fleury (London, S.W.), W. Handlen (Oxford), F. Davidson (Bryansford, County Down), Frederic Warner (Auckland, N.Z.), Marshall Louis Martins (California), D. Freeman Larkin (Anerley), J. H. Warren (Birkenhead), Donald Stewart (Sutton), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), R. Sercombe Smith (Bromley, Kent), L. Ivy Hale (Bristol), Sybil C. Knight (Guildford), Lilian M. Belletti (Stanwell), Miss E. R. Faraday (Orleton), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), W. H. Woodzell (Plymouth), F. O. Call (Lennoxville, Canada), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Beth Collis (Esquimalt, B.C., Canada), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Lorna Leathem, The White House, Neville's Cross, Durham, for the following:

THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT.

By RIDGWEIL CULLUM. (Cecil Palmer.)

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet."
JOHN KEATS, *Ode to a Nightingale*.

We also select for printing:

THE KINGDOM ROUND THE CORNER.

By CONINGSBY DAWSON.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."
POPE, *Essay on Man*.

(Jessie E. Greenwood, Lyncroft, Maldon Road, Wallington.)

MADE TO MEASURE. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.
(Collins.)

"I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue."
W. S. GILBERT, *Trial by Jury*.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

TO HIM THAT HATH. By RALPH CONNOR.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Now that I am myself a master,
My gains come softer still and faster."
R. L. STEVENSON, *Robin and Ben*.

(Isobel Simpson, Gowan Bank, Dundee.)

HUMBUG." By E. M. DELAFIELD.
(Hutchinson.)

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act iii, Sc. 4.

(C. K. T. Palmer, "Jesmond," The Park,
West Hartlepool.)

THE PROFITEERS. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"We 'ave got 'old of ' the needful.'"
RUDYARD KIPLING, *M.I.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road,
Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best motto, original or selected, for the Irish Free State, is awarded to A. W. Moore, Mill House, Hothfield, Ashford, Kent, for the following:

"Let our object be our Country, our whole Country, and nothing but our Country."
(DANIEL WEBSTER.)

We specially commend Miss J. Shaw (Harrogate), C. K. Rhodes (Deal), Miss Duffin (Belfast), Ethel G. Jackson (Chesterfield), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), R. Speight (Harrogate), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), A. E. M. Brickenden (Gorey, Ireland), Alianori V. Brickenden (Gorey, Ireland), Miss C. Feery (Bushey), C. Ashley Brown (Saffron Walden).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Geoffrey H. Wells, 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff, for the following:

THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON.

By GILBERT FRANKAU. (Hutchinson.)

This new novel, written with immense vigour in that clipped, clear-cut English its author has used in earlier books, recounts the social and other adventures of a beautiful married woman who leaves her K.C. husband to live with her lover. These, with such extra attractions as a fox hunt, a murder trial, and so on, make a good evening's entertainment, though it is hard to regard the book as possessing any particular value as a serious study of the divorce question.

We also select for printing:

CRITICISM: MUSIC AND LETTERS.

By W. J. TURNER. (Methuen.)

The author of these very original essays sees things from a different standpoint to the ordinary musical critic who, scalpel in hand, is so busy dissecting the body of music that the soul often eludes him entirely. Mr. Turner deals with the soul, and at the same time does not lose sight of the demands of the body. You may not agree with all his statements. You can't. But he makes you think. He makes you sit up, and perhaps figuratively turn up your sleeves for a fight. Like a draught of ice cold spring water, he is invigorating and refreshing.

(Lilian M. Belletti, Selwood Lodge, Stanwell,
Middlesex.)

BARBARY: THE ROMANCE OF THE NEAREST EAST. By MACCALLUM SCOTT.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

A little of history, a flavour of guide-book lore, a good deal of geographical detail, and many charming pieces of descriptive writing—these are some ingredients of this interesting book. One of the most attractive chapters is that entitled "The Street of Perfumes," which deals with the various aromatic essences to be purchased in Tunis, and the visions conjured up when they are released from their crystal prisons. Such chapters as that dealing with "Salamambo" may appear irrelevant, but the author has written of the country from all angles, and the result is as interesting as its subject.

(N. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)

THE YOUNG ENCHANTED. BY HUGH WALPOLE.
(Macmillan.)

The skilful characterisation in this "romantic story" is an epitome of Life itself. It reveals the subtle influences of nationality, the inefficiency of selfishness, the efficacy of individual selflessness, and the constant conflict between the materialistic and spiritual tendencies in each human soul. There is no didactic element. The characters naturally evolve, playing their several parts in this drama of human life. We live with them, pitying the hapless Clare, feeling for Peter, gladly suffering the "rich fool," Victoria, rejoicing in Millie's and Henry's gay youthfulness, while we love with unwavering fidelity and devotion the fated master of Duncombe Hall.

(Alice Youle Hind, 5, Clarence Street, Brighton.)

We select for special commendation the reviews sent by James A. Richards (Tenby), Miss A. Mason (London, S.W.), Maud R. Fleeson (Manchester), Margery Hunter

Woods (London, W.C.), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Blanche Weiner (Dulwich), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), H. Corti (London, E.), M. Judson (Bowdon), Jean Kemp (Aberdeen), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), J. Parkinson (Letchworth), D. Mavor (London, N.W.), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Helen Louise Bell (Manchester), D. F. Fahy (London, S.W.), H. A. Bush, Jun. (Bolton), Dorothy S. Knox (Ilkley), G. W. Bowes (Blackburn), Bertie van Thal (London, N.W.), J. Harold Armstrong (Harrogate), H. Cotterill Davies (King's Bromley), Miss V. W. Ware (Eastleigh), Malcolm Hemphrey (Farnborough), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden).

V. —The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.

THE GREATEST AMANUENSIS IN HISTORY. JOHN CHRISTOPHER SMITH, THE FRIEND OF HANDEL.

BY NEWMAN FLOWER.

THE average amanuensis to genius plays but a sorry part and is forgotten, a mechanical figure with no special claim to remembrance. But John Christopher Smith, to whose three sets of transcripts of Handel's music, which he made for the master, we are indebted for considerable knowledge of Handel, was a figure apart.

His discovery by Handel was a discovery for the permanent benefit of music. Smith was then a boy of thirteen. And the discovery was an accident. In 1716 Handel was travelling on the Continent when he chanced to meet at Anspach the boy's father of the same cognomen—John Christopher Smith. Smith the elder hailed from Handel's birthplace, Halle, in Saxony, and an old acquaintanceship was thus revived. He induced Smith to leave his family behind and come with him to London, where he made him treasurer of his performances.

Smith *père*—or Schmidt, which was his baptismal name—flourished exceedingly under Handel, and four years later he sent for his family to join him in London. Thither came his wife, a son, and two daughters. Handel conceived a keen liking for the boy because of the musical intelligence which was lying dormant in him. Young Smith was sent to Clare's Academy in Soho Square, and in his spare time Handel taught him music. The brilliance of the youth then began to appear. At the age of eighteen his proficiency was such that he

had sufficient employment as a teacher to make him independent of his father, who continued to manage the Handelian box-office. He changed his name from Schmidt to Smith, and became, like the genius he served, a British citizen.

In the early twenties this boy produced his first opera, and, although he occupies no outstanding place as a composer, he is a certain figure in eighteenth century music. Not only Handel, but Pepusch taught him, so did Rosengrave. Thus did the boy become fitted for the position he was ultimately to fill.

The association of Handel and the two Smiths was intimate in the extreme. The elder Smith at this time was making the Handel transcripts. They seemed welded—the three—into a closeness of personality; and, although the younger Smith survived Handel by nearly forty years, he took to himself in his later years much of the character of Handel, saving only the same irascibility of temper.

The love of Handel for this young man was the affection of a father for a son. Smith *filis* was his son in all but blood-tie. He worked for Handel, not so much as an employee, but as a member of a family would work for its head.

All the later transcriptions of the Handel works are in the writing of Smith *filis*: a delightful clear writing, almost copperplate in its precision. And considering that Handel, in his moods when setting down a composition, pushed his thumb



John Christopher Smith.
From the painting by Zoffani.



**"Thus saith the Lord."
From "The Messiah."**

As Handel wrote it.

across a few bars of which he did not approve, and of which the ink was still wet, and added and deleted more freely than any author or composer ever known, Smith had no easy task. But the three copies he made are to this day as good as print.

Christopher Smith's temperament seemed to become more and more mellowed to Handel's as he grew elder. He became, as it were, an integral limb of the old man. And much as Handel appreciated Smith's father, the same link was missing between them. Smith the elder had something of Handel's irascibility; Smith the younger was always passive and forbearing.

The link between Handel and Smith *père* snapped violently one day at Tunbridge Wells. They had gone down there together, for what purpose is not clear. But Handel was almost blind. In the street they had

a violent altercation, and without further word Smith left Handel where he was—an almost blind man in a strange town—to find his way home.

Handel, swift to the sense of hurt, declared he would never forgive Smith. When he found his way back to London he told the son that the breach was irrevocable, and that the thousand pounds he had left his father in his will would pass to him. This was the first occasion on which the younger Smith ever reached a crisis with Handel. "What will the world say if you set aside my father and leave this legacy to me?" he retorted.

Handel never remembered an angry word for long after it was spoken. He did alter the will, and instead of leaving Smith's father one thousand pounds he left him two thousand four hundred pounds! But it was the son's refusal to receive the sacrament with Handel until he was at peace with the world that brought this about.

It is entirely due to the younger Smith that the majority of the Handel autographs are still in England. Handel left him all his

manuscripts, his harpsichord on which nearly all his music had been composed, and the portrait of him by Denner: the best of the Handel portraits, and now in the proud possession of Mr. Arthur Hill, of New Bond Street. It was Handel's wish that all his manuscripts should go to the University Library at Oxford, but he having named the younger Smith as the inheritor of them, the situation was difficult. So he approached Christopher Smith one day and suggested that he should leave him three thousand pounds instead of the manuscripts. But Handel did not know Smith for the ardent disciple he was. He refused the offer. Handel had promised him those manuscripts; he wanted them; they were chapters from his life. So Handel stuck to his word.

Then came the sequel. When Handel died the King of Prussia offered Christopher Smith two thousand pounds for the manuscripts. But Smith did not intend that they should go out of England. He refused the offer, and gave them to the King of England. This generosity, and sense of fairness to a country and a royal dynasty that had befriended his master, are alone responsible for those manuscripts—which include the autograph of "Messiah," "Jephtha," and many other Handel treasures of unspeakable worth—being in the King's room at the British Museum to-day.

Of the three sets of Christopher Smith's copies of the Handel works, the history is briefly told. Between twenty and thirty volumes of one set were picked up for a song at Bristol by Victor Schoelcher—the Handel biographer—and presented by him to the library at Hamburg; the second set of something over a hundred volumes is divided between the British Museum and the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and the third



"Thus saith the Lord."

As Christopher Smith transcribed it.

set, numbering nearly two hundred volumes, is in the possession of the writer, this set having been given by Jennens, the librettist of "Messiah" (to whom Smith gave it) to his cousin, the Earl of Aylesford, in the eighteenth century.

When Handel died Christopher Smith became a broken man. The great life that meant so much to him was gone; the soul that was drenched in melody had fled to another sphere. His own life seemed to stop. He composed a little, but his voice was but an echo of the greater voice that had passed. The uttermost had been torn out of him. He remained a pathetic figure, with a royal pension, living on a memory. For how could it be otherwise? There had been more than the link of an amanuensis with his employer. He could not be expected to forget that scene when, during the last years of Handel's blindness, "Samson" was performed at the theatre. Smith was at the organ, and Handel sitting blind beside the instrument, staring with eyes that saw not into space. And then came

that wonderful melody to the words:

"Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon——"

No wonder people wept. And probably the figure at the organ saw nothing of the still figure beside the instrument for his own tears.

When, towards the end of Christopher Smith's years, the great Commemoration of Handel was held at Westminster Abbey under the direction of Joah Bates, Smith was requested by the King to be present. The King assured him that he should be given a prominent seat. But the aged amanuensis and musician declined. Conscious of the honour, he pleaded his advanced age, and the emotion that such a celebration would involve to his feeble frame.

The King did not know, and the public never knew, that the soul of Christopher Smith died with Handel, and that he then became no more than a flower that wilts in the dark after the sun has gone.

DESMOND COKE.

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE reading public is a strangely simple organism when appetite is concerned; once tickle its taste and it demands that you shall supply it henceforth with exactly the same sort of dish. And too often reviewers encourage the public. How dare Mr. Eden Phillpotts, for instance, select a theme not pertaining to Dartmoor? Is it possible that he can write well about anything else? We have bought your roast beef—excellent fare; we are not so sure that you can make a passable omelette!

Thus Mr. Desmond Coke has an assured name as a writer of school stories, which amounts to misrepresentation. He has written some finely thoughtful studies of school and college life; but he is first of all a man of the wider world, novelist and student of character—a position I shall prove, substantiate, enforce, and defend with immense pleasure, assuming in all readers a willingness to accept the suggestion that an author is entirely reasonable in using as a setting those scenes with which he is thoroughly familiar. But whatever or wherever the scene, it is character in interplay, change, development, that matters if you are a real writer and not merely a "producer" of novels; neglect it, and you are in danger of becoming a "best seller," with the certainty

that twenty copies of your new book will go to and fro in every suburban morning and evening train for a month at least, time-killers for the million.

Mr. Coke proved his independence, his skill and sympathy, in "The Comedy of Age" (1906) wherein two sides of Oxford life are given. A comedy of age can only be rightly shown in pastel tints, gently and delicately, and the old don trying to climb out of the groove so deep that he could but peer over its edge,

trying to be boyish at heart once more, trying to "chum up" to young fellows whom he only succeeds in puzzling, is a figure to be remembered. Laughed at, though he was full of vague sincerity; considered interfering when he wished to be sympathetic; thought half mad, though he was really returning to sanity, Radford is a character in the true spirit of comedy—for in him laughter and sadness are not far apart. He glories, at first, in being almost fossilised. "What's the use of it?" asks his friend of old, who comes to Oxford on a visit and has a serene contempt for the classics. "How does it touch life? You tar, then whitewash, some one who's been dead two thousand years. Who's the happier for all the ancient pillars upon earth?" Radford's awakening comes, and he attempts a friendship with



Photo by Histed

Mr. Desmond Coke.

Lane, an undergraduate, and the bewilderment of youth trying to respond to the friendship of age is a secondary theme of the book. Lane in love with a photographer's pretty assistant worries Radford terribly, and the course of this one-sided "affair" is very neatly conveyed. In time, Radford is left to his lectures and his studies—but he is no longer a fossil; he has become human. The book thus scantily summarised is one of the best examinations of the reaction of two totally different characters that I have read, and their gradual, reluctant change from polite antagonism to sympathetic comprehension is conveyed with subtle skill.

A quality which distinguishes the novels of Mr. Coke from those of very many other authors is his ease and grace in the use of epigram; from any book of his a score of tightly-packed phrases that present some aspect of life—life in miniature—could be chosen to illustrate this. It is not that other writers neglect epigrams; they manufacture them by the cartload, and that is where the trouble comes in—it is so obviously the "clever" thing to do. A happy idea arrives—let us keep the hero waiting while we slip it into its pretty costume. Women love these smart sayings, children cry for them. There lies danger; from the artistic point of view it is fatal to be "smart." But one can create philosophic little epigrams without the sin of "smartness"—at least, Mr. Coke can; and his brief interludes always mean something, are always pertinent to the plot. This sentence from the book I have just mentioned: "Scholastic fame rests often on unfinished labours, and many a published work has wrecked a giant reputation," sends a searching gleam on poor Radford which tells more than a page of description. "Youth's emotions atone for their narrowness by their great depth," shows the position of young Lane in love quite clearly. In "Helena Brett's Career" comes the sardonic touch. "Every man, almost, has one trusted friend whose advice he does not take in all moments of perplexity." Here is a delightful bit of cynicism from "The Golden Key": "Where men drift, in matters of emotion, women navigate."

An epigram might be termed a truth in fancy dress . . . and here am I, stealing Mr. Coke's thunder without a blush; but I want to convey some idea of the legitimate use of the epigram. Rightly employed, it relieves the perhaps too even flow of plot; but it also contributes to the elucidation of either plot or character. A good material may be dull of hue, or too close of texture—hence embroidery and the emphasising of figure lines and the reflection of light in the right place. Such "embroidery," which is not purposeless, nor merely decorative, is by no means superfluous, though some austere people profess to think it so.

"Helena Brett's Career" (1913) and Mr. Coke's latest novel "Pamela Herself," have a similar theme in the incompatibility of a couple who are happily married. This seems contradictory; but Brett the novelist and his wife, and Kitson the head master and his wife, fell in love with the highest hopes, and for a time were actually happy. Brett, putting it mildly, is irritating; he is a literary man with a terrific opinion of himself and his Work. Everything in the home

must be subservient to his Work—his after-lunch nap (disguised as the time when he was supposed to be "keeping in touch with modern movements" by reading the weekly reviews) is sacred; the slightest interruption, the displacement of a vase on his study table, spoils his "flow of ideas," and upsets him for the day. His wife, gradually penetrating to his real self, bored and lonely, joins a debating circle, makes friends with a young artist, and writes a book, which is published anonymously and makes a hit. The book, in fact, is her diary intensified, in which she has drawn a dreadfully accurate portrait of her husband. How the secret comes out, how Brett receives the news, and the sarcasm of the critics—it all makes a splendid climax, and my only regret is that Helena did not leave her husband. She flares up magnificently, but the flame dies down, and one feels that it is only a matter of time, in spite of the reconciliation, before there will be renewed and more serious trouble. Brett was "gey ill to live with," though he had some good points. And one picture of him, for which I am for ever grateful, is his chest-expansion as the guest of the evening at a suburban "literary society." The tin god simply coruscates with comedy.

Of "Pamela Herself" I will say only that it is a strong and courageous book, in which Mr. Coke has the School, with its traditions, as background, a Head almost fanatic in severe adherence to duty, a young wife who cannot grow into the shape he desires, and other important characters who play their parts in deadly earnest. Pamela's dramatic outburst of indignation at the expulsion of her own son—their son—from the school for an offence that might, with tact, have been pardoned, is one of the finest scenes in any of Mr. Coke's novels.

These books are representative of Mr. Coke's best work, and his many others—"The Golden Key," a fascinating study of youth in London; "Beauty for Ashes," books for boys and about boys; the humorous "Belinda Blinders" volumes, of which the latest is "The Nouveau Poor" published last year—must be left out of this article except for the mere allusion; though I should have liked to linger on the deliberate absurdities of "The Nouveau Poor," so full of laughter irresistible. There is one book, however, on another plane. When Mr. Coke showed me his silhouettes, his pictures, and his wonderfully beautiful (and tastefully displayed) collection of curios of all kinds, every one a work of art or delicate handicraft, I began to understand the pleasure he must have taken in writing "The Art of Silhouette," which expert knowledge and enthusiasm combined make an ideal contribution to a little-known subject. Justin, the hero of "The Golden Key," finds solace for his loneliness in collecting, and makes friends with Dumond, keeper of an antique shop, a queer character suggestive of the art of Dickens; probably there is some foundation in fact for the episode. Even from this, one might guess at the author's hobby—something more than a hobby; a delight to him and to his friends.

So, feeling that I have only suggested the truth to life in matters small as well as great of Mr. Coke's fiction, and the scholarly versatility of his mind, I must close with another suggestion—that those who

do not happen to know, his work should make some attempt to do so. They will feel, behind "the story in it," in each book, a thoughtful personality to whom

careless writing is an impossibility, and who possesses that most effective combination—an ideal of life, as well as an ideal of style.

New Books.

SELECTED NOYES.*



Mr. Alfred Noyes.

There are only a few new poems in this volume by Mr. Alfred Noyes. Of these the most notable is "A Victory Ball," which, the author explains in a foot-note, "is not an attack on one of the most graceful of the arts, but was suggested by one particular method of celebrating the last hour of the world's Calvary." The poem breathes the voluptuous atmosphere of

the worst type of modern ball-room. The shades of the men who died for the New World which the politicians promised us watch the

"Fat wet bodies
Go waddling by"

and the children fresh from school begging for doses of the best cocaine.

"What did you think
We should find," said a shade,
'When the last shot echoed
And peace was made?'
'Christ,' laughed the fleshless
Jaws of his friend.
'I thought they'd be praying
For worlds to mend . . .'
"Pish," said a statesman
Standing near,
'I'm glad they can busy
Their thoughts elsewhere!
We mustn't reproach 'em;
They're young, you see.'
'Ah,' said the dead men,
'So were we!'"

For the rest, the book is made up of selections from Mr. Noyes's previous works. It was a happy idea that inspired him to issue such a volume, and we shall be surprised if it does not do something towards strengthening his reputation even in those literary circles where it has been the fashion for some years past to ignore or to belittle his work. It is true that Mr. Noyes's poetry is quite out of harmony with the most popular contemporary trend of verse and criticism; he has not bowed the knee to the Squirearchy that has arisen in our midst. But on that account the popular critics of the moment should not have given way to prejudice, as they certainly have done. Unfortunately, it cannot be denied that Mr. Noyes has himself made it easier for them to do so. He has unquestionably written too much; he has repeated himself far too frequently; he has often been altogether too glib and slapdash; with the inevitable consequence that his best work has been liable to become buried amid his worst. Even so, however, the critics of the new school have been very unfair to him; and to those critics this volume of his "Selected Verse" offers a direct challenge.

* "Selected Verse: Including 'A Victory Ball' and Other Poems Old and New." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

For in this slim book (there are only ninety pages) we have Mr. Noyes shorn of all his excesses. He has, it would seem, deliberately refrained from including any of his most "popular" poems. "The Barrel Organ" does not resound in these pages; "The Highwayman" is not here; there is nothing from "Drake"; there is a complete absence of the patriotic drum, and of pieces written upon special occasions; and there is nothing about Robin Hood or Old Japan. There is one long poem—"The Sign of the Golden Shoe"—from "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." Apart from that, most of the twenty-six poems selected are quite short and are of a kind that obviously invite judgment by the narrower and more academic standards of criticism. And it is difficult to imagine how, after a careful reading of this volume, any critic, holding by those standards, can fail to appreciate that the best of Mr. Noyes's work can very easily bear comparison with that of the much-belauded "Georgians." "The May Tree," "The Swimmer's Race" and "Sunlight and Sea" are, to take three examples at random, poems that would be perfectly at home in, and would certainly grace, any "Georgian" anthology; and the same may be said of "The Waggon":

"Crimson and black on the sky, a waggon of clover
Slowly goes rumbling, over the white chalk road;
And I lie in the golden grass there, wondering why
So little a thing
As the jingle and ring of the harness,
The hot creak of leather,
The peace of the plodding,
Should suddenly, stabbingly make it
Dreadful to die.

"Only, perhaps, in the same blue summer weather,
Hundreds of years ago, in this field where I lie,
Cardmon, the Saxon, was caught by the self-same thing:
The serf lying, dark with the sun, on his beautiful wain load,
The jingle and clink of the harness,
The hot creak of leather,
The peace of the plodding;
And wondered, O terribly wondered
That men must die."

And if Mr. Noyes can compete successfully with the "Georgians," even on their own ground, we cannot but feel that, however much he may have sinned in writing for the sake of writing, he has, when moved by a genuine impulse, a dignity, a range of vision, and a passion for humanity that raise his best work far above the average level of modern verse. We feel this the more confidently after re-reading, in this selected edition, such a fine poem as his "Creation"; and we are more than ever compelled to doubt either the intelligence or the seriousness of any critic who calls Mr. Noyes but a reincarnation of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

G. T.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S NEW NOVEL.*

At a symposium of writers, the other night, the question was raised as to whether or no the novel was played out as a form of art; and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith gave it as her opinion that the hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand word book was doomed, but that the long-short *conte* of from twenty to forty thousand words was coming into its own.

During the last few years we have had one or two examples of this. Rebecca West gave us her tender

* "The Life and Death of Harriett Frean." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Collins.)

"Return of the Soldier," F. Tennyson-Jesse her passionate "White Riband," and now May Sinclair has produced "The Life and Death of Harriett Frean," a book worthy—and that is saying a great deal—to rank with the other two.

Miss Sinclair once remarked that pity was her strongest emotion; and whether that is or is not a fact, she has certainly drawn this prim and commonplace old maid with pity and understanding. Harriett Frean was the child of superior people, the sort who took Tennyson and Ruskin seriously, and themselves wrote a little on the "Social Order." She was brought up to avoid what her parents termed moral ugliness, and to put sentimental ideals before reality. When Robin Lethbridge falls in love with her she sends him back to the woman he does not love, and preens herself on having done a uniquely beautiful act. The high-water mark of the book is reached when Mona Floyd, Robin's niece, tells her she has been "a selfish fool"; that she has made three, no, four people miserable by her silly acceptance of her parents' point of view.

Harriett, however, could do no less. She is not able to think for herself, and her arrogance, her satisfaction with that trivial self is founded on this, the only moment of self-assertion in the course of her life. She clings to the belief that her act, though it no longer appears "as it once did, uplifting, consoling, incorruptible," was one which if it had to be done again to-morrow, she would do.

And Harriett was right. She was too stupid to depart in any way from conventional theory and deed. She was without strong emotions, or even strong instincts; she was in fact of a curiously low vitality. An affectionate daughter, she had a sentimental feeling for Robin, and she clung drearily to three or four dreary women friends—she was in fact a dull, arrogant, "icily regular" woman who lived for sixty-eight years, and yet was never more than half alive.

About this woman Miss Sinclair has written a book of singular beauty. Every word is chosen and fits like a stitch set in a piece of embroidery. Almost every word is of a fine silk and in harmony with those set before and after. Harriett herself is not interesting, and not even Miss Sinclair's art can make her so. It is the writer's presentation of this dull creature that holds the attention and holds it triumphantly. Nevertheless the book will probably not appeal to sentimentalists (and though these we have always with us, it is a hopeful sign that they are less often in the high places), for it is too poignant an indictment of their point of view.

A beautiful little book, and some of the episodes most happily conceived. What could be more true to life than Harriett's call on the Brailsfords, the people next door. She has waited seven years before calling, and "she was nobody in that roomful of keen, intellectual people; nobody—nothing but an unnecessary little old lady who had come there uninvited." That is the terrible truth. Harriett is one of the unnecessary people who, bringing nothing to the feast of life, may take nothing away. But she did not make herself, and "Only an infinite pity . . ."

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

MY BALKAN LOG.*

Doctor Johnston Abraham has succeeded in doing a difficult thing—he has written a war book in which the war is kept in the background, and in which there is not a dull page. Already well known as the author of "The Surgeon's Log," Dr. Abraham needs no introduction. His account of the experiences of himself and his colleagues of the No. 1 British Red Cross Serbian Unit in the Balkans is one of the most interesting narratives I have ever had the good fortune to read. Imagine six doctors and twelve orderlies, with a Russian lady doctor and some unskilled

* "My Balkan Log." By J. Johnston Abraham. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

assistants, attempting "to run a show nearly twice as large as the London Hospital"; but, as the author says, in war one does impossible things. It was bad enough while they were dealing only with the flotsam and jetsam of the battle-field, but when the typhus scourge had them fairly in its grip, then indeed their case was a parlous one. I wish I had space in which to quote even a few of the incidents described: how many of the Serbian patients died rather than submit to operation; how Austrian prisoner-patients were calmly allowed to *starve to death* by their attendants if the doctors did not keep their eyes everywhere; how wonderful "The Little Red Woman" and Sister Rowntree were; and how the Turkish Baba treated his patients with pills made of verses from the Koran written on paper. It is a tale of heroism written with a modest unconsciousness of heroics, with a note of tragedy underlying even its most delightfully humorous passages. It is not too technical to be understood by the layman, but there is in it food for thought for those medical men who have the cause of medicine at heart.

F. D. G.

A YOUNG AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.*

This book is the journal kept by Richard Henry Dana during his visits to England in 1875-6, and also to the Continent. He was a young man then, from Boston, and had graduated at Harvard. His father was the elder Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," who was well known to many distinguished people in England. Thus, furnished with letters of introduction from his father, and a few more from Longfellow and James Russell Lowell, young Dana at once received a warm welcome over here. One of his first invitations was to dine with Sir Robert Phillimore, who took him on the same evening to a little party at the house, in Carlton House Terrace, of Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish. Next he was invited to Spencer House, and the late Lord Spencer introduced him to Lord and Lady Russell, with whom he spent some pleasant days at Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park. Through the Cavendishes and Lytteltons he met Mr. Gladstone, and was invited to 23, Carlton House Terrace. Consequently, within a fortnight he had met, and been received on the most friendly terms by, some of the most notable people of fifty years ago.

London society, of course, was still at that period a very restricted and select circle, more like one large family. Wealth, notoriety and artistic qualifications were not then a passport to the inner citadel. But merit was, if backed by letters of introduction in the case of a visitor from another country. Once received, young Dana was able to hold his own, for he evidently had an attractive personality and much ability. He had a distinguished career at college both as scholar and oarsman, and over here he at once made himself proficient in English sports.

There is something very pleasant in the way this young American was received as one of themselves by these distinguished people. As I have said, society was then like one large family, and its members were much more simple and unsophisticated than their successors of to-day. Thus on one occasion young Dana went with Gladstone, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish, and Lady Lyttelton, to the old Prince of Wales's Theatre to see Marie Wilton and Ellen Terry in "Money." "Going to the theatre, Mr. Gladstone rode on the outside of the carriage to direct the driver." After the play, Gladstone walked home for exercise, and the ladies went back in a cab—all the party reassembling at Lady Frederick Cavendish's house for "late evening tea."

Dana's surprised and ingenuous comments on the habits of English society make amusing reading—particularly in country houses like Althorp, where he found his luggage unpacked and his evening clothes ready laid out and "hot water at hand."

* "Hospitable England in the Seventies." By Richard Henry Dana. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

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Speaking recently in London in connection with the bicentenary of Molière, M. Maurice Donnay, member of the Académie Française, said that if we were ever to secure the permanent peace of the world it was necessary that nations should know each other. But, he added, "the language question was a great drawback."

The language question is a great drawback. There is no doubt about that. And an equally great drawback is the somewhat clumsy and uninteresting way in which Foreign Languages are so often taught in this country, and not in this country alone.

The epithets "clumsy" and "uninteresting" cannot be applied, however, to the new Pelman method of learning French and Spanish that is attracting so many students at the present time.

By this method hundreds of men and women are learning French and Spanish by correspondence, and they all seem to agree that this is by far the cleverest, most interesting and most effective method of mastering a Foreign Language that has ever been devised.

Here are a few extracts from letters received from those who are learning French or Spanish by this means:

"I think your system quite wonderful."—(P. 195.)

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"Having lived in Argentina for some years before the war, I had an extensive Spanish vocabulary, but, as is so often the case, my knowledge of the Grammar was defective. I have found your Course most instructive and interesting, and the system excellent, and a very great improvement on any other I have seen. The Guide to Pronunciation is very good."—(S. L. 103.)

One of the most striking features of the Pelman method of learning Foreign Languages is that these languages are taught without using a word of English. You learn French in French and Spanish in Spanish. And yet the means employed are so simple and effective that you can work through the Course with the greatest ease and without a mistake, even if you do not know a word of French or Spanish to begin with. This new method of learning Foreign Languages is fully explained in two books, one entitled "How to Learn French" and the other "How to Learn Spanish." A copy of either of these books may be obtained, gratis and post free, by any reader who applies to-day (either by letter or in person) to the Pelman Institute (Modern Languages Dept.), 88, Bloomsbury Mansions, Hart Street, London, W.C.1.

It is remarkable to read that in 1875 people dined as late as 8.45 p.m., and dropped their final g's in such words as "talking" and "singing." One thought these two peculiarities came into being in the reign of Edward VII. Apparently domestic servants were as trying forty-six years ago as now. At Lady Frederick Cavendish's house one day, the servant whose duty it was to replenish the fire was out, and as it was impossible to ask the footmen or maids to do so, Mr. Dana put on the coals for his hostess; and at Althorp, Lord Charles Bruce and Dana had to work hard in marking out the tennis court, as it was not the duty of any of the gardeners or men servants to do the work. I think these are extreme cases, but Mr. Dana's book remains an interesting commentary on English life in the seventies.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE PROFITEERS.*

Mr. Oppenheim was on the threshold of a discovery when he first recognised the importance of pace in plot. The speed with which incident follows incident, and the smooth dexterity with which scene works into scene, go far towards explaining our pleasant sensation of having come in with a winner at the close of "The Profiteers." The author does not encourage self-analysis in his characters, and with the movements of their minds, in so far as they are movements, he has small concern. Solely in their actions he is interested; the tale is not held up while they think.

Mr. Oppenheim is too experienced a novelist to let us contemplate his plot apart from his people, if such a distinction were not indeed only a little less foolish than that between the form and matter of a poem. But his constant care for what happens, as distinguished from what might have happened, serves to show where his affections lie. He has no time for nice distinctions. He wants a villain and he gets him in Phipps, an unrelieved scoundrel. He wants a modern society girl, and he finds Sarah Baldwin, who drives a taxicab, and in her spare time is engaged to the Hon. Jimmy Wilshaw. The clearest impression that we have of Sarah is that, when first we meet her, "she is attired in the smartest of garden-party frocks." (Mr. Oppenheim is at no pains to disguise his sex.) But such details do not matter. Throughout we know enough about the people for the purposes of the story. When occasion demands, as in the case of the two chief characters, the lines are drawn much more carefully.

John Wingate, an American millionaire, comes to London to fight the directors of the British and Imperial Granaries, Limited, who by their speculations are out to corner British wheat. The price of bread has soared to two shillings, and public opinion is fierce against the company. Wingate has the support of Lady Dredlington, whose husband is on the Board. The two have met in hospital in France, and are in love. By a series of marvellous happenings, Phipps, Rees and Dredlington fall into Wingate's power. He forces them to sell at a price which brings the loaf down to sevenpence, and leaves them bankrupt.

Are the improbabilities too great? Not to put too fine a point upon the matter, Wingate makes use of kidnapping, false imprisoning and manslaughter to gain his purpose. And he ends by marrying the countess. Yet, such is Mr. Oppenheim's persuasive skill and so ingenious are his explanations that our credulity stands the strain. Only when he makes a Scotland Yard detective connive in the hero's escape, through sympathy with his motives, do we waver. For the rest, we do not bother about improbabilities which do not strike us at the time of reading. In the phrase of Hurd, used in the early days of Spenserian criticism of the "Faerie Queen," it is enough if the reader can be brought "to imagine the possibility of them."

M. S.

* "The Profiteers." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"LEST WE FORGET."*

The second volume of Mr. Buchan's great History of the War has now appeared. It is a splendid continuation of the temperately conceived, amazingly accurate and fascinatingly vivid narrative begun in its predecessor. Its story, although it concludes with the German attack on Verdun, is the story of 1915, and in the history of the British Empire 1915 will probably be regarded by a critical posterity as the most fateful year since that of Waterloo. For it was in 1915 that we committed ourselves definitely to a strategic policy in the war which not only immeasurably complicated the Allied task until the Armistice, but the effect of which has persisted—always perniciously—to this day, and will probably so persist for years to come. In the Staff manuals of the future 1915 will be pointed to as an example of the evil wrought by that false strategy which fancies that an enemy can be beaten by any method other than that of defeating his main forces in the field. And, since the policy of a democracy is ultimately shaped by the more or less instructed opinion of the great mass of its citizens, it is a lesson which cannot too earnestly be impressed upon the generation growing up to take over the privileges and the duties of the British Commonwealth. The millennium is not yet come.

Nineteen-fifteen saw the beginning and end of the attempt on the Dardanelles, it saw the beginning of the extravagantly expensive conquest of Mesopotamia, and it saw the inception of that vast internment camp for Allied forces—the Salonika expedition. It also saw the direct result of this scatter-brained dispersal of force—the inability of the French and British to relieve the pressure on the Russians, and the utter failure of the ambitious Allied attack in the West in September, 1915. Even to this day the seeds sown in 1915 bear their maleficent crop. We still suffer from the loss of prestige in Oriental eyes for which the Dardanelles was responsible, our Salonika expedition has left the Balkans in a state of exasperated instability, and our conquest of Mesopotamia has resulted in an entanglement and an expense of which the British people would gladly be rid. Nineteen-fifteen is a turning-point in our history.

Mr. Buchan handles it with that combination of magnificent synthesis and subtle analysis which is characteristic of his historical work. His study of the Dardanelles campaign is the most valuable that has been written, although, curiously, in his résumé of its antecedent history he omits any reference to the projected and abandoned attempt upon the Straits by the Balkan Powers when the Bulgarians were stalemated at Chataldja at the end of 1912. This still-born project was the origin of the Greek refusal to co-operate with us in 1915. Mr. Buchan seems to think that there was the faintest possible chance of success—there certainly was not more—but neither he (ready as he is to give credit for the good intentions of the High Command) nor anyone else can frame a satisfactory excuse for attacking the peninsula at its tip.

His description of the landing, like all his descriptive passages, is splendidly done:

"Slowly and very quietly the boats and destroyers steal towards the land. A little before five an enemy's searchlight flares out. The boats are now in shallow water under the Gaba Tepe cliffs, and the men are leaping ashore. Then comes a blaze of rifle fire from the Turkish trenches on the beach, and the first-comers charge them with the bayonet. The whole cliff seems to leap into light, for everywhere trenches and caverns have been dug in the slopes. . . . The first Australians do not linger. They carry the lines on the beach with cold steel, and find themselves looking up at a steep cliff a hundred feet high. In open order they dive into the scrub, and scramble up the loose yellow rocks. . . . He who knows the Aegean in April will remember the revelation of those fringed sea walls and bare brown slopes. From a distance they look as arid as the Syrian desert, but when the traveller draws near he finds a paradise of curious and beautiful flowers—anemones, grape hyacinth, rock rose, asphodel and amaryllis. Up this rock-garden the

* "A History of the Great War." Vol. II. By John Buchan. In four volumes, each 25s. net. (Nelson.)—"With the Russian Army, 1914-1917." By Major-General Sir Alfred Knox, K.C.B., C.M.G. Two vols. 36s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"The Riddle of the Rhine." By Victor LeFebvre. 10s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

Australians race, among the purple cistus and the matted creepers and the thickets of myrtle. They have left their packs at the foot, and scale the bluffs like chamois. It is an achievement to rank with Wolfe's escalade of the Heights of Abraham. . . ."

And here is the epilogue to the tragedy, the last words on that military miracle of the Evacuation :

"Across the ribbon of the Dardanelles, on the green plain of Troy, the most famous of the wars of the ancient world had been fought. The European shores had now become a no less classic ground of arms. If the banks of Scamander had seen men strive desperately with fate, so had the slopes of Achil Baba and the loud beaches of Helles. Had the fashion endured of linking the strife of mankind with gods, what strange myth would not have sprung from the rescue of British troops in the teeth of winter gales and uncertain seas ! It would have been rumoured, as at Troy, that Poseidon had done battle for his children."

That other great military event of 1915—the drive against Russia which flung her out of Poland and so nearly threatened to annihilate her armies, is treated with a clarity, a breadth of vision, a grasp of detail which makes one consistent epic of the story. Never before has it been so comprehensibly told for the English reader, and as never before can the reader appreciate the cool-headed fortitude of the Russian generals extricating their armies from impossible position after impossible position. Mr. Buchan, exercising upon the Germans a critical faculty which perhaps he somewhat restrains in dealing with our own operations, makes it clear why and how they failed, as later on he makes it clear why they failed at Verdun. The German machine in 1915 was ponderously slow. Germany's "method of war," he says, "seemed to have been designed for elderly group commanders, highly trained, aided by a superb equipment, but without the fires of genius or youth." All the belligerents suffered from elderly commanders, but one of the lessons of 1915 is to see that future commanders, whatever their age, are at least "highly trained."

To the British public, the account of that Battle of Loos, where for the first time the cost of war was brought home to the nation at large, will probably be the most interesting part of the book. Again, Mr. Buchan's study of it is the clearest, most vivid and most comprehensible that has yet appeared. He does not attempt to hide the fact that the failure of the gallant First Army to achieve anything at all of importance was entirely due to the withholding of reserves by G.H.Q. and to the untrained nature of those reserves when, too late for anything except useless sacrifice, they were at last thrown into the battle. But his conclusion "that the superb drive and devotion of the troops of attack were frittered away by a certain fumbling and confusion in the mind of Headquarters" is excessively tactful. Loos will be, for the military historian of the future, a standing example of how *not* to fight an offensive battle. It is impossible to avoid the reflection, when reading Mr. Buchan's account, that his vividly told and substantially accurate story would have been of greater and more patriotic value if he had driven home the lesson which obviously was patent to him.

But Mr. Buchan evidently refrains of set purpose from outspoken attack, and he is entitled to gratitude for what he gives us—the finest history of the war that has yet appeared.

Major-General Knox's two volumes, "With the Russian Army, 1914-1917," present the first authoritative account by a British eye-witness of the war from the Russian side. As British Military Attaché he was in an exceptional position to observe all that went on, both at the front and at the back of the front, and he made full use of his opportunities. In our subsequent disgust with Russia we have too readily forgotten the unselfish heroism of those Russian armies which, almost weaponless, attacked again and again with no other purpose than to relieve their Allies in the West. Major-General Knox's book is not only an historical document of the highest value, it is a most interesting day-to-day story of his experiences with those armies which never lost their offensive spirit until the inept bureaucracy behind them had exasperated the Russian Empire into suicide. Particularly brilliant is his vivid description of

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the Revolution, which he witnessed at Petrograd, and the ensuing demoralisation not only of the army but of the state. The tragic irony which waits on the naïve illusions of visionaries who see the world as they want it to be and not as it is, was never more cruelly manifest than in this scrupulously temperate record of events. It is a lesson in the instability of our civilisation.

Another valuable *aide-memoire* is "The Riddle of the Rhine," a somewhat ambiguous title under which Major Lefebure introduces a most important study of chemical warfare, as practised in the Great War and as foreshadowed in the future. "Chemical warfare," he says, "is the *point faible* in world disarmament," and he proceeds to make it unpleasantly obvious that poison-gas has practically superseded high-explosive, and that the provision of poison-gas is bound up with the chemical industry of which Germany is regaining the monopoly. The nation which invents a new variety of gas, against which existing masks are inefficient, holds in its hand a potential military victory over all comers—whether or not it possesses the normal equipment of an army. It is to be hoped that the danger from the German chemical factories is not so real as the author makes a case for—but the world was surprised in April, 1915, by the first use of poison-gas in defiance of a solemn convention. Let us not forget that diabolical success and run the risk of a second surprise which would be infinitely more disastrous. Monopoly of a superior weapon is a dangerous temptation to unregenerate man. If Major Lefebure's advice is taken, that monopoly will not be left to Germany.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

GOOD COMPANY.*

The haphazard wanderings of a little company of good chums through highways and by-ways of England; the inns they found, the people they met, the songs they sang, the sights they saw: of such fancies and fragilities is this book composed. But let no intending reader be prevented from carrying out his good purpose by the idea that it is one of those pretty volumes of mild travel and weak philosophising which are the fruit of immature thought and poor observation, wherein romance is forced upon us and the author seems to call notice to the deliberate unsophistication of his writing; of them we have nothing to say in praise. "Penny Royal" is robust, rollicking, wise, foolish with the right kind of fooling, fanciful, practical, anecdotal, and, after we have said our say of adjectives, above all beautiful.

Even so, a difficult book to describe without making lengthy quotations, since it has neither story nor plot, but is just a go-as-you-please record of happiness, with no set form; wherein the author may suddenly bring his reader into close touch with mystery and matters of infinite moment, or may with equal abruptness buttonhole him and poke barefaced fun at him; or, again, may take his arm in irresistible friendliness and drag him off to a huge talk about any subject in the visible and invisible universe that chances to crop up. Very few authors can do this aimless, discursive musing and chatter well, and we are quite willing to admit that inconsequence does not appeal to every reader; but the select crowd (they will be a crowd, we feel sure, and will certainly be select) who read this book with the real pleasure and sympathy and good-fellowship that has been the portion of the present critic will want to shake hands with Mr. Morton and thank him for his skill, for his gift of laughter and light-heartedness, for his genuinely delightful philosophy. To be one of the little company of travellers—who were essayists and poets on holiday, as far as may be gathered—would be a memorable experience; and, so far from the record being pure imagination, as some might think, we have treasured the

recollections of wanderings not so very dissimilar, and can well believe that everything happened as it is set down.

"Life is a miracle and a constant joy," says the author in almost his concluding sentence; and that is the undertone running through all the seriousness, all the hilarity. But it must be the life of the open air and the hills and vales, not the life of offices and workshops, though we perceive that, beyond the author's contempt for the town, he recognises that somebody must do the "grind." And, according to the sad comments which came when one member of the party announced his marriage, it must be the bachelor's life. Of that point, much might be written without arriving at any decision; so we will leave it, echoing the sentiments of the final chapter: "God willing, publishers permitting, your indulgence continuing, we shall meet again." We hope so, sincerely; our indulgence is sure for so welcome a visitor.

W. L. R.

SCANDINAVIAN FICTION.*

Scandinavian authors seem to have a peculiar tendency to write serial stories. Not the serial in our sense of daily or weekly instalments, but serials on a large scale—yearly novels, often running into heaven knows how many volumes, each picking up the threads of the previous one and continuing the web. From the point of view of the literary critic this is of course an excellent method; it saves so much work when one is able to follow an author's production in, so to say, one large tapestry. But only a genius can permit himself to employ such a method, only a genius can show us perennially the same little group of characters, often in the same milieu, without wearying us to death and, at the same time, forming a hard shell round his own faculties which must ultimately prevent him from creating anything but marionettes. Thus—though in fairness to the author we must state that "The Miracles of Clara van Haag" is only the second volume of Mr. Johannes Buchholtz' Egholm novels—we find ourselves once more as spectators of the life drama of Mr. Egholm, genius, lay preacher, inventor of the first turbine, photographer, and, first and last—mad. Fru Clara van Haag, wife of a high customs official, returns to Denmark after many years of foreign travel to settle down in the small town Knarresby. She finds that her servant Hedvig is the daughter of her former boy-lover Egholm, now a local photographer in poor circumstances. As Fru Clara married van Haag Heaven-knows-why, and still cherishes in her heart the memory of Egholm, she showers all the generosity of her ardent soul over the Egholm family, in devious ways putting its various members on their feet. The story as a whole is not quite convincing as a slice of modern life, but it is full of charming and whimsical little pictures, often finely humorous and bracing as the salt sea air that blows through Knarresby's little streets.

Knut Hamsun's "Wanderers" originally appeared in Norwegian as two separate novels under the titles "Under the Autumn Star" and "A Wanderer Plays with Muted Strings." And as the latter is a sequel to the former, this probably explains why in the English edition the two novels are published in one volume. There is such a peculiar and definite chasm between the two parts of this book that the reader's curiosity is aroused as to what happened to the author personally during the period that elapsed between the writing of them. In the first part, which the translator has given the title "Autumn," we meet Hamsun as we know him from his books "Pan" and "Victoria," the man who knows himself as part of nature, and nature as a constituent of himself, who *feels* with the spider, the forest and flowers, who has experienced the universe as an entity. And yet it is a different Hamsun.

* "The Miracles of Clara van Haag." By Johannes Buchholtz. 8s. 6d. (Gyldendal).—"Wanderers." By Knut Hamsun. 8s. 6d. (Gyldendal).

* "Penny Royal." By J. R. Morton. 6s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

The raw and unrestrained subjectivity which, in "Pan" and "Victoria," so often sticks forth its cloven hoof in the midst of the tenderest passages of love for man and nature, is toned down in "Wanderers," appears as a sensitive background of understanding and sympathy with human frailty and confusion. The key-note in the character of the wandering labourer Knut Pedersen (the author's own name is Knut Pedersen Hamsun) is love and gentleness. And above all else he loves *woman*. He does not merely fall in love with women as is the way of common mortals; his heart is aflame with an almost sacred fire wherever and whenever he meets them, be they old or young, mistress or maid, pure or guilty; and his love is in every case everlasting and deliciously whimsical.

In the second part, "With Muted Strings," we come back to the same scenes and the same people after a lapse of some five or six years. Knut Pedersen is still the eternal lover, but a new note has crept in between the lines, a certain half-veiled garrulous interest in the petty meannesses of mankind, a slight foreboding of approaching old age in the author, which we found in full flourish in Mr. Hamsun's last novel, "The Women at the Pump." But even a genius is subject to the tooth of age, and even in advanced age Mr. Hamsun remains a genius.

The translator, Mr. W. W. Worster, M.A., has fulfilled his very difficult task with considerable ability, but an occasional foot-note to explain various untranslated Norwegian words and expressions, the meaning of which we cannot always guess from the context of the sentence in which they occur, would have been helpful to the British reader.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

ROBERT LYND'S ESSAYS.*

• Essayists are not, and never have been, so plentiful as poets; partly, perhaps, because no man can write essays that matter until he has lived, and lived long enough to have seen a good deal of life and to have learned at least a little wisdom from personal experiences. The poet may begin early and rely on imagination and fancy, but the essayist can no more do his work without facts than a gipsy can light his fire until he has been about to gather sticks for it. Exquisite poems have been fashioned of dreams and beautiful phrases, but your essay can be no such airy nothing; it must have a philosophy of some sort, must have a point of view and something to say, as well as some charm in the saying of it, or it will be as ineffectual as an empty lamp.

Mr. Lynd has all these qualities of the true essayist, and adds to them a quaint, genial humour and a delicate fantasy that no good essayist should lack, but some do. If he has ever written a lighter, more whimsical, volume than "The Pleasures of Ignorance," I have not come across it. A very miscellaneous collection, it ranges from such a delightfully realistic and imaginative sketch as "The Herring Fleet" to a frivolous dissertation of "New Year Prophecies"; from shrewdly observant nature studies, such as that on "May," or "The Hum of Insects," to an ironical discourse on "Virtue," or amusing revelations of the trials of "The Betting Man" and "The Intellectual Side of Horse-Racing." Mr. Lynd has the gift of writing on anything and getting interest and entertainment out of it. You anticipate frivolity in "The Morals of Beans," and find him in one of his graver, more significant moods, and everywhere he has the art of taking you by surprise with some happy turn of a sentence, some illuminating thought, some new aspect of an old truth, some provocative theory that delights you either by its vision and insight or by its sheer ingenious perversity.

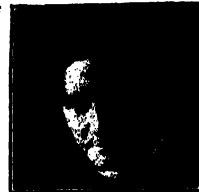
There is so much one would like to quote that the very plenty is embarrassing; and no two or three extracts would

* "The Pleasures of Ignorance." By Robert Lynd. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

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give any adequate idea of the book's riotous diversity, so I shall content myself with urging all and sundry to read the whole thing, for it is worth reading. For all their



Photo by
E. O. Hopps.

Mr. Robert Lynd.

wide differences in theme and treatment, the essays are bound each to each by their writer's individuality. It is a little book of wit and wisdom that never goes far from everyday affairs; is by turns flippant and profoundly serious; sympathetic and satirical; pictorial and didactic—the book of a man who has felt the sense of tears in mortal

things, and loves his fellows even while he laughs at them. I am so taken with it that I would like to have written it myself, and next to that would like to read another from the same hand.

F. H. L.

THE GREAT GLORIANA.*

One of the best proofs that the historic sense of the nation, if it ever had any, has given place to something else—commerce or travel or amusement, whatever it is—lies in the comparative indifference of Englishmen to-day about the memory of Queen Elizabeth. Part of the reason consists in the clumsy methods of some of the eulogists of the Tudors. In other words, Froude overdid it, and a man who glorified Henry VIII at any cost could hardly do the family a greater disservice than bestow the same treatment on Henry's greatest daughter. Kingsley's way was the less disreputable of the two, for he did at least write a popular epic of the Elizabethan era which has in it the elements of great romance, and romance is always the more acceptable when it refuses to pass as history. Mr. Chamberlin has no need of pretence or prevarication, and he adds to the freshness of the New World view on Old World history something of the thoroughness and earnestness that made an immortal of his countryman, Motley. Motley would never have made whole chapters of medical reports, as Mr. Chamberlin does, but then our author, as a man of legal and journalistic experience, knows what is demanded in the kind of controversy he is waging, or rather in the kind of judgment by which he hopes to dispose of uncertainty for ever. He has been eight years engaged upon the task, and he shames our men of research by the wealth of new and authentic material he has amassed. By investigation among the archives of Hatfield and Spain, Denmark and Sweden, he has obtained material enough to revolutionise our thoughts concerning Queen Bess, and one may fairly doubt if so monumental a contribution has been made to English history by any American scholar since Dr. Wallace published in *The Times* years ago the result of his inquiries into the Southwark period of the life of Shakespeare. Clearly our home investigators will have to look to their laurels.

By way of clearing the ground, Mr. Chamberlin shows that of the fifty-three authorities to whom we usually look for light on Elizabeth and her times, only eleven have ever presented any of the nineteen sources available for the defence of her character, and of these eleven only one has cited as many as five. This one, Miss Strickland, is naturally a champion of her sex; and the next best is the Catholic historian, Lingard, who is coming more and more into his own as a man of diligence and learning, singularly

alive to sources we too often think a modern monopoly, and capable of a dispassionate condemnation of men like Becket, whom he might be supposed to belaud by the mere force of Catholic hero-worship and tradition. Of the moderns, the one that Mr. Chamberlin quotes with most approval is Mr. Algernon Cecil—his "*Life of Robert Cecil*"—and the late Major Martin Hume; then, after him, Richard Congreve the positivist, and Professor Beesly. It would be derogation to any of these men to class them with a pseudo-historian like Froude, whom our public regard as *par excellence* the Tudor apologist and expert. And Mr. Chamberlin is well within his rights in quoting as a characteristic gem of Froudeian psycho-analysis a sentence like this: "It was a cruel fortune which imposed on Henry VIII in addition to his other burdens, the labour, to him so arduous, of finding heirs to strengthen the succession."

What is Mr. Chamberlin's task? Simply to show that the accusations of loose conduct which have been so rife against Elizabeth had no foundation in the first-hand evidence of the time, and that, even if there were support for what he conceives to be the inventions of her enemies, her moral character is protected by her physical incapacity. It is a devil's advocate sort of plea, perhaps, and lays bare an ugly converse proposition against all men and women of the past who were known to be healthy and full-blooded. But, such as it is, Mr. Chamberlin backs his defence with an array of intimate and expert testimony that is little short of amazing. He shows by a lifetime-chart drawn up by Sir Arthur Leigh, the eminent pathologist, that after the age of fourteen Elizabeth had hardly a year without serious ill-health, certainly until the years from fifty-five to sixty-two; and then that, in the last eight years, she relapsed into a succession of illnesses which carried her off at seventy. Her ailments were of great and bewildering variety, but mainly indicative of bodily debility and functional disorders, possibly arising from her father's licentious habits. But the evidence is clear that in refusing so many suitors she was fulfilling the law of her own being, and that if she flirted with any of her courtiers, coquetry went no further. One familiar circumstantial statement is that the evidence against the Queen and Dudley is contained in dispatches at Simancas, but Mr. Chamberlin says that at Simancas there is nothing of the kind. He is one of the very few writers on the period who recognise that the physical defects which handicapped Elizabeth had their counterpart in the afflictions of her sister Mary. But he does not note, so far as one can find, how Elizabeth's surprising recovery of health dated from the death of Mary Stuart. This is not a sentimental age, but the old-folk tradition of this country is to pity the Queen of Scots, as Johnson did, and admire the talents of Elizabeth for want of any claim to our affections. She is as destitute of charm or atmosphere as her sister or her brother, and of the whole of the Tudors we may fairly say that they had gifts and excuses but no endearments. This does not impair our indebtedness to Mr. Chamberlin for a remarkable and loyal piece of pleading in defence of a figure whom he pities as a woman but greatly admires and celebrates as a patriot and a queen.

J. P. COLLINS.

FRANCIS JOSEPH—BUCKRAM EMPEROR.*

During the seventeen years he spent in the aides-de-camp department at the Hofburg, in which time Francis Joseph shook hands with him once only, Baron von Margutti seems to have made it his business to act as Boswell to the Johnson of the Emperor. He noted down immediately every conversation he had with his imperial and apostolic master; while he pumped diplomats, generals, ecclesiastics, jurists, physicians and tutors for information about the Emperor himself, the Empress

* "*The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth.*" By Frederick Chamberlin. 18s. (John Lane.)

* "*The Emperor Francis Joseph and His Times.*" By Lieut.-General Albert Baron von Margutti, C.V.O. 14s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Elizabeth, the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and the Archduke subsequently Emperor—Charles. The fruits of this assiduity, as garnered in the Baron's book, "The Emperor Francis Joseph and His Times," must be admitted to be piquant and appetising; the more so because the chronicler, reversing the part of Balaam, sets out to bless his hero and ends by cursing him. He tells us that the Emperor admired the Kaiser for his sense of family affection; yet he has to confess that such admiration came with but an odd grace from a monarch who, after allowing his wife to be estranged from him and his only son to tread the road to ruin, conferred a valued order on the Mexican President who had helped to kill his brother, the ill-fated Maximilian. He is never tired of praising the Emperor as the Apostle of Peace, and he assures us on reliable authority that he absolutely and wholly disapproved of the ultimatum to Serbia; yet he admits, without an attempt at explanation, that Francis Joseph deliberately let loose the dogs of war. He expatiates on the Emperor's humanity and kindness of heart; yet he not only relates anecdotes which controvert this view, but informs us that his master hailed with a sense of relief the assassination of his nephew and his nephew's wife. He insists that no one ever succeeded in imposing his opinion upon the Sovereign in the slightest degree; yet he quotes instance after instance to show that this Sovereign was entirely at the mercy of his diplomatists and his generals. He emphasises the fact that the Emperor—a German first and foremost—disliked the Hungarians and always found it an effort to go to Budapest; yet the only explanation he can give of the fatal hegemony of the Magyars during Francis Joseph's reign is that the King of Hungary was afraid of the Hungarians. The picture indeed which Baron von Margutti paints of the Austrian Emperor is that of a ruler who, content to let sleeping dogs lie, escaped from political realities by steeping himself in the routine work of a bureaucrat and founded his whole system of statecraft on the "Dualistic Compromise" of 1867 and on the alliance with Germany. On the details of Court and official etiquette, on the fashions of uniforms and the minutiae of State banquets, on the punctual discharge indeed of all the tedious and utterly unimportant duties of ceremonial royalty, Francis Joseph was apparently an acknowledged authority; but of real kingship, that is to say of sound political insight and bold and comprehensive political action, he seems to have been totally devoid. It is one of the ironies of history that a ruler so mediocre, so calloused, so timid and so age-worn should have had it in his power to shut the gates of mercy on mankind. He shut them, it is probably true, at the bidding of his friend and ally, Kaiser Wilhelm; for to the alliance with Germany, the key-stone of his foreign policy, he clung with the desperate tenacity of a monarch who had been crushed by Germany's power. Not even the astute diplomacy of King Edward VII, who according to Baron von Margutti tempted him with the bribe of Serbia, could detach Francis Joseph from his pact with Prussia.

LEWIS BETTANY.

THE MUSE HERSELF.*

A reviewer meets a difficulty in writing of Mr. Shanks's new poems. He is tempted to say, quite simply and truthfully, that "The Island of Youth" is very plainly the best book written by this poet, and fulfils the promise of "The Queen of China," published two years ago; and he is tempted to support this by quoting freely. Yet such a method would be both easy and inadequate; a reviewer with a sense of poetry, and a sense of honour, is bound to say much more, even while saying so much; he is bound, for instance, to say that "The Island of Youth" not only fulfils promises, but enlarges them and makes a

* "The Island of Youth, and Other Poems." By Edward Shanks. 3s. (Collins).—"Seeds of Time." By John Drinkwater. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson).

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fresh promise. Again, the excellent qualities of "The Queen of China" were diffused rather than concentrated; the play of that title showed beauty, but beauty wanting intensity; while the new volume suggests no mere diffusion of qualities in gentle heat. Almost any one of the new poems is a fully representative poem, with the full virtue of the poet distilled into its few or many lines; there is more weight in the best of the new than in the best of the old, and so far as the longest poem of the present volume is concerned, it is infinitely finer than the unequal earlier play.

There is another preliminary, namely, that the new book develops a striking feature of its predecessor in the expression of personality through a luminous glow like that of the rock-pool of the first poem in this volume. The luminous glow is everywhere in the book, and personality is discernible within it, here darker, here brighter, as the rocks that sleep beneath a lapping tide, in so many spots of the western coast. Candour, truthfulness, simplicity, and a passion for the common beauty and the rarer beauty—these are the names of some of the rocks that wrinkle the clear cheek of the water; but the tide itself, if I may still speak in an image, is moved by that strong mistress of tides, Imagination.

The poem just referred to, "The Rock Pool," is an illustration of the whole beauty which Mr. Shanks now touches with so sure and easy a hand—without the desperation of assault and without the fumbings of timidity:

"Yet lovely in captivity she lies,
Filled with soft colours, where the waving weed
Moves gently and discloses to our eyes
Blurred, shining veins of rock and lucent shells
Under the light-shot water; and here repose
Small quiet fish and dimly-glowing bells
Of sleeping sea-anemones that close
Their tender fronds . . ."

There is, you perceive, no immobility in this quietness, but the movement of the returning wave itself; and this water-movement is felt in many another page of the volume:

"And many another night
That melts in darkness on the narrow quays
And changes every colour and every tone
And soothes the water to a softer ease,
When under constellations coldly bright
The homeward sailors sing their way to bed"—

and loveliest of all in an image from the narrative poem which gives its title to the volume:

"There is in maidenhood a subtle strength
Reserved, as if a rift in mountains tall
Should catch the waters of a hasty spring
And hold them peaceful in her lap of stone
One moment, while the sky and leaning flowers
Are mirrored in the floods and make them lovely. . ."

This narrative relates the seclusion of Achilles at Scyros and his discovery by a stratagem of Ulysses; in a few hundred lines of blank verse the story is not so much told as presented, telling itself by picture, music, image, movement. Many years ago Mr. Bridges wrote a beautiful play on the same theme, and this poem of Mr. Shanks's is worthy of praise by those who admire the work of the Poet Laureate.

It is harder still to write of Mr. John Drinkwater's "Seeds of Time," for his work, in whatever medium, is so capable in form, and so copious, that a heathenish vain repetition seems to be the only resource for a critic. But a few weeks ago there came "Oliver Cromwell," a play which (as I have already remarked in these columns) is admirable even if, perhaps, not quite so admirable as that stage masterpiece, "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Drinkwater has the energy which he needs for the service of his other gifts, and he is able to follow lyrics with drama, and drama with lyrics again, in the luckiest profusion. The new book has a poem which I like better than anything else he has written:

"Long time in some forgotten churchyard earth of Warwickshire,
My fathers in their generations lie beyond desire,

And nothing breaks the rest, I know, of John Drinkwater now,
Who left in sixteen-seventy his roan team at plough.

"And James, son of John, is there, a mighty ploughman too,
Skilled he was at thatching and the barleycorn brew,
And he had a heart-load of sorrow in his day,
But ten score of years ago he put it away. . ."

And has he written anything more winning than:

"Myself I do but find
An ashen mind,
While others greeting me
Are flames, I see.
Yet they, alone, lament
Flames that are spent,
Remembering with shame
My crystal flame . . .
Hereafter then I'll be
A flame to me."

The eager and gluttonous race of anthologists will be hot upon these forty-odd new poems of Mr. Drinkwater's.

JOHN FREEMAN.

DOSTOYEVSKY.*

Lives of great men all remind us that there are good biographies and bad biographies. Other things (as most people must have noticed) are capable of a similar division. But biographies can also be divided into good biographies and filial biographies; and the difference between this division and the former is less than you might think. The present volume is a filial biography—a very filial biography. It is written by the novelist's daughter, Lyubov—in French, Aimée—and the title page uses that form in an odd combination of feminine French Christian name and masculine Russian (or Polish) surname. A Life of Dostoyevsky by his daughter promises unusual interest; but there is only a limited fulfilment here. It is an infatuated book. It tells us a number of uninteresting and even imaginary things, and it conceals or meliorises a number of interesting things. Surely the time for a sophisticated Life of Dostoyevsky has long gone by!

The most irritating thing in the book is the author's anti-Russian mania, which constrains her to present the great novelist as a man personally and artistically non-Russian. Of course, we need scarcely say that she proves him to be the most nobly born and nobly descended aristocrat possible. There was, she would have you believe, not only nothing Russian, but nothing plebeian or bourgeois about the author of "Poor Folk." To describe her great father's ancestry she goes back to the mythical Norsemen who traded with Byzantium, and then, coming with great rapidity to mediæval Europe, she writes thus:

"My father's ancestors were natives of the Government of Minsk, where, not far from Pinsk, there is still a place called Dostoyeve, the ancient domain of my father's family."

Really, it is like trying to magnify the greatness of Charles Dickens by asserting that he was descended from Richard III with a later admixture of Stuart blood from Charles II. The author's race-mania pursues the unhappy reader everywhere in the book. He is assured on the very first page that Dostoyevsky must never be considered as a Russian, but as a "Normanised-Lithuanian"—the word "Norman" is used throughout, although to English readers the name suggests nothing but William the Conqueror in England, and Count Roger in Sicily. But when the author says that "Lithuania was Normanised," we must not think of these great operative adventurers—we must not think of Harold and Hastings and the almost mythical field of Cerami; we must go back a dozen centuries and more to the ancient movements of the Baltic tribes that washed so much new blood into many parts of Europe; her "Normans" are, in fact, the Lithuanian counterparts, not of William and Roger, but of Hengest and Horsa.

* "Fyodor Dostoyevsky." By Aimée Dostoyevsky. 12s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Everything that Dostoyevsky did, or did not do, from his birth to his death is explained on Lithuanian principles, until, after the hundredth repetition of the "unblessed word" the reader feels inclined to scream. Scarcely a person is named without being praised or blamed according to racial prejudice. The family of Tolstoy is traced back to the sixteen-hundreds and found to be German; therefore nothing that Tolstoy wrote is in the least Russian:—he is a "German Colonist." And Ilyermontov is Scottish, and Yukovsky a Turk, and Nekrassov a Pole, and Pushkin a Negro. Well, the divine Dumas was much nearer Africa than Pushkin was; shall we therefore describe him as the "Great Negro Novelist"? Dostoyevsky's disreputable first wife is alleged to have been the daughter of one of Napoleon's mamelukes taken prisoner during the retreat from Moscow; therefore, though in features she was typically Russian, she is habitually called an "African."

There is nothing in the volume to redeem these extravagances. It exhibits no power of criticism or narration, and cannot even be called coherent. It tells us scarcely anything new and nothing that is significant, especially about one important passage in his life where the Letters are silent for nearly a year. It is too "Lithuanian" for that. Dostoyevsky is now justly a world-famous novelist, and it seems almost sacrilege to condemn a biography written by his own daughter; but the sorry truth is that these extravagant and distorted pages contain next to nothing likely to give pleasure or profit either to those who already know his work or to those who desire to know it. What a story Dostoyevsky could have made out of his own life! Indeed, he has already told it, in part, to those who can read between the lines of his stories and letters; and with that part we must be content. A full, critical and authoritative Life of Dostoyevsky has yet to be written.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

LUNATICS AT LARGE.*

Each of us, some genial theorist has averred, has in him a streak of lunacy. It is all a matter of point of view, however, for one man's lunacy may be another man's sanity, and the general title which I have given to this notice of the four books lying before me might to some readers appear as inappropriate as to me it seems fitting. A mere glance at the first book would suffice to establish its fitness there; to the second book the title frankly belongs; as to the third it may be confidently said that—from the point of view of the people of Croome, Miss Belt, on her escapade with Jim, gave full evidence of lunacy; and when we come to the fourth, well, intellectual eroticism seems to me to be one of the lunacies of our time. To pass, however, from the general to the particular, from the linking lunacy to the individual qualities of the books.

"The Cruise of the *Kawa*" is indeed a capital piece of fooling from start to finish—a sustained essay in literary farce or genial parody of those who have sailed the Pacific and published narratives of their travels. The deliciously droll photographic illustrations suggest at the outset that the "Cruise" was undertaken and enjoyed within the area of some film-producing tract of California; the text suggests that the South Seas over which the *Kawa* sailed were the uncharted waters of romance to which Robinson Crusoe's island and other lands belong. "Lunacy," I am sure many a matter-of-fact reader will exclaim before penetrating far into the record of the wanderings of the *Kawa* and the five men; glorious fooling is likely to be the summing up of those matter-of-fact men (to use Lamb's phrase) who can enjoy a hearty excursion into the non-sensical. Says the veracious chronicler, Mr. Traprock:

"I can only say that as I sat sniffing on the deck of the *Kawa* there was about us a *souppçon* of the *je-ne-sais-quoi tropicale*,

* "The Cruise of the *Kawa*." By Walter E. Traprock. (Putnams.)—"The Lunatic at Large Again." By J. Storer Clouston. 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)—"Volcano." By Ralph Straus. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—"I Have Only Myself to Blame." By Elizabeth Bibesco. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

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A Volume of Oriental Studies presented to **Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., F.B.A., F.R.C.P.**, on his 60th Birthday (7th February, 1922). Edited by **T. W. ARNOLD** and **R. A. NICHOLSON**. With a portrait of Professor Browne and 10 illustrations. Royal 8vo. £4 4s net. (Edition limited to 500 copies.)

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half nostalgia, half diablerie. It was . . . but what's the use? You will have to go out there some time, and smell it for yourself."

So I would say of the book it is . . . but what's the use; you must read the delightful nonsense for yourself.

Mr. Storer Clouston has given us a number of highly diverting romances since he first told of the adventures of his "Lunatic at Large," and those of us who are ever ready to be entertained by his happy manner of setting forth ludicrous escapades, are doubly attracted by the present volume. Here once again that genial "lunatic," Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, gets away from those in whose charge he is, and enters upon a succession of ludicrous adventures, and in the course of them shows a preternatural quickness of ingenuity and decision in getting out of tight corners. Here he plays a part in the romance of Philip Ridley and Beatrix Staynes, who have met abroad, fallen in love—and are mysteriously prevented from reunion by the machinations of the lady's wicked guardian and his ally. Her other guardian is the "lunatic," and it is by stealing an interview with him that Philip is instrumental in his enlargement. Though the story begins with the romance of the young couple and closes in the approved fashion, it is the wonderful doings of Mr. Mandell-Essington that form the main theme in between. And wonderful doings they are—including the escaping from one tight corner in a complete suit of armour, and walking for a considerable distance thus attired. The successive episodes of his escapade follow each other with something of the rapidity and effect of those "chases" which were an early feature of cinema displays, and to the same great end of laugh-raising amusement.

By way of sub-title Mr. Straus describes "Volcano" as "a frolic," but his restraint is such that his engaging story never becomes frolicsome in the manner of its telling. He has depicted the society of a certain English spa to which he gives the name of Croome, but though he has surveyed his ground under the influence of the Meredithian Comic Muse, he seems almost over carefully to have avoided slipping into the farcical. Essentially, of course, Miss Belt's escapade was farcical, though Croome regarded it as an affront to all those proprieties the sum total of which is—Croome. That a middle-aged lady of wealth and dignity, a great social influence and organiser of a meddling charity, could go off with the brother of her own dismissed housemaid and have a high old time, would assuredly get her stamped lunatic by all her fellow-workers in the cause of Croomean respectability—but the devising of that improbability has given Mr. Straus the occasion for writing a deeply interesting and heartily entertaining novel. If he does not evoke laughter from his reader, he keeps that reader in a smiling mood throughout.

Though I have bracketed "I Have Only Myself to Blame" with those differing essays in fictive humour, it has the great difference that its author has not been moved by any spirit of levity. She indulges in neat and sometimes happy phrase-making, but in the slight sketches that make up this volume seems so obsessed by the mere facts of sex-association that the literary quality of her work impresses one less pleasantly than it otherwise might. The people of whom the author writes are those who belong apparently to high society, and if her women are to be taken as typical of that society, then indeed is it in an unsatisfactory state. Over-much of the book is concerned with an almost morbid dwelling on unsatisfactory relations between wives and husbands—but fortunately the general impression left is rather one of having read skilful literary essays than of having been confronted with realities.

WALTER JERROLD.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN EGYPT.*

It is a long time since a more entertaining volume has been published than "The Leisure of an Egyptian Official" by the late Lord Edward Cecil. The sketches

* "The Leisure of an Egyptian Official." By the late Lord Edward Cecil, K.C.M.G., D.S.O. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

in this volume were written by Lord Edward Cecil at various times during the eighteen years of his service in Egypt, and though only intended for the amusement of his family, it has happily been conceived that these pictures of the lighter side of Egyptian life would be of interest to a wider public. Lord Edward Cecil had a very keen sense of humour and a very pretty wit, and his account of "My Daily Life" is highly amusing. He takes us through his day in Cairo, his office work, his attendance at councils, his golf, his club, his dinner, his evening party and his supper and, appropriately enough, concludes with his dream. He wrote with such a keen sense of enjoyment that the enjoyment is infectious. His characters, both Egyptian and British, are deliciously described, and his sense of the ridiculous frequently runs riot. Delightful is the thumbnail sketch of the concession-hunter: "A portly gentleman with a large extent of waistcoat, irreproachably but a trifle overdressed, and as full of dignity as a turkey cock. His ancestry probably formed the rear-guard of Moses' army when they left this country, and gave particular attention to the borrowing of jewels." He pokes a little gentle fun at the inveterate gossiping in the club at Cairo, where every word kills a reputation:

"I remember we all treated an old American gentleman with great respect for the whole of one winter because we had been told, and we believed, that he had burnt his whole family, whom he disliked, in his country house in America. It turned out afterwards that he had only saved his mother-in-law from being drowned in a canal in Holland, and we treated him thenceforth with indulgent contempt."

Underlying the humour in this book, much valuable knowledge of Egypt, unostentatiously displayed, can be gleaned. We learn what laborious days an able and highly-gifted official like Lord Edward Cecil lived; how he had always to be on his guard against concession-hunters and tricksters of all nationalities "on the make"; how he had to humour and restrain the Egyptian official not then trained to office; how he had to resist pressure of all sorts to do "jobs"; how he had to be sociable, to dine out more or less officially with dreary colleagues; how, indeed, he had to make his work his life, and find what amusement he could in so doing. "The Leisure of an Egyptian Official" is much more than an entertaining volume; it is the record of the life of a high-minded, high-souled English gentleman.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM.*

In country cottages the room is still sometimes called the parlour, and is never used except as a museum for the memorials of the dead and the more useless of wedding gifts. In towns we call it the drawing-room, shortening the old word which indicated the main use of the room, somewhere to retire from the pleasant business of eating and work. That room, whatever you call it, is the source of modern comedy. The ancient world had no withdrawing-room. Social life among the Greeks and Romans was enjoyed either at the table or in the market-place and the baths; and the comedies of both peoples are public, even as Shakespeare's comedy is public. With Molière, or with the Italian comic writers, is the birth of the modern social comedy, whose home is the drawing-room and whose subject must always largely be the solid conventions, controlled by women and circumscribed by the interests of the leisured class. English drama of the late nineteenth and of this century is peculiarly rich in this social comedy. Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Hankin, Chambers, Maugham, Barrie carried on the tradition of Wycherley, Congreve and Sheridan. As society got more complicated, the varieties of social comedy increased; and of the dramatists I have named, all but Wilde and Hankin write more

* 1 "The Plays of H. H. Davies." Two vols. 25s. (Chatto & Windus.)—2 "Eight One-Act Plays." By George Calderon. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)—3 "Six Plays." By F. H. Darwin. 9s. (Heffer.)—4 "Sable and Gold." By M. Dalton. 2s. (Maunsell & Roberts.)—5 "Possession." By L. Housman. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

naturally of middle-class life than of the aristocratic world which was the only subject for drawing-room comedy in the time of Congreve. As Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays give an invaluable picture of English middle-class life in the late Victorian age, so the plays of Hubert Henry Davies mirror that same life in the time of King Edward.¹ Davies does not carry the weight of Mr. Jones. He is no satirist, and had small interest in intellectual or social movements. Like most dramatists, he too often falls into the bad habit of writing about Mayfair when his characters were really of Brondesbury or Kensington. Occasionally, but rarely, his own class is betrayed by the social solecism of some of his characters; but his plays on the whole are a faithful picture of the society he knew best, the suburban and London middle-class. Of the plays here reprinted there are only two for which any critic of reputation would prophesy a conditional immortality—the condition being, of course, that the future political development of this country presupposes an audience which can understand and be entertained by essentially bourgeois comedy. I cannot imagine any generation to come, if the drawing-room still exist, which will not find amusement in "The Mollusc," and a little more than amusement in "Cousin Kate." "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace" is ruined by Davies's surprising effort to turn a light comedy of manners into a tragedy of character. The suicide of David Cairn is entirely out of keeping with the excellent humours of the vulgar Mrs. Gorrings and her intolerable hostess. "Doormats," although there is no tragic incident, is spoiled by a similar hesitation between comedy and tragedy; and also suffers from the grave technical fault that the dramatist leaves us in doubt as to Mrs. Giles's innocence. "A Single Man" is good farce—it reads rather like a dramatic version of a novel by E. F. Benson; but Davies has allowed his capacity for caricature to run away with his judgment, and underlines his effects in a way which destroys them. "Outcast" is a pathetic effort to write a more serious play, which fails because Davies's mind was essentially conventional, and never more so than when he was taking what he believed to be an unconventional point of view. All of these plays, however—all in the volumes, indeed, except the lamentable "Lady Epping's Lawsuit" (a nightmare after an overdose of W. S. Gilbert), can be read with pleasure, for many witty lines, much shrewd observation, and not a little controlled and pleasant sentiment. "The Mollusc" and "Cousin Kate" are almost equal to Hankin. They are not so witty; but they are more natural in their development, and the dialogue has a freshness and a freedom from metallic brilliance which Hankin rarely achieved and never maintained through a whole play. For these two plays alone readers will welcome this handsome edition.

I hope Mrs. Calderon will not let this volume² stand alone as representative of her husband's dramatic talent. The man who wrote "The Fountain" deserves a better collection than this of eight very trifling dramatic sketches—in some cases barely amounting to more than indifferent words for charades. Only two of the plays, or perhaps three, were worth reprinting—"The Little Stone House," a study in Russian idealism, "Longing," a curious "subjective" drama showing the influence of Andreyef, and perhaps "The Two Talismans"—an Eastern trifle, pleasantly written and effective, I should think, on the stage. It is unfortunate that Mr. Calderon, whose real talent was for comic satire of an objective kind, should have fancied himself as a light comedian. I have rarely read heavier or drearier farce than "Peace," "Derelicts" and "Geminac." It was a pity to reprint them.

Lady Darwin's plays are not of the parlour, but of the country-side.³ Written for the village players of her Cotswold hills, they are full of knowledge of country folk, their psychology and speech, and have that slow affectionate movement which rejoices all true country-lovers. The plays have traditional subjects, sometimes suggested by old folk-songs, and the book should be a boon to any enthusiasts who are trying to revive the drama in our villages. Mr. Dalton, with the best intentions in the

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world, has written a very bad play.⁴ His subject is the effect of the Dublin rising of 1916 on one family in Cork. I can emphatically praise his tact. He moves without indifference yet with real fairness among the troubled motives which led to the rebellion; and at moments he achieves eloquence in his picture of Paul Keller, the rebel who doubts his cause but has a great courage—the man who half believes patriotism to be the bane of his country, and yet who dies for the vision others see. Unfortunately Mr. Dalton has no dramatic gift and little for characterisation; and any effect his play will produce must depend altogether on the poignancy of the subject.

Mr. Housman's little play of purgatory⁵ is a delight. Never was the danger of possessions illustrated more wittily, more devastatingly than in this peep-show in paradise. I suppose our censor will never allow it to be acted—but how I long to see Thomas's twiddling feet vanishing from the view of his stricken family! The Stage Society has spent a lot of time on much dreary stuff: can it not be persuaded to give us an evening devoted entirely to Mr. Housman—to "Possession" and the three Victorian plays?

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Novel Notes.

THE KINGDOM ROUND THE CORNER. By Coningsby Dawson. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Dawson's work grows stronger and its content much deeper. Readers of, say, "The Little House," of eighteen months ago could not have foreseen such a complete study as its author to-day presents of Lord Taborley, or, in lesser degree, of Braithwaite, his valet, who rises to the rank of general during the war and, after a struggle, makes good in the harder days of peace. Lady Dawn is less real. We learn so much of her by hearsay in the earlier part of the book that towards the close when we actually meet her, she does not quite live up. Who could live up to being "the most beautiful woman in England"? Her name is unfortunate. Is it only a coincidence that when she comes into Taborley's life the day breaks, and his kingdom is at hand? Our last word is not a grumble. If Mr. Dawson's touch is sometimes heavy, and if he takes his responsibilities to his characters over-seriously, he does, in his own way, get his effects through. He leaves with us a picture of the high hopes and vague longings of the months which followed the Armistice, which interprets very completely the moods and feelings of the time.

A VAGRANT TUNE. By Bryan T. Holland. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. Holland must be tired of reading that he is the grandson of Mrs. Gaskell, and that, as a village comedy of manners, "A Vagrant Tune" compares unfavourably with "Cranford." Let his book stand on its own merits. It is not without its good things. The chief character, Euphemia, is quite an individual person. One of the company of servant-maids in fiction, she might walk arm-in-arm, a pleasing foil, with Florence Kilpatrick's "Elizabeth." Euphemia lives with Miss Lavender, whom she has served for forty years, in Diddlebury, a couple of miles distant from the main road which leads to the nearest market-town. The outer world breaks in upon them with the weekly visits of Mrs. Brill, a charlady, who "obliges" with the housework. Mrs. Brill is delightful, and has been drawn with the mirror held close to nature. One day she brings the news that Starr Cross (a neighbouring estate) has been sold. The purchaser is Mr. Tidd, an old playmate of Miss Lavender's, who has made a fortune and is retiring. A charming romance follows. Mr. Holland avoids the over-emphasis which would have spoiled his quiet tale, and the story makes pleasant reading.

THE BRIGHT MESSENGER. By Algernon Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Algernon Blackwood is undisturbed by the discussion as to the Fourth Dimension, for he was born into a world of more than four. Others may take the world as their parish, but he has quietly annexed the stars also as his native province. And this without losing touch with common earth, save that to him no earth is common. Surely in these days of somewhat hectic interest in what is called "the new psychology" he is sure of a public, for not only is he acquainted with what is worth reading of the heap that has been written on the subconscious and the vagaries of divided personalities, but he has a native genius for finding his way among these fascinating and mysterious problems, and supreme (some will feel uncanny) skill in presenting such psychological problems *in action* in men and women that most definitely live as you read. "The Bright Messenger" is a masterly story of a case of divided personality in a superman, which is of extraordinary interest in itself as a story, and worth half a dozen of the semi-amateur introductions to the New Psychology because of his judicious and sane handling of the various problems as they arise. It is certainly one of the best of recent novels for one who fain would think to purpose, what time he reads with vivid interest.

LOVE AND THE LOCUSTS. By G. B. Burgin. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

When one reflects that Mr. Burgin has more than sixty novels to his credit, one begins to realise something of his understanding of human nature. For Mr. Burgin's books are read. In "Love and the Locusts" he takes us back to the old Four Corners—but a different Four Corners from the one we knew. Stay, the place is the same, but the people are different. It is part of Mr. Burgin's cunning that he makes us accept everything his characters do, because they do it, never minding whether they *ought* to do it, or *would* do it; we simply want to go on reading, about them, and about the chipmunks and the brown cows and the squirrels and the red-hot stoves that warm the cabins so cosily in the long winter evenings. They are all in the picture, and we cannot part with a single chipmunk! To reveal the plot would spoil Mr. Burgin's story for the reader—enough that it presents a very pretty problem in psychology—and in love!

THE EMPTY SACK. By Basil King. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One of the best novels of the season, dignified and persuasive in style, subtle in character-drawing, strong in incident. Mr. King sketches the story of the Folletts, whose father is dismissed for age from the great Collingham Bank. Very pitiful is the state of the Follett family when there is no work for the head. Teddy, the young son, is also in the Bank, and to help the desperate situation at home, pilfers money. Jennie, the pretty daughter, marries young Bob Collingham in secret, but does not love him, and Bob goes abroad, saying nothing. Teddy is caught, but not before he has shot dead the pursuing detective. Then comes the end of Teddy in the electric chair, but throughout there is a spiritual quality about the book, Teddy goes out bravely; and very bravely and quietly the young couple, now reconciled, face the future. The study of Junia Collingham, ambitious, scheming, skilful American mother, is remarkable. Her effrontery is boundless, her quickness in grasping the main chance almost uncanny, her worldly wisdom overpowering, and her resignation to things as they are, and have got to be, is a courtly resignation.

THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD. By Lloyd Williams. 7s. 6d. (Page.)

Patricia Dean, who sells blouses at Paxton's (although her father had been a real "swell"), catches sight of her lover on page one of Mr. Williams's fresh and ingenuous

tale. Guy Hewet was at work on a telegraph pole, high in air, and she saw him through the window of the Reserve Stock Room. "Don't cut away just yet," he pleaded. "It's awfully lonely up here." He liked her, you see, immediately. As she rushed downstairs with the box of blouses, her mental note was "Twenty-eight, perhaps nine. Dark eyes, and rather a jolly sort of chin." Very soon after this Pat is unjustly charged with theft, and falls in with the notorious Mrs. Mack—moneylender—and goes to live with her. There is much humour and discernment in the sketch of this remarkable person. But this is notably a book for those who can still be called young; for the pictures it gives of young bubbling love, strong against adversity, are always light and charming. An attractive and wholesome story, which augurs well for the author's future.

THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT. By Ridgwell Cullum. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

A strong and surprising yarn of love, competition, and greed. Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has doubtless won his big success by his straightforward and vigorous methods. He is practical to the core. Observe the hero and the heroine making love. There are no subtleties: no torturing shades of feeling. He is plain man, and she all woman. "She reached up and placed her soft arms about the neck that rose trunk-like above his shoulders. In a moment she was caught and crushed in his arms. 'Why—that's just fine!' The exclamation broke from the man out of sheer delight and happiness." Mr. Cullum mixes his ingredients lavishly; there is abundance of incident in his description of the struggle for supremacy between the two great leading wood-pulp mills in the lonely Canadian forests. Nancy, the heroine, works for one firm, and the man who loves her is fighting for the other. The study of Leslie Standing, the clever idealist cursed with "a yellow streak," is excellently done. We are in a primitive world as we read; among rough, healthy folk who pour out exuberant slangy talk, never far from the point. An excellent romance written with intense ease and gusto.

THE VALLEY OF PARADISE. By Alfred Gordon Bennett. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennett has given us an excellent adventure story of the South Seas—that home of romance;—a story after the style of "The Blue Lagoon," though of course quite different in detail. Raymond Mortimer discovers on one of the islands a beautiful white girl who knows nothing of her parentage, has been brought up from infancy by an old native, and cannot speak a word of English. He becomes infatuated with her, and as he is unable to rejoin his ship, an idyllic love affair ensues. Raymond's companion, a Norwegian, is likewise affected by the girl's charm and innocence, and after some months of extreme misery and brooding jealousy, he leaves the little party and tramps away across the island. Raymond and Hula also go off on their own and discover the wonderful Valley of Paradise, where they decide to remain. Such perfect bliss as theirs could hardly be expected to last, and the finding of Raymond's ship, wrecked on the rocks, is the first step towards its undoing. For there are drugs on the ship and Raymond is tempted to take them—and the habit grows on him. However, forces are at work in England to rescue the two castaways. From the dream-atmosphere of the South Seas we are transported to the squalor of Limehouse, and from this back to the island again, where friends and long-lost relatives meet and the story ends on an appropriately happy note. It is not surprising to learn that the film rights of the novel have already been disposed of. We shall look forward to the author's next book. This, his first novel, shows uncommon ability, a strong sense of the dramatic, a great appreciation of beauty, and a narrative and descriptive style of no little charm.

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The Bookman's Table.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF THE DOG. By Robert Leighton. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Dog lovers, dog breeders, everybody interested in dogs for pleasure or profit, will find Mr. Leighton's book a valuable acquisition. Under separate headings all recognised breeds are adequately dealt with and portraits of well-known champions given by way of illustration. The first section of the volume is devoted to the choice of a dog, with sound advice as to its care and training; the last section to canine ailments and their remedies; and the intervening two-hundred-and-sixty pages give, as has been mentioned, a full and detailed account of each of the various breeds. A glossary of technical terms, an Appendix containing the Kennel Club rules, and an Index, complete what is unquestionably one of the most exhaustive and practical works on this subject. Yet Mr. Leighton's extensive knowledge of pedigree dogs does not prevent his saying a good word for the mongrel; he holds the opinion, which all who can appreciate the companionship of a dog will share—that "any sort of a nondescript cross-bred cur is better than no dog at all."

MEMORIES AND BASE DETAILS. By Lady Angela Forbes. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

These memories are not, to be frank, as racy as we anticipated. The writer has of course rubbed up against some most entertaining persons, but has less to say about them than might have been imagined. There are vignettes here and there of her friends—"Margot, impressive and generally hatless, but full of life"; the Princess Pless, "so young and pretty that I was sure she could not have much in common with her German husband, and some years afterwards she told me how much she had suffered in her early married life." The account of Lady Angela's proposal is laid bare. "When J. asked me that evening to marry him, I said, 'Yes, if I may have your chestnut horse!'" Part II is the best half of the book, dealing with Lady Angela's labours in Boulogne. We have heard too much of the sad state of affairs at this port, from people who were there in the very early days, to doubt that Lady Angela's work was of extreme value, when the unattended wounded thronged the quay and a cup of hot coffee was a priceless thing.

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF THE HUMAN RACE. By Albert Churchward, M.P., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., F.G.S. 45s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Dr. Churchward has published a goodly number of books dealing with the origin and evolution of mankind, with primeval and primitive signs and symbols, with the secrets and symbols of Freemasonry, etc. He has clearly a wide acquaintance with ancient and modern theories, an extensive knowledge of facts with regard to discoveries relating to historic and prehistoric man. The publishers claim that the author "shows" that man originated in Africa, and contends that the progress and evolution of the human race can still be studied from the lowest type of original man as he advanced up the scale. "These types are still extant in some parts of the world, driven away into mountains and inaccessible forests by the Nilotic Negro, and these again into lands where they have been isolated by the Stellar Cult people into groups, with little or no intercommunication with others, and they have altered very little since the original exodus from Africa." Well, this is very interesting. But the author does not "show" anything of the sort. He simply asserts. And having asserted once he refers to his assertions thenceforward as proven facts, and therefrom builds up his theories, which are certainly most ingenious and well architected,

but which fail to convince. For one thing they are amazingly complete and definite, and problems that other inquirers face and find impossible of solution he unlooses as familiar as his garter. In spite of the vast erudition poured out on every page, in spite of the intriguing fascination of the theories put forward so confidently, in spite of much that is interesting, much that is appealing, much that the reader would be glad to accept, the lack of clear statement of fundamentals that can be established beyond dispute must be held to make this book of no value to the ordinary reader. Nor can it be of any value until Dr. Churchward actually does set out his fundamental principles and supports them with facts and arguments that cannot be controverted.

STUDIES IN ISLAMIC MYSTICISM. By Reynold Alleyne Nicholson, Litt.D., LL.D. 24s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

We owe several previous works of importance on kindred subjects to the Cambridge Lecturer in Persian. His "Studies in Islamic Poetry" has been called a great contribution to Persian literature in English, and Dr. Nicholson's present volume on the Sufis and their Mysticism offers material for the extension of our knowledge which may be said almost to mark an epoch. It creates for the first time an opportunity in this country to become acquainted with certain poets and prophets of Sufism who are "famous in the East," and in Dr. Nicholson's opinion are "worthy of being known in Europe." To those who are acquainted with Mysticism only in its western forms, under the ægis of Christianity, such a gift is priceless. The personalities in question are Abu Sa'îd, Ibnu 'Arabi, Ibnu 'l-Fârid, and Al Jîlî. The first flourished between A.D. 967 and 1049, the second is of 1165-1240, while the third, his contemporary, was born in 1182 and died in 1235. The last is much later, his approximate period being 1365-6 and 1406-17. Abu Sa'îd is an apostle of casting out self by the realisation "that nothing exists but God." Ibnu 'Arabi was an exponent of the perfect man in whom is the Divine Spirit, as the result of which man displays Divine Attributes. Ibnu 'l-Fârid beheld the vision of Divine Beauty in all beautiful things: he is above all an apostle of mystical love. Jîlî unfolds the phases of inward illumination in four successive stages, characterised as the illumination (1) of the Actions, (2) of the Names, (3) of the Attributes, and (4) of the Essence of Divine Being, otherwise the self-revelation of God to those who possess an inborn capacity for His realisation in themselves. We get into much fuller and closer touch with Ibnu 'l-Fârid than with the other mystics, for Dr. Nicholson gives copious translations of his Odes and an almost complete rendering of that which is called "The Mystic's Progress," his own spiritual autobiography, or story of his mystical experience in the paths which lead to Divine Union and in the quality or nature of "that abiding oneness," so far as the attained state can be described in words. As a memorial at least, we are put in possession of a very precious treasure, the diary of the life of a lover engulfed *ex hypothesi* in God and passing in his ecstasy into incredible states beyond the state of union. Of these last there are records in the Christian West. Where, however, do they lead the Persian ecstatic? To affirmations such as these: (1) that no one dead or alive has reached the height which he has; (2) that his contemporaries drink only the dregs of what has been left by him; (3) that their vaunted merits are his own superfluity. It may be that these things are open to interpretation, by a *tour de force* or otherwise; but we prefer the way of the great saints who have known and attained in Christ, the way of Ruysbroeck and Eckehart.

RACHEL AND THE SEVEN WONDERS. By Netta Syrett. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"I'm tired of England," was the shocking sentiment heard in a schoolroom the other day, as the familiar history-

book was brought out. Fortunately the person who spoke had a birthday, and there had arrived for her the most fascinating book in a pale grey binding, with an awfully strange picture on the cover. Of course Gladys Mary longed to have it read to her—she was still at the stage when reading was difficult. So, very wisely, the governess put away the stereotyped history-book, and began the tale of the happy little girl Rachel, who had such magic adventures in the land of the past. For the morning lesson, instead of the dates of the kings, Gladys Mary heard the first story in her delightful new book; that of the Great Pyramid. And wasn't it exciting too, and what it told was quite true, so one was really learning, as well as having a good time listening. Next history morning Gladys will be allowed to do story number two, "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon." She loves "Rachel and the Seven Wonders," and so will all children who have the luck to get hold of it.

THE GARDEN OF EXPERIENCE. By Mrs. Cran. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"I have seen life from many angles; touched it at many points; and nothing it has offered has given me more lasting joy than the song of the wind in pine trees and the thin light of stars upon roses after rain. . . ." Those who read "The Garden of Ignorance," back "in the careless days of peace before 1914," will recognise in the above quotation something of the love of beautiful, intangible things that endeared to a wide public Mrs. Cran's intimate story of her own endeavours to create a garden. This is the story of the garden in being; her dreams blossoming in bud and leaf; her hopes made manifest in tiled path and shady lawn. The trees and flowers in her garden are more than trees and flowers—they are personalities. "The old plum tree was a character," she tells us; "a knotted, misshapen, grumbling besom. . . . It had had a cruel childhood we knew from its twisted back and scowling face, but its heart was sweet and generous towards us. . . ." The human folk of the garden no less claim our interest and sympathy. Mrs. Cran recounts anecdotes that bring them before us in vivid detail—little tales of pathos and humour, intermingled with a kindly tolerance, a wholesome philosophy. Such is the story of the gardener-woman—changed "in the modelling hands of Time from a round little baby"; and, writes the author, "though I loved my friend the gardener mate before all others, there are times when I miss my baby much. When I hear a tall and capable Miss recommending sulphates for the strawberry bed, memory does a 'switch-back' and shows me again the little one who complained to me that her flowers wouldn't grow 'because they knew she was little.'" All garden-lovers, whether possessed of that boon a garden, or not, should have this book. It is a book of true values—to be read, kept handy on the bookshelf or by the bedside, and read again many times over. The numerous photographic illustrations lend it additional charm.

A SHORT FISCAL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By J. F. Rees, M.A. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

In public and private discussion on the present state of world finance and world industry and commerce to-day we frequently meet the statement that it was just the same after the Napoleonic wars. In broad outline it was. But the difference in conditions, the difference in development of various countries should make us hesitate before concluding that the problem will yield to the same methods of treatment as did that of a century ago. Then continental states were mainly agricultural, and they did not suffer to the same extent by war. Recovery was much more simple than in our highly complex industrialised, interdependent communities. The main problems of statesmen now are not internal economic problems, they are international problems. As Professor Rees points out,

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THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND OF VERSE. Gathered by Grace Rhys. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Those who are acquainted with the delicate poems and essays of Mrs. Rhys will know how sensitive is her understanding of children. No better editor for a book of verse intended for the young people could have been found. "The Children's Garland of Verse" is one of the most catholic and delightful collections of the sort that have ever been published. At first sight some readers might be inclined to think that Mrs. Rhys has cast her net too wide, for her volume contains many poems not deliberately

addressed to children. Yet those who carefully cast their minds back to their own early years will, we think, appreciate, on a fuller perusal of the book, how faultless the editor's taste actually is. For intelligent children, after all, do not really care much for the "pretty-pretty" verse that is too often offered them, and Mrs. Rhys shows a finer discrimination in setting before them, in addition to an excellent selection of old rhymes and ballads, poems (to mention but a few at random) of the calibre of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper," Sir E. Dyer's "Contentment," George Herbert's "Sweet Life," E. B. Browning's "Cry of the Children," and Hood's "Song of the Shirt." Children do not merely like to have their ears and their fancies tickled; they are capable of human sympathy, if rightly appealed to, and Mrs. Rhys knows exactly what the right appeal is. Mr. Charles Robinson's eight coloured illustrations add to the charm of an altogether delightful and beautiful gift-book for young folks. And

"grown-ups" will rejoice in it too; for, as Mrs. Rhys says, "those everlasting flowers that we gather in the meadows and pastures of poetry, when we first begin, remain with us all our lives after."

FAVOURITE FRENCH FAIRY TALES. Retold from the French by Barbara Douglas. Illustrated by R. Cramer. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

In the daintiest pale grey cover. Good print, clever, vivid illustrations in colour. Altogether most attractive. The stories are taken from the French of Perrault, Madame Leprince de Beadmont and Madame d'Aulnoy. We open with "Cinderella" and proceed to "Little Red Riding Hood." The only tale in the book that is quite new to us is the delightful "Riquet with the Tuft," in which we hear of a small and very ugly Prince, with the sweetest disposition and manners in the world; and of a lovely Princess, who is stupid and unintelligent—"She was so awkward in her movements that she could not arrange four china ornaments on a shelf without letting one fall." "I should prefer," says the Princess sadly to Riquet, whom she meets in a wood near the palace, "being as ugly as yourself, and being clever, to being so beautiful, yet looked upon as a fool." "Nothing is such a sure sign of good sense, madam," replies the noble Riquet, "as to recognise one's own defects." It all comes right, of course.

Music.

THE SONGS OF JOHN IRELAND.

BY RODNEY BENNETT.

TWO notable things about John Ireland are that he is difficult to define and that he has been, and still is, the subject of frequent and often acrimonious discussion. The most interesting thing about the numerous estimates, complimentary and uncomplimentary, that I have heard or read is their extreme diversity. I have not yet come across an expert who

pretended to a final opinion of his achievement and possibilities. These are promising signs. If a man can be docketed it is fairly certain that his creative period is either ended or not begun. Another promising fact is that, individual though his music is, Ireland has never become a theme for the novelty hunters. He is too serious for that, too little prone to patent

mannerisms as distinguished from a highly personal and consistent style. His work as a whole is essentially difficult, probably too difficult for wide popularity. Yet he has the matter in him for popularity of the best kind. "Sea-fever" has far outstripped the vogue of any first-class song that has appeared for years past. Yet to the larger public his other songs are comparatively unknown.

If I wished, as, lacking space, I do not, to define Ireland, I should work out the thesis that he is a man who has not yet succeeded in getting on familiar terms with an unusually complicated temperament, in which emotion is involved with intellectualism to a degree unusual in a creative artist; a temperament sensitive to



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. John Ireland.

beauty, sensitive to the ugliness which is beauty's obverse. His music shows a mind restless, keenly analytical, unable to take life and art easily. Occasionally there have been reactions into tranquillity, but his latest works show that these are not final. Resolution is not yet. But certain factors remain constant. In all his work, whether it may please or displease, there is the same standard, the same concentration of purpose, the same real and often painful sincerity. It is music born of emotional conflict. The fluctuations of the struggle leave critical opinion guessing. They puzzle the public. Most of all, probably, they puzzle Ireland.

This puzzlement has done more than anything to delay the recognition by singers of the value of his songs. Between his best work and his less successful experiments there is a superficial and highly deceptive similarity that tends to make them neglect what they cannot afford to neglect while good modern songs are so rare. It must also be recognised that of his best songs a number, on account of their complexity, are practicable only for the exceptional few. These too have stood in the way of the considerable remainder which are within the capacity of the unexceptional many. Upon these I intend to concentrate here, passing briefly over the more esoteric successes and dealing with what seem to me the failures only so much as will be useful for purposes of comparison. To do otherwise in the limits of a brief article without lapsing into a barren list would in any case be impossible.

Ireland's published songs number about forty-six, dating from 1911. Of the earliest it is surprising that at least two have not won a wide popularity. Of these neither "Hope, the Hornblower" nor "I will walk on the earth" is strikingly original. They might have been written by some one else, a thing that can be said of few of their successors. But, that being admitted, they remain very much worth while as singers' songs. Virile, dexterous in its accompaniment, "Hope, the Hornblower" is finely effective for a robust baritone.

beauty, sensitive to the ugliness which is beauty's obverse. His music shows a mind restless, keenly analytical, unable to take life and art easily. Occasionally there have been reactions into tranquillity, but his latest works show that these are not final. Resolution is not yet. But

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The other comes from the 1912 volume of five "Songs of a Wayfarer," of which three are particularly notable. "When daffodils begin to peer," a merry sheaf of snatches from Autolycus, is again for baritone. "Memory," a setting for baritone, contralto or mezzo-soprano, of William Blake, seems to me one of the most exquisite and assured things in modern song. The last, "I was not sorrowful," I mention not because I enjoy it, but because it interestingly foreruns the 1916 volume, "Marigold: Impressions for Voice and Piano," settings of two lyrics by Rossetti and one by Ernest Dowson after Verlaine. Whether or not you will enjoy them is predetermined by your taste or distaste for the enervating atmosphere of the poems. This of course does not affect the value of the music, which depends upon its success in reproducing an atmosphere. In this "I was not sorrowful" strikingly succeeds. It is languid, faintly sour and splenetic. It is much better than any of the "Impressions." These strive for an effect which they do not achieve. Their restless irritability shows in elaborate accompaniments, very wide compasses and angular melodic lines which make them excessively difficult to memorise. And when all his work is done the singer feels that he has been trying to handle something which the composer has failed to put into his hand. The impression left is that Ireland has temporarily abandoned line for colour, and that the result is a nebulous formlessness.

Of "Sea-Fever" it is necessary to say little. It combines the directness of the earlier songs with a new individuality. It has achieved popular success without pandering to it. It has been sung in a revue, where it triumphantly not only succeeded but survived. The success is deserved. The music sincerely and finely expresses words which have a universal appeal. The later "Bells of San Marie" fails to recapture the same success because the appeal of the poem is limited and æsthetic.

The war was bound to produce marked effects upon sensitive musicians. The first result in Ireland's case is seen in the restlessness of "Marigold," the second in a sudden turning away from complexity to simplicity. Between 1917 and 1919 appear a number of songs which are as essentially simple, and at their best as absolutely right, as fine folk songs. Of those not definitely inspired by the war the best are settings of Brooke's "Spring Sorrow" and of A. E. Housman's "The Heart's Desire." It would be difficult to find anything more simple than the first or more satisfying. "The Heart's Desire" appeals to me as one of the loveliest things Ireland has done, and shows his power of melody and his characteristic modal style at their best. Both songs are suitable for almost any voice. "Hawthorn Time," another setting of a poem from "The Shropshire Lad," is similar in method. The reasons for its comparative failure offers a pleasing problem to the student interested in comparing melodies. The group concludes with "I have twelve oxen," a jolly song from Chambers's collection of Early English poetry, which is a good and lusty thing to sing. Contemporary with these are three songs—"Remember," "If there were dreams to sell" and "The Sacred Flame"—all good to sing, but unusually sentimental for Ireland. Each deals justly with a

poem that is not quite good enough. The same gentleness finds much more charming expression in "Mother and Child," eight extracts from Christina Rossetti's "Sing Song," wrongly described as nursery rimes. They are, rather, quiet songs about childhood for a grown-up mezzo-soprano; and sung by the right one very delightful they would be, for, without being strongly individual, they are sincere and tender things. In his war songs Ireland has achieved the difficult task of writing a group whose value survives the passing of the events that inspired them. All are fine. If distinction must be made I should choose "Blind" and "The Cost" for their splendid simplicity. Their very excellence is their defect. They are so poignant as to make them almost impossible to sing in public. "Blow out, you bugles," and "The Soldier" are settings of sonnets by Rupert Brooke. The second is particularly successful with its fine Elgarian tune in expressing the quiet manliness of words that thrilled England:

"Laughter, learnt of friends and gentleness,
In hearts at peace,—under an English heaven."

Within a few months of these came Ireland's most ambitious song, "Earth's Call: A Silvan Rhapsody," a setting for mezzo-soprano of a poem by Harold Monro. This, "The Rat," "Rest," "Adoration" (three settings of poems by Arthur Symonds, with French adaptations of G. Jean-Aubry) and "The Trellis," again present Ireland's more elaborate method, and so recall "Marigold." But they are difficult with a difference. In the earlier group the effect remains of an unjustified complexity, in the later of atmospheres subtly realised. "The Rat" is particularly interesting as an excursion into morbid ugliness which justifies itself by its success. All are certainly songs for the exceptional minority. Like the majority of Ireland's later songs, they are most successful in tenor keys. Their vocal technique is striking. They give the singer difficult things to do and yet are essentially vocal.

Little space remains for the songs of last year. "The Land of Lost Content" is a cycle of six songs for tenor voice, from "The Shropshire Lad," which it will be interesting to hear effectively performed. Probably the first, "The Lent Lily," a tranquil and beautiful song, will become the best known. The rest are of an unrelieved sombreness in striking contrast to the songs which form Ireland's most recent experiment—three settings of Elizabethan lyrics: Sidney's "My true love hath my heart," Daniels's "Love is a sickness full of woes" and Dekker's "The Merry Month of May." Here are no unwise imitations of the "old style" rather painfully in vogue at the moment. The treatment is daringly modern. Opinion will vary as to the success with which these very new bottles accommodate the very old wine. To my mind it does so but poorly in the first instance because the composer has mistaken the wine. Sidney is deliciously sincere, but he is not too anxious to be fascinated by a conceit. The music on the contrary is in very serious earnest and the effect is more than a little heavy-handed. It expresses one way of reading the poem, but hardly the general one. The other two songs leave no such doubts. Debatable though they are, they are intensely alive and arrestingly individual. Which, incidentally, sums up very well the interest of all John Ireland's songs.

In the following chronological list of songs by John Ireland the figure indicates the number of keys published and the notes the compass of the lowest. Unless otherwise stated they are published by Winthrop Rogers.

1911: "Hope, the Hornblower" (Boosey), 3; D—E.
 1912: "Songs of a Wayfarer: Five Songs" (Boosey), B \flat —E.
 1915: "Sea-Fever" (Augener), 4; B—D.
 1916: "Marigold: Three Songs," A—F. 1917: "The Heart's Desire," 3; D \sharp —F \sharp . "The Soldier," 2; C—E \flat . "Blind" and "The Cost," D—D; C—F. "Mother and Child: Eight Nursery Rimes," D—F.
 1918: "Blow out, you bugles," C—F. "Earth's Call," D—F. "Remember," 3; B—E \flat . "If there were dreams to sell," 3; B \flat —E \flat . "Spring Sorrow," 2; C—D. "The Sacred Flame," 3; B—F \sharp . 1919: "The Rat" (Chester), B—E. "Rest" (Chester), E \flat —F. "The Adoration" (Chester), C \sharp —E \flat . "I have twelve oxen," 2; C—F. "Hawthorn time," 2; C—E \flat . "The Bells of San Marie" (Augener), 3; C—D. 1920: "The Trellis" (Augener), 2; A—E. "The Journey" (Enoch), 3; C—E. "The East Riding" (Enoch), 3; B \flat —D. 1921: "The Land of Lost Content: Six Songs" (Augener), 2; C \sharp —F. "The Merry Month of May," 3; B—E. "Love is a sickness," 3; C—E. "My true love hath my heart" (Augener), 2; D—F.

GROUP-SONGS AND SINGLE SONGS.*

The motives which govern the publication of half a dozen songs or so inside one cover, are rather hard to fathom. Because, while sometimes the contents represent the composer in his lighter, slighter, more trivial moments, sometimes they are of much importance and individuality, and should have been regarded as separate issues. Again, one comes across many vocal compositions which do not quite justify publication as single efforts, but would have been all right if included amongst others: even as small inconspicuous blossoms, which would scarcely be gathered and given for their own sake, may greatly enhance the beauty of a bouquet where choicer blooms predominate. And, once more, why certain songs are proffered separately in a series, which inherently call for assemblage in one volume, is a mystery defiant of solution. But there seems no definite rule or reason in these things.

An excellent example of appropriate grouping is offered in Paul Edmonds's "Four Indian Songs." If the author originally wrote in English or in Hindustani, I cannot say—but as English lyrics these words are exceptionally able, and the composer, while endowing them with music of quasi-Oriental colouring, has achieved a melodious and felicitous result, not too exacting for the average

* "The Bird of Time." (Four Indian Songs.) By Paul Edmonds. Poems by Sarojini Naidu. 3s. 6d. (Enoch).—"Spindrift." Five Songs by May H. Brahe. Lyrics by Ethel Tindal-Atkinson and Madge Dickson. 3s. 6d. (Enoch).—"Album of Six Songs." By George Whitaker. 5s. (Elkin).—"Songs of Love and Life." Music by Eric Fogg. Words by Rabindranath Tagore. (1) "One Morning in the Flower Garden"; (2) "It was in May"; (3) "In the Dusky Path of a Dream"; (4) "Peace"; (5) "Free me from the Bonds of your Sweetness." 2s. each. (Elkin).—"Evening." Song by O. Merikanto. English version by Elisabeth M. Lockwood. 1s. (Augener).—"The West Wind." Song by D. M. Stewart. Words by John Masfield. 2s. (Augener).—"A Cradle Hymn." Music by Herbert Hughes. From a Poem by Isaac Watts. 2s. (Enoch).—"Caprice for Voice and Pianoforte." By H. V. Jervis-Read. Words by Francis Thompson. 2s. (Elkin).—"The Four Cross Roads." Song by H. Lyall Phillips. Words by H. Kenniston Wynne. 2s. (Chappell).—"A Ballad of Gretna Green." Song by May H. Brahe. Lyric by Margaret Dickson. 2s. (Enoch).—"Night." Song by Mischa-Leon. Words by G. Hubl-Newcombe. 2s. (Augener).—"Happy Little Dream." Song by Mischa-Leon. Words by Hilda Hart. 2s. (Augener).—"Soliloquy." Music by George Oldroyd. Words by Christina Rossetti. 2s. (Elkin.)

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amateur, yet effective for concert purposes. Some purists might kick at his penchant for consecutive fifths in the bass, but in this case I confess to enjoying them. All four songs are well worth singing, but one may specially commend "Guerdon" and "The Old Woman."

Miss May H. Brahe is always tuneful, and in her collection entitled "Spindrift," she presents five very short lyrics set with skill and grace. The triplet-figure in the accompaniment to "Sea-Birds" is daintily handled: altogether these small vignettes will give pleasure to Miss Brahe's numerous admirers. And I should like to call attention to the charming verses by Ethel Tindal-Atkinson.

A curious blend of poetic styles and subjects has been selected by Mr. George Whitaker for his "Album of Six Songs." Shelley's "My faint spirit was sitting," Shakespeare's "O Mistress mine," Yeats's "Innisfree," Whitehead's "The *Je ne sais quoi*," are companioned by a four-line verse of Lafcadio Hearn's, and a pensive lyric by Ernest Dowson. It is the queerest, most irrelevant mixture. The composer has desired to be original if nothing else: he is ultra-modern in restless tonality. He seems to me too intricate in his treatment of "Innisfree," which in its nature is simplicity raised to the *n*th degree: but "Seki" evinces singular artistic feeling. "The Moon Maiden's Song" is of an ethereal delicacy, and the Shelley piece stands out sultry, sombre, impressive.

"Songs of Love and Life" are selected from the poems of Rabindranath Tagore; and if not all are equally well adapted for musical setting, yet Eric Fogg has made a successful attempt to provide each phrase with its equivalent in sound. An indefinable fascination exhales from his pages: yet they will not exercise their magic on every one. Some might say, "These compositions are over-elaborated, almost laboured"—yet with what faithfulness and flexibility they interpret the spirit of the words! Others might cavil at the fragmentary character of what can barely be termed the melody: yet each phrase is complete and expressive in itself. Briefly, it amounts to this—, if you like Rabindranath Tagore, you will like Mr. Eric Fogg's rendering of him: if you don't, you won't. But in either case you will allow that Mr. Fogg is endowed with remarkable insight and cleverness.

The songs of Oskar Merikanto are gracious, charming little *morceaux*. I am doubtful that his "Evening" is equal to "The Ring-doves," on which I commented lately: but I am certain that such tender little flowers of music should be assembled in a collection, not produced as individual songs. They are scarcely of sufficient stamina to stand alone: and they are far too pleasing to be swamped among bigger publications. "The West Wind," on the contrary, is a spirited, robust, and lengthy—perhaps too lengthy—effort, in which John Masefield's vigorous verse is wedded to stimulating strains by D. M. Stewart: forming a strong foil to the quiet devotional feeling of the next on our list, "A Cradle Hymn," which has been attractively treated by Herbert Hughes, and should be welcomed by any mezzo-soprano in search of a new sacred song.

To call a thing "Caprice for Voice and Pianoforte" disarms criticism at the outset. That the title is fully earned, may be judged by the words which the composer has chosen from Francis Thompson. They are purely descriptive—descriptive of a girl's hair falling down! The personal equation is all but absent: there is no emotional or dramatic appeal. Why anybody should wish to set, or to sing, a verse about a girl's hair falling down, passes comprehension. With so many glorious poems of Thompson's "set between Heaven and Charing Cross," surely this is a very arbitrary choice. The time-signatures are odd, to put it mildly. The first bar is marked two-four time—the second, three-four—the third, four-four—the fourth, five-four—the sixth, six-four—the eighth, four-four. And so on: including a bar of seven-four on the last page! But of course the composer is a law unto himself in these matters.

Of a frankly popular type, "The Four Cross-Roads" and "A Ballad of Gretna Green" are suitable for either sex, and make no fierce demands upon an amateur's ability. "Night" is somewhat commonplace, but "Happy Little Dream" reveals a pleasant *naïveté*. "Soliloquy" is very well written for the voice, though one does not perceive the *raison-d'être* of its arpeggio accompaniment. Even if the wistfulness of the words is not quite realised, "Soliloquy" will commend itself to a singer, which is a trait very much to the good.

MAY BYRON.

The Drama.

CHARLES DICKENS AND "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

BY FRANK RUTTER.

INNUMERABLE commentators on Dickens have made reference to the preceding writers by whom he was supposed to have been influenced. "He had access to the older novelists—Fielding, Smollett and others," says one of them; while according to another, "Fielding, Smollett, Le Sage and Cervantes were his friends when his health forbade him to take part in the sports of childhood."

But curiously enough it appears to have escaped attention hitherto how deeply Dickens was attracted and fascinated by the work of another author—John Gay. There is good evidence, as we shall see later, that "The Beggar's Opera" directly incited Dickens to turn his attention to those scenes and characters of low life in which he achieved his greatest triumphs. The example of Gay is apparent and acknowledged in the first serious book with which Dickens had a perfectly free hand—and we must not forget that though he made "The Pickwick Papers" inimitably his own, the subject was dictated by the publisher who commissioned the work. "Oliver Twist" is a Beggars'

Tragedy, a deliberate presentation of the reverse of Gay's fantastic medallion. In another comparatively early work, "Barnaby Rudge," the same intention is discernible, "Maypole Hugh" being the tragic reality of that romantic rascal, "Mat of the Mint."

But apart from these two books, in which the analogy is most marked, the novels of Charles Dickens abound with internal evidence of the author's intimacy with and affection for Gay's masterpiece. Snatches of the songs were constantly running through the novelist's head, a special favourite being Macheath's "If the heart of a man is depressed with cares." All readers of "The Old Curiosity Shop" will remember Dick Swiveller's adaptation of this:

"When the heart of a man is depressed with fears,
The mist is dispelled when Miss Wackles appears."

Nor will it be forgotten that at young Copperfield's first dinner party, "Markham was the singer, and he sang, 'When the heart of a man is depressed with care.'"

Another adaptation of the ditty will be found in

"Our Mutual Friend" where Mr. Wegg, visiting Mr. Venus, informs his host,

"When the heart of a man is depressed with cares
The mist is dispelled if Venus appears.
Like the notes of a fiddle, you sweetly, sir, sweetly,
Raises our spirits and charms our ears."

Again, when Steerforth incites Miss Mowcher to reproach David Copperfield with inconstancy, that quaint little person exclaims :

"'Is he fickle? oh, for shame! Did he sip every flower, and change every hour, until Polly his passion requited?'"

There is no need, however, to multiply quotations to prove the keen interest of Dickens in "The Beggar's Opera," while his own direct reference to it exists. In the author's preface to the 1867 edition of "Oliver Twist" (which first began to appear in 1837) the choice of the subject is defended by the plea that here the criminal and degraded are presented without any specious allurements or tinsel fascination. By contrast Dickens continues :

"Even in 'The Beggar's Opera,' the thieves are represented as leading a life which is rather to be envied than otherwise; while Macheath, with all the captivations of command, and the devotion of the most beautiful girl and only pure character in the piece, is as much to be admired and emulated by weak beholders, as any fine gentleman in a red coat who has purchased, as Voltaire says, the right to command a couple of thousand men, or so, and to affront death at their head. Johnson's question, whether any man will turn thief because Macheath is reprieved, seems to me beside the matter. I ask myself, whether any man will be deterred from turning thief because of Macheath's being sentenced to death, and because of the existence of Peachum and Lockit; and remembering the captain's roaring life, great appearance, vast success, and strong advantages, I feel assured that nobody having a bent that way will take any warning from him, or will see anything in the play but a flowery and pleasant road, conducting an honourable ambition—in course of time—to Tyburn Tree.

"In fact, Gay's witty satire on society had a general object, which made him quite regardless of example in this respect, and gave him other and wider aims."

From this highly moral discourse would it not appear that the perilous fascination of "The Beggar's Opera," a fascination experienced by the author himself, was the *fons et origo* which impelled Dickens to write a story of crime which should have no charm or allurements for young and old? In "Oliver Twist," he maintains, there are

"no canterings on moonlit heaths, no merry-makings in the snugest of all possible caverns, none of the attractions of dress, no embroidery, no lace, no jack-boots, no crimson coats and ruffles, none of the dash and freedom with which 'the road' has been time out of mind invested. The cold, wet, shelterless midnight streets of London; the foul and frowzy dens, where vice is closely packed and lacks the room to turn; the haunts of hunger and disease; the shabby rags that scarcely hold together; where are the attractions of these things?"

From all which we may deduce that whatever doubts Dickens, as a good Victorian, may have entertained as to the morality of Gay's opera, he was keenly alive and sensitive to the spell of its art. His criticism is a confession of its hold on his imagination, for under given circumstances we may allow that the most sincere form of flattery is not imitation but reaction.

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THE IRISH PLAYERS. At the Ambassador's Theatre.

What a strange business it is, this art of acting! Here is Miss Muriel Allen recreating Nora Murray, one of Miss Magee's great parts in times gone by. Miss Magee played Nora proudly, heroically, and the forlorn courage of love blazed in her like a flame: "Mixed Marriage" was a great tragedy in those days. Miss Allen, whether from a different reading of the play or because she discerns (as any artist is constantly required to discern) the way best suited to her own art, makes Nora the very antithesis of Miss Magee's conception—mean, flabby, strong only in the blind selfishness which ignores everything but her own desires: and behold, "Mixed Marriage" is a great tragedy still! Artistically, there is not a pin to choose between the two interpretations. The play's balance is altered, not destroyed; and whereas formerly our sympathy went out towards two starcrossed lovers, it is now heaped in double measure on Hugh Rainey, played at a white heat of passionate idealism by Mr. Parker Lynch. One can pay Mr. Ervine no higher compliment than to admit that it is no longer possible to guess his original intention: the play acts magnificently either way; he has built better than he knew. To praise Miss Allgood is superfluous; and her sheer maintenance of the lyric note of "Riders to the Sea" (which the others played a shade too realistically) is no less a triumph of her personality than of her judgment.

FANNY'S FIRST PLAY. At The Everyman.

One of these days, when Mr. Shaw becomes a classic, people will start writing books on Shavian Mothers as they do now on Shakespearean Heroines; and when that delightful procession is at last mustered, Mrs. Rob Gilbey and Mrs. Joseph Knox will be in the front row. In the new Shaw season at the Everyman they are played respectively by Miss Maud Jolliffe with just the right touch of lovable absurdity, and by Miss Margaret Carter with an inspired suggestion of spiritual beauty which, on the first night, was strangely wasted on an influenza-ridden house. The rest of the cast were curiously unequal; Mr. Hignett's Gilbey was even better than Mr. Wills's Knox, which is saying much; Miss Massingham was far too mature (one might almost say matronly) for Margaret who, although she has grown up with a jerk, is yet not wholly emancipated from the schoolroom. Mr. Banks's Duvallet was unobtrusively delightful: his four gradations of the nod in the first act were alone worth the journey to Hampstead. On the other hand, Miss Jones exaggerated Darling Dora beyond the bounds of burlesque, let alone of comedy, and her first exit was an outrage. Even so the play was full of rich comedy, despite the fact that its humour "dates" more than that of any Shavian play. The education of parents has been carried so far forward by the present generation that the Knox-and-Gilbey type of household is already a little incredible, nor is the difficulty smoothed over by the setting which Mr. Macdermott has seen fit to provide. His two interiors give exquisite pleasure to the eye just where they should torture it excruciatingly. There are two ways (or so I take it: it is purely a matter of opinion) of mounting a play—the neutral and the suggestive. The neutral method, by providing a background as far as possible formless, leaves the play to create its own atmosphere; the suggestive helps to create atmosphere by scenic device. The Knox-Gilbey atmosphere is stuffy: closed windows, horsehair, oleographs and antimacassars; and the play, neutrally mounted, is well able to create this effect. But to provide chaste candelabra, soothing chintzes, and a style of architecture midway between a Greek temple and a Liberty drawing-room, is to fight against the spirit of the play, and make its dialogue not only obsolete but ridiculous.

But the real weakness of the revival lies in its induction and epilogue. They were taken much too slowly. Of the four critics Mr. Denham was tolerable; the rest were so astonishingly incompetent that I suspected Mr. Macdermott, in a moment of realism, of having cast them from life; nowhere else but among practising dramatic critics could he have discovered three gentlemen so sublimely indifferent to the art of acting.

E. G. S.

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News Notes.

The picture on our cover is one of Miss Eleanor Brickdale's illustrations in colour from "The Golden Book of Famous Women" (Hodder & Stoughton).

A book that is likely to rouse considerable controversy is the Memoirs of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth will publish on May 6th. Naturally, the prince does not take the very unfavourable view of himself that is held by most people. He gives a frank account of events that led up to the war, and offers drastic criticism of the great personages of Germany and the rest of the world, including the ex-Kaiser. His references to King Edward are said to be uncommonly gracious and appreciative. He begins with stories of his childhood and military training,

of the court and his father's entourage, and proceeds to unveil the truth as he sees it about the political intrigues and ambitions that led Germany into disaster, and about Germany's war blunders. Whatever feeling one may have toward the prince himself, his book should be worth reading as a confession of how the other side looks at its own doings.

On February 20th Mr. Cyril Scott played his Pianoforte Concerto in Vienna, the conductor being Nils Grevillius of Stockholm. The success of the performance may be gauged from the fact that the composer received five recalls. The musical critics were warmly appreciative in the Vienna newspapers. On March 15th Mr. Scott gave a pianoforte and vocal recital in the same city in conjunction with Madame Vera Maid-Tiller.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas asks us to point out an error of fact that crept inadvertently into his last month's article on "Alfred Noyes and 'The Torch-Bearers.'" In referring to the night Mr. Noyes spent on the Sierra Madre Mountains, when the first trial was made of the new 100-inch telescope, he

says that Mr. Noyes describes "the wonderful experience of that night, with its first discovery of a moon of Jupiter." A new moon of Jupiter was, in point of fact, discovered recently, but not on the occasion above mentioned. In fairness to Mr. Noyes, who has observed great accuracy in his poem, the writer of the article feels that this error on his own part should be pointed out.

Mr. Davidson Cook, one of our leading authorities on everything concerning Burns, has reprinted from the *Annual Burns Chronicle*, for 1922, his article on "Annotations of Scottish Songs by Burns" (Dumfries: Robert Dinwiddie). He rightly describes it as an essential supplement to the editorial work of Cromek and Dick. Cromek in his "Reliques of Robert Burns" reprinted a series of remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads which he said existed in the handwriting of the poet; but in 1903 J. C. Dick, in his "Notes on Scottish Song by Robert Burns," after careful scrutiny of the source from which Cromek professed to have drawn, branded fifteen of Cromek's alleged comments by Burns as spurious and others as garbled. By a lucky chance, Mr. Cook has come across the original annotations in Burns's handwriting and here reprints them, with his own comments and an account of the discovery that enables him to establish Cromek's authenticity. The pamphlet clears up another mystery that has long baffled Burns students.

Among the new volumes just added to Messrs. Collins's tastefully produced Illustrated Pocket Classics series (2s. each) are Reade's "Foul Play," Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers," Mrs. Henry Wood's "Roland Yorke," Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and Cowden Clarke's "Tales from Chaucer."

On the lines of his successful "Kipling's Sussex," Mr. Thurston Hopkins has written a volume on "Thomas Hardy's Dorset," which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing this month. It will be illustrated by Mr. E. Harries, and from photographs.

Under the editorship of Messrs. J. T. Grein, L. Dunton Green and Frank Rutter, the *Arts Gazette* has been revived, and the first number of the new series has just been published. Its aim is to deal fearlessly, as an independent critical journal, with the Fine Arts in all their branches.

Professor Charles Baudouin, whose "Suggestion and Auto-suggestion" has reached its sixth impression, is writing another book, "Studies in Psycho-analysis," an account of twenty-seven concrete cases preceded by a theoretical exposition, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. The same firm has just issued

"John Masefield: A Critical Study," by W. H. Hamilton.

The two first prizes in the Femina Vie Heureuse Competition have been awarded to "Dangerous Ages," by Rosa Macaulay, and "The Black Diamond," by F. Brett Young, both published by Messrs. Collins. The third prize was awarded to "Bliss," by Katherine Mansfield, which was published by Messrs. Constable.

"A Journey in Ireland, 1921," by Wilfrid Ewart, is due this month from Messrs. Putnams. Lord Winterton has written an Introduction for the book.

"French Folk: A Book for Vagabonds," by W. Branch Johnson, which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing, has an interesting story behind it.



Photo by Bertram Park.

The Baroness Orczy.

whose new novel, "Nicolette," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month.

Mr. Johnson was on the staff of the *Daily News* at Liverpool, and when that Northern office was closed down he found himself out of employment at a time when unemployment in the newspaper world was unusually widespread. Within three days, however, he and his wife were in France, where Mr. Johnson had found a temporary engagement at Nice. Provided only with army packs they both set out presently to work their way across the country to Biarritz and thence to Brittany, living throughout with the country folk and falling in with the strangest travelling companions, and it is the story of this journey and the happenings by

the way that is unfolded in his book.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

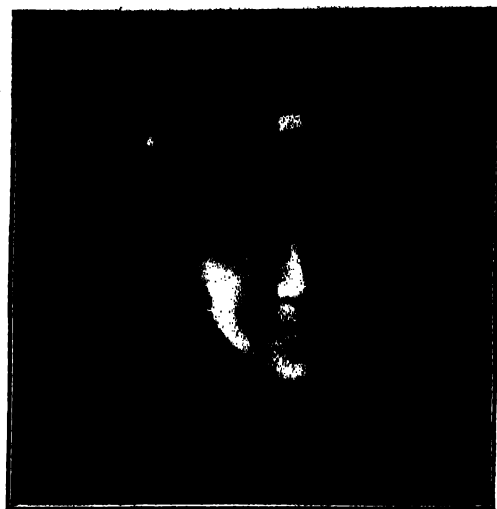
Professor J. Arthur Thomson,

who is editing "The Outline of Science: a Plain Story," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in about twenty fortnightly parts.

and was educated at Toronto. Just before the war she came over to visit relations in England, and during the war worked here on the land and as a groom-gardener. Her first novel, "Little Hearts," was written in those years, and published in 1916 by Messrs. Methuen. She has published also two volumes of poems (a third is to make its appearance this year) and has become a very popular writer of short stories for the London and New York magazines. She unconsciously gathered material for "The Bridge" during two or three summers she spent on Toronto Island as a schoolgirl. "The life of the Great Lakes is very distinctive," she says, "with odd likenesses and unlikenesses to that of the sea, and I believe very little use of it has been made in fiction." In reviewing her recent play, "The Wood-Carver's Wife," Mr. Alfred Gordon, in the *Montreal Critic*, praises very highly its imaginative and dramatic qualities and finds that "here are united, as rarely, two qualities—the art of Christina Rossetti and the passion of Mrs. Browning."

One of the most popular of new novelists is Miss Joan Conquest, though her literary career only began two years ago, when Mr. Werner Laurie published her first novel, "Desert Love,"

which is now in its sixtieth thousand. Her second, "Leonie of the Jungle," is meeting with a similar success, and her third,



Miss Marjorie Pickthall.

"The Hawk of Egypt" (a sequel to "Desert Love") will be published this month. Her short stories now find acceptance everywhere. The first she wrote was sent to an editor who, in returning it, advised her to turn it into a novel, and "Desert Love" was the result. She lays her scenes principally in the East because she has spent much of her life in India and Egypt and has been a good deal in Africa. Miss Conquest speaks four languages, and has visited every country in Europe except the Balkan States. Incidentally, she is a fully qualified nursing sister and holds the Mons Star, of which she is justifiably proud. During the war she served as a nurse in Belgium, Russia, Poland, France, and among the many interesting people she met in those days were Nurse Cavell



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Joan Conquest.

and the Tsar. The story of her life throughout the war is given in her "My Experiences on Three Fronts," which was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. She has done good work in the London slums, but neither of this nor of her war experiences is she easily persuaded to talk. Messrs. Macaulay are publishing her three novels in America, and Colonel Selig, of Los Angeles, has spent two years in filming "Desert Love," which is now to make its appearance as a cinema play.



Mr. F. Raymond Coulson.

From a drawing by Mitt.

Paul), which had a considerable sale, and are still selling, and the best things in both cannot fail to win admission for him into all adequate anthologies of humorous poetry. His two sons, who more than inherited his literary gifts, were on active service during the Great War: the younger, Leslie Coulson, was killed in action, and his posthumous volume, "From an Outpost" (Erskine Macdonald) has ranked him with the few soldier-poets whose work will not fade with the memory of the war; the elder, Raymond A. Coulson, who has written some admirable short stories for

We regret to record the death, in his fifty-eighth year, of Mr. F. Raymond Coulson, a brilliant journalist and writer of humorous verse whose work, being mostly pseudonymous, is probably better known than himself. For the last twenty-seven years he was on the staff of the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*, writing weekly notes and comments in prose and verse over the signature of "Vexatus," and, until recently, weekly cartoon verses that were signed "Democritus." He had a pungent, Gilbertian humour and several of his whimsical ballads and social satires have been immensely successful as recitations on concert platforms up and down the country. In very early days he contributed much to *Young Folks Paper* and other of the James Henderson periodicals and, warmly encouraged in the writing of fiction by G. A. Henty, wrote short stories for Henty's *Union Jack* and for several of the weeklies and monthlies. But when he joined the *Sunday Chronicle* staff journalism absorbed him, as it has absorbed many another. He published in later years two books of humorous verse, "A Jester's Jingles" (Skeffington) and "This Funny World" (Stanley

the *Strand* and other magazines, is now Gallery Correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post*.

The two remaining volumes of "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England," by Charles L. Graves, have just been issued by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing a new novel by Jeffery E. Jeffery called "Escape"—the story of how a middle-aged woman ultimately finds a way of escape from the thralldom in which civilised society exists.

The current issue of *The Beacon*, edited by E. R. Appleton (Oxford: Blackwell), contains "A Credo for the New Era," by Stephen Graham, articles on current topics by Hamilton Fyfe, Sydney Klein, H. Maynard Smith, and the first instalment of a narrative poem, "The Divine Tragedy," by A. St. John Adcock—a partly serious, partly satirical story of the second coming of Christ, which will be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.

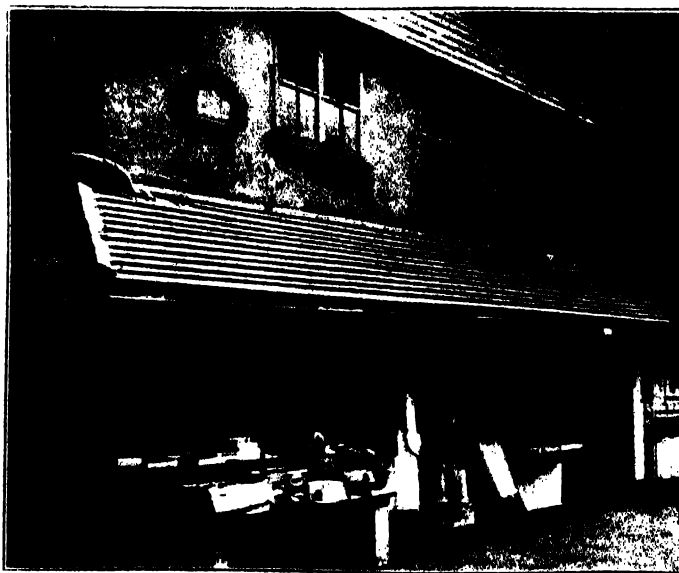


Photo by T. Adamson.

Henry Kirke White's birthplace, near Nottingham Market Place,

which will be demolished ere long. The site, together with much of the surrounding area, is to be sold to the highest bidder.

Mr. Frederick Niven, who is still sojourning in British Columbia and not beginning to think of coming home, has been writing a good many travel papers that have been appearing in the *Nation*, *Sphere*, *World's Work*, *Daily News*, and other periodicals, and has lately finished a new novel of the wildest Wild West type which is about to be published serially in the United States. He is already busy on another novel of a very different kind.

The success of his first book of recollections, "Memoirs of a Clubman," which is in its second edition here and selling largely in America, has led Mr. G. B. Burgin to follow it with a further volume, "More Memoirs and Some Travels," which Messrs. Hutchinson have just published. This is Mr. Burgin's sixty-fifth book. He has just signed contracts with Messrs. Hutchinson for three more novels, and confesses an ambition to bring his total up to a hundred.



Captain R. W. Campbell,

ing School of Art, has just been
by Cecil Palmer.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Mr. King has now written many essays, but in "Below the Surface: Foot-notes to the Everyday" (6s.; John Lane) we perceive that he has not exhausted his store of wise and cheerful remarks on living. "Take the little paper headed, 'Hot-water-bottle Joys.'" It is true and excellent. He names among these delights the early cup of tea in bed, the reading of the newspaper immediately after breakfast, the cup of coffee after lunch; the happiness of a long winter evening over the fireside—with a book, a dog and "Thou" knitting—finishing with the "last smoke," the "last drink," and "that divine comfort whose shell is india-rubber and whose outer garment is generally red flannel." We have been pondering on the secret of Mr. King's success. We think it comes from his sincerity and fearlessness. And he is so admirably human.

That the marriage law has long been in need of reform is now pretty generally acknowledged, and in "Divorce—To-day and To-morrow" (6s.; Leonard Parsons) Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley has made a careful study of this important problem, and offers practical, well-reasoned suggestions towards its solution. Mrs. Hartley presents her case and marshals her arguments with great ability. After reading it, one can appreciate Lord Buckmaster's

desire "to compel every member of the Cabinet to read this book and formulate his answers to it in writing."

"Tomfool's" sparkling verses are a much appreciated feature of the *Daily Herald*; caustic or sprightly, they are equally pungent, ingenious in rhyme and metre. All who like verse in which there is a depth of humour, not infrequently tinged with satire, will find "Moonshine" (2s. 6d. The Labour Publishing Company and Allen & Unwin) a breezy companion. The book is divided into

three sections: the first, "A Miscellany," the second, "Tomfool's Silly Season," and the third, "Tomfool Abroad"; each containing many attractive contributions, a wholesome mingling of fun and wit, with a percentage of pathos thrown in. His "Newhaven and Dieppe (Modern Style)" is particularly amusing; also such droll absurdities as "Analysis of the Respective Merits of Spickness and Spanity," while "In a City Street" catches a graver mood. But grave or gay, "Tomfool" can turn a phrase neatly and with excellent effect, or drive home a subtle lesson in a few jocular lines.

"The Civil War in France" (3s.; Labour Publishing Company and Allen & Unwin) was written by Karl Marx immediately after the 1871 massacre of the Communists in Paris, and was worth reissuing, as Professor Postgate says in an introduction, both as a document of the time and as a sound historical record of facts. In telling the story of that ill-fated rising, Marx touches in some vivid, vitriolic sketches of Thiers, Jules Favre, Clement Thomas, Gallifet and other Republican leaders, that of Thiers being, as Professor Postgate says, a masterpiece of deadly accuracy and graphic bitterness. The two Manifestoes of the General Council of the International on the Franco-Prussian war, which are also included, are now reprinted in England for the first time, and form an illuminating preface to Marx's address on "The Civil War."

The thousands for whose uses it was written will find "The Rights of the Ex-Service Man and Woman," by Wilkinson Sherren (London: L. J. Gooding; 6d.) a very clear and helpful guide to all such matters as disablement pensions, allowances, grants, gratuities, rights of appeal, regulations as to medals, provisions for treatment and training, land settlement at home and overseas, and the hundred and one facts that ex-service men and women and their dependents ought to know. The information is well arranged and there is a good index. The book has an excellent introduction by the Right Hon. A. McCurdy.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

It is more years ago than I care to remember since some writing acquaintance in a Fleet Street coffee-room (and his name I have clean forgotten) took me by the arm and assured me that I ought to meet Tomlinson. There he was, hovering about a chair at our table that had just been left empty. Seeing himself hailed as a friend he took it, and began telling us about the Amazon. Fresh from a tropical adventure of my own, I pricked up my ears and observed this Tomlinson narrowly, this modest stranger who talked well but rather hesitatingly, who, yellowed by months of fever and manifestly hard of hearing, thanks to periodic doses of quinine (I argued about the sense of that with him afterwards), bore about him the stigmata of an experience which had obviously been psychic even more than physical.

Afterwards I came to know him, I hope, very well. A day came when both of us toiled for a weekly wage in the service of the same editor, major and minor stars that twinkled to the best (I know) of our respective abilities, though the sparking process grew fitful and laborious whenever really alluring "stories" petered out, and our news editor turned to inquiries upon the incidence of exotic disease among the labouring classes. Researches into the diathesis of obscure and recondite ailments were a private vice of his.

I doubt if Tomlinson was ever really at his ease in that galley. He was far too good a man to be slogging his heart out in the drudgery of the slave's bench. No doubt he was aware of this himself, and the rest of us certainly knew it. Not that I suppose for a minute he bears his old taskmasters any grudge. Probably, on the contrary, he is grateful to them for giving him a chance that otherwise it is just possible he might have missed, though I think he would have found and taken it somehow, somewhere. However, that was the way of it.

For Tomlinson, you must know, Tomlinson of "The Sea and the Jungle," of "Old Junk," of "London River," of innumerable glowing pages in such few of our reviews as still strive to hold the lamp of Literature aloft, is not one of your fashionable knights errant of letters who descend upon London with the assurance born of a university education, influence in the right quarters, and a private allowance. Schooling of some sort I suppose came his way, but I know *where* he got it, and that was in Poplar. There is a record of his christening, I doubt not, in the church registers of the Tower Hamlets, and that shipping parish was his world until, at the age when little Tommy Trout is usually being removed by his fond parents from a preparatory school to take his chance in the Lower Third of one of our fine old Public Schools, you know, Tomlinson armed himself for the battle of life and walked straight into it. You see him installed as a very junior boy clerk in a Leadenhall Street shipping office about the time that Charles Dickens started pasting labels on pots of Macking. But you will observe that it was a shipping office. That was very significant. A good thing too

in its way. Ships and the sea were an integral part of the family history. I will show you an interior:

"It was a front parlour in one of the streets with an Oriental name; which, I cannot be expected to remember, for when I was last in that room I was lifted to sit on one of its horsehair chairs, its seat like a hedgehog, and I was cautioned to sit still. It was rather a long drop to the floor from a chair for me in those days, and though sitting still was hard, sliding part of the way would have been much worse. . . . The room was always sombre. Light filtered into it through curtains of wire gauze, fixed in the window by mahogany frames. Over the door by which you entered was the picture of an uncle, too young and jolly for that serious position, I thought then, with his careless neckcloth, and his cap pulled down over one eye. The gilt moulding was gone from a corner of the picture—the only flaw in the prim apartment—for once that portrait fell to the floor, and on the very day, it was guessed, that his ship must have foundered.

"A round table set on a central thick leg having a three-clawed foot was in that chamber, covered with a cloth on which was worked a picture from the story of Ruth. But only puzzling bits of the latter were to be seen, for on the circumference of the table-cover were books, placed at precise intervals apart, and in the centre was a huge Bible, with a brass clasp. With many others my name was in the Bible, and my birthday, and a space left blank for the day of my death. . . . I remember a black sofa, which smelt of dust, an antimacassar over its head. That sofa would wake to squeak tales if I stood on it to inspect the model of a ship in yellow ivory, resting on a wall-bracket above. There were many old shells in the polished brass fender, some with thick orange lips and spotted backs; others were spirals of mother-o'-pearl, which took different colours for every way you held them. You could get the only sound in the room by putting the shells to your ear. Like the people of the portraits, it was impossible to believe the shells had ever lived. The inside of the grate was filled with white paper, and the trickles of fine black dust which rested in its crevices would start and run stealthily when people walked in the next room. Over the looking-glass there hung a pair of immense buffalo horns, with a piece of curly black hair dividing them, which looked like the skin of our retriever dog. Above the horns was the picture of 'The Famous Tea Clipper *Oberon*, setting her Studding Sails off the Lizard'; but so high was the print, and so faint—for the picture, too, was old—that some one grown up had to tell me all about it."—LONDON RIVER.

The job gave the boy at least the complete freedom of the docks, wherein much of his workaday life passed in the fetching and carrying of messages and documents, ships' manifests, bills of lading, and what not. The last and most glorious era of the windjammer had not passed. London's own superb fleet of wool clipper were still breaking records from Sydney Heads to the Channel. Queen of that covey, in the direct line with the ships of Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, rode the incomparable *Cully Sark*, bearing at her mizzen a golden rooster in proud token of her supremacy. On and around her and ships like her when they came in dock, pottered and dreamed a boy who was going to be a writer. He knew the spars and lines of all of them, he could even tell you whence they had come whither they were going. One of these days he meant to be off and away down river in a real ship, himself.

You see him again, a boy no longer, but husband and father too, still at freight accounts, and marine insurance. He would write now of an evening. The local papers lapped the stuff up avidly, but were not in the habit of remunerating their chance contributors. Trembling for his effrontery, he flew at higher game. A real Fleet Street editor took an article, and actually paid for it. He took another, quite a number. A shy young man called upon him, mumbled something about a job. Being very well aware what he was about, the editor gave him one. I won't tell you what salary went with it. There was no N.U.J. in those days to make the lives of proprietors a burden to them with pestilential talk of a minimum living wage. Anyway, it was more than Leadenhall Street had to offer.

Six months as utility man in the reporters' room gave the new hand a host of strange and disturbing impressions, some of them worth having, some not. Came for the editor the task of detailing somebody for duty on the occasion of the Naval Manœuvres. Wonderful to relate, the lot fell upon the new hand. More wonderful still, few were found to question the rightness of the choice. "What about an evening dress suit out of this so-called salary of mine?" was all Tomlinson said. "Can it be done? I think not." "Put it down in the expenses," said the editor.

Tomlinson spent many years in that office. His first great adventure befell him there. Some jolly seafaring fellow announced boldly in the course of a lightning call upon his old intimate and cronv that the job he had in hand this time was a queer start, and no mistake. Nothing less than to navigate a 3,000-ton tramp from Cardiff to Para, and thence 2,000 miles up the Amazon and Madeira to a place smack in the middle of the continent, in the very heart and centre of the world's greatest virgin forest. There was no precedent hitherto for any ocean-going craft attempting anything quite so utterly mad, but what odds?

Tomlinson listened, and mindful of his employer's interests produced a "story" something out of the common. The great chief pressed his diaphragm against the reporters' table the following afternoon and eyed, meditatively, one who toiled over the dissection of a blue-book. "Dashed good lie of yours that, this morning," was all he said. Lie, forsooth! The blue-book flew aside, and the operator developed an unaccustomed eloquence. Ten minutes later he descended into the street with a dazed sort of feeling. The impossible had happened. He was to go too, if the thing could be worked. It could, he knew it could.

That, briefly, is the genesis of "The Sea and the Jungle." Many other people, I am glad to say, share my opinion that it is a great book, after its kind, a masterpiece. In its own way it made its author famous. There was a review, a most excellent review too, which I particularly remember in the *Westminster*. "Who is Tomlinson?" was the burden of its two columns of unadulterated eulogy. Under what bushel, hitherto, had this so rare light been hidden? Years afterwards I found out who wrote that notice. Run over our leading half-dozen of novelists, and you will have got him.

One wonders if the author of this classic of travel (for it is so, or will be, and for a tribute you may look up a certain dedication in a back number of Mr. Thomas Moul's "Voices") will ever go a-voyaging again on a quest quite so strange and far afield. One can hope so, but I rather doubt it. He was thirty-eight when it was published, and you can work out the rest for yourself. For the later Tomlinson is a little different somehow, more philosophic, certainly, and I apprehend less deliberately adventurous.

And he has work to do at home. We know him now as an old stager among the editors of the *Nation*, a round peg in a hole that fits him to a nicety. There he sits and fights weekly for things that you and I know are worth fighting for. "The Sea and the Jungle" ante-dates the war by years, and its author was in the war, very much so. His dispatches were about the only ones, in my estimation, that told the truth, and I have at least a right to an opinion on that. Not that they found favour among the brass hats. Far from it, I should say. When the tumult and the shouting died and they dished out the K.B.E.'s, there was none for Tomlinson. That was only right. Heaven knows what he would have done with it.

We have had, in certain of the later sketches of "Old Junk," some of the fruits of that experience, and more are to come. Messrs. Cassell announce "Waiting for Daylight," to be published immediately. That title will sound vaguely disconcerting to the good easy folk who are busy adjuring all the men who came back that the war was an incident to which too much importance has been attached already, and that "As you were" is a watchword not only practicable but highly politic. I wonder what the stay-at-homes who slated Mr. Montague's "Disenchantment" will have to say about this new disturber of the peace. Waiting for daylight, is it? Ah, well!

ASHLEY GIBSON.



Photo by E. O. Hoppel.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson.

THE READER.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO—AND THE FAIRIES.

BY S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

IT has often been an arguable proposition that great deficiencies have helped to make great men. If Darwin had been able to appreciate Shakespeare, or Burns had had more moral stamina, how



Photo by Bassano

Sir Arthur Pinero.

much we should have missed! The theory has, anyhow, some bearing upon Sir Arthur Pinero, whose fantastic comedy, "The Enchanted Cottage" at the Duke of York's, would have been in any case—if only because he wrote it—one of the "events of the season." All through his career—in sentiment, in farce, in problem play—Sir Arthur's outlook has betrayed certain fixed bounds. It would be wrong to say that he has no imagination; but his creative powers, exploited with infinite adroitness, have always been practically dependent upon a notebook and the theatre. Even in his greatest plays one searches in vain for ideals and adventures of thought beyond his own realm of finely observed character and skilfully-elaborated theatrical technique. This has done very much, after all, to make him a master-craftsman of the stage. With all his gifts of wit, industry, patience, ingenuity, perception and knowledge of men and women, Sir Arthur Pinero has, from the beginning, been of the world, worldly. He has had no message to bring from elsewhere—no vestige of symbolism, or even of the translucent irony that sometimes takes its place. He is more exclusively mundane than Molière himself. Partly for this reason his characters—truly studied as they so often are—have been able to thrive as they have in the dry light of the stage. They come from a hard-outlined, dreamless, extremely limited kindred world of observed fact and human nature, represented at one period, as we so well remember, by that "little parish of St. James" of Sir Arthur's own definition.

All this makes even more surprising the arrival of "The Enchanted Cottage." Especially so when one remembers that Sir Arthur may, at any moment now, in his own phrase, "find himself described as a veteran"—for his sixty-eighth birthday will be arriving before May is out. It is of course overwhelmingly obvious that, in what may be without discourtesy called his old age, Sir Arthur has boldly taken a leaf—if not a whole chapter—out of the book of his younger friend and confrère, Sir James Barrie. The extent of the debt would be hardly believable if one had not the evidence of the play itself. "The Enchanted Cottage" is not only a fairy-play, searching in almost every scene for "the Barrie vein." Sir Arthur has used the actual mechanical devices of the Duke of York's stage, such as the twinkling lights in the background, which were invented expressly for "Peter Pan"; and he has cast Miss Jean Cadell for a wild-eyed housekeeper, almost exactly after the manner of the part she played so memorably in Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose." There have been efforts on the part of some critics to maintain that "The Enchanted Cottage" does not represent Sir Arthur's first excursion into fantasy. It has been suggested that he anticipated "The Enchanted Cottage" in "The Beauty Stone," in "The Freaks," and in "The Widow of Wastdale Head." It happens, however, that each of those plays was a failure, and I do not see the remotest connection between either them or that still delightful and brilliant farce, "The Amazons," and Sir James Barrie's "Celtic magic," which "The Enchanted Cottage" undoubtedly tries to emulate. For the truth has to be told, that from the Barresque point of view, "The Enchanted Cottage" is a disappointment. One does not find in it the fresh and inexplicable imaginings that Barrie's genius achieves.

Almost everything in "The Enchanted Cottage" seems to have been borrowed from somewhere. To begin with, there is the old fairy story of "Riquet of the Tuft"—how the ugliest man and the stupidest woman fell in love with each other, and how immediately he was transformed into a handsome young prince, and she into a miracle of wit and wisdom. Old Per-rault, one may recall, in that piquant little moral of his, suggests that there had really been no change; for all are lovely to those who love. Broadly speaking, "The Enchanted Cottage" is just another version of that oft-dramatised old fable, with a modern after-the-war setting, and a dream-ballet thrown in. Although the atmosphere and craft of the theatre replaces real fairy imagination, it is none the less an entertaining and largely sincere piece of human moralising. With all its faults, it is certainly a far better piece of work than "The Freaks"; or "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," or "Preserving Mr. Panmure," or "The Big Drum," or anything that Sir Arthur has written since his last really good play, "Mid-Channel." Indeed, so many clever touches are there—in the human part of it—



Photo by Stage Photo Co.

"You may kiss me."

Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Laura Cowie in the Dream Scene, Act II in "The Enchanted Cottage" at the Duke of York's Theatre

that one only wished Sir Arthur had not challenged a domain of art for which his very great talent and force of will are not—and, as we have seen, have never shown any sign of being—quite suited. He should have kept off the fairies!

In point of fact, the fairies and the dream-ballet with which they are intermingled, and the "nuptial sleep" tableau, are not at all necessary to Sir Arthur's main theme. The one important thing is that Oliver and Laura—crippled ex-officer and village drudge, who had married for companionship's sake—should appear beautiful to each other, and that Oliver's blind comrade, Major Hillgrove, and the housekeeper should foster their illusion. The whole thing is a human fable, perfectly true and understandable, and needs no "trimmings." The ballet, good enough in itself, is meaningless. Roughly, whether we get at them through mythology or no, fairies must represent either nature spirits (which include the classic gods grown old) or departed human spirits, both of them presumed to have some control over human affairs, or—and these are the latest and, possibly, the truest fairies of any—our own ideals of ourselves, controlling us by the spark of good (or bad) that is in us all. Neither of these notions, however, explains the fairies of "The Enchanted Cottage." These gnomes and cherubs and "Macbeth" witches are a mere higger-mugger, cancelling each other—if one is to judge by their traditional powers. They are the fairies of the theatre and of pantomime, borrowed to make an interlude which the play does not call for.

On the human side, however, it is only fair to notice how many good things there are in "The Enchanted Cottage." There is the blind major, for instance (so beautifully played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen) for whom

the happy resignation of Oliver and Laura brings no hope of the miracle he had fancied possible for himself. He is a new creation, nobly inspired by the realities of St. Dunstan's, and most tenderly and understandingly treated by Sir Arthur Pinero. There is, too, the very bright comedy talk of Oliver's stepmother, though one would like to forget Sir Arthur's jokes over the prospective motherhood of the parson's wife. What memories the reappearance of Miss Winifred Emery brought to those of us who remember her last "Pinero" part twenty-seven years ago, as Theo in "The Benefit of the Doubt."

a better play, by the way, than its fortunes have suggested. If I mistake not, it has never been honoured with a single revival!

Somehow or other, even the faults of "The Enchanted Cottage" have made me feel what an admirable thing it would be in these days of "cycles"—if some enterprising manager could, in fairness to its author, give us a "cycle" of Pinero! As I have hinted, the more one recognises Sir Arthur's limitations, the greater becomes one's sense of his achievement. With an imagination that has never (since "The Squire" brought "the scent of the hay over the footlights" at the St. James's forty-one years ago) strayed far from the stage-door, with no reforming ardour, and no idealised passion, Sir Arthur has none the less managed to bring to the theatre an amazing wealth of genuine character in his men and women. They can claim, even now, more varied life than the creations of any other living dramatist. Unless his perfecting of farce as an art-form in the old Court masterpieces—"The Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," and the others—be held to register a patent, Sir Arthur cannot be said to have invented a single type of play. His sentimental comedy, from "Sweet



Photo by Stage Photo Co.

Mrs. Bashforth: "Hark!"**Oliver: "The Mater and the Step."**

Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Laura Cowie (as Mr. and Mrs. Bashforth)—Act III in "The Enchanted Cottage."

"Lavender" to "Trelawny of The Wells," came straight from Robertson. "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" would probably never have been written if there had been no Dumas fils and no Ibsen. "Iris," to me his finest feminine study—was a logical extension. The delicate, artificial sentimentousness of "The Princess and the Butterfly" reminds one irresistibly of Wilde. None the less it remains true that no contemporary dramatist, either Continental or English, has brought so many utterly contrasted modes to such a pitch of accomplishment. Then we have the unmatched technique of "The Gay Lord Quex," the brilliantly-explored human nature—sordid human nature though it was—of "His House in Order" and "Mid-Channel."

At all points Sir Arthur is armed against the charge, justly levelled at Sardou, of having allowed construction to govern the development of character. Even where purpose and plot are alike borrowed, his men and women live.

So there must be a real Pinero somewhere; but behind



Photo by Stage Photo Co.

Mrs. Bashforth: "Ah! You're the sweetest person in the world, Major Hillgrove!"

Mr. Nicolas Hannen as Major Hillgrove; Miss Laura Cowle as Mrs. Bashforth; and Mr. Owen Nares as Oliver Bashforth—Act III in "The Enchanted Cottage."

all that motley array of garnered themes and people how difficult he is to find. Was there ever dramatist whose work was so completely without a key to his own character? It has been suggested that the Pinero plays prove their author to have "dearly loved a lord." A possibility must, however, be allowed that the peerage element is little more than a technical excuse for leisure; fine dresses and a distinguished audience. There is very little "dukery" about the farces. As a prophet Sir Arthur can hardly count. A playwright of undoubted strength of will who can consent to reverse the moral of a play completely for supposed expediency's sake, as Sir Arthur did with "The Profligate" and "The Big Drum," may be a philosopher in deed, but can never hope to pose as a prophet in word. In short, take away the

stage-craft, the observed character, the borrowed aims and styles, and there remains of personal expression practically nothing, save a certain trend of interest towards old rakes and detrimental ladies. Yet how surely it lives, that "little parish of St. James's"—even though one has to agree that it is no place for the fairies!

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THERE is perhaps no other poet whose fame rests so entirely on a single poem as does that of Christopher Smart on the "Song to David." By virtue of that remarkable work he has been placed, by one far greater than himself, on a pedestal in the temple of the imagination between Milton and Keats; without it, there can be little doubt that he would ere this have been utterly forgotten. Certainly we should not be troubling to notice his bi-centenary.

Yet in the course of the life which began on April 11th, 1722, and ended, after many miseries, forty-nine years later, Smart wrote much verse besides the "Song," and not all of it is negligible. He began early, and at school was already noted for his easy gift of rhyme. At Cambridge he versified not only in the vulgar tongue but in Latin, and in a version of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" the sensitive bard of Twit'nam "could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact."

His English muse ranged "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." He wrote pastorals and epigrams, epistles, odes and fables—all the orthodox varieties into which the poetry of the period fell. A comedy

called "A Trip to Cambridge" was performed in the hall of his college, Pembroke, but only some songs from it have been preserved; and for four years out of five he won the Seatonian prize for religious poetry. Prize poems are not usually built for immortality, and Smart's are no exception, but some of his shorter pieces are at any rate polished and pleasant. He had a turn for neat phrasing:

"Sister of peace and indolence,
Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow."

At times he achieved an effect of genuine freshness and simplicity:

"Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon maple tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamant zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet Society the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest."



Edmund E. O. Hoppe.

Sir Arthur Pinero.

And ever and again one gets a hint of the magic of his masterpiece :

" Moon and star of mystic dance,
Silv'ring in the blue expanse."

Smart's academic career was not undistinguished ; he became a fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and held various college appointments ; but he was equally notable for the irregularities of his life. Gray opined that he would find his way either to gaol or to Bedlam. Before the end, he had made acquaintance with both.

His first mental breakdown occurred in 1751, when he developed a form of religious mania which impelled him to pray aloud and continuously at all seasons and in all places—an eccentricity which, in the view of Dr. Johnson, who liked Smart, was "not noxious to society." His seclusion was brief, and shortly after his release he was introduced to Newbery the bookseller, with whom he established a connection both professional and domestic ; marrying his stepdaughter and contributing to the not very high-class periodicals which he published.

His marriage, though concealed for a time, eventually lost Smart his fellowship ; and thence onward his story is the common and uninspiring one of the Grub Street hack, made the gloomier by his intemperate habits and the shadow of insanity in which he moved. His literary output was constant. A quarrel with the notorious "Sir" John Hill, pamphleteer and quack doctor, was the occasion of the "Hilliad," a satire which at least has the merit of pungency ; he translated Horace into prose and Phædrus and the Psalms into verse ; and, apparently during his second visit to Bedlam in 1763, he wrote the "Song to David."

But neither hack journalism nor high poetry, nor the kindness of friends such as Dr. Burney, who opened his purse, and Garrick, who gave him a benefit at Drury Lane, availed to keep the unfortunate man's head above water. About 1769 he was thrown into the King's

Bench prison for debt, and he was still confined to the "rules" when he died on May 21st, 1771.

Twenty years later a collection of his poems was published, but the "Song to David" was omitted as affording too many "melancholy proofs of the estrangement of Smart's mind." Yet this same poem was considered by Browning, who thought Smart of sufficient importance in his day to be parleyed with, to give its author a place beside those very sane poets Keats and Milton, and described by Rossetti as the "only great accomplished poem of the eighteenth century." Such enthusiasm, prompted by the romantic contempt for the correct and the polite, overshot the mark, and there was at least a grain of truth in the narrow eighteenth-century point of view. If not the work of an insane mind, the poem was certainly the work of a mind imperfectly balanced ; and it bears the signs not of an alcoholic but of a spiritual intoxication, which is the source both of its greatness and of its weakness. It may be supposed, indeed it can hardly be doubted, that Smart wrote it in one white heat of ecstasy—within measurable distance of the border line over which he had toppled into Bedlam—and that he neither paused to consider minutie of syntax or meaning, nor subjected the finished work to revision. Hence certain obscurities and perilous approximations to the absurd, which constitute real blemishes. Hence, too, the poem's greatness, which consists partly in the splendour and colour of imagery and epithet, but still more in the fact that the effect of ecstasy is not only sustained but grows stronger and stronger to the end ; so that the whole has a harmony which transcends the beauties, and goes far to nullify the blemishes, of its detail. For this reason it is a poem of which the peculiar virtue cannot be conveyed by fragmentary quotation ; it must be read through—and read at the headlong pace at which it seems to have been written—if its enraptured, sumptuous and surprising music is to be properly savoured.

J. C. SNAITH.*

By W. M. PARKER.

WHEN fiction readers focus their attention upon a particular present-day novelist whom they favour, they generally determine to read each novel as it appears and expect from it the same familiar features they have recognised in his former productions. If he should choose to stray, but for a space, into a strange and unaccustomed region, his readers become disgruntled. From any one of Mr. John Collis Snaith's novels a new experience may be expected. His works are not merely a succession of variations on the same theme, but successive themes of infinite variety. Unlike history, the author seldom, if ever, repeats himself. In one book he gives us romantic comedy ("Lady Barbarity"¹) ; in another, comedy of manners

("Araminta" or "Broke of Covenden") ; at one time it is comedy of adventure ("The Great Age") ; again it may be realistic comedy ("The Sailor"), or pathetic comedy ("Love Lane") ; or, as in his latest, downright melodrama. With the exception of the last named, the only repeated element is that of comedy. This dominant note of the comic sounds continuously through all the variety of Mr. Snaith's works.

Like a true artist, Mr. Snaith is reticent about the personal side of his career, and prefers to leave his work to represent what he is. If you talk to him of the man behind the books, you will learn little more than that he is of Yorkshire extraction. "I began writing novels as a boy," he told me, "mainly the result of a broken leg playing football." Though he was engaged upon good prentice work for some years, he made what he considers his "real start" with "Broke of Covenden," the brilliance and high promise of which were promptly recognised by all critics who know fine work when they see it.

* "Broke of Covenden." (Constable.)—"Araminta." (Smith, Elder and Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Principal Girl." (Methuen.)—"The Great Age" and "An Affair of State." (Hutchinson and Methuen.)—"The Sailor." (Smith, Elder and Nelson.)—"Love Lane." (Collins.)

¹ A stage version of this novel by Mr. R. C. Carton was presented by the late Charles Frohman at the Comedy Theatre in 1907, with Miss Marie Tempest in the name part.

He made his first popular hit with "Araminta," which was recently dramatised and called "Araminta Arrives,"² but readers, who by that time had taken the heroine to their hearts, knew she had very definitely arrived twelve years before. Why, eccentric old Lady Caroline Crewkerne, in the book, knew that to her cost; the sententious Lord Cheriton, also in the book, knew it too, and adapted himself to the situation with becoming equanimity, all things considered. What could afford better comedy than the interplay of characters the author here sets going? The impossible Lady Crewkerne, with her imperative commands such as "Don't be a coxcomb, Cheriton," and the raw, awkward, West Country rustic beauty, Araminta Perry, for ever drawing out her stereotyped phrase: "My name is Araminta, but they call me Goose because I am *rather* a Silly," they are wonderful creations! And observe the well-aimed parting shot of satire, suggesting that even in the best of all possible worlds, "It is only the Caroline Crewkernes who are infallible."

Mr. Snaith reaches a very high-water mark indeed in his *chef d'œuvre*, "Broke of Covenden," a penetrating analysis of the feudal attitude assisted by a Meredithian comic spirit that offers a running commentary as the novel unfolds itself. I consider "Broke" a masterpiece of its kind; nay, I go so far as to pronounce it the most remarkable comedy in narrative since "The Egoist." From the first page to the last the illusion that this comedy is being played out upon an imaginary stage has been kept steadily in view. The subtle preface which, though longer, approximates to the prelude of "The Egoist," serves as a prologue before the drop curtain, as it were, and introduces us to the original inspirer of the theme—the God of Irony. Debrett is the God of Irony's "favourite work of English fiction." The subject chosen is an Englishman of the present time—"English of the English": "a latter-day Don Quixote, who has all the pathos of the commonplace." Broke himself stands for uncompromising aristocratic pride, obsessed by the traditional conventions attached to the feudal point of view. The personality of his wife is even more frigid, her superb disciplinarianism only mitigated by an "animated serenity." Set in effective contrast to the parents, sharing equal position as protagonists, are their six daughters—girls, all of them alike, with preposterous noses, shabby clothes, and plain looks, but in general appearance beautifully clean and healthy. Delia, the

youngest, proves a most lovable figure, submissive to the antagonism of her five sisters, headed by the assertive Joan. Comedy is given fullest vent whenever Lord and Lady Bosket (Uncle Charles and Aunt Emma) hold the scene. The entire novel shows mature power, and the atmosphere throughout is charged with the laughter of the Olympian gods. The end is deftly rounded off in the last paragraph: "The curtain was rung down; and the God of Irony . . . leant forward in his box to bow his acknowledgments. Again and again he deferred to the applause that was showered upon him from every part of the Olympian Theatre. For all concerned the

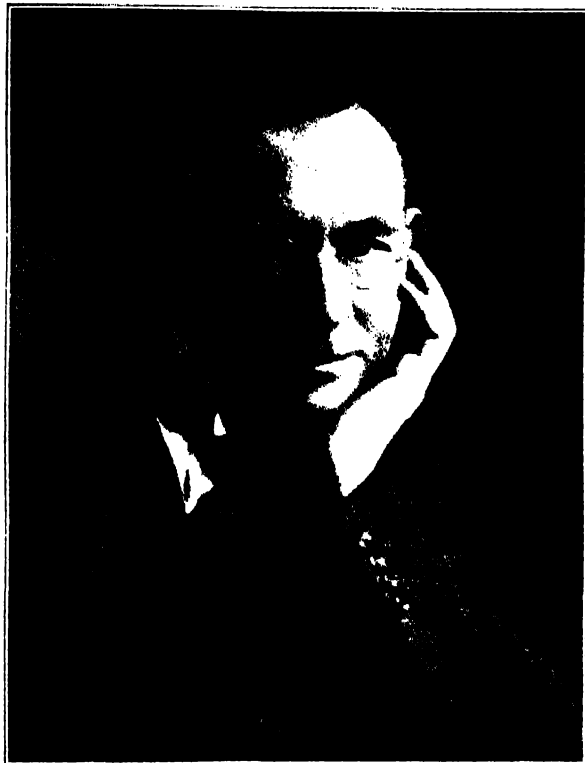
evening had been a great success." Of Mr. Snaith's part in the performance I would add, in words culled from his preface, that "Like a French playwright, he has the gift of doing inimitably roguish things with the commonplace." Than "Broke of Covenden" he has written nothing more distinguished, more nearly unique.

The three novels that immediately follow in my present survey are frankly disappointing—"The Principal Girl" (the weakest of them), "The Great Age" (introducing Shakespeare; an ambitious venture beyond successful realisation), and "An Affair of State"³ (hampered by a too intricate and unattractive plot). But "The Sailor" brings

Mr. J. C. Snaith.

Mr. Snaith into a worthier place again. Here he encroaches on realism, but a fund of comedy lightens the rather tragic import of the story. "Love Lane," of three years later, pictures Blackhampton during the war. Though William Hollis be accepted as the nominal hero, his father-in-law, the great Josiah Munt, dominates the pages. At every point Mr. Snaith reveals himself a delicate artist, an adroit craftsman. Tricky situations are handled with a precision of touch, firm but unforced. Few, if any, war novels have been treated with such artistic restraint and sincere, tender emotion.

If it be not something like a paradox to speak of credible melodrama, one may reckon Mr. Snaith has achieved a convincing "thriller" in his latest novel.⁴ Seven men of different nationalities vow they will do all they can to destroy political and financial magnates, whose ambition it is to grow more powerful and wealthy by encouraging wars. Saul Hartz, "the Colossus," the greatest newspaper magnate in the world, is an unscrupulous, lying blackguard. His motives are for ever questionable. To promote further his own inexhaustible and ruthless ambition, this arch-fiend thinks nothing of embroiling nations and society at



² Photo by E. O. Hobbs.

² This was a collaboration with Miss Dorothy Brandon, produced last year at the Comedy Theatre by Mr. Leon M. Lion, with Lady Tree as the Countess of Crewkerne.

³ Last year at the Globe Theatre Miss Marie Löhr produced a stage version of this novel, in which Mr. Snaith collaborated with Mr. H. A. Vachell.

⁴ "The Council of Seven." 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

large in perpetual strife. Moreover, he does all in his power to ruin the ascending career of John Endor, M.P. for East Blackhampton, and, in addition, endeavours to snatch from Endor that man's fiancée, Helen Sholto, who has been one of Hartz's private secretaries. He receives due warning from the secret society of seven that he must retire from journalism, or he must die. To meet the crisis, this Antichrist tries to put off the "seven" by bluff, but his bluff fails. The Council of Seven thereupon employ a deadly poison which, if placed near the spine, will kill its victim instantaneously, without leaving a trace of the deed. It falls to Endor's lot to carry out the murder. This brilliant politician's ideal is a world-peace, but he finds it difficult to adhere to such an ideal when called upon to commit a crime, even against so great an enemy as Hartz. What resulted must be left for those who would read the story to find out.

In this book we visit the Blackhampton⁶ community under a changed guise, due to the rise in power and influence of the Universal Press. Our friend, Mr. Josiah Munt, of "Love Lane," makes a welcome reappearance as Sir Josiah Munt, still the honest, straightforward man who speaks his mind. As already indicated, with every successive work by Mr. Snaith you turn one more corner of his irregular thoroughfare, and come upon the unexpected. In "The Council of Seven" he springs yet another surprise on us, for he has managed to drive melodrama and reality in double harness, and make out of the combination an unmistakable "thriller." To a versatile artist like Mr. Snaith all things in fiction seem possible, and this novel would appear to endorse that view, but, in spite of its cleverness and melodramatic interest, one hopes the author may, in future, do more work of distinction that will rank with "Broke of Covenden" or "Araminta."

Mr. Snaith is a little cynical in his views on present-day fiction and fiction writers. "I think," he says, "the general standard is higher than ever it was. Technique, as opposed to 'style,' that fetish of the nineties, is more studied and better understood. It has

⁶ Blackhampton frequently figures in the later novels. For the satisfaction of readers who, like myself, have tried to identify it with a certain place in the Midlands, I may state that Blackhampton is no place in particular. I have it from Mr. Snaith that it is "a sort of composite of the industrial Midlands and North, which seem to breed a type of racy, pushful, aggressively 'horse-sensical' people, quite distinct from the more urbane and civilised South."

no meaning, however, for the large public and the average reviewer. Taste does not improve; and if the fairy godmother of the ambitious young beginner 'Miss Roedean' has not given her the herd-mind she will not be able to keep a Rolls-Royce. If she has been given the herd-mind, and she can learn to mingle a little indecency with its abysmal dullness and lack of distinction, she may be able to keep several. Women claim nowadays to write better novels than men. The best women writers do certainly write extremely well. America, I see, claims to be getting ahead of England in the art of novel writing. There is some warrant, I think, for both these contentions, inasmuch that I believe the American writer, Edith Wharton, to be the most completely accomplished novelist at present using the English language, though her last published novel, 'The Age of Innocence,' is not quite at her highest level.

"If I dared enter the region of prophecy," he remarked finally, "I would say the one among all the novels published at the beginning of this century that will surely be read at its end is the immortal 'Irish R.M.' by Martin Ross and Edith Somerville, two women of true genius. I have also a great admiration for the short stories of Katherine Mansfield, another woman of genius. Our foremost English novelist I take to be John Galsworthy. His magnificent 'To Let' is the diploma piece of a master."

That Mr. Snaith rarely sails twice under the same flag is a fact I have sought to emphasise. Perhaps such novel readers as those to whom I referred at the beginning consider this fact an unfair trick played upon them. Be that as it may, it is true we cannot say any one of his novels represents the Snaith idiom, because it will be found to differ from the rest as chalk differs from cheese. The reason lies in his versatility, which is ever ready to hand as he turns to a new subject, another atmosphere and fresh characters. Somewhat like the chameleon, Mr. Snaith adopts, from his varied assortment of tints, the colour that will best harmonise with the medium upon which he temporarily works. His literary career now extends over a period of some twenty years, with about as many novels standing to his credit, and even yet, I venture to think, he has not received that full and wide recognition which is assuredly his due.

HOW NOVELISTS DRAW THEIR CHARACTERS.

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER, CHARLES MARRIOTT, FRANK SWINNERTON, MRS ALICE PERKIN, ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, KATHRYN RHODES, J. STORER CLOUSTON, E. F. BENSON, HUGH WALPOLE, "GEORGE COLEMORE" AND H. DE VERE STACPOOT.

The three questions are (1) Do you generally draft your characters from models in real life? (2) Do characters so drawn seem more real in the story, or to yourself, than those that are purely imaginary? (3) Which is your own favourite among all the characters in your books?

SIR GILBERT PARKER:

(1) No, I do not *always* model my characters on definite living models, but every book I have written has been founded on the real life of some one that I knew. For instance, Charley Steele was a real man, and lived and died as I described in the earlier part of "The Right of Way," and was drowned. I kept him alive and made him a tailor.



Photo by Robert G. Linn.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Pierre in "Pierre and His People" was drawn from life, and so were many principal characters in all my books, even the historical novels. Sometimes one adds to or takes away from

the original model, but *generally* adds to the original.

(2) No, I don't think the characters modelled on actual persons seem more real, for if an author loves his work, his characters become *real* to him.

(3) I cannot say which is my favourite character in my books.

GILBERT PARKER.

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT:

I will confess that I find your questions difficult to answer definitely, but I will do my best.

(1) Though I do not, as a rule, model my characters, knowingly, from life, I often find afterwards that I have done so to a certain extent. People come to me and say, "That is So-and-so"; and then I am compelled to recognise that So-and-so must have been at the back of my mind. Now and then I have, deliberately, modelled a minor character from life; but the result has never seemed to me satisfactory. Owing to the absence of the "context" of real life—which could not be given for obvious reasons—



Photo by E.O. Hoppe.

Mr. Charles Marriott.

such a character is apt to "stick out"; not by superior reality, but by a different *kind* of reality like that of a photographic head in a painted design.

(2) The answer to this is really involved in the above. One way of putting it would be to say that the character modelled from life seems more accurate, while the imaginary character seems more *true*. But, indeed, I can hardly think of an individual character away from the group in which he or she was conceived with all the relations which go to make up reality. If I cut a figure out of a painted group, it wouldn't seem to me real, and it is the same in fiction.

(3) Here I have to distinguish between liking a character for its own sake and for the way it is done. Then again my affection for my characters varies with my mood as it does for real people. Most of the time, however, I like Hilda Saintsbury in "The Dew-pond," Mr. Kenwyn Brown in "Now," Mary Festing in "The Catfish," Mr. Belsire in "Davenport," and Ruth in "The Unpetitioned Heavens." If I had to stick to one, I think it would be Ruth.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON:

(1) I have only three times used living models. First, an eccentric person in "The Young Idea" called Gafrum; second, a sketch of my wife in a passing phase; third (Sally Minto), a girl I saw only once, and to whom I never spoke.

(2) Satisfactory portraiture in fiction seems to me impossible. One knows too many conflicting things about any friend to be able to select among these traits exactly the ones which in a book make a character consistent and therefore convincing.

(3) My favourite character is a little girl called "Edie," in "The Happy Family," because she amuses me. For the same reason I also like Barbara Gretton, in "On the Staircase."



Photo by Dorothy Hocking.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

MRS. ALICE PERRIN:

I do not consciously draw the characters in my novels from definite living models. That, it seems to me, would savour of photography, besides being highly



Photo by Molly Russell

Mrs. Alice Perrin.

dangerous. But I confess I am influenced by types, and while I endeavour to create as far as possible, I think a character taken from a definite type does tend to materialise in my mind more readily than one that is purely imaginary.

Of all the leading characters in my eighteen novels I feel the most affection for Noel Stanford, the central figure in my forthcoming book, "The Mound," because though anything but a hero, faulty, easily tempted, selfish, he got beyond my control and, despite his weaknesses, "won through" in face of trial and discouragement.

ALICE PERRIN.

MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL:

(1) No.

(2) I do not see how characters modelled on actual persons can be so real in a novel as those whom the novelist creates for himself. His own characters have a life which is deeper and wider than its outward significance. If he tries to create that life for actual characters he is dealing with something that he cannot really know about, and to the extent to which he carries his invention he is getting farther away from his model, and no longer merely representing.



Photo by T. Fox.

Mr. Archibald Marshall.

(3) The Squire in the Clinton stories; because, although I cannot trace him to even a seed of actuality, he seems to me to be a real person, who develops consistently, though sometimes unexpectedly, throughout the years in which I have carried on his story. Also because I have been able to see him in the light of humour. The Squire is the character with whom I have done most, but I have favourites among the minor characters in my novels, particularly among the children: the Clinton twins; Barbara and Young George and Jimmy in "Abington Abbey" and "The Graftons"; Jane and Pobbles in "Sir Harry"; and Audacious Ann in the story of that name.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

MISS KATHLYN RHODES:

In answer to the question in your letter respecting living models for the characters in my books, I have only once taken a character bodily from what is

strangely designated "real" life; and in that instance a well-known critic, discussing the book, said to me: "It's a good enough story, but So-and-So is quite impossible. One would never meet anyone in the least like him a most exaggerated character!" And I had prided myself on the fidelity of the portrait!

But I have had the odd experience of inventing a character, and meeting it or her in the flesh later. The rather quaint small girl Cherry in "Afterwards" was created by me just six months before I met real Cherry in the person of the little daughter of the matron at a war hospital in which I worked as secretary. Striking was the similarity, even to the uncommon name, that every one in the hospital who read the book "recognised" the "portrait."

My favourite character, if I have one, is Dr. Lassen in "The Will of Allah." He was always rather attractive to me, and I was quite sorry to have to drown him—a grief shared apparently by an unknown reader who wrote expressing her regret that Dr. Lassen was drowned, as now he could appear in no more stories of mine.

KATHLYN RHODES.

MR. J. STORER CLOUSTON:

In reply to your inquiries, I should say:

(1) The real question seems to me to be—Does an author consciously or unconsciously use living models? Having only lived on this planet, and knowing only the human beings who inhabit it, even his most imaginative conceptions must be founded on some experience of some one he has met, however unconscious he be of using a model. But deliberately to take the character of his acquaintance, A. B., and try to put him into a book, is a different

matter. Personally, I never consciously use living models as they stand, though I often consciously take a hint from one.

(2) That being so, this question doesn't arise.

(3) This is a bit of a poser. The difficulty is in the

**Miss Kathlyn Rhodes.****Mr. J. Storer Clouston.**

first place to remember all one's trespasses, and then to recall what characters were in them. One would need to be shut up with one's own works for a month, and what author would survive that? Speaking off-hand, I should select Mr. Mandell-Essington, *alias* Bunker.

J. STORER CLOUSTON.

MR. E. F. BENSON:

In answer to your question, I do not think that principal



Photo by Miss Compton Collier.

Mr. E. F. Benson.

A single individual, you see, is necessarily too *thin* to be typical.

E. F. BENSON.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE:

1. *Never* from living models.



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Hugh Walpole.

Of course living persons suggest themes, characteristics, etc., but the characters in a book have always, for the author, at any rate, their own independent individual life.

2. As characters are never *modelled* on actual persons there is no answer to this question.

3. Maggie in "The Captives."

HUGH WALPOLE.

"GEORGE COLMORE":

I do not mould my characters on real people. Only in one case, that of Professor Reisen in "The Thunderbolt," have I had in my mind a real behind a fictitious character. In that case I had never seen the original; I knew only his professional reputation, and all I had of "reality" was that knowledge and a description of his personality given me by one who had met him.

Sometimes a character sums up what seems to me a type, as in the cases of Cordelia in "A Ladder of Tears," and Mrs. Bonham in "The Thunderbolt," and sometimes, no doubt, traits which I observe in living people find a place in fictitious ones: but generally speaking

my characters are purely imaginary.

I never met anybody who remotely suggested Oliver Knox, Aunt Anne in "A Valley of Shadows," or any of the characters in "A Daughter of Music"; and what is true of these is true of nearly all the rest.

But to me they seem wholly real, and seemed, while I was writing about them, to speak and act "on their own."

It would be difficult to say which of my characters is my favourite, especially as the characters I "like" best, with whom I am most in sympathy, are not necessarily those that interest me most. I can hardly say that I liked Pauline in "The Guest," but she interested me intensely; and so did Mrs. Bonham, though I have no liking at all for the type she belongs to. My chief interest is in the reaction of character to circumstance, and therefore it is the people in my books who are confronted with difficulties, with tragedies, with problems of conduct and principle that I like best to deal. Perhaps there is no one of my characters that appeals to me more than Yan, the outcast woman in "The Angel and the Outcast," and this is, I think, because, in spite of circumstances altogether adverse and constantly blameworthy, she retained an inherent nobility which impelled her to the greatest height of self-sacrifice that she could conceive.

"GEORGE COLMORE."

MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE:

(1) Not consciously, though I believe I do so subconsciously, fusing perhaps several characters together.

For instance, Paddy Button, in "The Blue Lagoon," was derived from a hundred old sailor men I have met.

(2) I think the more they are derived from actual persons the more vital they are.

(3) Moriarty, in "Garryowen."

But I don't know in the least why I like him better than any of the other of my puppets.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.



"George Colmore."

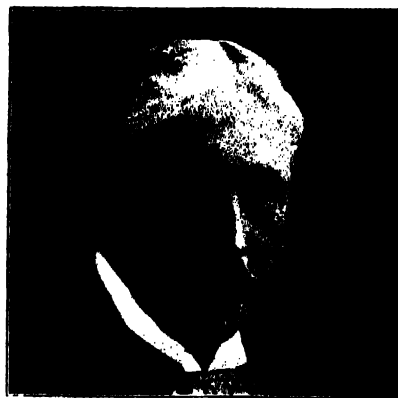


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

Next month we shall publish replies received too late for this Number from W. Somerset Maugham, Gilbert Frankau, J. E. Buckrose, Ethel Sidgwick, J. D. Beresford and H. A. Vachell.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA** is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA** is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS** is offered for the most telling phrase, sentence or paragraph, of not more than a hundred words, that ends any English novel or play.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA** is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN** will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

- I.—THE PRIZE** for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Eileen Carfrae, of 110B, Brixton Hill, S.W.2, and Winnifred Tasker, of Nythfa, Llandudno, for the following:

COVENT GARDEN.

I know a place in London where the country comes to town.
Any morning up till nine
You may share the joy that's mine,
And the spoils of Surrey meadow and of lonely Sussex down
You may buy at Covent Garden in the morning.
Should it happen with young April that you tread the primrose way,
You may even come across
Green and golden fronded moss—
Oh, the loveliest things in England may be picked up any day
For a song at Covent Garden in the morning.

EILEEN CARFRAE.

THE TRAMP.

I beg my bread along the road,
Yet trudge beneath no heavy load.
Sorrow has long since passed me by
And loving—yet I love the sky,
'Twill serve me better than a friend
And light me to the journey's end,
'Though fickle as a woman is
Just as many vagaries.

The hedges, too, in them I trust
For shelter from the sun and dust,
Amidst them are the happy birds,
And Music sweeter far than words
That from the lips of man might fall—
Then when grey night is over all
The kind trees know me for their own—
So thick their tangled boughs have grown.

But now the long road winds away
Past hedges bright with crimson may,
Now as a snow-white ribbon flung
'Neath boughs with whiter garlands hung,
For Spring has journeyed through the land
And lovers greet her hand in hand,
I look—with an unseeing eye;
Their paths and mine asunder lie.

The cross-roads through the morning mist
Hold not for me a place of tryst,
Should laughter echo clear and gay,
I turn away, I turn away—
Loving and Laughter both must die
But not the pleasures of the sky,
And when the last long milestone's past
I may find happiness at last.

WINNIFRED TASKER.

We also select for printing (though the writer could improve upon "responsive" hearts in the last line but one):

WHERE HIDES THE SPRING?

Where hides the spring in Tenement Street:
Spring, with her joy and her exquisite pity?
No green stretches for weary feet,
Or woodland blossoms, frail and sweet,
Are ever seen in Tenement Street—
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

Overhead is a gleam of sky
Between grey roofs for the eye's beholding:
But over the bustle of passers-by,
And the rattle of carts, and the hawker's cry,
Who learns to listen for earth's soft sigh,
Or the fairy whisper of buds unfolding?

Yet Hope may smile in the greyest gloom,
And miracles be! Lo! here I found it:
Welcome as light in a shadowed room,
Sweet as the show'r of its own perfume,
A little lilac tree in bloom
Laughed at the dull, dead walls around it

Here hides the Spring in Tenement Street,
Here is proof of her tender pity!
Where the lilac scatters her fragrance sweet,
Nodding her delicate plumes to greet
Responsive hearts in Tenement Street—
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

(Evelyn Simms, 40, Arundel Street, Brighton.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Roland Sutton (Cirencester), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), M. F. Ritchie (Grahamstown), E. P. Cranmer (Teddington), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), L. M. Priest (Norwich), M. Burbridge (Westcliff), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, U.S.A.), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), A. L. Trotter (Vancouver), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), John A. Belchambers (Highgate Hill), Dorothea Humphreys (Cheadle), Gwendolyn E. Thornton (Bramley), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Miss E. R. Faraday (Orleton), Ian Lauderdale (Cape Town), Margaret Brown (Harrow-on-the-Hill), Marjorie Harwood (Bushey), D. Freeman Larkin (Anerley), Victor A. Brown (Sevenoaks), H. Priess (Cape Province, South Africa), Helen Mitcham (London, N.), K. O'Callaghan (Bedford), Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), Katherine Ford (Norwich), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), John P. Jones (Bolton), Pearl Luscher (New York), Una Malleson (London, W.), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Ethel Stoneman (Western Australia), Lilian Purbs (Kashmir), Muriel Garbutt (London, S.W.), Vivien Brett Smith (Boscombe), Melin Jones (Cardiff), Hilda de Fleury (London, S.W.), Ruth Crook (Wellingborough), Miss K. F. Woodhouse (Blandford St. Mary), J. I. Douglas (York), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Jessie E. Greenwood (Wallington), Margery Sykes (Bath), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Joan Warry (Sherborne), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Miss B. B. Horton (Westerham), A. T. Corke (Malvern).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to J. S. Collins, of 7, Pagoda Avenue, Richmond, Surrey, for the following:

THE PROFITEERS. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, Epistle I.

We also select for printing:

THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD.

BY LLOYD WILLIAMS. (Page.)

"There is none like her—none!"
TENNYSON, *Maud*.

(Frances Anderson, Restenneth, West Didsbury.)

HOW TO BE USEFUL AND HAPPY FROM 60 TO 90.

BY A. LAPHORN SMITH, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.

(John Lane.)

"Good gods! how he will talk!"
NATHANIEL LEE, *Alexander the Great*, Act i, Sc. 3.

(A. M. Hillier, 27, Highbury New Park, N.5.)

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE AGAIN.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Nash & Grayson.)

"As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives."
Old Rhyme.

(A. H. Baird, 78, Ledbury Road, Bayswater, W.)

THE LAW INEVITABLE. BY LOUIS COUPERUS.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

"What can an old man do but die?"
HOOD, *Spring it is cheery*.

(Gwendoline M. Shaw, 36, Warrington Road, Ipswich.)

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP. BY ARCHIBALD HADDON.

(Stanley Paul.)

"At ev'ry word a reputation dies."
A. POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto iii, l. 16.

(G. Coulter, Kenmare, Priory Street, Cheltenham.)

A YOUNG AMERICAN IN ENGLAND. (Review.)

"Fill me with the old familiar juice,"

FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyam*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best lines of advice to any well-known public character, is awarded to Kitty Gallagher, of 8, Merton Road, Bootle, near Liverpool, for the following:

TO MR. DE VALERA.

O thou, who though of alien race and name,
Our country cherished as thine own would'st claim —
Learn that the path to Erin's weal lies not
Thro' ways all stained by murder's foulest blot.
Our Irish tongue thou'st mastered, so 'tis said,
Ah! learn the language of her heart instead.
So, in thy pose of Erin's trusty Knight,
"Assume a virtue," champion now the right.

The replies on the whole are a little disappointing, but we select for special commendation those by B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), Gertrude Thorneycroft (Leeds), Jessie Hutchings (Eastbourne), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), P. H. Jackson (Stockport), J. Price Williams (Port Dinornic), T. D. Lowe (Glasgow), Muriel Garbutt (St. Albans), N. Butterfield (Ilford), Marjorie Holmes (Bentham), Ada F. Strike (Worthing).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

VERA. By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan.)

Everard Wemyss is one of those unpleasant egoists this author draws with such uncanny skill. This is the story of his second marriage, but the shadow of his first wife, Vera, pervades the book. Vera departed this life *via* a top story window—whether voluntarily or involuntarily is at first uncertain; but as Wemyss's character is gradually revealed—his greedy affection, his colossal capacity for being "hurt," his delight in the exercise of petty tyrannies—we become convinced that Vera knew what she was about, and wonder how long it will be before poor little Lucy follows her example.

We also select for printing:

CROSSING PICCADILLY CIRCUS. BY WARD MUIR.
(Heinemann.)

This is a remarkable book by reason of its sincerity and power of looking at Life from the standpoint of each character depicted therein. Adam and David Creighton, with the same fundamental driving power, develop naturally in their special spheres. Mary and Maisie, each on different planes, true to themselves, work out their individual lives. In striking contrast, the insincere characters of the conventionalists, the sentimentalists, fade away into that nothingness which is the natural outcome of their state. Thus, "Crossing Piccadilly Circus" takes its place as an original representation of our modern social system, told with consummate literary craft.

(Alice Youle Hind, 5, Clarence Street, Brighton.)

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF MIND.

BY ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Books Ltd.)

With so many "secret systems" of memory and mind-training abroad, all frankly acknowledging material success as their goal, it is most refreshing to read a clear, sane, highly principled account of mind-training, such as we

find in this book by a distinguished authority, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford. In a direct, comprehensible manner, he treats of all the functions of the mind, from perception to creative genius, and, free from the regrettable tendencies of many quack psychologists, aims not merely at efficiency, but at efficiency directed to right ends, and culminating in the production of the noble and perfect man.

(Enid Blyton, 34, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.)

OLIVER CROMWELL. BY JOHN DRINKWATER.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Drinkwater here depicts Cromwell as a powerful man, not a play-hero. Abraham Lincoln stood head and shoulders above Cromwell, and so this play is so much less than that drama in fineness, but not in interest. The quietness and solitariness of life are wonderfully shown by the author. The real being of the Great Protector holds our view and our thoughtful admiration. And yet, despite all the aims of the Anti-Puritans to expose his harshness and his narrowness, one is left with the pleasantest and most loyal feelings of admiration for his saving graces.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Caroline W. Furlong (Newfoundland), G. Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Miss E. M. Pelt (Southport), Margaret Stokes (London, W.C.), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Muriel Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Miss N. Butterfield (Ilford), Emma Burgess (Torquay), B. van Thal, junr. (London, N.W.), Miss G. Taylor (Buxted), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Southam), Isabel R. Thomas (Bristol), F. Oliver (Norwich), Miss M. Brock (Ashton-on-Mersey), Gertrude N. Hallott (Nottingham), Enid G. Bigland (Birkenhead), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), N. Evans (Brixton Hill), Jean Cameron Wilson (Manchester), Doris E. Bluck (Bolton).

V. THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.

THINGS TEMPESTIVE AND INTEMPESTIVE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT has been held by not ignoble minds that the Valley of Humiliation, not too disgracefully incurred, and traversed in a becoming fashion, is not a wholly bad place. Therefore if it be the fact that the present reviewer, in doing what he could to "wash and brush up" Scott's "Dryden" for a new appearance took (as Sir Walter himself and everybody else for some two hundred years had done) Shadwell's operative rehandling of Davenant and Dryden's adaptation of "The Tempest" for that adaptation itself—instead of the right text—he says *Peccavi!* with neither tongue in cheek nor grumpiness in tone. Nor is there any grudging in that "if," for the discoverer, as it seems, of Shadwell's authorship put the title of his own monograph interrogatively; and as Mr. Summers frankly admits, it is "curious" that Dryden's own publisher, Herringman, should have issued Shadwell's version with no author's name, with Dryden's own signed Preface and with Dryden's Prologue and Epilogue, though Shadwell seems to have written others which appear now for the first time in print. Let me (for in such cases the third person is clumsy) say that I have not the slightest complaint to make of Mr. Summers's references to me. Indeed he very generously mentions that I *did* notice (I think I was almost the first to do so) considerable differences between the two versions. At any rate, both are now accessible to the student in modern print, and this is altogether to the good. It may not be superfluous to remind those who only know, or at least think of, Dryden and Shadwell as at daggers drawn, that this did not come about till years after the dates—1667-1670 and 1674—in question.

Apart from the undoubtedly curious and as yet not fully explained fact of the two pieces—not identical, but the latter comprising, as is admitted, all the features of the earlier, with novelties chiefly affecting the masque

at the end—there is nothing much to say in the critical way about this earlier form itself. If it is not more, it is certainly not much less obnoxious than the other to the general strictures which have been passed on that as a defilement of one of the most beautiful things in the whole range of the world's literature. It is really not of much importance what proportion of this defilement is due to Davenant and what to Dryden. The latter cheerfully proclaims his own enjoyment of the main central addition—that of a male Miranda who has never seen a woman—which "excellent contrivance" is a perfectly obvious *origo mali*. This was Davenant's: whether he took it from a Spanish story is, except to a certain kind, not the best, of commentators, a matter of very small interest.

But Mr. Summers, though he may not himself have intended things quite in this way, has almost made one forgive the good author of "Gondibert" and the great author of "All for Love," by reprinting Duffett's "Mock Tempest," a burlesque of their or Shadwell's work. The present writer has probably read some thousand plays from the mediæval theatre to the close of the seventeenth century; some hundred or so of the eighteenth, and some scores of the nineteenth—even perhaps one or two of the twentieth. He is not at all squeamish and fairly tolerant of imperfection. But from the earliest mystery to the latest modernity he has never read such a piece of bawdy balderdash as this. Not that he objects to it being reprinted; on the contrary, it is a useful document, hardly even requiring Mr. Pepys's ingenuous and ingenious defence of his buying and reading a certain French book. It is matter for not in the least ironical thanks to be provided with a "rockbottom" instance of the depths to which the always objectionable practice of meddling with masterpieces can go.

Compared with it Nahum Tate's "King Lear"—which, it must be remembered, was, with less or more alteration in itself, the only form in which generation

* "Shakespeare Adaptations: 'The Tempest,' 'The Mock Tempest' and 'King Lear.'" Edited by Montagu Summers. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Shakespeare's Mystery Play: A Study of 'The Tempest.'" By Colin Still. (Cecil Palmer.)



From "THE TEMPEST"
Illustrated in Colour
By EDMUND DULAC.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

BOATSWAIN: "LAY HER A-HOLD, A-HOLD! SET HER
TWO COURSES: OFF TO SEA AGAIN."
Tempest.—Act 1, Scene 1.

after generation of playgoers beheld something calling itself by the name of that impossible magnificence—is a bungle rather than an outrage. Its two greatest artistic blots—the happy ending and the striking up of an attachment between Edgar and Cordelia—are the first only a relapse on a form of the story itself ancient, and the second a concession to a perennial weakness of *l'homme moyen*. Both utterly spoil the play, of course, but one need not do more than shrug one's shoulders over them. Mr. Summers is to be thanked for putting these adaptations in a comely and handy form before us and for some excellent introductory matter, showing, in a fashion which will certainly be new to many if not all readers, to what an extent it has been the custom—a custom unfortunately still rife—to defraud theatre-goers of anything like "neat" Shakespeare. It would probably be worth while to collect more of such travesties. We have hardly anything against him except an attack, surely as unjust as irrelevant, on Farquhar. The book is as welcome as it is handsome, though one fancies that the decent grey of its back would have preferred as companions the accustomed blue or pink side-boards to the jangle-dazzle, thunder-and-lightning of the actual ones.

Mr. Colin Still's "Study of 'The Tempest'" of course puts its subject through a fashion of treatment belonging to an entirely different department of literature. It is so modestly and sincerely written, and it gives evidence of so much careful reading and thought, that one would fain give it the most respectful hearing possible. But how far is it possible to be quite serious when a man seeks to prove that Shakespeare's play, "though perhaps without Shakespeare's conscious intention," is an allegorical account of "those psychological experiences which constitute what Mystics call Initiation"? Now it is not from the present writer that anyone need look for contempt of mysticism or allegory. He would even be prepared to add to the old "All things end in mystery" a sort of corollary "All things are patient of allegory." Life being life and literature a reconstruction of it, the interconnections

of the two cannot be arbitrarily limited. But attempts to work out the particular allegory of particular pieces of literature, unless these latter unmistakably challenge allegorical interpretation, are always very risky and constantly slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. One is afraid—and if one wanted to make game of Mr. Still one could fill pages with examples—that such slips frequently occur here. They are indeed horribly tempting. But one of the least extravagant shall suffice. Aspirants to the Greater Initiation were placed upon a Spartan diet. Prospero tells Ferdinand that he shall drink sea water and eat mussels. Therefore Ferdinand is a candidate for the Greater Initiation. Why you may do this sort of thing "all the time"—as modern slang has it: and the present writer would undertake to make Christopher Sly the same kind of candidate in half a jiffy. One more quite serious word. At the end of his book, before dealing with that Epilogue which, unlike most people, he instances in support of his case, Mr. Still remonstrates with "a certain type of critic" who says we ought "to be content to accept a work of art as such, and not attempt to read into it meanings which the author may never have intended." The present reviewer frankly accepts the challenge, and acknowledges himself of this "type." There may be people—Mr. Still may be one of them—who can preserve the poignancy of the aesthetic appeal while busying themselves with charades and conundrums of this sort. But pretty long and pretty acute observation of the facts authorises the opinion that such people are exceedingly rare. Besides, there is something more to think of. The experimenter may be satisfied with his own experiment, but he is one and others are many. For every one person of intelligence who derives pleasure or profit from these operations (and even of such it may be doubted whether the pure enjoyment of the original is not spoilt for them), dozens—scores—hundreds—will be either simply bored or after (perhaps even without) a feeble sort of amusement, disgusted. Play what tricks you like with the ugly; the beautiful should only be enjoyed.

New Books.

A LINGUISTIC REINCARNATION *

In most cases the public is right in its indignation at the reproduction of a book under a new title. But if the body of the work is as completely changed as its name no serious objection need be made. This is the position of Professor Jespersen's new version of his old work "Progress in Language," which is now out of print. The book is practically a fresh work and embodies years of additional research. It is one of those books that are good for reviewers. There is no possibility of taking the high hand and patronising the author. Mr. William Macdougall could not find a better example of his "state of negative self-feeling" than is supplied by the honest critic of this book. Dr. Jespersen has the advantage all the way. Not only is he a specialist in language in general, but he has the temerity to write to us in excellent English, while almost none of us knows anything about his native Danish. This reserve of Scandinavian lore puts any writer in a remarkably strong position, particularly in the way of etymology; for we all remember from our

school days that any really doubtful derivation was always comfortably shelved by the phrase "probably Icelandic," and Iceland belongs to Denmark. Then again Dr. Jespersen comes to his work after having learnt by experience in the many volumes he has written. We can only sit at his feet and humbly learn.

To be sure we might adopt the method of the cheerful reviewer who gallops through a book of this kind, pulls out a plum or two from the teeming linguistic cupboard, and rides off on the borrowed interest he has thus aroused. The temptation is great, for the materials are abundant; but fair play demands that we should leave the cupboard intact, and let the reader have the full enjoyment of its alluring contents. Perhaps the most original contribution, if not indeed the most important, is the second book which is taken up entirely with "The Child." No doubt writers on child study have made useful contributions here, but their work has been spasmodic and unscientific, sometimes indeed ludicrously erroneous, as in the case of the estimates of the number of words in the child's vocabulary. Yet here our experimental educators have done a little quasi-scientific work, and by way of slightly diminishing our negative self-feeling we may note

* "Language: Its Nature, Development and Origin." By Otto Jespersen. 18s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Dr. Jespersen the results of the Terman investigations: A child in his eighth year can use 3,600 words, in his tenth 5,400, in his twelfth 7,200, in his fourteenth 9,000. The average adult can use 11,700 words and the superior adult 13,500. All this, however, is quite consistent with the argument of Dr. Jespersen, who makes use of his child section mainly to test and to support certain theories of the nature and development of language in general.

The interest of the book is so great that an incident that would bring satisfaction to a tired reader gives rise only to annoyance. When I found that page 224 was abruptly followed by page 241, instead of feeling relieved at being spared the missing pages I was disappointed, and when by comparing the index I found that "women's language" was included among what I had missed my disappointment rose to dismay.

The general effect of the book is one of perturbation to the reader who does not like to have his fixed opinions disturbed. For all along the line Dr. Jespersen is disposing of old theories and setting up either new ones or modifications of the old, and his arguments are so convincing that there is nothing to be done but accept them. It is a little unsettling to find that theories which we got up with much effort at the university are now calmly removed from their pedestal to make room for more worthy successors. The *agglutination theory* by which we swore in the old days becomes first changed into the *coalescence theory*, and then has to stand a very damaging criticism that does not leave it in anything like its pristine state of respectability. When the book reaches the origin of language the reader's self-respect returns, for here at least in the realm of pure speculation he can guess as well as his neighbours. His spirits continue to rise as he welcomes his old familiar friends the *boe-wooe*, the *pooh pooh*, the *ding-dong* and the *yo-he-ho* theories. But he is soon depressed by the contemptuous way in which the old favourites are treated. With scant courtesy they are thrust aside to make way for serious views, and Dr. Jespersen sets about demolishing some of the opinions that have been for long regarded as established. We used to be taught that the process of development of language was from isolation to agglutination, and thence to flexion. A very little and Dr. Jespersen would ask us to reverse this order. He contents himself, however, with discrediting the established view and asking us to note that progress is from the complex to the simple, or, in his own words, which he prints in capitals, and which sum up the teaching of the learned volume: "The evolution of language shows a progressive tendency from inseparable irregular conglomerations to freely and regularly combinable short elements."

JOHN ADAMS.

FOUR GOOD NOVELS.*

These are all four creditable books. But incomparably the best of the bunch is Phyllis Bottome's "Kingfisher."

I have only two objections to it. It is, I think, much too short, and its title a little too fantastic. The latter objection is perhaps rather trivial. But I should have liked to hear more about the early days of Jim Barton. Jim, quite justifiably and even heroically, kills his father in defence of his mother. For this act of filial piety he is sent to a penitentiary for three years, being too young to be hanged. It is because of this wicked thing having happened to him in his boyhood that I should have liked the author to tell us lots more about his earlier years. She tells us a great deal in a very little space. She knows the poor as curiously few writers do, and she knows not only the details of their daily life but also their psychology. She has got Jim right. He is right as the young ruffian of the streets, as the boy in prison, as the boy on the barge,

at the semi-public school, at Cambridge, and at last as labour leader and social missionary. All the time she has got him right. And her sense of the innate chivalry and honesty of the so-called lower classes as contrasted with the cowardice and dishonesty of the so-called upper classes, is almost uncannily sure in its adherence to truth. I have not enough space in which to do justice to this book. Throughout it is instinct with that penetrative power of insight into human nature which is an author's chief asset. Her characters, major or minor, are never puppets. Her studies of the Blighs, the Egertons, Eliza—Jim's abandoned sister—of the three brainless cads, Wizzle, Ainley and Pritchard, are all alike masterly. "The Kingfisher" is a very fine book indeed.

Joseph Hergesheimer is an American with an almost cosmopolitan reputation. He deserves it. "Mountain Blood" is, I understand, one of his earlier works. I am sorry to have to confess that it is the only novel of his I have read. The hero, Gordon Makimmon, is at first not quite adequately presented. In fact, he is almost misrepresented. One thinks of him as a man outworn, inconsiderable, on the verge of middle age. Then, quite suddenly, he seems in danger of becoming that most intolerable of bores, the strong, stern, silent man of the late Seton Merriman's imagining. At last one begins to know him. And then he is very real and intriguing. The story moves apace. The miserable cult of self-seeking, Pharisaism, snobbery, and double dealing of a typical back-of-the-world village in the Virginian mountain-regions—not unlike some English villages—begins to reveal itself, with Gordon Makimmon as a fine type of the emigrant Scotsman not quite denationalised by three generations. The scene in the gaming house at Sprucescap is magnificent, though, of course, pure Kiplingese. (Few American authors seem able to escape from the influence of Kipling, who derived something from Bret Harte, who in his turn derived mainly from our own Dickens.) The rest is mostly dollars, with a flavouring of passion. It is all good stuff. Gordon Makimmon, as he is more and more fully realised, becomes a figure of tremendous vitality. His struggles and failures against men far too astute for him, his courage, his simplicity, his splendid generosity and self-sacrifice are well expressed in every line of this absorbing and arresting romance of the commonplace.

One hardly knows what to say about Mr. Gilbert Frankau's latest novel; except that it is amazingly clever. Apparently it was projected as a propagandist book: as that it fails. Its premises are stated fairly well, but its deductions are weak in the extreme, and its conclusions deplorably feeble. One's sympathies are never with the adulterous Aliette and her paramour Ronald Cavendish, but all the time with Hector Brunton who, coarse in grain as he may be, brutal and ruthless as he is vainly meant to be, proves himself in most crises a man of great generosity and self-restraint. Personally, I don't like either Aliette or Ronald, the official heroine and hero. There are certain codes of honour which must be upheld for the general good, and though I would not be thought to judge those who transgress them, I cannot see that they have any right to the best of life after accepting the worst. Mr. Frankau's delineation of some of his characters is really wonderful in its fidelity to type. As I have said, his cleverness is undeniable. Nevertheless he is still a little crude, and sometimes more than a little coarse. I predict an enormous sale for this book.

Margaret Peterson's "Dust of Desire" is a better conceived and better handled book than "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton." Still, to use an Americanism in a purely English sense, it makes me tired, here and there. Why do so many modern women-novelists persist in idealising unspeakable cads, men of the basest passions, lacking wholly in self-restraint or self-respect? Such a man is, presumably, Margaret Peterson's hero, Gerard Kenyon. All his adult life has been spent in the most degrading debauchery, and yet good women and bad, civilised and uncivilised, all alike fall in love with him at first sight. . . . Well, let it pass. . . . Perhaps I am old-

* "The Kingfisher." By Phyllis Bottome. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Mountain Blood." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 7s. 6d. (Hainemann.)—"The Love Story of Aliette Brunton." By Gilbert Frankau. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Dust of Desire." By Margaret Peterson. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

fashioned. Perhaps the simple code of decency and cleanness in which I was bred is out of date. There is, anyway, plenty of real good writing in this book. The atmosphere and local colour of tropical Africa is finely rendered. The story itself is well told and most thrilling in its purely narrative passages. The characters are mostly lovable or at least companionable. I like particularly the way in which is shown the spirit of hearty comradeship existing between the lonely pioneers of our outposts of progress. This book without effort conveys that spirit beautifully. Indeed, there is much real beauty in this book and, when it pleases the author to deal with the things that matter, an extraordinary power of making her people as real to you as your own best friends.

EDWIN PUGH.

LETTERS AS LITERATURE.*

"Something too much of this" is not likely to be the exclamation of the reader when he puts this book down after getting to the end of it. Much more likely he will ask clamantly for more. For there are only about sixty letters, and they are for much the greater part, if not wholly, of the most exquisite quality. Mr. Saintsbury does not, we take it, claim that he has chosen the very best, but that his selections possess what he considers to be the hall-marks of *real* letters, the first and essential characteristic of which is naturalness. This he believes is "the very passport of admission to the company of good letter-writers." It is what Coleridge means when he tells a correspondent that he *writes* to others, but that his pen talks to her. Other characteristics there should be, but the one first named *must* be present. After two letters of Synesius (c. 375-430), the excellent Bishop of Ptolemais, one of Pliny, one of Sidonius Apollinaris, and one of the Duchess of Burgundy who was afterwards the wife of our Henry II, we come to the letters of the fifteenth century, pass on to those of the following centuries, the collection ending with an unpublished one from R. L. Stevenson to the editor whose friend he was. In addition to the letters there is a very delightful introduction on the history and art of letter-writing, and each writer's letter (or letters) is prefaced by the editor's introductory remarks and notes sufficient in bulk without being tiresomely needless. Mr. Saintsbury's writing is "matterful," therefore the reader requires to be mentally alert, otherwise he will miss much and fail to mark the precise shade of meaning the writer wishes to convey. In some respects he is not very dissimilar to Henry James and Pater. His wit, humour and learning shine constantly, and about the latter there is not the least air of pedantry. His vast range of reading and his critical acumen make him an informing and sure guide on any subject of English literature about which he writes, and there is a freshness in his presentation of it more characteristic of a younger writer than one whose years, as Rogero sang, "are many."

One result of the publication of this book ought to be, and probably will be, that a reader will wish to become more intimately acquainted with the other letters of those whose epistles he has but tasted. And he will find a wide field open to him. Who that has read, say, the two exquisite letters of Dorothy Osborne, could be satisfied with a mere sip? Would he not wish to drink deep at this spring? Then there is Chesterfield. Whatever he was *not*, he most emphatically was a master of style, and gifted also with humour, good specimens of which endowments are given in the letter printed in the book.

It was in the eighteenth century that letter-writing reached a height it had never touched before. Mr. Saintsbury declares it to have been the "letter-writingest" of ages from almost every point of view, as it undoubtedly was. Some of our best letter-writers belong to that period of whom the greatest was Horace Walpole. Cowper, too, attains very high rank. Charles Lamb affirmed that he

would call no man his friend who did not love Cowper's "divine chit-chat," but he was then referring to the poetry, for at the time he made his statement Cowper was still living, and of course his letters had not yet been published. But the phrase is peculiarly applicable to the poet's letters either with or without the qualifying adjective.

Of the nineteenth-century letter-writers Charles Lamb is the best-beloved as he also is as an essayist and as a man, though these two latter aspects are a little beside the subject under consideration. The prefatory remarks to Lamb's letter is an exquisite bit of writing, and will warm the hearts of all Lamb devotees, even although Mr. Saintsbury trips slightly in one of his statements. He remarks or implies that Lamb once stated that he had "an aversion from letter-writing." He has apparently forgotten that what Lamb wrote had reference not to himself but to his sister: "Mary has such an invincible reluctance to any epistolary matter."

Mr. Saintsbury has not given the latest—and presumed correct—recension of the letter, but has gone to Talfourd's text, but the correct readings are comparatively unimportant. A similar remark applies to the Keats letter—Sir Sidney Colvin's text being given and not that of the late Mr. Buxton-Forman. Another slip is that the letters to which reference is made—those which were sold at Sotheby's on April 12th last year—were the 5,200 written *to* not *by* Scott.

The foregoing errors are mere trifles and do not detract in the least from a most attractive and delectable book. Our greatest wish is that the editor may be induced to give us another work of a like character.

S. BUTTERWORTH

EVILS UNDER THE SUN.

When Mr. Chesterton wrote the title for this book* he did what so many of us do with so many parts of our lives. He subordinated the really important things to the less important. "Eugenics and other Evils" he calls it, and it soon becomes obvious that it is the other evils that are really the devastating and deadly ones, and that Eugenics is simply the fruit of a noxious and distorted tree. Shall men be bred like carthorses? he asks, with indignation and amazement. To which the reply is that some people are foolish enough to wish that they could be. Do we not exercise the greatest care in breeding from pedigree stock on the farm? say these people. Of course we do. Then why not exercise equal—and pretty nearly the same!—care when breeding citizens for the State. So Mr. Chesterton proceeds to belabour on a score of grounds the Eugenist who would interfere with the law of natural selection.

Here the "other evils" come in. Why this attempt to interfere? Why should even a Eugenist consider it necessary to begin to regulate the sexual unions of men and women? After all, wrong or absurd as such ideas may be, they do not spring up out of the ground from stones or grass. They are rooted in something deep and moving in the mind of man. They are, agrees Mr. Chesterton; they are rooted in the desire of one section or class of the populace to control, exploit, enchain, and subsequently experiment on the bodies of the members of the mob; that is, on the poor. No one is anxious to begin segregating or interfering with the activities of the rich in this special field of human endeavour; it is the poor man who matters in these affairs, for it is to the poor man we must look for the work that is to grow food, and make clothes, and generally provide wealth for the whole nation. The poor man's progeny is thus of vital consequence to us all. So Mr. Chesterton drags our noses down to the sink and stench of our modern social relationships, and shows us that the roots of this idea of the scientific breeding

* "A Letter Book." By George Saintsbury. 6s. net. (Bell.)

* "Eugenics and Other Evils." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

of men lie in that morass known as the exploitation of man by man.

This is not to say that a certain section of our people has definitely set itself out to turn society into a stud farm for the specific purpose of breeding bricklayers and engineers of a particular type, and in certain numbers. But it is to say that, as our commercial system is intensified, and dispossesses more and more men, not merely of land and tools, but of even the possibility of working for some one else, and thus floods the streets with a degenerating mass of unemployed, the idea comes unconsciously and unbidden to the mind that this mass might be decreased in quantity and improved in quality if among them only the efficient were allowed to bring into the world the stuff for the next generation. Instead of considering how industry can pay decent wages which would allow workmen to breed healthy youngsters, or otherwise how to transform the system of industry, the humanitarian thinks how unfortunate it is that these poor wretches should go on breeding at all—or beyond what would provide workmen sufficient for his needs. Our sins are many, and "of these sins one lies buried deepest but most noisome, and though it is stifled, stinks; the true story of the relations of the rich and poor in England."

Thus, though we cannot take Mr. Chesterton's fears of Eugenics so seriously, the state of society which has called forth the idea is serious enough—and mad enough—in all conscience. The "Feeble-minded Bill" against which he thunders may be silly enough to be considered as a joke by many people; but it is a terrible reminder of how in this country law has become so mad as to be now but little better than anarchy. Could anything be more insanely wicked than our Vagrancy Laws, for example? Two men were caught sleeping in a field, and summoned before a magistrate. They had nowhere else to sleep; but each of them produced a couple of coppers to prove that they could have got beds, but didn't. To which the efficient and alert policeman replied that two-pence could not possibly pay for a bed, and therefore they ought to be punished for not getting one. The intelligent magistrate was so struck by this argument that he sent them to prison for two months for not doing the thing they could not do! And that is not an example of Mr. Chesterton's fantastic humour, it is a solemn and serious fact. "These things are being done in every part of England, every day," and unless we rouse ourselves they will go on being done until even Eugenics will come to be regarded as a way out of the maze of "other evils" which now press so heavily upon us.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

THE HOME LIFE OF SWINBURNE.*

After her husband's death I wrote to Mrs. Watts-Dunton, in reply to a sad letter, "Life will not always seem as empty as you now suppose, for, sooner or later, I have one book in mind at least, that you could write—you will find work for your hand to do." The book was of course the "Home Life of Swinburne," and with some knowledge of the facts, I am of opinion that Mrs. Watts-Dunton has drawn a faithful picture, if concerned in the main with small details and happenings. About the inclusion of one paragraph I am doubtful. W. M. Rossetti had just left the death chamber. "And then," writes Mrs. Watts-Dunton, "I felt that I wanted to see Swinburne's eyes once again, even though it were in death. I ventured to raise his eyelids very gently, and found that they looked just as I had so often seen them, infinitely kind."

In writing of Swinburne at Putney, she set herself a difficult task. The twenty-four hours held for him nothing more exciting than his morning walk, which she calls "the event of his day." Had he now and then, by

* "The Home Life of Swinburne." By Clara Watts-Dunton. 15s. (Philpot.)



by F. O. Hoppe.

Mrs. Watts-Dunton.

way of change, committed physical assault and battery on some one (he not seldom committed verbal battery and assault) she would have had material to hand for a thrilling narrative. That out of the stuff of such prosaic happenings Mrs. Watts-Dunton should have woven so diversified a narrative, is an achievement. To worship for a while at the shrine of genius—and then to go away with a happy impression, and leaving as happy an impression behind, is within the power of many clever women. But, for long years to live with so erratic a genius, to humour him, to "understand" him, never to fall out with him, nor to let him fall out with her—most of all to retain his affection and respect, and her own respect and affection for him, to the last—to do all this is quite another matter. Yet all this Mrs. Watts-Dunton did, assisted in no small part by her sense of humour. The most alarming encounter she had with the poet was when she alluded to "The Faithful Shepherdess" as "by Beaumont and Fletcher":

"The mention of the word 'Beaumont,'" she writes, "seemed to affect Swinburne as though one had offered him a personal insult. He glared, he shrugged his shoulders in a panic-stricken sort of way, as one who despaired of the ignorance of the world. 'Fletcher only,' he declared with tremendous emphasis. 'Beaumont never wrote a line of it.' I dared not ask him how I was expected to know that. Beaumont and Fletcher were as inseparable to me as Marshall and Snelgrove."

The relationship between Swinburne and her husband Mrs. Watts-Dunton admirably indicates by speaking of the latter's "mothering instinct"; and of Swinburne's sharp sayings she gives an amusing illustration. When told that Matthew Arnold was wroth on hearing that the *Daily Telegraph* was edited "by a fellow of the same name," Swinburne said maliciously, "I understand that both these journalists employ their moments of leisure in writing verse." Of Rossetti she writes that when, in carving a duck, he shot the thing into the lap of Sala—"I say, Sala, just hand me back that duck" was his only comment. The value of the book lies, however, not in the stories, but in the picture of Swinburne's later life. The record is happy and tranquil, for he wrote from the Pines, "I am very much more than twice as happy now, as I was when only half my present age."

Were I to hazard a guess at the secret of that happiness, I should look for it in the words of the "woman-friend

whom all three of the inmates of the Pines most loved, Lady Archibald Campbell of Argyll, when she writes of "the adorable simplicity" of the life there. Mrs. Watts-Dunton herself puts the gist of her book into a sentence with her comment, "How small a thing can gladden the heart of a great man!" It is of small things, for the most part, that she writes, but, just as—inasmuch as all fish swim up-stream—the set of the current is no less surely indicated by the tiniest than by the biggest of fish, so these little happenings let in much light upon the personality of Swinburne.

Not the least charm of the book is the modesty of the writer. In that household, a beautiful and accomplished woman ran no little risk of being spoilt. Treated by Swinburne as deferentially as if she were a queen, worshipped by her husband who was her lover to the last—so young a woman might well have come to take herself, and her opinions, in anything but the unassuming spirit here so manifest. She writes as one privileged to have shared the home of two such men, as proud to bear witness to their genius and their worth, and with never a word to set herself in a favourable light. Her girlish awe on first meeting Swinburne she does not attempt to conceal, but wherein she so wholly wins the reader is that she makes clear that her reverence for him as a great genius, her honour for him as a great gentleman, became the greater, not the less, with more intimate knowledge. Heine remarked that "to his publisher no author is a genius," and to the Prince de Condé is attributed the hackneyed gibe about a "hero" and his "valet." Remembering these and similar sayings, one is all the more grateful to Mrs. Watts-Dunton, not only for the intimate picture of his home life, but for reminding the reading world that there are still some among us with whom "familiarity" with the great breeds not "contempt" but new reverence.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

SENECA AND MR. AGATE.*

Mr. Lucas is one of those authors who can make the old classics real without unduly modernising them. Seneca is, in a sense, an easy subject. It is difficult to decide what the Athens of Æschylus was really like, or even the Athens of Euripides or Aristophanes; but one has no such difficulty in fixing on one's mind an image of Neronian Rome. It is true that we have to take into account some strange, even monstrous facts, such as the extent of slavery; but on the whole the vice, the folly, and above all the tricks of the intelligentsia and the aesthete in the time of Seneca were not unlike those of the fashionable world of any time. Mr. Lucas sees that there has always been in literature a classical and a romantic tendency; that the classical devotion to form is, in itself, the origin of the romantic insistence on spontaneity. Seneca is an admirable instance of the author who, romantic in spirit, is yet constrained to a certain classicism of form. It was through Seneca, not through any of the great tragedians of Greece, that the Elizabethan poets made acquaintance with the drama of the ancient world. The young Englishman, quickly learning the joy of word-craft, turning with eager passion for experiment from euphemism to Harvey's classical tricks, and from Harvey to the metaphysical conceits of Donne and his school, owed much to Seneca. What he owed was not all good. The reading of Seneca's ingenious, clever, conceited plays confirmed him in an ingenuity to which his talent was already too prone:

"Seneca's audience was steeped in rhetoric and the Augustan poets. Therefore that language had to be violently rhetorical, whether in set speeches or in cut-and-dried stichomuthia, and it had to be variegated with purple patches of description and allusion to those Augustans in the superfine poetic style. But

* "Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy." By F. L. Lucas. 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)—"Alarums and Excursions." By James Agate. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

here also was a source of its influence on Tudor England, not realising of what oratorical magnificence its own English tongue was capable, an England intellectually young and therefore delighting in truths thrown about like squibs; an England, too, intellectually new and crude and therefore loving the lurid extravagances of Senecan bombast and flamboyance."

Seneca to-day is forgotten. A few scholars may get pleasure from his essays. In these he has a modernity of style and sentiment which make him, with Petronius, the best of the later Latin authors. He had too that ingenuous-seeming cleverness which forces one's admiration though it never compels belief in its sincerity. He was a Stoic, and deprecated earthly things, so when he became possessed of a fortune of £3,000,000, of large properties in Italy and elsewhere, and was one of the biggest bankers in the Empire, he penned that famous apologia for the Stoic millionaire:

"Do you ask why I have more wealth than I can count? I am not yet the perfect wise man, only on the road to perfection; a lame goer, but an Achilles beside you, my critic. I despise wealth as much when I have it as when I have it not. My riches belong to me; you belong to yours."

And the irreverent Roman mob replied in the vernacular "I don't think——"

Beside Seneca Mr. Agate seems a little old-fashioned. The influence is evident still. The over-emphasis, the careful rhetoric, the intense, lively curiosity of these essays all remind one of Seneca. Mr. Agate's interest is wide, but it is never very deep. There is something a little superficial in the attitude of a man who can write of Sarah Bernhardt, Pavlova, Charles Chaplin and George Carney in the same key of breathless enthusiasm. Some of the essays are on trifling, transient plays of the moment; and Mr. Agate has not Mr. Symonds's gift of making beauty out of things negligible and perishable. He is not, indeed, out for beauty. He is out to tickle the intellect, to excite your amusement, and he is so preoccupied with this result that he too often overwrites and leaves his subject drowned in a sea of clever phrases. He is of the school which believes that everything that glitters is told well; and that it is a poor sentence that has no twist to it. One sighs for the plainer parts of speech, as one sighs for them in the works of Mr. Agate's mentor, Mr. C. E. Montague. Mr. Agate is interested in prize-fighting, and is in that bad tradition of bloodthirsty invalids which includes Henley and Stevenson. He quotes with approval Stevenson's "almost everybody in our land, except humanitarians and a few persons whose souls have been depressed by exceptional æsthetic surroundings, can understand and sympathise with an admiral or prize-fighter." It is an odd thing that this cult of brutality has always been preached by weaklings and aesthetes. Here Mr. Agate compares badly with Seneca, who anticipated S. Telemachus' protest against the gladiatorial shows. The best essays in the book are those on "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Beggar's Opera"; these should find their way into any future anthology of critical notices of the theatrical world of 1921.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

PHILOSOPHY AND POETS.

If beauty be nothing but a face in many cases, it is excusable to consider with fond partiality any philosophy or wisdom out of which arises a beauty superior to the skin-deep kind.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood may discover a spiritual relation in Mr. Binns' for the latter's poem, "The Story of Freda Vore," is exquisitely in tune with the spirit who educated "Uncle Paul." Here is a gleam of Freda's wisdom:

"And it's that way with us all," she said;
'We're just kelp on the shore,
When it's low-tide on the beaches of
The world; but comes the flow
Murmuring up and all about us,
We can reach out and grow.'"

"Hill-Tops." By Henry Bryan Binns. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

It is fascinating to behold objects, familiar to the dawn of one's sad consciousness of the terms on which beauty exists, transformed into symbols for stupendous psychic truths. Well I remember the melancholy with which I first viewed the difference between wet seaweed just stranded by the waves and the same seaweed figuring pathetically as a souvenir in London, and subconsciously I had no doubt a thought of

"love creeping up
The desolate beaches of the world"

to give light and movement to arid dusty things. But a poet makes a feeling an idea, and we are grateful to him as to a—revealer being too strong a word, perhaps, let us say commentator of genius. Mr. Binns has a nice sense of the acoustic value of words and can be daringly horrid. He can also achieve a pathos of rare appealingness: witness the poem in which Time's sad victim cries:

"Comes another day,
But what a face to greet it!"

There is merit in the will to live, even if it is inspired rather by pious obedience than by loyalty to one's personality; there is merit, too, in honest faith in the benignly "miraculous"; and it is pleasant to find both merits in the volume containing "The Return." Mrs. Woods is an artist in the use of metre and possesses a powerful imagination. "The Death of Edward III" is a fine and fascinating piece of dramatic literature. In Alice Perrers she has conjured up a ruthlessly hideous portrait of falsity and greed, and the senile vanity of her victor of Crécy is enough to make a hero-worshipper weep. Whoever has tried to write vigorously in the style of an age when people smacked their lips gastronomically over the right sort of carnage will appreciate the cleverness of this stanza:

"The fame of that noble fight
Went forth o'er France and Spain.
Wept sore upon his throne
The Emperor of Almayne.
The bells of Avignon
Tolled seven days for the slam."

"Wade's Boat" is a work of surprising dexterity, because it is consistently quaint through seventy-six pages. It is rich in humour relishable by ears that love a dateless rusticity and like for fun to see the Muse attired in:

"a fustian coat with lappets brouded new
And pomely boots."

The "boat" has no substantial existence, but it is psychically as important as Dickens's Mrs. Harris in this comedy whose characters include a shrew and a husband desirous of civilising her tongue. Mr. Meyerstein is certain of warm appreciation from students of style, though the comic story which he has created and so cunningly versified is not of itself worth the silver crowns of many readers.

"The Scent of the Aloe" affords me, in a poem called "Preparedness," an opportunity for fitting a review to the title of my article. To succumb to this temptation, which has spoiled many a critical "column," would show that I placed my own stylistic effect before the reader's convenience. Therefore I turn the latter's attention to the charm of passion and agony in a tropical setting, although (if I may venture on parody):

"I know I consider last night in the *luster*
Brought a line to throttle the Muse."

Mr. Baronti's poem in "free" verse, explanatory of a lonely mother's murder of her child, is a striking presentation of madness; and he offers two pages of frank prose. "The Gypsy"—which exercise a charm curiously physiological, due to certain "brown satin claws" stroking "fair hair." The author deserves to be regarded as capable occasionally of being a poet in that refined sense of the

* "The Return, and Other Poems." By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. net. (Lane)

* "Wade's Boat" By E. H. W. Meyerstein. 5s. net. (Murray.)

* "The Scent of the Aloe." By Gerve Baronti. 3s. 6d. net. (Blount.)

word which it is so worrying to elucidate. This quatrain supplies a reason for this remark:

"How I love you crimson flower!
For you have proved to me
The ache I feared was ceasing
Consumes me utterly"

Ache, however is scarcely the *mot juste*

Pleasing bouquets can certainly be gathered on the lower slopes of Parnassus. No leisured person wandering there should have to confess like one of Mr. Walter Ray's characters:

"I hugged the little parcel of my thought
And scorned the largess lying to my hand."

There's good in his book, for he lyrically asserts the necessity of individualism in ethics: the eyes of the poet look out fraternally and he has an easy Browningsque manner (the case of Browning, be it noted, is quite as obvious as the difficulty of him). Still, Mr. Ray does not avoid the tedious and must learn the secret of keeping readers awake. It is a secret which should also be learned by Mr. Middleton Murry, whose "Poems," handsomely presented by a publisher of fastidious taste, are apt, unfortunately, to force cleverness into queer paths of futility. I am the last person to run amok at subtlety, but this book makes me think somehow of a spider who is spinning without enough solidity in his stickiness to produce a perfectly visible web. Yet there are signs of fine feeling and rare intelligence in Mr. Murry's collection; and, to end philosophically, I quote this memorable stanza from "The Whisper":

"I am thy not-self perfect shaped by stress
Of the defect of thy own imperfectness.
Only with me shalt thou, the comfortless,
Ease thy distress."

W. H. CHESSON.

MR. MASTERS AND THE GENTLE SAVAGE.*

The publication of the American "Spoon River Anthology" was a literary event of first-rate importance. It is a sad, amusing book compiled from the acute observation of a true if singular poet's mind. And it was (and is) bound to be parodied—the fate of all vital and distinctive books as of all vital and distinctive people. In Mr. Henry Savage the American poet has achieved a worthy parodist, and we shall be greatly surprised if the victim does not send a cablegram of appreciation. For the results are delightful:

"Let me inform you, O Masters,
That though there be many disciples,
There are also a few free and independent poachers
In this cut-throat world of enchantment."

* * * * *

You are not the only pebble on the beach, my dear Edgar,
Not by a long peb.
And besides, it's so damnably easy!"

It isn't, of course, but that's just Mr. Savage's genial modesty, the infectious gaiety with which he wraps up the surprising cleverness and acute criticism of such a piece as "Job Motley":

"It was like this.
We were having a casual pint together,
John Galsworthy and I,
In the Spoon River Arms.
And 'I'm sorry for you,' he said,
'And I for you,' I said.
'But I'm more sorry for you than you are for me,' he said.
'Well, I'm sorry for that,' I said.
There was no more to be said,
So we parted."

* "Poems of Yesterday and To-Day." By Walter Ray. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

* "Poems: 1916-20." By John Middleton Murry. 6s. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

* "A Long Spoon and the Devil." By Henry Savage. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

Mr. Savage is, it must be confessed, more concerned with the manner of his original than with his matter; he makes only occasional attempts to achieve the perfect parody which is a union of both elements plus a little twist of derision. What he has achieved, however, is a burlesque of Mr. Masters's method applied to modern discussions, modern literature and modern art. This, for instance, is the cheeky comment upon a leading English novelist not unknown to Washington:

PROLIFIC PIPES.

"I used to write imaginative romances,
And dabbled a bit in science.
Till one day a small boy reduced my cosmos to fragments
By flooring me with the simple poser:
Which came first,
The hen or the egg?
Since then I have never looked back
I have told you the truth about Sex,
The reconstruction of Society,
Education,
History,
England,
America,
The War, etc., etc."

And Mr. Savage finally pins his victim with:

"Blessed is the man who has found his true work in life,"
said old Tommy Carlyle.
I've found mine.
I play ball with the kids"—

which is very illuminating criticism.

The publisher has done his part admirably. No more individual and attractive volume has been produced at the price since 1914.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

LIFE OF ELIE METCHNIKOFF.*

A growing demand for biography of all sorts must be considered "a sign of the times." What the sign signifies is not so clear. Does it imply a growing desire to understand the hearts and minds of others? Does it mean an ambition on the part of the crowd to get on intimate terms with the thinkers, and dreamers, and doers of the world, and to find a larger life in vicarious achievements and experiences? Or is it merely a snobbish aspiration to move "in upper circles," combined with a vulgar craving to discover dirty linen in the tubs of Mayfair, and dusty skeletons in the cupboards of Whitehall? Does it signify much more, after all, than the popularity of the pages of personal gossip in the "Court Times" or the "Police News"?

Doubtless, gossip-greed, *schadenfreude*, and the baser curiosities are chiefly responsible for the growing demand; and it is certain that a "Life of Mrs. Asquith," by Mrs. Asquith, or a "Life of Sir Augustus Noodle," by Lady Fitzfoozle, will have a much bigger sale than the "Life of Elie Metchnikoff," by Madame Metchnikoff; yet there are large numbers of readers drawn to biography by the higher motives, and to these "Metchnikoff's Life" will make a particular appeal, for it narrates the evolution of the work and character of a very remarkable man.

Dying at the age of 71, with about seventy-one learned treatises to his name, Metchnikoff's biography might tend to become merely bibliography, but Madame Metchnikoff never allows her great husband's personality to be obscured by his scientific achievements: she shows him to us a living, loving, fighting, suffering human being: we hear his heart beating, till it flags and fails. Still, science naturally occupies an important place in his biography as in his life.

Metchnikoff was a veritable Odysseus of Science, and the tale of his pursuit of knowledge from country to country, from sea-shore to sea-shore, from university to university, from research to research, is quite a scientific Odyssey. His Odyssey lasted sixty years. He commenced his journey at the age of eleven by falling into a pond in pursuit of a jelly-fish: his first treatise, a paper

* "The Life of Elie Metchnikoff." By Olga Metchnikoff. 28s. net. (Constable.)

on Infusoria, was published four years later in a Russian scientific journal, and even on his death-bed he was making a scientific study of his own symptoms.

His scientific work was progressive, and, as in the case of his friend Pasteur, it grew to have more and more human interest as it advanced. Researches into the embryonic layers of the lower multicellular organisms led to the discovery of ultra-cellular digestion, and especially of the intra-cellular digestion in the white blood corpuscles and connective tissue cells of the body—the well known process of "phagocytosis." The final step in this discovery was quite dramatic. He picked thorns from some roses on his children's tangerine Christmas tree and inserted them "under the skin of some beautiful star-fish larvae, as transparent as water." It was a crucial experiment. Too excited to sleep, he ran at daybreak to see its result. The result confirmed his prescience: the free cells of the larva had mobilised, and were crowded round the thorn. With a rose thorn from a Christmas tree, and the larva of a star-fish, he had succeeded in throwing light on some of the darkest problems of medical and surgical pathology!

His discovery of phagocytosis led him to investigate the part played by the phagocytes in the creation of immunity and in the degenerative changes that occur in old age; and his phagocytic theory of old age attracted much attention. He believed that old age was mainly due to a poisoning of the tissues of the body by toxins produced by certain microbes in the intestine, and that it might be averted or postponed by swallowing the lactic acid bacilli of sour milk, and setting them to devour the pernicious microbes. For a time, sour milk had great vogue, and, though it has not proved effective in averting senility, yet recent researches by Carrel show that Metchnikoff's theory of old age as a process of slow poisoning of the tissues is probably correct, and that if the tissues could be kept free from toxins, they would not undergo degenerative changes, and might live for ever.

It is rather startling to learn that this great scientist, who sought to prolong human life, three times attempted to shorten his own existence. His early years were years of anxiety and struggle; he was poor, and his first wife was an invalid and finally died. On his wife's death he tried to kill himself with morphia, and failing, he tried to contract pneumonia by exposing himself to severe cold. Probably his second effort at suicide would have failed, too; but when he saw a cloud of insects flying round a lantern, his ruling passion asserted itself, and, in considering a problem of natural selection, he forgot his suicidal intentions.

His second marriage to his biographer was happy, yet domestic and professional anxieties so preyed upon his sensitive nature, that in 1880 he made a third attempt to end his life. This time he attempted to combine suicide and scientific experiment, for he inoculated himself with the germs of relapsing fever. He contracted the disease, but did not die, and during his convalescence his views of life became more optimistic.

In 1888 he went to the Pasteur Institute, where he found congenial work and sympathetic colleagues, and there he worked till his death in 1917. When death finally did come, he did not fear to die, and during a severe heart attack, when his end seemed near, he wrote a letter in which he declared: "As I prepare to die, I have not the shadow of a hope of a life beyond, and I look forward calmly to complete annihilation."

With sympathy, sincerity, simplicity, his wife tells the story of his whole life—the story of "the mercurial, vivacious child, good hearted, intelligent and precocious; the young man, ardent, impetuous, passionate, a lover of science and of all that is exalted; the mature man, a bold thinker, an indefatigable investigator, eager, generous, tender, and devoted; the old man in everything faithful to himself, but progressing in serenity, shining with an ever softer light, like a mountain peak in the setting sun; the martyr at last enduring suffering with patience and resignation, seeing the approach of death without fear. Observing it as he had observed life. . . ."

Such a biography is an education, it is not only a study of the ardent, puissant, combative soul of the great scientist, but a revelation of a wife's devoted and understanding love

RONALD CAMPBELL MACLII

TWO MYSTERY NOVELS.*

Good fairies were round the cradle when "The Heaven-Kissed Hill" was born. They gave to its plot freshness and originality; they sent it out full of mystery and dramatic moments. They made of the characters men and women in whose doings as people we take a pleasurable interest. And they set its scene by an old quarry on the South Downs, within sight of the "Bull-Dog Drummond" country, we remember, as we think of other thrilling incidents in recent fiction that have taken place down Surrey and Sussex way. Plot and atmosphere and people work together. The unity of impression which the book leaves is its especial charm. It is late in the day of Mr. Fletcher's achievement to say of him that he is an artist for whom the whole is always more than the parts. But not to stress this point is to fail to distinguish a quality which is distinctive. Most writers of the mystery novel hope that the mystery will suffice. They are content to give us plausible incidents, to make the thrilling parts bear the burden of the book. But when you have said of "The Heaven-Kissed Hill" that it concerns a young married couple who have a lonely cottage lent them in which they set out to live the simple life, only to find themselves in a situation of extreme complexity, even when you describe in detail the adventures which befall them, you have not given Mr. Fletcher's secret away. He has still something in reserve, other wares to take your fancy, as his charm of writing, his manipulation of detail in the smooth working of scene into scene. He can delight you with his descriptive effects, or he can give you a character sketch of two gipsy-hawkers, Mr. and Mrs. Zephyr Shepperde, as true to type as any in the pages of Romany literature. We do not miss the significance of Zephyr's opportune appearance, from the point of view of the plot, but as the old caravan, heavily laden, sways its course across the grass-grown quarry, the author's imagination has made of the scene a picture that remains.

"Ravensdene Court" conforms closely to the type of the set detective novel. Salter Quick and his brother Noah are murdered on the same day and in the same way, Salter in Northumberland and Noah in Cornwall. Apparent clues lead nowhere. The police are baffled "and so will be the experienced reader," say the publishers in their descriptive note. Personally, I cannot judge of the success of the plot from my own slowness in guessing its secret. My fallibility in such matters is too great. But, after many wild-goose chases that have brought no clues, I think I have this case against Mr. Fletcher. Why does he delay so long in introducing the murderer—not, of course, in his villainous capacity, but as a character? All the cards in the game should be dealt, though they need not all be on the table. For the rest, there are thrilling situations, plenty of incident and a variety of characters.

M. S.

THE BYRON LETTERS.†

Byron was an excellent letter-writer, and his correspondence reflected his own vivid personality very accurately. He was one of those unwise people who confide the most intimate details of life and experience and thought to a number of friends in the irrefutable form of autograph letters. His was not the frequent case of a

* "The Heaven-Kissed Hill." By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Ravensdene Court." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

† "Lord Byron's Correspondence." Edited by John Murray. Illustrated. In two volumes. 25s. net. (John Murray.)

weak mind which felt the need of confession to a confidential friend: rather was it a compulsory expression of his rich temperament and agile mind, mixed with his own peculiar idiosyncrasy—the delight he felt in shocking his friends and the world in general. For it is true that the conventional figure of Byron, sinister and consumed by wild passions of lust and hate, was very largely his own creation by means of his autobiographical poems and his correspondence. The actual man was something far finer—a brave, warm-hearted, impulsive creature of the most acute sensitiveness—which when wounded caused him to retaliate in very vindictive fashion, as is the case with all abnormally sensitive people. The curse of his life was sex, the "besoin d'aimer"—or his "demon" as he termed it when in condemnatory mood. All the worst ills of his brief, passionate career arose from his many love affairs.

Consequently this aspect of his life is the most predominant in his self-revealing correspondence. It is particularly evident in the new letters now edited and published by Mr. Murray. These were the property of John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) in his capacity of Byron's executor. They were, in the main, addressed to him, to Douglas Kinnaird, and to Lady Melbourne. The series to Lady Melbourne is a remarkable revelation of psychology on both sides. These letters are perhaps the most intimate Byron ever penned, and relate the various courses of his love affairs during the years 1812–1815. That with Lady Caroline Lamb had waned, though her name recurs in almost every letter. Byron's love had turned to hate owing to her insatiable pursuit of him and her mad behaviour. Next came the intrigue with Lady Oxford, and the affair, on a different plane, with Lady Frances Webster. These were succeeded by the painful and perplexing problem of Byron's relations with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Lady Melbourne received his most intimate confessions on this matter, and seems to have reproached it only in a half-hearted, bantering fashion. It will suffice here to state that the charge of incest against Byron is conclusively proved by his own letters to Lady Melbourne. In spite of this, Lady Melbourne brought about Byron's marriage with her niece, Annabella Milbanke, with what disastrous results and misery for both wife and husband is well known. The course of his preliminary courtship is fully related in these letters. An early allusion to Miss Milbanke will serve as an example of Byron's epistolary style when in light vein:

"As to Annabella, she requires time and all the cardinal virtues, and in the interim I am a little verging towards one who demands neither, and saves me besides the trouble of marrying, by being married already. She besides does not speak English, and to me nothing but Italian—a great point, for from certain coincidences the very sound of that language is music to me, and she has black eyes, and *not* a very white skin, and reminds me of many in the Archipelago I wished to forget, and makes me forget what I ought to remember, all which are against me. I only wish she did not swallow so much supper—chicken wings, sweetbreads, custards, peaches and port wine; a woman should never be seen eating or drinking, unless it be lobster salad and champagne, the only truly feminine and becoming viands. I recollect imploring one lady not to eat more than a fowl at a sitting, without effect, and I have never yet made a single proselyte to Pythagoras."

Other characteristic Byronic phrases are: "Any woman can make a man in love with her; show me one who can keep him so! You perhaps can show me such a woman, but I have not seen her for these *three weeks*." "Your friend Kolkovsky was with me yesterday, complaining of the English husbands and the restrictions upon their wives, with whom he appears to have made little progress, but lays it all upon the *husbands*. I was obliged to comfort him with an assurance that the fault was all his own, and that husbands and wives are much the same here as elsewhere; it was impossible to hear them so traduced with patience." "Do you know I am constancy in the abstract, and am much more faithful to people on the 'high seas' than if they were on shore—I suppose from my natural love of contradiction and paradox." "She (Augusta Leigh) wants to go with me to Sicily, or elsewhere, and

I wish it also. . . and she would take one of the children. Now Lady Oxford sickened me of everybody's children; besides, it is so superfluous to carry such things with people—if they want them, can't they get them on the spot?"

One could wish that Byron in his letters had commented more fully on the events and memories of his time. He gives a curious description of William Betty, the actor, in 1812, at the age of twenty-one—then vastly changed from the publicly adored "Young Roscius" of eight years earlier. And in 1817 Byron mentions that Murray positively asserted the author of "Waverley" to be Walter Scott's brother.

Byron went abroad in 1816, and never returned to England. The remainder of these letters detail his life, mainly at Venice, until its close in 1824. His friends had to hear all about his new love affairs with Italian women, such as Marianna Segati and the Countess Guiccioli—then a young girl fresh from a convent and married to a husband thirty or forty years older: "She is as fair as sunrise, and warm as noon." There is mention, too, of his illegitimate daughter, Allegra, by Clare Clairmont, and the Shelleys figure largely in the correspondence relating to this affair. Finally, Byron goes to Greece, and in one of the last letters in these volumes he says: "I embark for Messolonghi . . . I particularly require . . . credits to the uttermost, that I may get the Greeks to keep the field. Never mind me, so that the cause goes on." His life was to end finely six months later, and his biography remains a story of unfading interest.

S. M. ELLIS.

FRENCH HISTORY: TWO FINE "LIVES."*

In the closing weeks of 1921 two of our leading publishers gave us two leading books—a life of Danton and a life of Gambetta, both of them eminent Frenchmen of the first class and men whose lives were in some respect on the same line. Each book is well done and well equipped with bibliography, indexes and references. The size and format range closely and the volumes are destined doubtless to stand near one another on many shelves of permanent reference. With respect to Lady Mary Loyd's translation from a recognised French master in M. Louis Madelin, perhaps the chief living authority on the French Revolution, it may at once be stated that it is quite saliently good translation of the order of Rossetti in poetry, of Teixeira de Mattos in prose. While one reads, thanks to this aid, Madelin on Danton just as fluently as one reads Stannard on Gambetta, there are no instances, so far as this critic has been able to see, where the original has been misrepresented or robbed of point. In one passage alone (that on p. 169) is it possible that of the British fleet a service man would have written "to be taken into action" or simply "for action" rather than the legal-sounding phrase used, which is "to take action." Louis Madelin, the French author, wants his readers to realise that the British fleet meant business.

Danton was a small farmer's son according to English "average acres," but in his native Champagne the Dantons were somebodies, even as in Tom Moore's rural Ireland people looked up to "the woman of three cows." He read much while showing as a boy robust vigour, and in this respect was not unlike many farmers' sons. He carried to Paris the individualism of the farmer, his intense love of his native land. He told his tutor that all habit was antipathetic to his character, but this did not prevent him later on from developing remarkable capacity as an organiser. He was not what is called a gentleman, for he was loud, bullying, self-assertive and self-sufficient. Yet with all this he was a great man, able to repent, living essentially for his country and for others, not for himself.

* "Danton." By Louis Madelin. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Heinemann.) "Gambetta." By Harold Stannard. (Methuen.)

His biographer claims that "on a certain day he had saved France," and an even higher claim might conceivably be adduced, namely, that during the crisis of invasion he was not for days, but till his death, the rallying point of a perfect determination to clear the soil from invading pollution; there was even something of Achilles, as Homer shows him to us, in the man who seems to have felt that one way or another he was fated to fall. M. Madelin does not solve for us the problem which practically all Englishmen ask themselves when reading about the French Revolution: "Why were these men so murderous?" A letter quoted by our author and dated January, 1794, calls Danton Marius, but the Roman type of a sombre truculence bears little likeness to the blustering but essentially good-hearted Frenchman. What M. Madelin says on p. 243 is carefully translated and is, I believe, the whole position of his subject at the critical moment of the death sentence on Louis XVI. It does not argue truculence. Chuquet in his "Les Guerres de la Revolution" is the most grave of the impartial writers who have indicted Danton, but debauchery and overeating, even the suspected stealing of fine body-linen and silver plate, are not the things that we really are interested over. Nothing in M. Madelin's book points to the sour type of man who wants to kill every one who disagrees with him.

Léon Gambetta, born April 2nd, 1838, would, if alive to-day, be still the junior of Frederic Harrison and Dr. Clifford. He passed, in the closing days of 1882, and to many of us his name seems to belong to a comparatively remote era. If his life was short, the years of achievement were even more brief. 1870-81 covers his *floruit*. Bronchitis had pulled him down by his fortieth year, and he formed his ministry of 1881 under physical difficulties. The father of Léon, Joseph Gambetta, was a Genoese who had at least one remarkable experience. He had made the long voyage to Valparaiso and back with Garibaldi and the Pope, the first being then a junior officer on a merchantman and the second a rising young Liberal abbé, Mastai Ferretti. The mother was a French girl bearing the romantic name of Orazio Messabie, and the father settled in France before Léon was born. Of the boy's physique we hear from Mr. Stannard nothing adverse, but Gambetta's biographer is forced to say of his manhood that all its work was done in defiance of physical weakness, that the triumph of a magnificent spirit was hardly won, and that it was really an old man who died in his forty-fourth year. The life of Gambetta up to 1870 has little surviving interest; it is enough to note that this young politician had come through his lessons quickly and that at thirty-two he was among the men who count.

The Empress Eugénie was never more womanly than when she asked in curiosity what particular offence the Bonapartist people had done to make him hate them so. The abstract hate like the abstract love is indeed difficult to realise. But it not only made Gambetta. It made him big. Nobody ever suspected him of "Cabinet jealousies" or injured *amour propre*. Entering Parliament as an advanced Liberal in January, 1870, he was able to make historic speeches in the session just before the Franco-Prussian war. When the Empire fell he became Home Secretary in the first Republican Administration. He was not yet thirty-three. Of his heroic efforts to organise the home defence and to animate the conscript and voluntary armies, history has already spoken in terms of ungrudging eulogy. Mr. Stannard can only echo those praises: He is on newer ground when describing the split between the Whigs and the Radicals, the moderate Republicans under Thiers and the advanced men under Gambetta which in 1873 nearly let in the Monarchy. The loyalty of Marshal MacMahon to the Constitution probably saved the country from civil war. In 1875 the leader of the Radicals formed that famous compact with the French Tories or Extreme Right ("Light Horse" is the actual lobby term) which dished the Moderates of the two Centres. It meant either a Democratic Republic or a Legitimate Monarchy at the next general election, and Gambetta saw clearly that the latter had no real chance. Mr. Stannard

calls this a shameless transaction, but France was gayer at the time and laughed. The Democratic Republic which won hands down at the elections is the creation of Gambetta, and it stands to-day. Gambetta was to confer one other boon on his country. He stood for colonial expansion against the extremists of his own advanced camp. France owes to him Tunis directly and to some extent Cochin China also. The long and bitter war of Gambetta against the Catholic Church is minimised throughout Mr. Stannard's book. One does not know whether to praise or blame this reticence.

Of small, technical *corrigenda* the reviewer of these two books has extraordinarily few to make. Two of our publishers at least must possess French readers of rare vigilance, and I think that the writers must have been vigilant too. I wish that Mr. Stannard would print "the right" with a capital when he means the political party of that name—in English the Conservatives. The first Appendix (pp. 251-7) would have been better welded into the record of the early seventies to which it relates. On the other hand the romance of Gambetta's nine years' courtship of Léonie Léon is best treated as in the book and made a chapter of itself. The reader must fit in to the political record the mellowing effect of this gifted woman's views on the arch-democrat. She acted as his confidential envoy to his *bête noire*, the Pope, and this may particularly be noted in the annals of 1879. The book on Danton has been badly cut. Page 153, for example, is grotesquely unlevel at the top. But I have failed to detect the slightest misprint and the indexing is thorough. I should not myself have looked for "Rue de L'Ancienne Comédie" under "A, Ancienne," but any indexer knows that such difficulties are hardly to be resolved.

C. K. J.

A FIRST NOVEL.*

The publisher's wrapper informs me that "The History of Alfred Rudd" is Mr. E. V. Odle's first book. I do not know whether one is to understand that it is the first book which he has had published, or the first book he has written; if the latter, then his achievement is even more remarkable than the former. It is not a perfect book (there are no perfect books); there are irritating things in it; even the spelling is not always *sans reproche*. But it is an extraordinarily clever book in quite a number of ways. Indeed, I am not sure that at times Mr. Odle does not come within nodding distance of genius. To begin with, his central character (Alfred Rudd) is uncommon; he is first met as a bank clerk with the unawakened soul of a comedian, and the author actually carries him to the stage, where he becomes a successful funny man. Not a great tragedian, mark you, or a dashing lover, or even a musical comedy humorist—but an almost red-nosed funny man of the music halls. Yet he has a queer, shrinking, quaint idealism behind his comedian's skin, and it is this that nearly shipwrecks him. Then there is Jane, a born courtesan whose passionate nature is described with cruel frankness. Contrasting sharply is Emma, a strange mixture of prudery and a boldness informed by modern teaching, who achieves a startling triumph over her own modesty by offering herself to Alfred in order to save him from the influence of Jane. It is a book of surprises that are not, on examination, really surprising. Mr. Odle contrives to make his characters convincing, for whenever one is inclined to question their doings one is brought up short by the reflection that almost any daily newspaper can parallel their proceedings three days a week. Mr. Odle has a remarkable gift of characterisation; the old woman who keeps the lodging-house, for example, is drawn with unusual skill. I do not know that Alfred Rudd will be a highly popular character; a good many people are likely to condemn him roundly as a weak sensualist, but I am reminded of the great John Wesley's saying. And,

* "The History of Alfred Rudd." By E. V. Odle. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

after all, it takes all sorts to make a world. But one thing I am quite clear about: I hope Mr. Odle is already writing another book, that it will be published soon, and that I may have the pleasure of reading it.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

ALONE—BUT NOT ON MOUNT ERYX.

Why do Englishmen go to Italy? As well try to draw the claws of the sphinx, perhaps, as answer such a question. People write books and then go to Italy, or they go to Italy and then write books; and that's all there is to be said to it. But if there are no reasons, there are at least pretexts. In Chaucer's day these were diplomatic; one went as a Papal ambassador, and came back an unholy pagan. In Shakespeare's hey-day the gallants went south to study Petrarchan sonnets and erotic novelettes, Court dress and Court manners, and commune with porcelain shepherdesses. In the seventeenth century, which was dominantly political, the diplomatic motive served again. With Inigo Jones and Wren it becomes architectural. Inigo went over to imbibe strong doses of the Palladian style; Wren that he might surmount our tiny churches with diminishing Roman temples and pretend they were Gothic spires. In the early nineteenth—well, who shall say what the motives were in the early nineteenth? Partly architectural, perhaps, that those new stucco villas of the Regency might be adorned with classic pillars and arches and crowned with pretty little campanile belfries. Partly literary, that the new Romantic diction might be lavishly empurpled. Mainly social, that one's *Cosmopolitan* repartee might be enriched by abundant "Mio Caros" and "Eccos" and "Bene, molto benes."

If one accepts these two exotics* as testimony, the motive in our own day is psychological. Some people go to Italy for the same reason that others go to faith-healers or psycho-analysts—in order to overcome chill northern inhibitions, to indulge the rich subconscious self, to release in full creative flood those frozen, pent-up springs of energy or *libido*. Both Mr. Norman Douglas and Mr. Festing Jones seem to have realised their innate personalities in Italy as they might not have done anywhere else on this baffling globe. Their style is opulent, headlong, impulsive, sensuous, full-blooded, charged with joy, life-zest and laughter. Everything comes tumbling out pell-mell, from the shyest recesses of consciousness. Nothing is too trivial for expression, nothing too great. Mr. Festing Jones enlarges on a lost railway ticket—and the Immortality of the Soul; Mr. Norman Douglas on the proper method of flirting with little Italian seamstresses—and Heredity. His philosophy and technique are explicit: "What is the use of appealing in an objective fashion to the intelligence of a world gone crazy? Say your say. Go your way. Let them rave!" (This in war time.)

One can do that so well—in Italy. What is the secret? Is it the wine, the germinating sunshine, the beauty of a land so splendidly, youthfully old, the pervasive background of amorous adventure which Mr. Douglas contrives to hint at so darkly, so vaguely? His own definition is good, but not perhaps quite adequate:

"The craving to be in contact with beauty and antiquity, the desire for self-expression, for physical well-being under that drenching sunshine which, while it lasts, one curses lustily; above all, the pleasure of memory and reconstruction at a distance."

He omits in the meantime, but hastens to confess later, one fundamental attribute of the compleat Italian traveller: a weakness for the lie circumstantial, for truth tinctured with large doses of fantasy, for what Mr. Festing Jones refers to naively as *poesia*. There, it would seem, is the key. *Poesia* is the joint creation of the wine, sunshine landscape, amours. *Poesia* follows the loosening of the

* "Alone" By Norman Douglas. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Mount Eryx, and Other Diversions of Travel." By Henry Festing Jones. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

subconscious mind, with its electric charges of imagination. *Poesia* negates that worst of English inhibitions, veracity. *Poesia* lures the Englishman to Italy because there, he knows, he may indulge his instinct for elegant, voluptuous make-believe. If only Wilde had spent more time there than in Chelsea he would never have had to lament its decay.

In this sense both "Alone" and "Mount Eryx" may be said to be a little disappointing. They contain indubitable fact. Mr. Festing Jones, for instance, follows largely the old tracks of his devoted friend, Samuel Butler; particularly round the chapels on the Sacro Monte, Verallo, where people are profane enough to convert the statue of Adam and Eve in The Fall into Roman soldiers in the Capture of Christ, by a mere change of garment. (Our author's attempts at recognition were even more profane still.) Some of us, the uninitiate who had never read Mr. Festing Jones's fascinating "Memoir," might have been disinclined to associate the caustic author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh" with Italy at all, and ready to accept the thing as a beautiful legend. But the proofs are incontrovertible. Butler wrote an account of the place called "Ex Voto"; his friend deposited Butler MSS. there for remembrance; and there are hosts of delightful people in his book who are proud to recall the philosopher, among them a landlady who remarks: "I have made you a risotto with chickens' livers, because I remember that our dear Mr. Butler was very fond of it."

Mr. Norman Douglas's precursor, whom he quotes chivalrously, is another undeniable entity—a Scots divine who travelled Italy under a black umbrella in the eighteen-twenties and wrote: "The Nooks and By-ways of Italy," by Craufurd Tait Ramage. Strange company, you will say, for the author of "South Wind" and "They Went." Strange, but true. But we find him also with Ouida, in an impassioned eulogy; with an infamous hunter of rats and mezzotints, who almost bequeaths him a library of erotic literature; with a tourist-parasite in Rome who tells him: "Never run after an omnibus or a woman. There will be another one round in a minute"; with snakes and lizards and decrepit cats in the Trajan Forum; with anybody, anywhere. It all comes of wandering alone, in order to indulge one's personal hates. Mr. Douglas must have as many robust hates as he found the Tuscan lingo had robust curses. They recur whenever no one is about.

Mr. Festing Jones is never alone, and has no hates. He has friends—*compari*—and little Italian godsons all over Sicily, and best part of the peninsula. The friends greet his three-score-years-and-ten with a "Stessissimo, not a day older." The boys confide in him impetuously. His pages are saturated not only with the sunshine of Italy, but of joyous companionship. To journey with him is to enjoy a perpetual *festa*.

TREVOR ALLEN.

THREE THRILLERS.*

There is, particularly to-day, a certain manly charm and "straight" vitality in these melodramatic and somewhat old-fashioned tales of Beauty among the Beasts. We recognise the conventionality of the type, the simple "rules of the game"; but here, at any rate, we can distinguish black from white, hero from villain; there is no confounding or hesitation about moral values.

Whether we read, in "Geoghan's Kid," of virtue tossed into the hectic vileness of tropical town life; in "The Settling of the Sage," of courage trapped by the subtle bullying of a cattle-boss; in "The White Hand of Justice," of the fair American and the human serpent of the Congo; we hate the scoundrels at first sight, and know they are destined to defeat.

* "Geoghan's Kid." By Lester Ralph. 7s. 6d. (Parsons.)—"The White Hands of Justice." By Ottwell Binns. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)—"The Settling of the Sage." By Hal G. Evarts. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To a large extent of course "Beauty" fights a lone hand against long odds—to provide drama and capture the reader's heart. But there are "white men" about, even in African swamps, western prairies, and the Chinese quarter of Kingstown, West Indies: cool saints in hot hells. Cinderella must find her Prince.

Mr. Ottwell Binns, indeed, provides his Madge with two stalwart knights-errant, a half-breed assistant-avenger and the "white hands" of Gabrielle La Fortune, to "shoot the villain dead." But then *her* particular "devil" had a big brain behind his black heart, knew Africa inside out and, like Conrad's great "Mr. Kurtz," held the cannibals of that "dark continent" in the hollow of his hand. He drugs, tortures and grievously mishandles all his adversaries with consummate address; each being "left for dead" at different crises of the plot. Where law simply does not exist and there is no official protection whatever for the simply good, this most diabolical of all blackguards could never have been brought to book by one nice man.

On the other hand Mr. Evarts has given us an uninterrupted duel of muscle and wits. His fair and brave "Billie Warren is the big he-coon of The Three Bars," and in her service the loyal Cal Harris, always and absolutely, must depend upon himself alone. He has indeed two rivals. Beside the suave, but black-hearted, villain, there was a quite excellent young man (standing for culture and civilisation) with whom Billie had always contemplated a return to society, after putting her father's ranch on its legs. He was sick to see her "part of the dance," where "the big voice wailed, 'Grab your girls for the grand right and left! Swing, rattle and roar. Clutch all partners for a once and a half. Swing your gals and swing 'em high. Prance, scuffle and scrape.'"

Here, indeed, once Harris has forced his enemy into the open, the law and "public sentiment" are on his side. Billie herself is *not* "cut out for" society and, in the end, goes back to her man "for keeps."

Mr. Ralph does not work so obviously in the open, and his crusade for Barbara demands many more hands on board. Most of his world are devils: the Prince of Darkness wears many shapes, but seldom troubles about disguise. Fortunately when Barbara smiled most men became her slaves, and many recruits were thus secured for virtue. As there are here also women wearing Satan's livery, she badly needed all the help she could obtain. Nevertheless, she had two "leading gentlemen" on her side; each of whom "did his bit." The "Prince" of her young dreams is not, indeed, much above the average, but a gallant enough boy, handsome, conveniently rich and a real sport. We may not describe her "Beast," of our nursery memories, without giving away the unexpected originality of Mr. Ralph's *dénouement*; the real drama of his "cute" plot.

All these stirring stories recall the film, and would "move" well on the screen. "Geoghan's Kid" is Mr. Ralph's first-born, but nowhere betrays inexperience. He writes with practised ease; the sure, swift touch of an expert in the field.

Mr. Evarts has long worked in the open spaces of the wild. Hunter and hunted on the lone hills are his very familiar friends. We read his new tales of the old ways with a pleasure we know he will provide.

Mr. Ottwell Binns, too, is an old hand and knows his business. The "North Star" shone over his earlier tales: he has taken us far away to "Maloba," and written of weird "matings" among savage hordes.

But there is promise in Mr. Lester Ralph that may go far; hints of something towards a kind of "distinction," we scarcely expect in this class of work. Without neglecting the rules, keeping within the mechanical limits of crudely-coloured romance, swiftly exaggerating as to the manner born, he has yet dared a climax the most experienced reader could never have guessed, but will promptly accept; and somehow, subtly, his style suggests that he does know what literature really means. The racy management of his narrative is frankly colloquial and direct.

There are no Conrad "twists" or "modern" phrase-torturings to confound plain men; but it is all "sound" English, actually thereby more attractive, more convincing and more satisfying to those who like even "standardised" fiction to be well told.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

RECENT POLAR EXPLORATION.*

Many hours, as a boy, did I spend poring over the record of Dr. Kane's travels in Arctic regions; many hours, of late, I have spent in reading the fascinating stories told by men who have penetrated the Northern and Southern ice-bound fastnesses; and always the tale seems new. It is thrilling even to read of their work, their far wanderings, their courage in danger; what must the actual experience be like?

The poles, the imaginary pivots upon which our planet turns, have not always been the object of these cold-proof explorers; not until the idea of a North-West Passage, a shorter route to India, gripped a few adventurers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, did polar voyages really begin. Frobisher in 1578 ascertained that openings existed among the chaos of untravelled lands to the north of America, and John Davis in 1585 was the first to visit the west coast of Greenland since the abandonment of the Norse colonies. The Dutch tried the eastward route, north of Asia, Barents in 1596 discovering Spitzbergen; and then the names of Hudson, Baffin, Fox, Mackenzie, Scoresby, Bering, Cook, Franklin, Ross, Parry, and others bring the story nearer to our own times. In 1848 the first of the search expeditions for Sir John Franklin was dispatched, and from then till 1854 about fifteen expeditions were sent out by England and America in the hope of tracing the missing party. Even in 1857, ten years after Franklin had perished, Lady Franklin expended all her available means in one last effort—the voyage of the little yacht *Fox*, under McClintock. One cannot enlarge on these magnificent, pertinacious journeys in so brief an article, but it is established that the loss of Franklin led directly to the discovery of 7,000 miles of coast-line, as well as to much scientific information.

And now, continuing the great tradition, we have the splendid record of Knud Rasmussen's travels, "Greenland by the Polar Sea," being the diary of his fourth Thule Expedition in 1917. Since 1903 Rasmussen has almost lived with the Eskimos of Greenland, and apart from the adventures of the party itself, his book is full of information about this unfamiliar race. He knows their language perfectly, and is the ideal man for the work, for he was born in Greenland, and his enthusiasm is boundless. "It was his firm support and example," says Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont in the preface, "which saved the party from death on the return journey." With excellent illustrations and maps, and a running comment that is far from a mere statement of what happened, the book enables readers to follow intimately the perils and successes of this daring advance, and to appreciate the addition to the general store of knowledge which Knud Rasmussen has achieved.

"The Friendly Arctic," the story of five years in North polar regions, should be read in conjunction with Rasmussen's book. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the author, has much to say about the desirability of the Arctic regions as a place of residence; it appears to be much warmer on an average than Golder's Green, and in the summer almost unbearably hot. A little fun must be pardoned—Stefansson is such a good special pleader, and so very sure of himself. "Like the typical explorer," he says, "I was brave and prepared to fight the best fight I knew how and to die if necessary for the advancement of science." After a seventeen-hour walk on difficult ground, he observes: "I was, of course, not tired"; and it is this note, so different from the Shackleton and Scott self-effacement,

which continually grates upon the reader, also a subtle depreciation of the methods of other travellers, entirely gratuitous. However, Stefansson is entitled to the distinction of having added about 100,000 square miles of the Arctic to our store of knowledge, and apart from the points just mentioned, his finely illustrated tale of the longest period ever spent in polar seas is a wonderful fresh record of adventure and discovery. He claims to have proved that it is possible to "live off the land" in the Arctic; that is, to travel almost indefinitely and yet by hunting and sealing and fishing to find enough satisfactory food to carry on. "To the members of our expedition," he writes, "the glamorous and heroic polar regions are gone, and in their place is a friendly but commonplace country. To the reader the same will be true in proportion as he succeeds in seeing, either through this narrative or through our technical volumes, that it is the mental attitude of the southerner that makes the North hostile. It is chiefly our unwillingness to change our minds which prevents the North from changing into a country to be used and lived in just like the rest of the world." Even so, after reading of some of this explorer's own experiences, it seems to me that his own story contradicts this rosy conclusion on several occasions, and I cannot foresee any extensive migration to the "friendly Arctic" just yet.

There is one great difference between Northern and Southern exploration. The Antarctic wastes appear absolutely lifeless, isolated and desolate, after a certain latitude is reached; even the scanty vegetation of the Northern summer has no counterpart there. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for feeling some more close connection with this region, for of late years the names associated with it have become familiar to us all. Mr. Herbert Ponting's book, "The Great White South," reviewed in our December number, has told the story of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910 from the point of view of the artist; his chief duty was to obtain permanent pictorial records of scenery and events, and most thoroughly did he carry it through. In the book by Captain Evans, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., entitled "South with Scott," that immortal story is told again. So full of adventure is it, so splendid is the example set of perseverance and undaunted pluck by all concerned, that we could welcome the idea of a book from each member of the party. Captain Evans, second in command, took over leadership after the death of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, whose name is for ever linked with the British journey to the South Pole. He reached it, on January 17th, 1912, "a horrible day, temperature 22° below zero," only to find that Amundsen's Norwegian party had forestalled him by a month, having had the best of luck with weather, while Scott had suffered all the difficulties imaginable. And Scott, as we know, perished on the return journey, almost within touch of fresh stores. Sad indeed is the chapter in which Captain Evans tells of this final struggle, and it leaves a sense of heartbreak, in spite of the admiration that can never fade. The book is a great work, and has been prepared with an especial care "for Britain's younger generations," who, we believe, will read and re-read it with breathless interest.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's "South" gives the story of the 1914-1917 expedition in a cheap and handy edition which was brought to our readers' notice, with Mr. Ponting's volume, in the December issue. It has of course a particular interest at the present moment, when Sir Ernest has for the last time journeyed within that "magic circle" which claimed the whole energy, and sometimes the lives, of those who penetrate its icy mysteries. After Sir Ernest, Frank Wild carries on the great tradition. The first ship to approach the Antarctic Circle was the *Good News*, a yacht of 150 tons, in 1500. In 1775 Cook reached what was then "farthest south," and in 1841 Ross broke Weddell's 1823 record, discovering Mounts Erebus and Terror, and the wonderful "Barrier." After that we leap a few years and come to the indefatigable explorers of our own day—Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton.

Throughout the ages, men of a certain type have been willing to make sacrifices, even to life itself, for knowledge,

* "Greenland." 30s. (Heinemann).—"The Friendly Arctic." 30s. (Macmillan).—"Great White South." 30s. (Duckworth).—"South with Scott." 10s. 6d. (Collins).—"South." 10s. 6d. (Heinemann).

in the quiet of the laboratory as in the adventures of the open. Not least among them must we place those who fight against fearful odds of cold so intense that brief exposure means death, who, however carefully plans are worked out beforehand, take risks of privation that might cause the bravest, one would think, to hesitate. And we may hope, in conclusion, that the voyage of the gallant little *Quest* will place her name in the list of ships, and the name of her captain in the list of men, whose records will stand for long in the glorious line of Antarctic exploration due to British enterprise and heroism.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

BEOWULF.*

Mr. Chambers has written previously the introduction and notes to Mr. A. J. Wyatt's edition of the Anglo-Saxon text of "Beowulf," a new issue of which was published in 1914, and is still in print. The "best working translation" into modern English prose was made by Mr. T. R. Hall-Clark, and appeared in 1911, followed three years later by a metrical version, the work of the same hand. These bibliographical points are enumerated for the information of readers who may wish to know whether the poem is accessible before undertaking its study with the help of Mr. Chambers's singularly elaborate work. It may be added in this connection that all our knowledge of "Beowulf" depends from a single text, preserved in the British Museum, which manuscript "is removed from the date when the poem was composed and from the events which it narrates by a period of some five centuries." Round this unique codex Mr. Chambers tells us that "a whole library has been written," and although the methodised bibliography which he prints at the end of his volume is not absolutely exhaustive it occupies over thirty pages. His own contribution to the subject, most considerable of all in its dimensions, is the work of an Anglo-Saxon scholar who, for all practical purposes, may be said to know the whole Beowulf literature. It is something more than a mere introduction to the study, as the sub-title claims: it is rather an analysis and epitome of all that is known and an authoritative critical comparison of the various conflicting views. The heads of the consideration may be reduced and summarised as (1) the historical and non-historical elements of the poem; (2) theories as to its origin, date and structure; (3) analysis of documents illustrating the stories in "Beowulf"; (4) an exhaustive study of the Finnsburg fragment, being an independent version of one episode recorded in the poem; (5) the mythology of the poem, and on this part of the subject it may be noted that its Christian elements are examined in other sections, to determine their compatibility with the rest of the text and what has been called its heathen tone, more particularly as regards certain funeral rites. Summarising all the evidence so far available, Mr. Chambers decides that it is "a production of the German world enlightened by the new faith." The volume will be indispensable to students and to those who are not of this category but desire to be conversant with the latest authoritative criticism of a poem which stands at the fountain-head of English literature. Of the problems which encompass "Beowulf" it is impossible to speak here, or of its importance from the historical standpoint, and its interest from that of folk-lore. For the few among us to whom it is little more than a name we may add that the hero is a prince of the Geatas, understood as the Gotar by Mr. Chambers, or inhabitants of what is now part of Southern Sweden. Beowulf visits Denmark and destroys Grendel, a monster which haunts the King's hall at night and slays all therein. Moreover, he kills Grendel's mother "in her home beneath the waters." He returns thereafter to his native land, becomes king of the Geatas, and after a long reign encounters yet another monster, in the form of a dragon, which he destroys in like manner, but on this occasion at the expense of his own life.

A. E. WAITE,

* "Beowulf: An Introduction to the Study of the Poem." By R. W. Chambers. 30s net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE GARDEN PARTY. By Katherine Mansfield. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. S. P. B. Mais, writing six months ago on the art of the short story, placed Miss Katherine Mansfield, with Galsworthy, Henry James and Kipling, among the greatest modern writers in this field of fiction. It was a brave comparison, and the march of events has confirmed its truth. "Bliss" was a remarkable achievement. In "The Garden Party," a deepened sense of character and a widening in the range of vision show that Miss Mansfield has not been content only to repeat a success. Modern of the moderns, her skill is never greater than when she is alone with her characters, exploring with them the recesses of their minds. From her keen eye nothing is hidden. Yet there are no secrets for the curious or the morbid-minded in her work, nothing of that exclusive preoccupation with sex which shackles so much of modern fiction. The puzzle of life, to her so absorbing, is many-sided, and can never be solved from one viewpoint alone. Her men and women live ordinary lives, yet such is her skill that the studies never seem to us trivial. Even the shortest and slightest of the tales sets the imagination wandering. The lightning movement of Miss Mansfield's mind is her own secret and the impression of aliveness which her writings leave is their own especial charm. Short, quick sentences that pause only long enough to unload their cargo of meaning before they give place to others as laden, economy in the use of words, with every touch telling—these are characteristics of her style. A word might be said of her nature-descriptions, of their exactness and clear-cut imagery: "The willow trees, outside the high, narrow windows, waved in the wind. They had lost half their leaves. The tiny ones that clung wriggled like fishes caught on a line." The study entitled "Life of Ma Parker" we would single out from the tales in the book as perhaps the finest and most tender thing Miss Mansfield has done. There are now two charwomen in literature. One is John Galsworthy's immortal portrait of "The Mother" in "A Commentary." The other is Katherine Mansfield's Mrs. Parker. Lovers of Sir J. M. Barrie may care to add a third.

THE FITTEST PLACE. By Helen Sheehan-Dare. 6s. net. (Daniels.)

The war has provided material for a vast quantity of stories, and although the horror of it has passed from actual life, it will be a long time before it is eliminated from fiction. And what wonder? The grim background of army tents and battle-fields, the strangeness of it all, the stress of emotion, the thousand and one tests of character, create a profitable hunting-ground for writers. Miss Sheehan-Dare's novel takes us back to the tragic four years that, like a river of blood and tears, divide the things that are from the things that used to be. Margaret O'Connell teaches elementary French to any of the "Tommies" in the encampment near her home who care to attend the classes. Wellesley Esmond is also working among the men, and Margaret speculates as to why he, an able-bodied young man, has not donned khaki and shown his readiness to serve his country. She learns his reason in due course, and through their discussions sees beyond the surface causes of war, deep down to the root causes. She blames herself for the part she has unwittingly played in bringing such conflict about—by her indifference and her acquiescence in a system that engenders war. Esmond, risking his life in tending the wounded at the front, conceives a wild scheme for achieving peace. He gets into Germany by means of an aeroplane—and the result of his plan brings the book to a dramatic close. It is partly a propaganda novel, but also a stirring story of love and heroism in a dark period of history, and one that would probably have caused controversy if it had been published while the war was in progress.

THE STREET OF A THOUSAND DELIGHTS. By Jay Gelzer. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

It is a long time since we read a book so well written as this. There is a finish about each of the stories that is delightful. They are gems in a necklace—a comparison the more apt because there is a thread of interest connecting each story with the others. The quaint Chinese idiom is employed only in the right places, and each character, white or yellow, is convincing. If any of the gems shine more brightly than their neighbours they are, perhaps, "The Chinese Lily" and "The Gorgeous Jest"; one cannot read them without feeling a lump in the throat. Who "Jay Gelzer" is we do not know; but if this should meet his eye we beg him to believe that this reviewer removes the Hat of Humility before the Splendour of his Scrolls and offers him his detestably inferior Homage.

PATSY IN BOHEMIA. By Mayell Banister. 7s. 6d. (Page.)

Patsy is modern, restless, a sensation-hunter, yet at the close of the day a pure and natural girl. Unluckily she has made a wretched marriage, so when she finds Jim Carstairs, her real mate, she is already bored and reckless. They meet at a party in Bohemia. Carstairs, with closely-cropped hair, quietly-assured manners and well-groomed appearance, looks attractive among the weird youths present; and as for Patsy, she is cool as a very experienced woman (or a flapper who knows everything or nothing). A beautiful enigma. Mr. Banister proceeds to take us through a curious world, the world of tiny restaurants crowded with haggard and witty folk, who also frequent high-art clubs, and luxurious flats, full of Oriental cushions. We see the neurotic, gay, absurd aspirants after Fame. In the centre are always Carstairs and Patsy, violently coping with a cruel Fate. They love; and are in despair. "You have shown me," says poor, wild Patsy at the end, "that the convention I thought I despised can blister and burn." Her face is deadly white and weary, and her lids droop over deep-shadowed eyes. Sad, clever work.

THE HOUSE OF SUCCESS. By Darrell Figgis. 7s. 6d. net. (Co-operative Publishing Society.)

Mr. Figgis's motive is explicit. He contrives to show, within one family, the evolution of Ireland from Parnell to Sinn Féin. Jeremiah Hare, of poor Connemara parentage, builds up a big business in patent medicines and, in due time, the House of Success. He uses a Reverend Father and a trumped-up libel case as an advertisement, waiving magnanimously the damages, of course. What matter? Parnell is dead. To the son Diarmuid the Chief is never dead. The martyrs are unfurled flags beckoning to battle. "I'm going to fight, and smash, and we're going to have an Ireland fit for people to live in," he cries; and fights, as a Sinn Féin gunman, in the Easter rebellion. His reaction from materialism is helped indirectly by the others: his brother, place-seeker; Bronty, the Fenian; his passive mother; O'Maille, the quizzically-wise schoolmaster; the secretary, who relates the story, with his intuitive understanding of father and son. If that were all, it would be just a competent novel. But, as in all successful art, the original conception is transcended. The conflict becomes a spiritual one not merely between father and son, but the father he is and the son he was, reincarnated in Diarmuid. Jeremiah in fact is the crux of the book. He is not content with success, but must for ever be evolving a philosophy out of it. We suspect a materialist with a philosophy. It means that something deep down in the subconscious will not let him rest. And when we are told he has had dreams o' nights, we are at once on the track of "repressions." The House of Success has vaults where old ideals lie buried; and when the son reincarnates these, the suffering of Hare is tragic indeed. It is this which lifts the book to an honourable level and inspires Mr. Figgis's quiet, convincing style, which rises at times to Gaelic richness, as when he writes: "There are silences that are the absence of sound, and there are silences that are like the spears of a host."

THE PHARISEES. By M. Morgan Gibbon. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Morgan Gibbon's latest novel is the study of a weak character, drawn with that same skill and knowledge of human nature that her earlier books have revealed. Its setting is the wild beauty of the Welsh hills. David Harrington, brought up to the little hypocrisies of convention, lacks courage to be true to himself; as a boy his temperament forces him into petty deceptions, into a struggle to appear to be what he is expected to be. Possessed of that dreamy fancifulness the Celts claim as characteristic of their race, he lacks the deeper, rarer gift of imagination, which makes for sympathy and understanding, and would most certainly have prevented his degeneration into a callous, selfish, despicable husband. In the first part of the book we are inclined to excuse his failings, entering, as we do, into the workings of his mind; but in the second part we see him chiefly through the eyes of others, and his redeeming qualities seem to have vanished. The little country girl he marries, simple and docile and the victim of his bullying and infidelity, and Margaret, the girl he jilted, are admirable studies of contrasting types. It is so admirable a piece of work otherwise that we regret the plot of the story should depend so much upon coincidences—which inevitably rob it to some extent of realism.

MORE TISH. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Many types of heroine have been overworked, but not the plain, humorous, sporting spinster of fifty. Mrs. Rinehart's three new tales about the undaunted Tish will have warm welcome. They are merry and natural, even occasionally laughable and ridiculous, and in short, they do us good. Very amusing is the story entitled "The Cave on Thunder Cloud," which gives the adventures of Tish and her two middle-aged American friends on tour with a donkey. In a nook on the hill-side, cold and neuralgic, they are discovered by a young man, who confesses that he is the great detective Muldoon, out to capture certain train robbers who are hiding in these very solitudes. Right glad are the travellers to greet him; they bathe tenderly his swollen ankle; he makes them feel brave again (they have been rather terrified of certain men with guns, lurking in bushes). It transpires that Muldoon, to whom they have been so kind, is one of the aforesaid robbers himself, and the story finishes in a gust of fun. The other tales are equally bright and airy.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ECONOMICS OF SOCIALISM (MARX MADE EASY). By H. M. Hyndman. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

It is a curious but noteworthy fact that so many makers of great discoveries and enunciators of new truths should be singularly incapable of setting forth these discoveries and truths in a manner simple and lucid enough to bring them home to the ordinary wayfaring man. Thus the discoveries of Darwin needed a Huxley to popularise them; and Karl Marx's economic and social theories have had to be filtered through the clear and always readable style of Mr. H. M. Hyndman to reach the English masses who, with others, were the subject of so much of his study and the object of his exhortations. For it is a strange thing that Marx, who has been so much talked of and whose followers are now to be counted by the million, has been so little read. Here was a man who had, as he conceived it, a message of hope and liberation for the workers, but whose verbal style was crabbed and by no means easy. Mr. Hyndman's book is founded upon a series of lectures delivered nearly thirty years ago. After having been out of print for many years they have now been revised, largely rewritten and considerably expanded. In them is to be found a lucid and succinct account of all the principal Marxian theories. But the most interesting part is the

author's chapter on the "Final Futility of Final Utility." Here the "whole bourgeois school of Jevonians and Fabians," orthodox economists like Marshall and Foxwell, and socialists like Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw, are crushed and annihilated to the entire satisfaction of this doughty protagonist. But these poor bourgeois are not the only victims of the "G.O.M. of English Socialism." If it is sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard, it is most entertaining to see the heavy guns of Marx turned on those ultra-Marxists of our time, the Russian Bolsheviks. Bolshevism is described as a "combination of personal ambition and fanatical materialism applied under conditions which render any realisation of scientific Socialism absolutely impossible." It is a "kind of Collective Czarism," a "hideous travesty of Marxism," running "directly counter to the entire teachings of scientific and political economy and social evolution." It is sad to think that this clamant, but always lively and manly voice, should so recently have been stilled.

COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE: WHICH SHOULD IT BE? By Ernest Law, C.B. 5s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Perhaps the main criticism to direct against this little book is that made by the author himself. Fifteen of his sixteen chapters are, according to him, filled with "mere verbal discussions, that have already occupied too many pages." The subject of these discussions and indeed the sole object of the book, as implied in its title, is that the time is now propitious for changing the name of the "British Empire" to the "British Commonwealth." The author contends that it is no mere pedantic wrangle over words, and though he devotes much space to what may be termed the philological and historical aspects of the question, he claims that it is a practical matter. The Prince of Wales and General Smuts are quoted in support of the suggested changed appellation, and the point is made that Shakespeare frequently used the word "Commonwealth" when speaking of England, and that it was the citation of this practice of the poet that carried the day when it was decided to call Britain's antipodean colonies the "Commonwealth of Australia." Naturally the writer favourably contrasts the freedom-loving community of nations known as the British Empire with the now defunct Empires of Europe, but he need not have marred his pages by the use of such raucous and vulgar words as "Hun" and "Boche" to designate the ill-starred inhabitants of the late enemy countries.

MEN AND STEEL. By Mary Heaton Vorse. 3s. 6d. net. (Labour Publishing Co.)

To read this arresting book by the American journalist, Mrs. Vorse, is to remember it in a series of vivid pictures glowing with life and colour—exquisitely real. The author possesses a wonderful power of diction, and her descriptions of the vast American steel works haunt the imagination. In trenchant language she describes the hopeless lives of the workers enslaved by the mighty forces of industry. She does not waste words, she does not sentimentalise, she writes straightforwardly of things she has seen and known. She calls up visions of roaring furnaces, red-hot steel; enormous machines compared to which men are like ants; visions of miles of "pit-scarred country, open pits yawning, open pits half a mile across, red as blood, pits so deep that the engines crawling up their flanks look like beetles." Visions of the steel workers "streaming from the mills. Night and morning the streets of the steel towns are black with steel workers. . . . The men going to work walk with their heads down. They lurch as if heavy with sleep. They walk fast; they don't talk; they look neither to right nor left, but with heads down they plunge forward as though the mill gates sucked them in. They meet the shift coming off. The men are worn with fatigue and their eyes are hollow, but they chat together. They are going home to food and to bed. . . . Visions of women keeping cheerful in the face of despair; washing their white window curtains—their "flag of defiance" against the prevailing dirt. Visions of children

playing on rubbish dumps—for the mighty works destroy all the beauty of the country-side, and there is nowhere else for the children to play. And thus conveying something of the misery that enters into the souls of those sacrificed to the monster machines, she leads up to the big steel strike of 1918-19, its causes and defeat. Her book is a caustic criticism of the system under which we exist, and should be read by all who would know and try to remove the wrongs that lie at the root of the world's unrest.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. By Teresa Hooley. 2s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

An intense love of the open, of wind, and rain, and sunshine, and flowers and trees—and a deep reverence of things sacred; these are the impressions that are strongest in our mind as we read through this little book of poems. There is power and grace and imagination in Miss Hooley's work which should gain for her swift recognition as a poet. Her attitude in "June Dusk" gives some idea of the mood most predominant in her book:

"They're dancing now in London
(The summer's sweet and new).
I'd rather walk at twilight,
Here in the fields at twilight,
Through buttercups and clover,
Barefooted in the dew

"They're dancing now in London
(The summer's new and sweet).
I'd rather feel the clover,
The meadow vetch and clover,
And the dear cool grass of twilight
Beneath my naked feet."

The book contains many a cameo gem; the description of "the little hills of Charnwood" for instance:

"More blue than dark delphiniums,
Or violets in the lane,
Or the bloom on ripened damsons
They show before the rain."

Or the vivid description of the "Night Wind" which begins:

"The wind is wild to-night.
The little wood, exultant, shouts and sings;
Out in the dark the sky is full of wings
In swift mysterious flight."

It is difficult to give here much idea of the scope of the book, but it should be found sufficiently wide to satisfy all who like reading of the open air, and nature in her varied moods. Miss Hooley's book is not the kind that one reads, lays down, and forgets. It is a book that will insist on being remembered.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY: BEFORE DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Science," Sir William Thompson said nobly, "is under bonds, by the eternal principles of honour, to look fearlessly in the face every problem that is presented to her." And the greatest of all problems that passionately vexes men's minds—never more than to-day—is whether or no there is a soul that survives the death of the body, either in space or on other worlds or through earthly reincarnations. M. Flammarion declares himself not yet entirely satisfied with his book, the result of work entered upon more than half a century ago, but he has decided to offer it to the attention of thinking men. He discusses and combats the doctrines of Materialism, which he characterises as erroneous, incomplete and insufficient, and proceeds to examine and analyse the various manifestations that suggest the powers and existence of psychic forces as distinct from and severed from the body; hypnotic phenomena, telepathy, psychic transmissions at a distance, vision without eyes, vision of future events, prophetic knowledge of the future. The instances he recounts are of extraordinary force and exactness, and he draws from them a complete certainty of the existence of a soul that is not involved in the material life of the body. He has completed and will presently publish two other volumes, one dealing with the moment of dying, and the period after death. The three will sum up his whole faith and doctrine on the subject.

Music.

MOZART AT THE OLD VIC.

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE Old Vic. is an amazing place. Possibly because in appearance it represents the general idea of a theatre as it materialised itself to me in boyhood, before the flood of palatial new buildings dazzled us with cream and gold incrustations, *vieux rose* upholstery, and Byzantine drop curtains, or else because my visits to it have invariably resulted in deep and enduring delight, I never enter its dingy interior without feeling something like the thrill of expectancy that gladdens youth by its presence and saddens age by its absence, and has at last to be sought again in the magic pages of Lamb. Do you remember—"But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipation I endured"?

I am tempted to say something about the recent Shakespearean productions at the Vic., but as I abhor anything in the nature of a digression (as readers must have noticed), I sternly adhere to my proper subject, which happens to be not Shakespeare but Mozart. Now of Mozart many things may be said, but this chiefly, that he is the musician whom all musicians love. Stravinsky may perpetrate atrocities in "Le Sacre du Printemps," but he adores the composer of "The Magic Flute." Busoni may hammer out his terrible Toccata and furiously push down more notes at once than any two hands have ever pushed before, till the stricken Steinway seems to plead for mercy; but you should hear him delicately and almost affectionately exhibiting the perfections of that perfect composition the D minor Concerto!

High in rank both among Mozart's works and among the world's best music stand the three great operas, "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute." There are many other operas of his, and you can read about them all in "Mozart's Operas," by Mr. E. J. Dent (Chatto & Windus), a most interesting volume, full of good history and good criticism. Mr. Dent has said some stupid things about Bach; but he says nothing stupid about Mozart.

Now these operas, to casual observation, are very ordinary and very old-fashioned compositions. They contain separate solos, duets and concerted numbers, some of which seem like halts by the way and reflections on things in general, the story being carried on at intervals by dialogue, either spoken, or set to "dry" recitative with occasional chords on the piano to mark the progressions. Such works should, according to modern views of opera and dramatic music, have died and disappeared long ago; and yet, though composed for the elegant age that preceded the fall of the French Monarchy and the extinction of the Holy Roman Empire, they have never been off the stage since their first production, and they have never been absent from the affections of a single generation. They have seen the splendid rise and partial eclipse of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Weber, Auber and Meyerbeer; they will outlast Puccini and Mascagni; and they will be sung

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when the larger part of Wagner and Verdi have vanished for ever from the stage. To the operas of Mozart only one country has ever produced anything like a parallel, and that country is our own—England, supreme in poetry, supreme in landscape art, once great in music and some day to be great again “if England to herself do rest but true.” The operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, in their much smaller way, are the most Mozart-like compositions ever written: because they are true to the Mozart spirit without being in the least imitations of the Mozart manner.

Of the three great operas, two stand in a place apart. “The Marriage of Figaro” is a delightful comedy, containing some of Mozart’s very best airs. Who does not know “Non più andrai” and “Voi che sapete”? Not so popular, but in the very highest rank of vocal music, are the Countess’s “Dove sono” and Susanna’s “Deh vieni.” Indeed the opera is full of gems, and sparkles irresistibly along; but, after all, it is nothing more than perfectly brilliant musical comedy. It is a great deal to be that, but we reach a higher level when we have to write “something more,” instead of “nothing more.” The greatest works of art are not merely entire, self-enclosed and self-sufficient things; they are “outposts on the infinite.” They give us not merely themselves, but the sense of something afar, beyond themselves. “Hamlet” is much more than a story of murder, incest and revenge; it is the most disquieting play ever written. So “Don Giovanni” is much more than the life and death of a gallant. It is humorous, sometimes deliberately comic; but nevertheless it thrills with echoes from the dim distance where the eternal verities have their home. This is even more true of the greatest of them all, “The Magic Flute,” which I call without hesitation sacred music. Infinitely enjoyable, sometimes laughable, always appealing, as full of tenderness as the eyes of a dog, it is nevertheless (to those who have ears to hear) some of the most soul-searching music ever written. You might measure yourself by your capacity to hear it.

To the production of these three wonderful works the little company at the Old Vic. bravely addressed themselves; and let me say at once that they bravely succeeded. The difficulties are appalling. “Don Giovanni,” for instance, needs eight principals—two dramatic sopranos, one lighter soprano, one first-rate baritone, one buno-baritone, two basses and one tenor! Each of these principals has important solo parts and equally important parts in concerted numbers. In “The Marriage of Figaro” there are three female parts

of equal importance, and the success of the opera depends upon the extent to which the three *prime donne* forgo operatic jealousy and play for each other’s success as much as for their own. I have heard some of the world’s greatest singers in these Mozart operas—Patti, Sembrich, Lilli Lehmann, Destinn, Claire Dux, Ed. de Reszke, Maurel, Caruso and so on; but I have not enjoyed any performances more than those I heard at the Old Vic. Each work was played for the work’s

sake and not for the glorification of any person or persons.

For this, great credit is due to Mr. Clive Carey, who was chiefly responsible for the productions. His restoration of the Finale to the “Don” was a triumphant success. I had never heard it before; but henceforward “Don Giovanni” without its epilogue will be as intolerable to me as the Ninth Symphony without its choral conclusion. But I should like to ask Mr. Carey reproachfully why he cut out the sextet “Riconosci in questo ampleso” in Act III of “Figaro.” This is not merely a delightful number, but necessary to the story, for, without it, the dramatically essential fact of Figaro’s parentage appears a point of no importance. I hope, too, he won’t mind if I suggest



Wolfgang Amadee Mozart.

An unfinished portrait by Josef Lange (1791).
From “Mozart’s Operas: A Critical Study,” by Edward J. Dent
(Chatto & Windus).

that his stage production is better than his vocal production. As Figaro he was capable, but rather too much like Tony Lumpkin; as Don Giovanni he was far too much like Ralph Roister Doister. And, since I am being unpleasant, I might as well get it all over at once, and ask whether Mr. Steuart Wilson ought ever to attempt the music of Don Ottavio. The part, we all know, is most ungrateful; still, it was big enough for Caruso; and if I could call up that great artist for one song only, it would, without hesitation, be for one of the two solos in “Don Giovanni.”

Mr. Sumner Austin is a real acquisition. He has a very fair voice and a sound sense of the stage. He played in all three productions. His Leporello was in the grim and desperate vein of Fugère, a French singer whom some of us remember with delight; his Papageno, though rather unfinished in places, was a delightful conception, and his Count was properly important and authoritative. Miss Muriel Gough also appeared in all three operas. Young lady aspirants to vocal honours should frequent the Vic. merely to hear Miss Gough’s admirable articulation. Not a syllable of her part is lost—and I have heard English singers of name and note singing in English, and leaving me in total ignorance, not merely of what they were singing about, but of what language they were singing in! Not so ~~the~~

Gough. In voice and acting she was as good a Zerlina and Susanna as you could ever wish to meet; and then with staggering versatility (as R. L. S. says) she turned herself into the Queen of Night, a part that needs two voices, a dramatic soprano for the declamation, and a "coloratura" voice able to ripple up to F above the stave! The part was written for a freak voice, and scarcely one singer in a century can sing "Gli angui d'inferno" in its original key. Miss Gough is not a freak, but she came through with vocal and dramatic honours. Another almost impossible part is Sarastro's. For this you want a real deep "basso cantante" who is also a man of majestic figure. If any low baritone imagines he is a bass, let him try to get one of Sarastro's songs across the footlights! Mr. Arnold Beauvais was really quite good, and certainly conveyed the great dignity of Sarastro—that parent of so many operatic high priests, from Oroveso to Ramfis.

But here I am, with my space almost used up, and no room to praise Miss Kennard for her excellent Pamina and Donna Elvira, or Mr. Harrison (a very sound and capable artist) for his Masetto, and Gardener, and double parts in "The Magic Flute," or Miss Vallings for her heroic onslaught upon the terrible music of Donna Anna. Mr. Barrington Hooper was a robust and effective Tamino; but he must be careful of his vowels. Even in the Waterloo Road, we ought not to hear "Perchance Perminer" when the lady's name is Pamina. Who should be praised for the general stage arrangements I know not; but certainly a knighthood at least should be given to the genius who invented the lighting for "The Magic Flute." The last scene, with its hint of sunlight breaking through darkness upon the two motionless Men in Armour who chant their great phrases to the marching murmur of the fugue in the orchestra, was not merely a scenic triumph over difficulties, it was a true realisation of Mozart's high intentions. This wonderful, poverty-stricken old theatre in the most sordid district of South London has done many wonderful things, but nothing more wonderful than its production of "The Magic Flute."

How strange it is that there should be such magic about certain last utterances of their kind! "The Magic Flute," Mozart's last opera, is almost magically like "The Tempest," Shakespeare's last play. Not only is there in each the idea of initiation—of trials to be borne and courage to be proved: there is also a clear beckoning of the human spirit to the shining tablelands of a nobler and fuller, if austerer, life. Think of the personal parallels! Prospero is Sarastro, Ferdinand is Tamino, and Miranda is Pamina. Instead of Ariel with his airy flights, we have the bird-like, but human, comedy of Papageno, with his magic bells to reinforce the music of Tamino's magic flute. The powers of malignant and destructive hate are represented in Mozart by the Queen of Night, with Monostatos as an inferior Caliban. Both opera and play embody a spirit of magnanimity almost unique in art. And if to these we would add a third magic utterance, with the gracious beauty of Mozart, the warm nobility of Shakespeare and a lofty fervour of its own, let us turn to Beethoven's last sonata, with its prelude of tempest and tragedy sinking at last in silence and darkness, across which there presently breaks the divine light of dawn, shot

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with gleams of unearthly radiance and with strains of unearthly music—broken, fluctuant, shimmering, yet piecing out firmly its *Credo* of Love and Hope and Faith. Surely the marvellous variations in the C minor Sonata are just the magic music that filled the air of Prospero's isle, affrighting the guilty, consoling the true, and so

bereaving the spirit when it ceased, that even Caliban would cry to dream of it again. How strange, we repeat, this consort of last things—that Beethoven's last sonata should be the music of Shakespeare's last play, and Shakespeare's last play the poetry of Mozart's last opera!

A NEW YORKSHIRE MUSICAL GENIUS.

By A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.

FIFTEEN years ago the work of William Baines would have been impossible in England. Fortunately for him, as for many others, the whole artistic outlook has now changed, not only in Britain, but all over Europe. In 1914 the great Russian composer, Scriabin, replied to an article by Brianchaninoff in the *Novoe Vremia* on the educational significance of the war, saying "You have voiced an old idea of mine, that at times the human mass needs to be shaken up in order to purify itself and to fit it for the reception of more delicate impressions (vibrations) than those to which it has hitherto responded." The upheaval of the war was not however the only cause of the improved outlook; but it was the chief contributory one.

In the realm of British music tocsins were rung by Parry with his "Prometheus Unbound" in 1880, Stanford in his "Irish Symphony" in 1887, and by Mackenzie in his "Britannia Overture" in 1894; but the nation at large was unable to respond perhaps because the ringers themselves could not be quite whole-hearted in their summoning, for they were all three trained on German lines. And the land rested for another term of years, until Elgar came with his "Gerontius" in 1900, speaking at last in the pure English musical tongue, and Bantock followed with his "Omar Khayyám," flinging the door wide open into the East, and Holbrooke with his "Raven" and his "Ulalume," rating an indolent public for its bovine deafness. Then the war shut off our musical intercourse with Germany for seven lean years, during which time we discovered the new musical schools of Belgium, France, Spain, Italy and Finland, the significance of India and Japan in art, and incidentally our own national musical soul, with its shallow musical hypocrisies, its immense inheritances, and its glorious possibilities. We discovered Bax, Ireland, Bridge, Butterworth,

Goossens, Holst, Vaughan Williams and many others. And during their naissance, a small boy reared in circumstances so humble that they allowed of no musical training, of only sparse opportunities of hearing good music, hardly any books even, was weaving music of an unusual beauty and a rare originality, out of nothing.

* * * * *

One day in January, 1920, I arrived home late at night tired out by a long journey. Turning listlessly over a stack of new music on the piano, the title "Paradise Gardens" caught my fancy and the first few bars arrested my attention. Here was an unknown composer writing in all the splendour of Scriabin's piano style, but with an individuality swung in an altogether different direction. I played through the "Paradise Gardens" with keen interest, and repeated it with wonder and admiration. A rare melodic gift, an originality of expression, a dainty but logical harmonic invention, an attractive personality, and a Japanese ex-

quisiteness of perfection, all floated out from the tones of my Blüthner grand. The piece was a well-sustained reverie, full of delicious motives and fragrant tone-colours. I turned to the only other copy of Baines in the stack of new music, a set of preludes, wondering who the new composer could be. These proved to be seven delightful miniatures in varying moods. The first had some Scriabinic turns of harmony, yet possessed individuality. The second, written in a convent garden, contrasts the delicate sound of a blackbird's notes with the turmoil of the composer's own feelings, concluding with a waft of organ sound. The third is an eight-bar harmonic miniature, a gem of the rare order of the Chopin C minor prelude. In the fourth I found a whirl of gyrating patterns of harmonic play, like a sundust dance; the fifth, a sketch of poppies gleaming in the moonlight; the sixth,



Mr. William Baines.

an exquisite piece like nothing else in the world ; the final piece, I thought, spoilt a lovely set. The first six pieces all moved with a delightful life. The style was thoroughly steeped in the essential colour of the piano but was free of the Chopin *morbidezza*. Only Debussy and Scriabin had so written for the piano. I placed the pieces aside to show to my friend William Murdoch, who was visiting me on the following night.

He read them off at sight in a wonderful way, was impressed, and promised to put them into his programmes. Meanwhile I wrote the publishers and found that the composer was a youth of nineteen, living in a small Yorkshire town, Horbury, and was on the point of moving to York where his father was fulfilling an engagement as cinema-pianist. Baines came and stayed with me, bringing shoals of unpublished manuscripts, quartets, songs, a symphony—and more piano pieces. I was confirmed in my hope, and was pleased meanwhile to read an unusually appreciative notice of the two Baines pieces, by Mr. Dunton Green, in the *Arts Gazette*. I could not conceive how the other critics had overlooked such striking music ; so I determined to sound a loud fanfare, and opened an article on the new pieces in the *British Music Bulletin* (March, 1920), which I then edited, with the ecstatic cry of Schumann over Chopin's early pieces, " Hats off, gentlemen, a genius ! " Since then the composer has become widely known in the North, giving recitals of his own music to a large and ever-growing following at such places as his health permits him to visit : Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, Leeds, Huddersfield, etc. Mr. Frederick Dawson, the famous pianist, has recently become an enthusiastic propagandist of Baines's music and a warm friend to the composer, whose future seems now to be assured, provided sound health can be won.

Recently three new albums of his pieces have been published—" Four Poems " and " Coloured Leaves " (both by Augener) and " Silverpoints," with Elkin's, who are also publishing a new set of four pieces containing an " Angelus " (the loveliest of all).

Baines's imagination takes fire from the glory of colour, the rhythm of sunsets, the glow of flowers and the stories of Poe. " Paradise Gardens " was written in the summer of 1919, as the result of a few moments' inspiration derived from a reverie in the gardens near the city walls of York. A glorious sunset drew forth like a magnet all the colour and essence from the flowers, and the distant domes in the city glittered like oriental palaces.

The " Four Poems " are a poem-fragment, a delicate little dance movement, in miniature rondo form, with a sylph-like refrain, usually played much too fast ; " Elves," a playful sketch on the upper part of the keyboard ; a Nocturne which is very characteristic of Baines in harmonic reverie ; and a leonine " Apparitionata." The " Coloured Leaves " book consists of a prelude, capable of many interpretations, all good ; an intriguing little waltz, avowedly written for children ; " Still Day," a lento full of rich colouring ; and a moorland sketch " Purple Heights." The " Silverpoints " album has " Labyrinth," a water study in a deep sea cave ; " Water Pearls," an exquisite piece of tone-painting over a standing tonic throughout ; " The Burning Joss-Stick " in the Chinese devotional manner,

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The composer's exquisite taste is shown in the titles of his pieces quite as much as in the contents. He would like to call his new set "Vistas" had he not been forestalled by Cyril Scott.

I can think of no better way of ending this little sketch than by quoting the close of my *British Music Bulletin* pamphlet:

"Well, sirs, you need not take your hats off yet; but I would fain have you in the mood for doing so."

* * * * *

P.S.—Just after I had finished this article, the following appreciation which I had asked Mr. Frederick Dawson to write for *THE BOOKMAN*, came:

"It is a great joy to an artist to find work so individual in idea and expression as the music of William Baines.

"Like all the best writers for the pianoforte, Baines owes much to Chopin (who himself derived from John Field) and indubitably he has been considerably influenced by the revolution in modern harmonic thought, but he is in no sense a copyist, he has created for himself a wholly personal and original medium (his pianoforte technique is often that of the daring virtuoso). His outlook is entirely modern; still very young, his youth and enthusiasm are apparent in all his work, but nowhere is there any trace of immaturity. On the contrary his subtle appreciation of tone values and his skill in securing an exact atmosphere everywhere proclaim the master of his means; strikingly remarkable are his wonderful endings, which at first hearing may sound unexpected, perhaps even startling, but prove on closer acquaintance to be the only satisfying, the *inevitable*, conclusions.

"He possesses an inexhaustible fancy and the enviable gift of translating into terms of sound his love of Nature and his joy in the beautiful."

MELODIES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

How many musicians, I wonder, have tried their hands upon the enchanting subject of the old Irish melodies—since first Edward Bunting, in 1796, sedulously set down, from harpers' playing, his "General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music"? Of this, and of subsequent editions, Moore, in 1807, liberally availed himself, invoking Sir John Stevenson to his aid: and the "Variety of Admired Airs," whose treasure-house was of Bunting's building, is now inseparably associated with the name of Moore. But this is always the fate of pioneers.



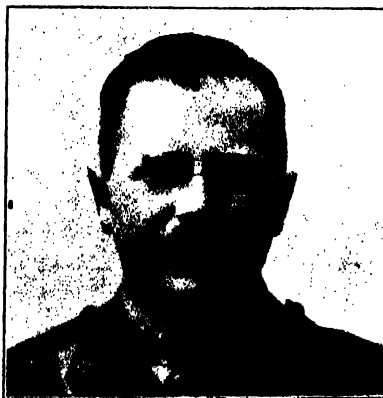
Mr. William G. James.

In the collection by Hatton and Molloy which still is extant, there seems a curious misapprehension of the Irish melodies' intrinsic beauty, an imperviousness to their special traits. The actual notes of each song are there, and that's about all one can say: even the original names are wrongly recorded. Villiers Stanford's arrange-

ments, incomparably the best up to date, are very beautiful: yet, felicitous as they are, in some cases they strike me as rather too subtle, too intricate, for vocal airs of such direct and dear simplicity. This however is a matter of taste—and maybe I am prejudiced. For my family associations with music in Ireland reach back to the eighteenth century, and to long before Bunting. Not only have I handled his worn pages, not only do I possess harpsichord versions published when Moore was a baby—but I cherish precious manuscripts in long-faded ink, where the least known and most exquisite of archaic Irish folk-tunes are enshrined in settings so satisfying, that nobody shall ever wish for better. What passionate power and poignancy suffuses these wonderful things! One cannot conceive of them as the work of human art, of any individual whether notable or nameless. They were assuredly born of the foggy dew, the misty spray, the wind across the mountains, the foxgloves round the fairy raths—with all the love and woe of all the world superadded.

Mr. HERBERT HUGHES.*

Well, having been steeped from early childhood in



Mr. Herbert Hughes.

this "native music, beyond comparing the sweetest sound on the ear that falls," I am paying a high compliment to Mr. Herbert Hughes in describing his new series, "Historical Songs and Ballads of Ireland," as an admirable idea in itself, carried out with skill, sympathy, and judgment—and in almost every case to be pronounced a distinct success. To

begin with, he has used the word "historical" in its widest sense: he has cast his net into the waters of all four Provinces, and made a splendid haul. He has utilised the lyrics of Lover and of Lever—also the anonymous or traditional words so much more relevant than Moore's apostrophes to harps. He has kept, both in letter and in spirit, the promise of his series-title: which was indeed a happy inspiration. And he has treated each song as it deserved to be treated—with a special intention towards the vocalist, for whose sake, with delightful audacity, he has edited certain phrasings, manipulated certain tempos, and "taken liberties" which betoken an intricate appreciation of his material. His accompaniments are wise and helpful—scholarly in the best sense—often of great charm in themselves. Each song is headed with an interesting, illuminative note: each is credited with its real name: each is published in three keys, so as to suit everybody. In short, Mr. Herbert Hughes's work inspires not only pleasure, but gratitude.

Not all the numbers are of equal merit—that could hardly be expected. Besides, one's predilections must inevitably be ruled by the personal equation. To my mind, the most attractive are "She is far from the Land" (perfect), "The Bard's Legacy," "The Low-Backed Car," "The Winding Banks of Erne," "The Dear Little Shamrock" and "Kitty of Coleraine." Some of the others are less appealing to me, and "Silent, O Moyle" I candidly don't like a bit—being doubtless warped by the traditions of a life-time. But one needs must offer congratulations galore to the inaugurator of this gallant series: the continuation of which is to be awaited with the liveliest interest. May I hope that he will include that loveliest of old love-songs, "Cawn Dhu Dheelish"?

Mr. WILLIAM G. JAMES.†

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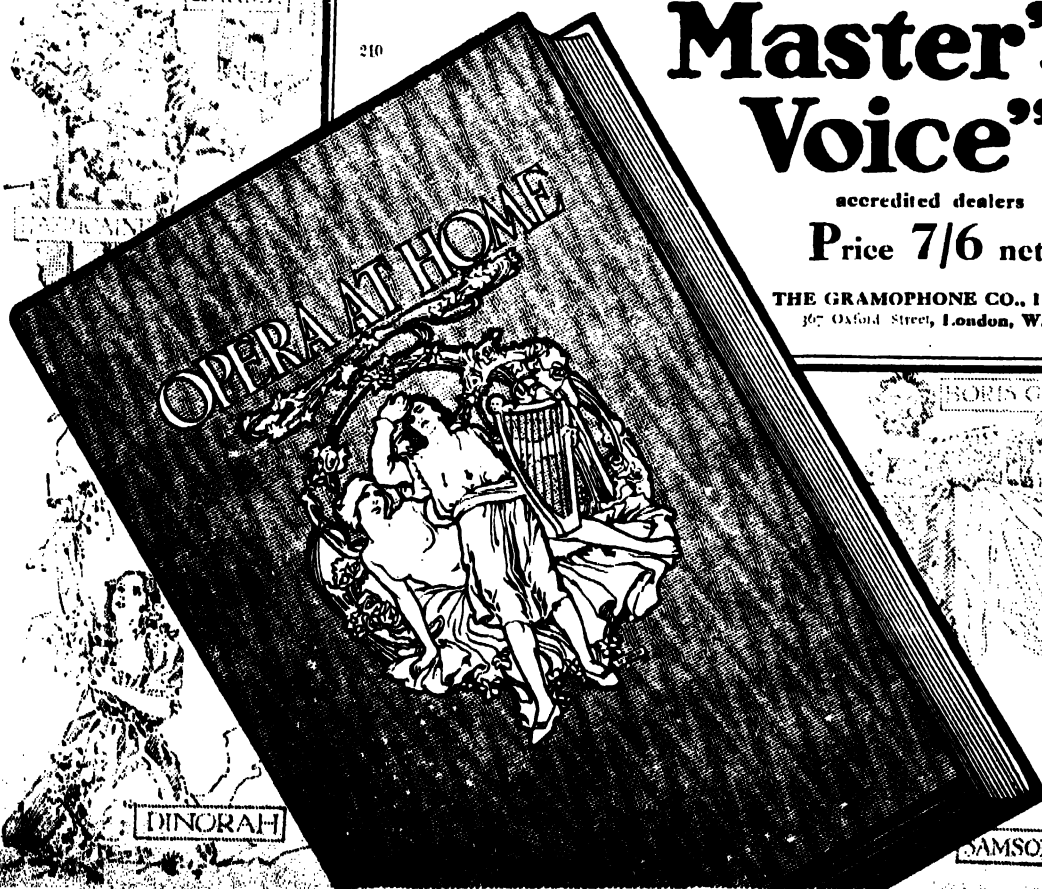
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of to-day. Were not the divine art so all-embracing in its catholicity, no parallel would be possible between most of the ancient Irish and many of the modern English compositions. "Baldness for beauty"—banality for passion—commonplace prose for the ultimate heights of poetry—these are too often the comparisons offered. Yet, in "The Sun God," Mr. William G. James has striven after the things which matter; and has followed the immediate vogue for selecting purely descriptive verse. To clothe Aubrey de Vere's noble sonnet in appropriate sound, where every line is pictorial, none emotional, is not an easy task: yet Mr. James has surmounted it with valour, and the result is a fine, singable song, with a lofty quality and manner. His "Flutes of Arcady" is a gaily tuneful ditty, with which a light soprano should convey much pleasure to the hearers. "In the Gardens of England" and "The Sweetest Song," though quite dissimilar as to melody, are astoundingly alike in idea and sentiment—all but identical. Both are of a pretty, popular type—easy and effective for either male or female vocalist—scarcely of permanent value. "A Warwickshire Wooing" is on the semi-humorous bucolic lines with which numerous composers have lately acquainted us: useful for a robust and cheery baritone. Each of these songs will no doubt attain its desired end. But "The Sun God" reveals Mr. James's real ambitions. When he shall write for the few, instead of for the many-headed, he will find a place assured, and a durable reputation.

MAY BYRON.

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As Mr. H. V. Higgins remarks in a preface to this book, "the number of those who attend operatic performances without even attempting to understand what it is all about is amazing." They hear the singing and, if the singer is one who achieves that "clear articulation" for which Mr. Higgins pleads, can understand that, but they would often understand even that the better, and their interest in the whole performance would be immensely increased if only they knew the story of the opera they were witnessing, and could easily and intelligently follow the plot. "Opera at Home" furnishes all that is needed to that end. It gives lucidly, concisely, but fully the stories of over a hundred and fifty popular operas, with notes of when and where each has been produced, anything of interest connected with the first production, and some account of the composers. The story of each opera is supplemented with a list of the songs in it, and a summary of that part of the tale which is told in them, and as records of these can be had for the gramophone the summaries help the listener at home to an ampler appreciation of them. Whether you go to the opera or have it brought to you on the gramophone in your own drawing-room, you will find this volume a useful and entertaining companion that will double your enjoyment of the music by making you fully acquainted with its meanings. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs.

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BY E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

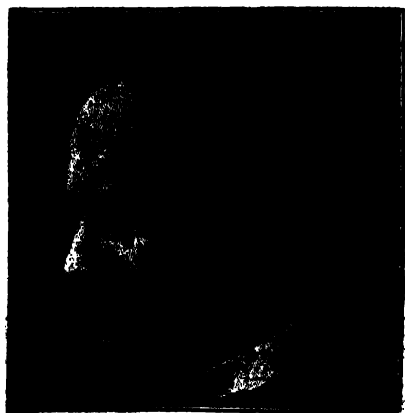


Photo by E. O. Hoppe. Mr. John Galsworthy.

A FEW months ago, happening to cite Mr. Galsworthy as one of our most "star"-proof modern dramatists, I pointed out how the decline of the star-system and the development of such craftsmanship as that of "The Silver Box"

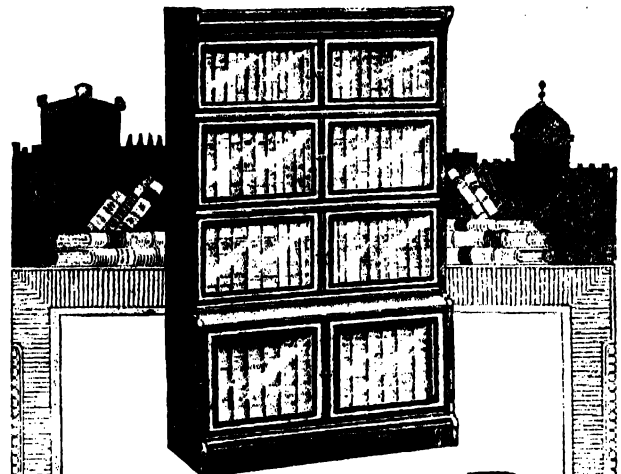
had evolved a new specialist to watch over the infant Realism, lest in the uncharted wastes of Just-Being-Natural, having cast aside the safe bad old conventions of melodrama, it should go astray. The present season at the Court provides an object-lesson on this theme, Mr. Galsworthy again being the dramatist, and the producer Mr. Lyall Swete.

"Justice" is perhaps the most perfect extant example of a "producer's play." It casts infinite responsibility on the producer, not merely by dispensing with the old-fashioned star-lead who bore tragedy to success or ruin on his own shoulders, but by almost eliminating the personal element; for, unlike most modern realistic tragedy (Grand Guignol tragedy, for instance), this is

a play not about individuals, but about ideas. It is not that Mr. Galsworthy has ineptly failed to make his individuals significant—his victim typical of unmerited suffering, his officials harsh wielders of the rod; any tuppenny-ha'penny melodramatist could have written "Justice" that way. Mr. Galsworthy's officials are humane to the utmost of their intelligence or discretion, his Falder a weak fool for whom little personal sympathy can be felt. All this is the antithesis of melodrama; he deliberately inverts the conventional arrangement of his individuals, that his idea may emerge more poignant.

How, then, to produce "Justice" so that the idea should stand out, the individuals remain unobtrusive? Restraint was artistically essential, and realism of detail, I suppose, inexorably demanded by the Galsworthy tradition. Mr. Swete's realism was in peril at times; in the first act nearly every one pushed his hand through the glass panel of the inner door; the outer door seemed to open on to the street level, making the manner of Falder's suicide a little obscure; Falder's cell quailed visibly before Mr. Lion's onslaught, and was too sunny by contrast with the black kennels of the previous scene. A much more dangerous mistake was the miscasting of Miss Goodall, whose strong vivid personality (whether because Mr. Swete never realised his risk or because Miss Goodall was unable to stultify herself sufficiently) seriously upset the balance of the play. Like Falder, Ruth is a born fool; and the Court management would have shown more insight if they had cast a born fool for the part (there *are* plenty; and the lucky lady need never have been told the true reason of her engagement). No blame attaches to Miss Goodall; the trouble was simply that one could not imagine her letting herself be knocked about by any husband whatever; and a production which relied wholly on realism could ill afford to take such risks as that. In the main, however, Mr. Swete succeeded admirably, with the help of a pretty good company which never forgot that it is the system, not the individual case, that is at issue. One of their surest touches was the complete insignificance of Falder in the trial. A bad producer would work up this scene with groans and shrinkings; Mr. Lion sat nerveless, while the law's ritual proceeded just as though he were not there. For indeed there is a more vital occupant of the dock than he; Falder's trial lasts but a tense half-hour; the judicial system is in the dock throughout the play.

This restraint accounts for a certain flatness in the play's emotional appeal. "They do these things better at the Grand Guignol!" is one's first hasty verdict, and then one feels a sort of shame that a story so profoundly affecting the reasoning side of one should touch the emotional so little. But your short thriller is rushed through on an emotional pitch too high to be long sustained; "Justice" itself, Grand-Guignolised, might end on the climax of Falder's anguish in the cell. Mr. Galsworthy sees further than that. For the real tragedy of Falder is not his suffering, but the stark waste of it—the intolerable discovery that so much agony has been fruitless, that he is even less valuable to society when he comes out of prison than before he went in. If you work up your cell-scene to too high a pitch you have nothing left for your climax, which is Falder's inability



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to obtain re-employment. And if you miss that climax, you have produced "Justice" (as Mr. Swete most emphatically has *not* produced it) in vain.

Restraint is also the key-note of "The Pigeon," where the same cautious balance of merit is maintained. If beggars are a social nuisance, so is the indiscriminating philanthropist who encourages them to beg. The only remedy lies in a strict application of the Calway or Hoxton theory—but which? As neither works in practice, the question remains unanswered; and, like Canon Bertley, we are constrained to let things slide and oil their grooves with platitudes. Here again is a pretty problem for the producer. He must hold the scales evenly between all these people, each of whom is making an inconclusive experiment in the art of life. His chief danger lies in sentimentalising his wastrels—as François Villon and Robin Greene have been sentimentalised by posterity despite the grim evidence of their own written word. Mr. Swete shunned this error, only to fall rather unexpectedly into another, the burlesquing of the four philanthropists. Unerringly as in "Justice" Mr. Lion touched the right note of restraint, so in "The Pigeon" did he smite the wrong one of theatricality; and this wrong note rang through the play so loudly that all Mr. Lion's attempts to correct it in the last act were unavailing. Perhaps it flustered the producer himself; at all events, his grip of detail seemed less sure than in "Justice," and in the first act he succumbed to that temptation of "real snow" which (like the "real star" in "Tannhauser") never fails to break the attention of an English audience by evoking their loud cries of delight. On the other hand, the naïve sentimentality of the flower-girl portrait was worth all Mr. Lion's ejaculatory staccatos as a revelation of Wellwyn; there should have been a special curtain-call for the man who painted it, for its dumb testimony was the most subtle effect of the production. Unintentional, perhaps. Nevertheless, a little touch of genius!

"And so to St. Martins-in-the-Fields," as Pepys would put it, "to see them do a new play by Mr. G——"; but Pepys's inevitable "best that ever I saw acted" is here wholly inadequate. "Loyalties," the late harvest of a sure technique and ripe experience, is again concerned primarily with ideas; but here, as never in "Justice" nor "The Pigeon" even, ideas and humanity are fused at whiteheat into a play which will take rank immediately as Mr. Galsworthy's masterpiece for the stage—and for the study, I am tempted to add, though well aware what perilous ground I tread; for fine acting can and should play the very deuce with one's literary judgment. Like Falstaff's sack, it "ascends me into the brain, makes it full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes"—glimpses of character, that is to say; tense atmospheres; sudden vistas of imagination not in the printed text, perhaps not even in the conscious intention of the dramatist. Such are the production and acting at the St. Martin's, a most memorable triumph for Mr. Dean as producer, Mr. Maturin as the "man of honour," Mr. Milton as a cad after the Malise type (not such cads, either of them, but for the prejudices that label them so), Miss Cathleen Nesbit, Mr. J. H. Roberts, and a long cast of almost uniform brilliance. They will be celebrated

enough, before these words appear, to need no elucidation of their theme—the crossed "loyalties" of conflicting class-ideals. But I may add one "loyalty" to the list—our renewed loyalty to Mr. Galsworthy; for that is assured.

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES? St. Martin's Theatre.

It is rank heresy, I know; but I could never quite swallow Sir James Barrie's sentimentality, which seemed cynically superimposed upon a more bitter philosophy of life than he was prepared to own. "Peter Pan" was childhood seen from the angle of sophistication, "Mary Rose" at once the result and the penalty of being Peter Pan. Neither play was really cynical, for between the lines of each the author's true philosophy was latent; and "Mary Rose" at any rate was pursued relentlessly to its logical conclusion, though to the extreme discomfiture of those who were attempting to view it through the tear-dimmed spectacles of sentiment alone. In his new fragment, "Shall We Join the Ladies?", the author at long last renounces all sentimentality and presents life, we may suspect, as he has long secretly seen it. It is a cruel, witty business, this inquisition of Sam Smith upon the conscience of a dozen possible murderers; and the grim light it flashes into irrelevant corners of a very shady set of characters is not the least Barriesque part of the proceeding. The stagecraft is masterly—not only in its more obvious effects, such as the sudden revelation of the policeman in the lighted doorway, but in its cunning use of the thirteen-atable device to break the circle and open up the "dead end" of the dinner-party to the audience's view. "Who killed Smith junior?" is the author's riddle; but we may counter his with one more difficult still—"How in the world, without dire bathos, does he hope to solve it?"

E. G. S.

THE YELLOW JACKET. At the Kingsway Theatre.

"The Yellow Jacket" is a great test for an audience. When I was at the Kingsway half my pleasure in the beautiful setting was spoiled by the inane giggles of some of the audience who could not accept the mounted tables as a mountain, nor the boards from chair to chair as a bridge over a torrent, nor the workmen's ladder as the path to heaven. It was not perhaps fair altogether to blame these gigglers. Some of the actors seemed to share their lack of faith. Mr. Holman Clark was perfect as the Property Man; Mr. Tresahar was rotund and convincing as the Chorus. Mr. Brandon-Thomas as Wu Sin the Great, and Mr. Kennedy as Tai Fah Min were terrifying and ceremonial. In the second part, however, there was a falling-off. Mr. Novello was fidgety and over-modern; and the rest of the cast was either listless or sophisticated, except Miss Trevor as Plum Blossom and Mr. Cameron, who made an excellent Yin Suey Gong. The level of acting among the women was distinctly poor, and Miss Doris Lloyd's Chee Moo was, with Miss Royter's See Noi, the only performance which seemed adequate to the conventional beauty of the play. The play itself does not, perhaps, seem quite so beautiful as when it was first produced. It is not beautifully written, which is a great disadvantage; as an occasional banality in speech let in cold suspicion to the world of make-believe. Still, with an audience of goodwill and a company a little more practised in the mood of the play, "The Yellow Jacket" should be one of the things most worth seeing in London for some time to come.

R. E. R.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE INVENTION.

After Miss Clemence Dane and Messrs. Rubinstein and Bax come Messrs. Norman A. Everson and Francis Sanderson with a collaboration entitled "Celia." The tide of

* "Celia." By Norman Everson and Francis Sanderson. 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

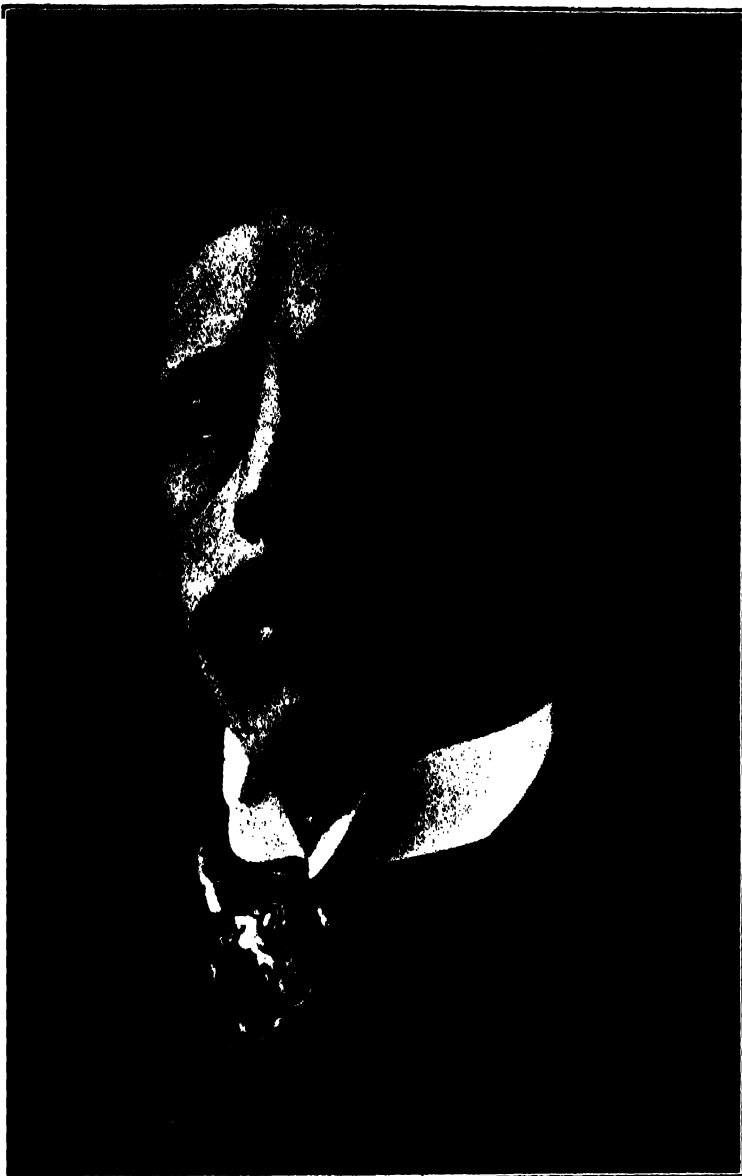


Photo by E. O. Hopps.

whose new play, "The Love Match," has just been produced at the Strand Theatre.

Mr. Arnold Bennett.

Shakespearean invention and speculation is running high at present, and our indefatigable commentators will have much to answer for before the sands of ascertained facts are again left dry. In the present play, or "dramatic poem," the authors have contented themselves with picturing Shakespeare, unhappily married, and broken in spirit after the death of his son, finding a new and last lease of his imagination in the ideal love of Celia, the youthful daughter of "a kindly country knight," Sir Hugh Merlin. In the quiet atmosphere of the latter's apple orchards the poet's spirit is healed and the seed of "The Tempest" is sown. The scenes are laid in the Mermaid Tavern, in a glade on Merlin's estate, and in the Fortune Playhouse after the first performance of the "Tempest." As to that performance Ben Jonson is made to say:

"Well, then. We've seen his TEMPEST title apt,
For he has been all tempest-tossed himself,
Racked with the cruel waves of grief and woe
For joy that's lost, for hopes that can't achieve,
And yet, his sorrow's done, and in this play
There's peace and sunshine won, and hearts at rest,
And joy regained"—

while Shakespeare himself is made to say:

"You have seen my play,
And in that play you've seen the writer of it.
For what I've said is true. I'm Prospero,
And, as Prospero sang, our revel's done.
My magic's now abjured—and all I seek
Is peace—a little joy to round with sleep.
Like Prospero, this day I break my staff
And drown my book of spells full fathom five."

Both those passages, save for the skilful use of Shakespearean phrases, might be verse-paraphrases of Shakespearean lectures at one or other of the universities. It is in the Epilogue, the scene of which is laid in 1616, in the gateway of the dead poet's house at Bishopton, that the best and most original writing occurs. Sir Hugh and his daughter have come to offer their sympathy to Anne Shakespeare, and find her hard, a little shrewish, but cherishing her dream of Shakespeare's love, a love which was there even when least apparent. Shakespeare, on his dying bed, had told her of Celia:

"A simple child—laughter her face's robe
And happiness her food. God can say why—
I cannot—but she came to me all smiles,
And in my heart I felt the sympathy
We shared between us, just as when the bow
Is drawn across a viol, and its mate
Tuned to the same pitch, echoes back the chord."

"But," Shakespeare is made to say:-

"Her pretty message brought me back to you"—

and so Anne proudly possesses him in death, while Celia hopes for a share of him in Heaven.

Although the construction of the play—for it is printed as a play—is amateurish in the extreme, and although the stage directions are hasty and sketchy ("He feels that with her to 'back' him he could scale the infinite"!) the handling of the blank verse is extremely promising, and we should hear more of Mr. Everson or Mr. Sandwith, or both. We are always ready to welcome new Beaumonts and Fletchers.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

THE EXEMPLARY THEATRE.*

The axe is now in season: but Mr. Granville-Barker, returning to his pre-war assault on the commercial theatre, disdains so clumsy a weapon. In this he is doubly justified: first by the end he has in view, which is to construct, not to destroy; secondly by the complexity of his antagonist, a hydra against whose many bewildering heads the axe is useless.

* "The Exemplary Theatre." By H. Granville-Barker. 9s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

It is this complexity in the art of the theatre that has been the undoing of so many reformers. They have wooed facile remedies here or there, each in his own department—in playwriting, in acting, in lighting, in economics, in stage-decoration (the latter most seductive of all!). And the worst of it is that the more expert each one happens to be in his own department, the more fatally will he be tempted to reform the theatre through that department alone. This is where Mr. Granville-Barker scores; himself tried and proved in the first rank, whether as author, actor or producer, he is in no danger of letting the part obscure the whole. One might select him as the ideal "director," the reality of Craig's vision, the master-brain whence all the activities of the theatre originate; in fact, many of us, when we first read "The Art of the Theatre," must have felt that Granville-Barker was indeed the man, if any, whom Craig had in mind. But Granville-Barker himself (this is the piquant, tantalising part of it) rejects Craig's vision, objecting to it not only the inadequate supply of ideal directors, but his conviction that in any case the directorship of the theatre is not a one-man job; true, the director will be autocratic—on paper: for without the privilege of the casting vote he cannot hope to do anything at all. But he will never forget that the art of the theatre is essentially co-operative, and springs best from the clash of wits at a round-table of experts—these again no mere isolated specialists, but men with enough all-round technical training to judge their fellow-experts' views. Hence grows this dream of the Exemplary Theatre, the ideal college-playhouse where the theatre's art can be studied progressively in all its branches: specialisation, in the last year of studentship, crowning the whole.

A practical enthusiast, Mr. Granville-Barker is at his best when he gets down to the details. In his earlier sections his prose flags a little: it is involved and tortuous sometimes, though never dull. But it gains humour and clarity as he goes on, leaving abstract social-philosophy and beginning to discuss the human relations between actor and audience. He constructs steadily, with a keen sense of the psychology of the prospective student, seeking rather to build up his Utopia from the stage as it is than to waste time in demolition. Two prime needs stand out—the need for the all-round education of the actor, and for the technical education of critic and audience. Not only the wide personal experience of the author but the whole history of acting is reviewed constructively, and the present system studied, not for the sake of the cheap hits that wit can register upon its frailties, but in sincere hope of bettering its successes and profiting by its mistakes. For the fine flower of Mr. Granville-Barker's achievement is a most workmanlike sanity. No reader of Gilbert Cannan's "Mummery" will readily forget the scene where the idealist-hero flabbergasts his committee with the last item of his estimate for the Art Theatre they hope to found: "Food for the birds and fishes—£25." And in the awful pause which follows: "... There must be beautiful birds flying in the outdoor theatre. In the courtyard there must be fishponds with rare fish. ..." Criticism of "The Exemplary Theatre" may be summed up by pointing out that it contains no such poetic specifications. Too many idealists cause you to dream, sympathise, and smile a little sadly. Mr. Granville-Barker is different. Read him, and you dream, sympathise—and hope.

E. G. S.

The Annual Conference of the "New Ideas in Education" Group, which will be held this month at Stratford-on-Avon, during the Shakespeare Festival, is to discuss "Drama and Education." Sir Henry Newbolt, as Vice-President, will give the inaugural address on April 18th, at the Memorial Lecture Hall, and on the same day Mr. John Masefield (with Mr. John Drinkwater in the Chair) is to lecture on "Playwriting," after which the Boar's Hill Players will perform Gilbert Murray's translation of "Iphigenia in Tauris." The conference continues for a week.

The Bookman Illustrated Spring Supplement

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ÆSTHETICS.

By C. K. OGDEN, I. A. RICHARDS and JAMES WOOD.
7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

SINCE CÉZANNE. By CLIVE BELL. 7s. (Chatto & Windus) HISTORY OF ART. Vol. I, "Ancient Art." By ELIE FAURE. 2rs. (John Lane.)

I have known four-and-twenty definers of beauty—and all of them have failed. Sixteen definitions of the beautiful are given in "The Foundations of Æsthetics" by Mr. C. K. Ogden, of Cambridge, and his two collaborators (I. A. Richards and James Wood); and by devoting a few pages to each theory the authors are able, firmly yet courteously, to point out the weak spot in each. The book is decidedly useful to those interested in questions of æsthetics. It presents in a condensed form the greater part of accredited opinion on the subject, from Tolstoy to Dr. Santayana, from Signor Croce to Clive Bell, and though we are led to see that there is something to be said for each of the said theories, we are also forced to the conclusion that not one is wholly satisfying. In the end we have to "sack the lot," and we thank the authors for a useful piece of destructive criticism that helps to clear the air.

Every critic who takes himself seriously sooner or later—generally sooner—persuades himself it is his duty to go in search of the Absolute. He wants to find one quality or characteristic present in all that he holds to be beautiful, to isolate it, analyse it, and learn it by heart so that he may recognise it again immediately. Once found it would be a touchstone, and never again would he be in doubt before any work of art. Alas, he finds that he is chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, and the sooner he abandons the pursuit the better for his peace of mind, for the admission of his defeat is the beginning of his wisdom.

Works of art are not precious to us for one quality or characteristic which they all have in common; there are a hundred different qualities which any one of them may have, and the possession of a single quality to a very high degree is enough to give this work a lasting fame. It is not the least common denominator that makes the masterpiece, it is the highest multiple. Hence arise the controversies of criticism. A praises a certain

picture because it contains X, a quality he admires, to an exceptionally high degree; B ignores X, a quality in which he is not particularly interested, and condemns the same picture because Y and Z, the qualities he specially prizes, are not strongly in evidence.

Now most people will admit that beauty in a picture may arise from more than one quality, but at different times there are tendencies to regard the possession of one

quality as the supreme test, it may be drawing, "atmosphere," colour, design or what not. Atmosphere was strongly in favour at the end of the nineteenth century, then colour was held to be the all-important thing, to-day it is the turn of design. Some few years ago Mr. Clive Bell effectively championed the post-impressionist school of painting by declaring that the all-important thing in a work of art was "significant form." Works of art, he said, are "objects that provoke a peculiar emotion," that is to say an æsthetic emotion, and significant form he maintained to be the "quality common and peculiar to all the objects that provoke this emotion." This sounded promising, but when we besought Mr. Bell to tell us exactly what Significant Form was and how we might recognise it, he could do no more than define it as "æsthetically moving form." This carries the matter very little further, as Mr. Ogden and his colleagues point out. Mr. Bell is arguing in a circle. The

quality common and peculiar to all objects that provoke æsthetic emotion proves to be— their power of provoking æsthetic emotion. This is the result of hunting the Absolute.

In his new book, "Since Cézanne," Mr. Bell shows signs of abandoning the hunt, though he restates the major premise of his argument:

"A work of art is an object beautiful, or significant, in itself, nowise dependent for its value on the outside world, capable by itself of provoking in us that emotion which we call æsthetic."

One might ask: "Provoking in whom? in anyone, or only in specially sensitive and cultivated persons?" But we let the question drop, unwilling to wander into Tolstoyan arguments concerning the universality of art, because nobody really wishes to dispute the agreeable and vague definition of works of art as objects that provoke æsthetic emotion. Moreover,



From *The Foundations of Æsthetics*
(Allen & Unwin).

LADY WITH AN ERMINE.
By Boltraffio (Milanese, 1467-1516).



From *The Cuckoo's Secret*
By Edgar Chance
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

Reduced from black in book of the only extant photograph of a cuckoo holding in her beak the egg of the foster-bird (a Meadow Pipit) which she removes before laying her own in the nest.

CUCKOO.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1922

Mr. Bell himself begins to hedge when (page 163) he writes :

"I do not disbelieve in absolute beauty any more than I disbelieve in absolute truth. On the contrary I gladly suppose that the proposition—this object must be either beautiful or not beautiful—is absolutely true. Only, can we recognise it?"

Really Mr. Bell cannot be both Glendower and Hotspur. He must not tell us he can call spirits from the vasty deep and then express a doubt whether they will come. It provokes the retort "Why, so can I, or so can any man."

For my part, if a confession of faith be demanded, I believe in relative beauty as I believe in relative truth and towards the end of his book (page 171) Mr. Bell adopts a similar attitude.

"It is imprudent I am sure, in us critics to maintain so stoutly as we are apt to do that when we call a work of art 'good' we do not mean simply that we like it with passion and conviction, but that it is absolutely so, seeing that the most sensitive people of one age have ever extolled some things which the most sensitive of another have cried down and have cried down what others have extolled. No critic can be sure that what he likes has absolute value."

Mr. Bell is perfectly right in regarding sincerity to be the hall-mark of good criticism, and it is the enthusiastic admiration he feels for Matisse, Renoir, Derain, Duncan Grant and other modern painters that produces the most interesting and valuable studies in this book of essays.

In one of his essays Mr. Bell deplores the paucity of historical art critics, of men who 'try to explain works of art by describing their social and political circumstances.' This is the attitude taken by M. Elie Laure, who in his "History of Art" seeks really to narrate the development of man as revealed by his art. This method applied to prehistoric, Egyptian, Coptic and Greek Art in the first volume, should be still more fruitful when applied to later periods. As an erudite archaeologist as well as an enthusiastic admirer of advanced modern art, this scholarly French writer is exceptionally well qualified for his gigantic task.

FRANK RUTLER

HENRY VI.

By MABEL I. CHRISTIE
16s net (Constable)

Through the rivalries of the royal dukes, the internecine quarrels of the barons, the plotting of the Yorkists, and the revolts of the gentry and the yeomen,



National Portrait Gallery.
Photo by Emery Walker

From Henry VI
(Constable).

HENRY VI

King Henry VI moves with a graciousness, a clemency, a generosity and a kindly humanity that still make an irresistible appeal to the sympathies of mankind. Uxorious, other-worldly, unworldly he was, incapable of action or resentment as feeble and feckless a king as ever sat upon the throne of England. And yet this pious monarch who loved God and the Church, who wore the plainest of clothes, who gave away all he had, who refused to unsheathe his sword in battle, and who swore no more vehement oath than "forsooth," stands revealed by the light of the latest research as very much the same kind of person: half monk, half fool in Christ, who won our childish compassion in the famous Shakespearean trilogy. Miss Mabel I. Christie, who has just published in the "Kings and Queens of England" series a monograph on this unhappy great grandson of John of Gaunt, tells the story

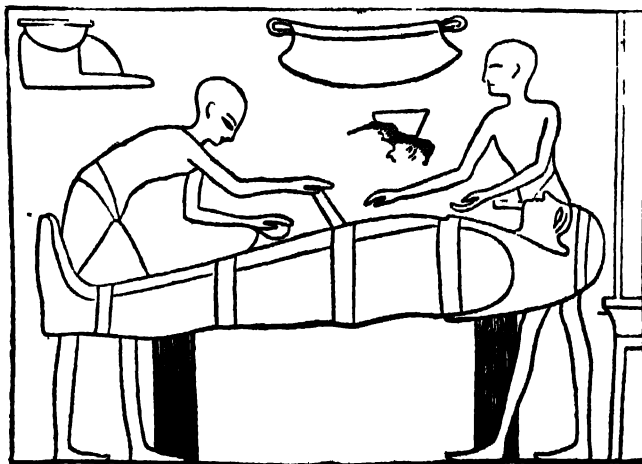
of his reign with a lucidity, an impartiality, and a reliance on original documents that are beyond all praise. It is a pity, however, that the biographer of the royal student who founded Eton and King's College Cambridge, should not wield a more distinguished style.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM WITH BIBLE IN HAND

By FRANK G. JANNAWAY 3s 6d (Sampson Low)

"Although this handbook has received a hearty welcome from the British Museum authorities," writes the author in his preface to the book, "it has not been compiled for Egyptologists or Assyriologists, but for Bible-loving visitors to the Museum." The book's purpose is to give a survey of all the exhibits on view at the British

Museum which confirm the absolute accuracy of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Jannaway not only knows what is he writing about, but he knows how to write it in just the right, breezy way to appeal to the average visitor to the Museum. "British Museum diy! Not a bit of it"; he begins, "and so you will say before we finish our visit—that is, if you are really interested in God's dealings with the Earth and Man in the past, present and future." The book is lavishly illustrated, packed with interesting information from beginning to end.



110m The British Museum
with Bible in Hand
(Sampson Low)

EMBALMERS AT WORK
ON A MUMMY.

CRESSY FLIP SNOWBOUND AT EAGLES.

By BRET HARTE.
3s. 6d. each.
(Chatto & Windus.)

A reissue of Bret Harte is something to be grateful for, and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Chatto & Windus will soon follow these cheap editions of one of his novels and two of his collections of short stories with others. If Bret Harte was influenced by Dickens on the one hand, he influenced Kipling on the other, and in the best of his tales he is not surpassed either by his master or his disciple. In his study of Cressy he beats most of our very serious psycho-analytical novelists at their own game, she is as baffling and subtle a picture of the essentially feminine as any of theirs; he handles the question of sex cunningly, frankly, but with an art that is delicate and touched with a saving grace of humour. If you know his short stories there is no need to urge you to read them again; if you do not, here is an opportunity of making their acquaintance, and one you will be glad to have taken, if you take it.

THE OWL TAXI.

By HULBERT FOOTNER. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Gregory Parr was in the mood for adventure that evening when he met a taxi-driver at a little waterfront hotel in New York.

It was just before he was to sail for England, and he did not really want to leave America. Gregory wanted work, and it was easy for Hickey Meech, the taxi-driver, to persuade him to abandon his trip and take on the taxi instead. Gregory



From Irish and other
Memories.

By the Duke de Stacpoole,
which Messrs. Philpot are
publishing.

PIUS IX CARRIED TO ST. PETER'S,
CHRISTMAS, 1870.

fancied, like most young men—it would be hard to say why—that the life of a cabby must be full of romance. Possessor of the cab, he drove here and there happily, till he saw that inside he carried the corpse of a dead man. How to get rid of it? How to get clear of the tragedy? It was a nasty problem, but enlightenment came in a series of remarkable happenings. He met, that same strange night, the girl who knew all about it—a young and dashing maiden attired as a chauffeur. As we follow the amazing twists of the plot, we become pleasantly certain that we are in the hands of a first-class storyteller. This book is as good as an Oppenheim.

BLACK BEAUTY.

By ANNA SEWELL.
1s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

A new edition of Miss Anna Sewell's famous book, "Black Beauty," has just been issued by Messrs. Jarrold, with a foreword in the shape of an appreciation and brief account of the life of the author from the pen of Mr. William Jarrold. This foreword gives an increased interest

to the book, helping us to realise the fineness of Miss Sewell's character, and to admire the pluck and perseverance with which she stuck to her work in spite of her sufferings. "Her own mind was always a storehouse of refreshment to herself," writes Mr. Jarrold; and it is

good to think of this compensation for one who spent so many years confined to a house and a sofa. That "Black Beauty" has taught people to understand and care for horses more than any book ever published is of course beyond doubt; and now



From Masonic Legend and Traditions,
By Dudley Wright
(Rider).

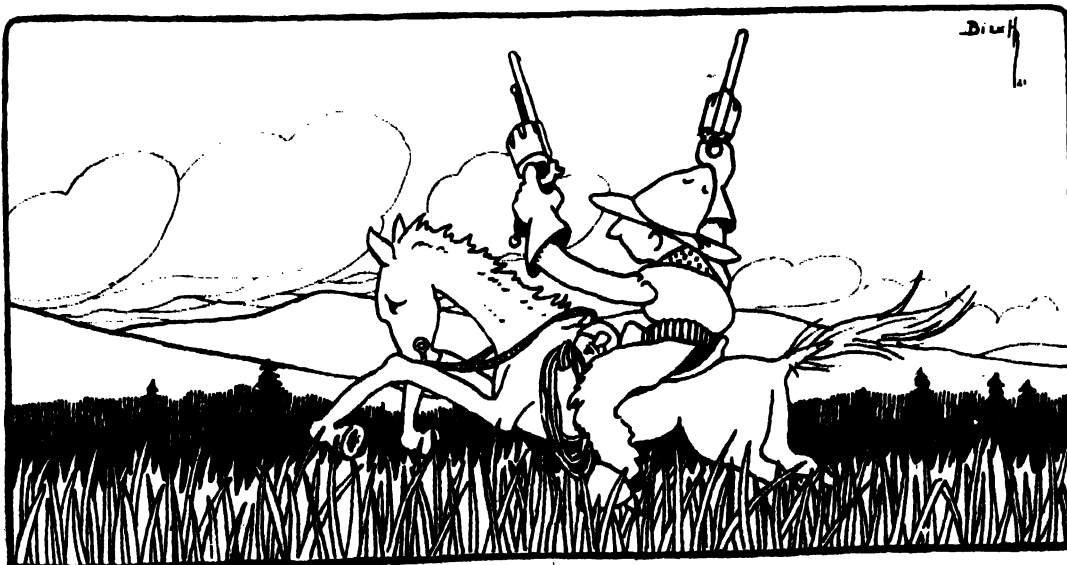
THE MOSQUE OF OMAR NOW STANDING ON THE
SITE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.



From **Black Beauty**
Illustrated by Blampied
(Jarrols).

"AND THE CARTER WAS
SHOUTING AND FLOGGING
THE TWO HORSES
UNMERCIFULLY."

that the Vitagraph Company have filmed the story, Miss Sewell's work will have more far-reaching results than ever. A book like this makes a universal appeal, and it matters not whether the reader is a girl, or boy, or grown-up man or woman; the truth and sincerity of the tale grips and holds the imagination. Those who love horses must ever bless the name of Miss Sewell for the wonderful work she has done for them. As Mr. William Jarrols says, "Her life-work for dumb creatures who cannot speak for themselves will remain and spread her influence far and wide throughout the world. She indeed opened her mouth for the dumb." This latest edition of "Black Beauty" is delightfully illustrated by Blampied.



From **Adventures and Misadventures in Canada**
(Bale, Sons & Danielsson).

"I IMAGINED MYSELF RIDING TO THE YUKON
WITH A GUN IN EACH HAND."

ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES IN CANADA.

By "LOFTY." 6s. net. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

The author of these vivacious, droll "Adventures and Misadventures" says he had two reasons for going to Canada—a girl and Robert W. Service. Doubtless more than one lusty youth of the future will offer three—a girl, Robert W. Service and "Lofty." Certainly one cannot read of his experiences in the Far West without an itch to



From **Everybody's Dog Book**
By Major A. J. Dawson

A MIXED GATHERING.

follow his example, and to meet success and failure with the same cheery good humour, the same indomitable pluck that permeates his book. For, though the funny side of things made a ready appeal to him, his way was not all easy going; hard work and hard knocks only served to toughen his determination to win through, and it's the stuff you're made of that counts in Canada. "Lofty" tells his tale lightly, but his levity is not irresponsible;

it has a definite aim; it suggests a solution to the vexed problem of overcrowded cities, and shows what a wide field of enterprise the Colonies present to the modern healthy young woman whom, from a marriageable point of view, the war has left stranded. "Our British day of opportunity is now," writes the author, and urges his point with much sound sense and wholesome logic. The quaint illustrations harmonise excellently with the merry spirit in which the book is written.

LLOYD GEORGE.

By MR. PUNCH. With an Introduction by W. ALGERNON LOCKER. 5s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Lloyd George was first caricatured in *Punch* in 1900, in a small sketch which shows him facing the dragon, Joseph Chamberlain; and in the picture, here reproduced, he is a slim young man with a neat black monstache and trim dark hair, very much unlike himself as we know him so familiarly to-day. He did not reach the dignity of a full-page cartoon, as Mr. Locker tells us, until 1906, but in another three years he was appearing as a foremost figure in the large cartoons with significant frequency. You may read the story of his brilliant career in Mr. Locker's ample and interesting

Introduction, and see it illustrated in the two hundred cartoons from *Punch* that are reproduced in these pages. The energetic alertness, the buoyant confidence, the twinkling, whimsical humour of the man is not always successfully captured in Raven Hill's drawings; Frank Reynolds, E. T. Reed, and Townsend do not exactly bit off his characteristic looks and gestures, but Bernard Partridge gets him perfectly in all circumstances. Nevertheless, all the drawings hit off the various phases in the Premier's development with a delightfully shrewd and satirical humour, and to study his biography in this succession of pictures is a fascinating way of reading not only without tears but with laughter.

THE SECRET ADVERSARY.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

To dedicate this story to "all those



From *Lloyd George*,
By Mr. Punch
(Cassell).

St. David (supplementing

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.

"The goes the last and the worst of them."

into this country for the specific purpose of procuring a revolution. And there is a certain man, a man whose real name is unknown to us, who is working in the dark for his own ends. The Bolsheviks are behind the labour unrest—but this man is *behind the Bolsheviks*. Who is he? We do not know. He is always spoken of by the unassuming title of 'Mr. Brown.' But one thing is certain: he is the master criminal of this age. He controls a marvellous organisation. Most of the peace propaganda during the war was originated and financed by him. His spies are everywhere." Once we can resign ourselves to this affront to our intelligence we can settle down and begin to enjoy the adventures of Tommy and Tuppence as they track down this master criminal of the age. It is a lively, good-humoured, sensational yarn, packed with dramatic incidents.



From *Little Plays of St. Francis*,
By Laurence Housman
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

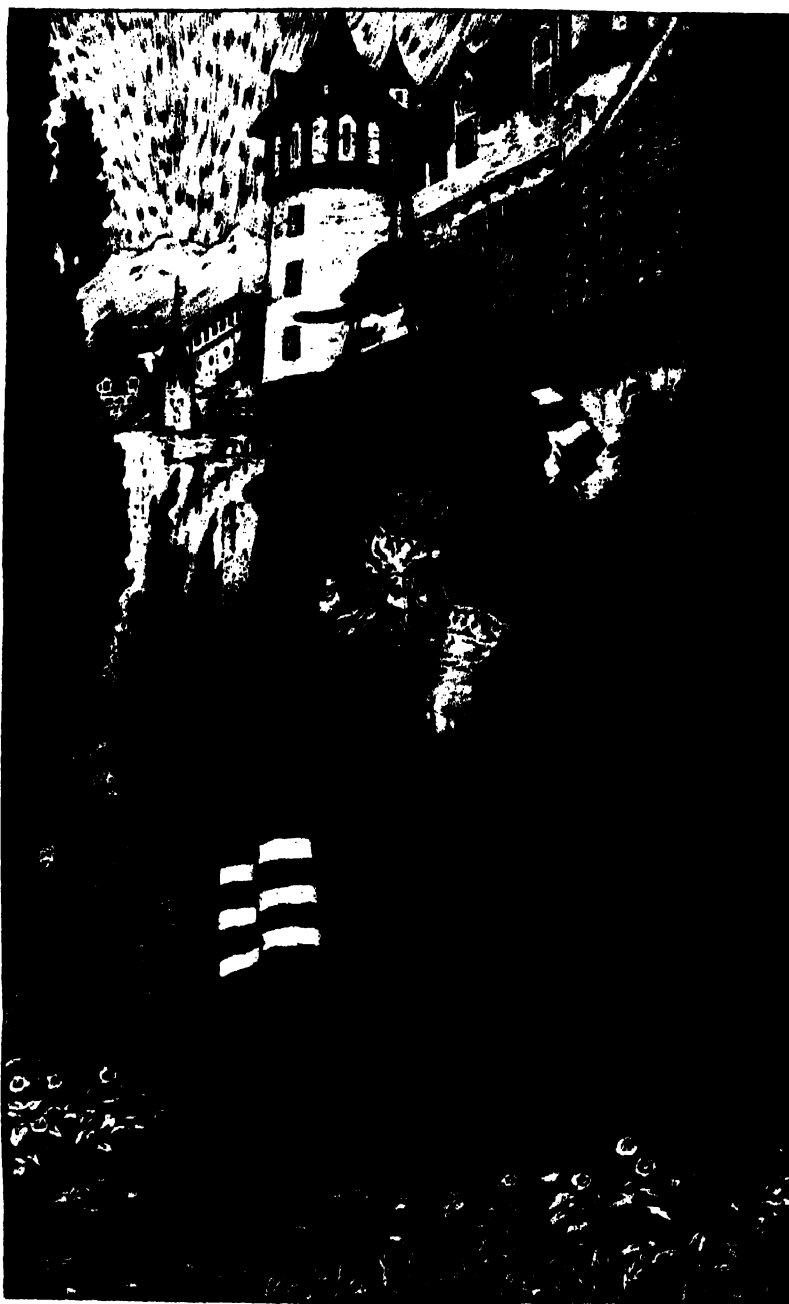
18 one-act plays dealing with the life and legend of St. Francis, with a preface by H. Granville-Barker.

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THE GREEN MOTH.

By G. E. MITTON and J. G. SCOTT. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Lady Scott and her husband here give us a novel that is in some sort a sequel to the "Two-Stringed Fiddle," as its head villain is also the villain protagonist of the other book. Tom Marjoram is now shown to us in love with Darya Molineux, a beautiful English girl with a past, who dresses Burmese fashion and rather eschews the white society of Mottama. Now it is at once to be said that the local colour is excellently conveyed, never out of key, always present with the right tone and emphasis, and that this is the only real merit of the book. Marjoram is not much of a person, indeed he will soon be a bore if, as seems not unlikely, he was saved in this tale to figure in succeeding stories. Darya herself has some little interest, but makes no great blend with Marjoram and with the strong, silent Thornthwaite who wins her from Marjoram. Kidnappings and rescues are not very convincing, and there is hardly a genuine thrill in a book that is built up of thrills as a wall might be built of bricks. Probably the very best of the whole book is the early part describing the pagoda and the lovely evening scene, Darya's accident and her night in the temple with the Buddhist abbot who is really an Irish rebel working out, expiation for wrong done among his fellow Irish conspirators . . . fantastic, if you like, but still made acceptable. Most of the rest of the book plods in well-worn ruts, and indeed the story moves nearly into the category of a daily serial. Lady Scott has done better than this, and will do better again, especially if she is careful to avoid the loose writing that is too often visible in "The Green Moth."



From *The Chronicles of Rodriguez*,
a novel by Lord Dunsany, which Messrs.
Putnam are publishing this month.
Illustrated by Sidney H. Sime.

Torres, the Dutch voyage of the little *Duyfhen* of sixty tons in 1605-6, other Dutch expeditions of the seventeenth century, including that of Tasman in 1644. In the eighteenth century there was of course our own Captain Cook, Bligh of the *Bounty*, and in 1801 our great Matthew Flinders, whose work in exploring, surveying and ascertaining true geographical facts about Australia was unsurpassed. It is interesting, by the way, to realise that in 1803 Flinders

set sail from Sydney for England in the *Cumberland*, a schooner of no more than twenty-nine tons burthen, so that the feats of the Elizabethan sailors were nothing extraordinary even in the nineteenth century. Mr. Jack describes also the land explorations of Leichardt, Burke and Wills, Kennedy, Carron, the Jardines, and many others, including his own in 1879-80. All are given with extreme accuracy and wealth of detail. The country is a curious one, and its destinies in Mr. Jack's opinion have a strange outlook. Rich in minerals and even agriculturally not impossible, the problem is of the population that can support its climate. Mr. Jack has done a piece of sound and enduring work, and a permanent book of reference is the result.

OF GARDENS EAST AND WEST.

By K. C. RYVES
(CASSANDRA).
3s. 6d. net. (Melrose).

"A garden without a hedge is like a fair woman without discretion," says the author of these delightful essays on

gardens and things pertaining to gardens. Written in the East, and full of memories of the West, her reflections are, in the main, tinged with a longing no garden of the East can fulfil. Her happy, gossiping manner of writing gives the impression that each essay is a letter from a friend far away, and will leave most readers with a fuller appreciation of the blessings of a garden, and those who have no garden with a fervent desire to get one. It must not be imagined that it is in any sense a book on gardening—it doesn't tell you how to plant or prune; no, it is just a collection of random thoughts, thoughts fragrant with roses and lilac bloom and stock, reminiscent of paved paths, shady lawns, sundials and yew hedges—a book to take up at odd minutes, sure of finding in its pages a sense of tranquillity, such as one may find in a garden at the close of a summer day.

NORTHERNMOST AUSTRALIA.

By R. LOGAN JACK. Two vols. 63s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

These two handsome volumes give a most valuable account of all the expeditions that have touched or penetrated the Cape York Peninsula—that great northward thrusting tongue of Australia that ends on Torres Strait and fronts New Guinea. It is a long record, beginning with the sixteenth century, with Magellan, Quiros and

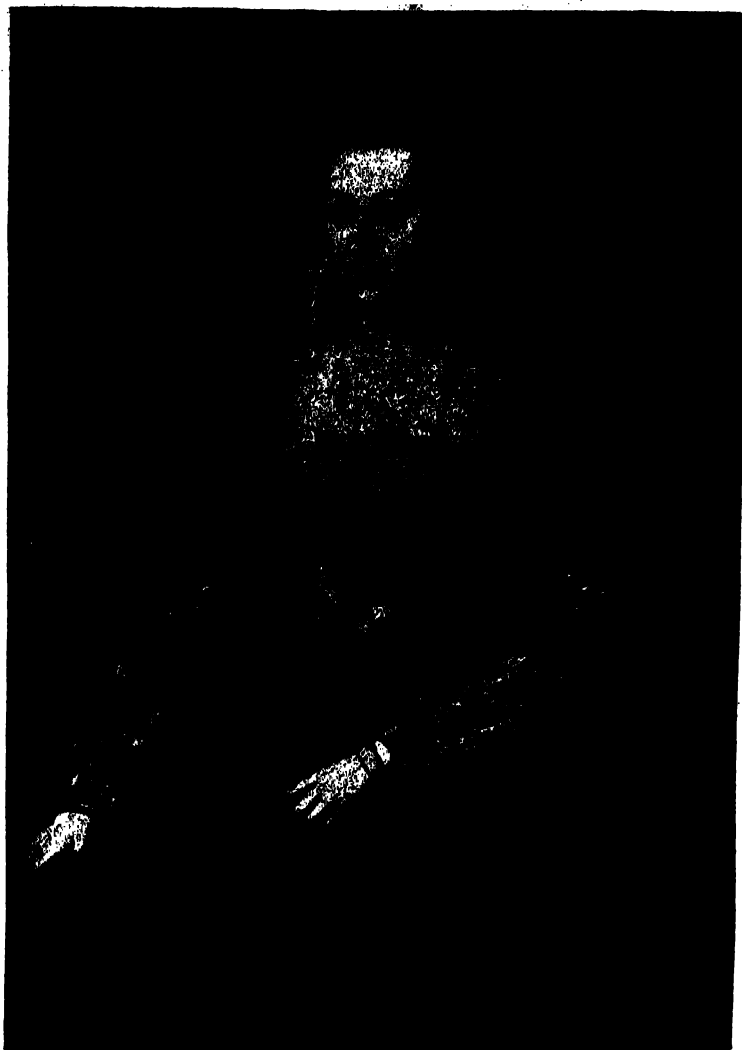
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

By VIOLET A. WILSON.
15s. (The Bodley
Head.)

Miss Wilson has handled a mass of material with a deft and competent touch. She is out to make history definitely interesting and amusing for all of us, and she has succeeded. Even the little lady from the suburbs, who would shudder at the idea of reading anything but a light novel, will find much to take her interest in this vivid, most human record of a strange Queen and her attendants. We begin, almost as soon as the book opens, with the story of Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford. They had no hope of obtaining the consent of the jealous Queen to their union. Lady Catherine feigned toothache when the Queen went to Iltham for a few days hunting, and stole away to the house of the bridegroom across the pebble-strown beach connecting Whitehall and Westminster.

The Earl had got the ring, and had provided refreshments, but he had quite overlooked the fact that even for the most secret wedding a clergyman of one denomination or another is an actual necessity. When much later the Queen had to be told, her anger knew no bounds. "to the Tower shall Lady Catherine go that very afternoon."

Throughout these chapters the character of Elizabeth shines out in the blend of strength and vanity. Dreadful to read of the exhausting preparations necessary at Elvertham when the Queen came visiting. The cooks set to work on snakes, adders, vipers, frogs, toads, and all kinds of worms in sugarwork, islands resembling a ship and fort and snail had to be set in the ponds in preparation for a water pageant (the snail was made of privet!). Elizabeth was met by six virgins, who preceded her to the house,



From Queen Elizabeth's
Maids of Honour
(John Lane).

ELIZABETH THROCKMORTON.

Miss Wilson has been fortunate enough to secure for illustration photographs from paintings of the Maids of Honour, by permission of their owners, who are in many cases descendants of those ladies. They enhance the value of a bright and skilful bit of work.

C. M.

RIVIERA TOWNS.

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS. (With illustrations by
LESTER GEORGE HORNBY. 16s. (Hutchinson).)



From The Bridge

FROM COLOUR DESIGN FOR WRAPPER

A novel by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

strewing flowers before her horse, and singing of her beauty. The anxious Countess "most humbly on her knees welcomed her highness," who bade her rise up, and kissed her, "using manie comfortable and princely speeches." Ocean upon ocean of fulsome flattery appear to have been swallowed gratefully by a complacent sovereign.

Maids of Honour came, and Maids of Honour left, to become wives, mothers, and eventually grandmothers, but through all the changes Elizabeth remained resolutely the same, imagining herself young and immortal, ordering all mirrors to be destroyed. Her love for Essex, in all its sad futility, is sketched here, and we have a graphic extract from the pen of Harrington, describing the manner in which Elizabeth received the news of the riot led by the Earl. "She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at all news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the Arras in great rage."

We were assured that this book was charming directly we set eyes on the delicate sketch of "the hill of Cagnes we could rave about," on the cover; surrounded by a border of gold. Dr. Gibbons here sets forth his impression of an exhaustive trip through the Riviera. He was fortunate enough to be accompanied by an excellent

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1922

artist. The two threaded their way through the high narrow streets with observant eyes. We who write have been long exiled from the happy land; but its sunny atmosphere is conveyed admirably in these pages, which are written in holiday mood. The book is divided into fifteen chapters; beginning with Grasse, and ending with Théoule. Writer and painter were inclined to enthuse about St. Paul-du-Var. Stopping in a fine fern-grown corner of tumbled houses, they spoke to an inhabitant. "We want to take away with us," I said, "a tangible memory of this beautiful, this picturesque, this verdant court, in which you live." "If you had to live here," she announced simply, "you'd want to go away and forget it." "Ah," commented the artist after the woman had carried her brazier indoors, "that woman must have a great view of the sea and the mountains. Is she going to watch the sunset? No; she is going to make soup for her man in a dark hole of a room, and feel sorry for herself because she doesn't live in Paris, where she could go to the movies every night!" One of the streets out of Venice is the subject of the prettiest of sketches: "down the broad road of red shale, past meadows thick with violets." Dr. Gibbons found Nice full of brightness and full of tragedy also. At Cannes he experienced a happy sense of space amongst the gardens. He knows that at dear Mentone the sun veils and unveils itself more often and more quickly and more unexpectedly than at any other Riviera place. But why did he not mention the brilliant, the unforgettable scarlet buoys, which float on the blue harbour of Villefranche?

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Several years ago Dr. Irvine won an instant and sure success with his pictures of Irish life woven into the story of his own childhood in Antrim. It was to be expected that he would bring to the



From *The Profiteers*
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FROM COLOUR DESIGN
FOR WRAPPER.



From *The Restless Sex*
By Robert W. Chambers

Published by Messrs. Appleton; now appearing with great success on the films in America and shortly to be produced in this country.

"MY LITTLE STEVE," HE WHISPERED.

study of the life of Jesus his own very definite point of view, and arrange and interpret the facts from an ultra-democratic standpoint. Eschewing all attempts at chronological arrangement, he has brought together a couple of hundred cameos and etchings of Gospel stories and incidents, and roughly grouped them into seventeen chapters. Throughout the book we feel the throb and urge of a man who has suffered and bled, and thence springs both the strength and the weakness of his work. He knows and loves the poor so well that he cannot be just to one who lacks this hall-mark. He tears his way through to what he calls the naked facts, forgetful that the wrappings he thus scornfully discards are just as much facts of our poor human nature. When industriously working out a theology of his own he cannot withhold his gibes and girding at theologians in general. Nor is this a gibe in return, but just a reminder that those who patiently seek to understand what the Gospel is are co-workers with those who seek to bring its truth and power to bear directly on the life of their day. There are only too many occasions in this volume where his passionate hatred of humbug lead him into unadulterated bad temper, and John the Baptist degenerates into a pagan son of Boanerges anxious to start a fire. But there is reason for his thunderings often when there is little reason in them.

WITH THE CORNWALL TERRITORIALS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

By E. C. MATTHEWS. 25s.
(Cambridge: Spalding.)

Compiled from official records and other sources, one of those "other sources" being evidently Lieutenant Matthews's own experiences, this volume is one of those histories of certain units which, placed together, help to give an accurate impression of the larger operations of the whole army. It gives the movements of the 5th Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry during the war, clearly and vividly, with many a personal touch.

THE FLAMING FOREST.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. 7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Curwood has realised the great truth that every mickle makes a muckle; he has a cunning knack of commencing his story in a perfectly ordinary way and gradually luring you into such a pleasant condition of mind that, starting with the solid fact that two and two make four, you are presently prepared to take your oath that when he says they make five he is quite right. Sergeant Carrigan is such a human, reasonable member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police that when, half-way through the



From *The Flaming Forest*
By James Oliver Curwood
(Hodder & Stoughton).

FROM COLOUR DESIGN
FOR WRAPPER.

book, he suddenly knocks out, one after the other, two enormous men of incredible strength, with a dozen masterly blows, and goes off without a mark, you accept the statement cheerfully and read on in the hope that he will presently bite a buffalo to death or remove a mountain with the blade of his penknife. There is such a delightful atmosphere about "The Flaming Forest" that you surrender yourself happily to its charm. Mr. Curwood's descriptive writing is very fine and his drawing of his characters is careful. Perhaps he stretches the string of his bow, but not to breaking point, and after all, men—and women—never know of what they are capable until they are put to the test. I confess to something of a shock at finding a piano and cedarwood panelling in the cabin of a boat on a Northern river, but why not? Also the excellent choice of words of one or two of the characters surprised me at times. But I have not been to the far North-West and Mr. Curwood has. In any case I confess to a very pleasant hour or two spent in following the adventures of Sergeant Carrigan, and I hope that should I ever visit that far country he and his good friends will kindly entreat me and feed me on moose-steak and other good things that make the mouth water to think on. But I will not put on the gloves with the Sergeant—even in fun!



From *Sandi, the King Maker*
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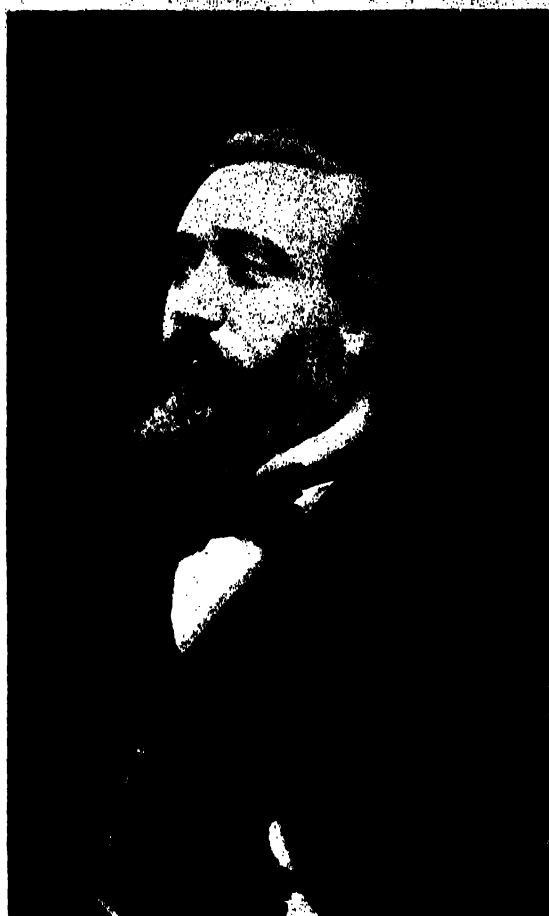
THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1922

and has an air of ghostliness and mystery about it which helps it on its way. It deals with a lovely actress who, brokenhearted by her lover's desertion, retires to a house on the bogs, in Ireland. Of course, Miss Tynan is wise in keeping to her native land, known and understood so well. Miss Hamilton gradually slips under the influence of her two unscrupulous French servants, and when Doreen, the young girl heroine of the book, returns from her convent school, and seeks out her friend, she is horrified to find Miss Hamilton neglected and half crazy; starved and subdued. Doreen works wonders, aided by her delightful lover, Kit Lavery. The romance of these two youngsters is delicately and prettily told, and all ends in sunshine. The tale is unpretentious enough, but it is gracefully written, and holds the attention from beginning to end. Not such an easy thing to accomplish nowadays when readers are critical! We welcome this pleasant novel.

ODDLY ENOUGH.

By JOHN RESSICH. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

A collection of short stories and sketches, lively, sane and humorous. We hope Mr. Ressich will set to work on a complete novel, if he has not done so already. He has a quick, penetrating vision, and his comments are occasionally astonishingly good. One of the best impressions in the book is that entitled, "The Medical Board," which describes the wait of the wounded in the War Office for the Medical Board, which was to decide "how small a pension could decently be given." It was of course a tremendous wait. "With our fundamentals over a hot pipe, and our heads in a draught, all through the long



From Gambetta
By Harold Staunard
(Methuen).

GAMBETTA.

Reviewed in this Number.

forenoon we sat in that draughty corridor. . . . And on to the afternoon, till a special moment arrived. "A stir arose, and the click of typewriters died away. The noise of the opening and shutting of many doors was heard far and near. . . . The din increased. Boy Scouts and brown-smocked girls dashed about with trays and kettles. It was tea time in the War Office!" On the whole Mr. Ressich's war tales are better than the rest, but the entire book is extremely bright and readable, and his rendering of broad Scotch is excellent.

LADY AGATHA.

By BEATRICE CHASE. 7s. 6d.
(Longmans)

Miss Chase has made a wide circle of friends through her engaging and intimate volumes on Dartmoor. She thus addresses a set of indulgent readers in "Lady Agatha." She has written them a confidential introductory letter about the story, describing how it came to be published in the *Daily Graphic*, dwelling on the sympathetic pleasure shown over it by her household—the Lily Secretary, the Rainbow Maker, the Bluejacket, and the Soldier Man. It will appeal principally to schoolgirls. Lady Agatha herself is an impossibly sweet middle-aged woman, who is anxious that the young earl and the Lady Alys should marry. It is decreed in a will that, in order to inherit property, these two must wed. Of course the proud young girl is up in arms. The match-maker contrives a plan. She persuades Alys to pretend to be some one else, she gets the earl to be known merely as "Lieutenant Trewithen." She throws the two together, they fall in love, unconscious that they are doing just the right thing, and Lady Agatha watches the declaration of affection through a slit in a curtain. This has a very tired ring about it.

From The Home Life of Swinburne
By Mrs. Watts-Dunton
(Philpot).

SWINBURNE AT THE
AGE OF FOUR.

Reviewed in this Number.

CHASING AND RACING.

By **HARDING COX.** 12s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Delightfully cheery; and written in a boyish, hearty way that makes it excellent reading. Lord Lonsdale, in a short Foreword, says—"I am sure your reminiscences will be most interesting, for nobody has a greater experience in all the sports of the world than you have, and whether you are the champion of the lot or not is to my mind a very small point. It is the interest people take, and their insight into the various branches that count." The whole volume tingles with enthusiasm; the author confesses that he has "strong yearnings" towards angling, rowing, acting, coursing, dog breeding and exhibiting, musical composition, hunting, billiards, and the more essentially sporting forms of shooting. He has a host of stories to tell, one of the best anecdotes of all being that

in which he recounts the history of a bet. He was dared by a guest at his house (after he had boasted vaingloriously of the love his hounds bore him) "to go down to the kennels at that moment, boiled shirt, dinner jacket and all, walk right into the dormitory department, and sit down for ten minutes among the docile beauties without uttering a word." He did it. "Blossom, whose love for me was as that of a



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **MAJOR HARDING COX.**
Author of "Chasing and Racing" (John Lane).

Juliet for her Romeo," recognised him; and all was safe. We have no space to describe the book in further detail; but it is one of the liveliest and most attractive of its kind. The best adjective for it is "genial."

LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA.

Being further experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate.

By **CAPTAIN C. A. W. MONCKTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I.** 18s. net. (John Lane.)

Captain Monckton's latest book on New Guinea is as amusing and as instructive as his earlier one. It is not only a record of travel and of exploration in a comparatively unknown land, a collection of new tabus and sorceries ready for incorporation in "The Golden Bough," but the revelation of a very interesting character, a character in which humanity and strong common sense blend quite happily with a stark sincerity and a lively sense of humour. A land in which natives tired of life run amok in order to be killed, in which sorcerers indignantly refuse to plead "not guilty" to charges of altering the course of the moon, and in which the name of the big white man is never pronounced though his hair clippings are stolen for use in magical purposes, obviously requires as resident magistrate a man who acts honestly and walks warily. And Captain Monckton seems to be such a person; for he was so much loved and respected by the New Guinea people that he was adopted by them as a fellow clansman. His description of the Binander tribe as "a people who, though fierce, warlike cannibals, are also honest, truthful and moral to the last degree," is a good example of the Captain's excursions into gentle irony; while his pen-portrait of his intimate friend and best man, who, "despite his untarnished honour and strict integrity, had such a haunting fear that he might lean towards his friends that he always decided against them on principle and usually decided wrongly."



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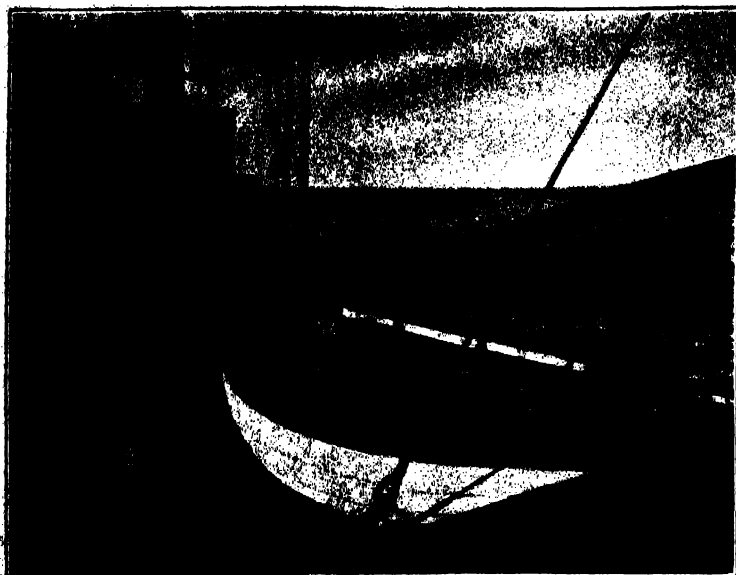
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The 12-pounder gun is seen hidden in this dummy boat. The sides of the boat were movable.

Q-SHIP "PENSURST."

gives an excellent idea of the author's capacity for more mordant expression. "Last Days in New Guinea" is indeed such a lively and appetising work that we sincerely trust it is only the second volume of a trilogy.

ENGLISH CHURCH MONUMENTS.

A.D. 1150-1550.

By FRED H. CROSSLEY, F.S.A. 42s. net. (Batsford.)

This most beautiful book, with its many illustrations, carefully chosen and beautifully reproduced, is in itself a monument. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the artistic acumen and enterprise of the publisher in adventuring on such a work, and we can only be glad to see that a long list of subscribers printed at the beginning of the volume gives reason to hope that he will not be financially a loser. The making of the book is really excellent; if it has a fault it is that it is a little heavy to hold, but this can hardly be avoided when over 350 illustrations have to be included all on heavy art paper—so that the weight is due to its all round magnificence. The theme is a full and noble one—the tombs, monuments, effigies, and chantries which embellish and enrich the cathedrals and churches of England, and which were designed and set up during a period of 400 years, from the middle of the twelfth century to the middle of the sixteenth. These give an almost unique record of contemporary costumes, head-

gear, armour, weapons, of architecture in the designs worked out in the various memorial chapels and canopied tombs, which were built complete in themselves without reference to the architecture of the larger edifice within which they were placed; also the student of heraldry, of stone-craft, metal-craft, etc., may find here an immense mass of unimpeachable material. In short, in these memorials there is an epitome of much that was most characteristic in the mediæval life of the people of England. Mr. Crossley's text is adequate and judicious. He not only gives descriptions of particular monuments that find place among the illustrations, but he shows how they are linked with one another in the long evolution of the centuries, and also never loses sight of their rich connection with contemporary life. Already author and

publisher have given us a similar volume on English Church woodwork and furniture for the same period, and intend to follow these up with volumes on post-Reformation Church woodwork and monuments, making a series equally valuable to the student and to the lover of English ecclesiastical art.



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From *The Book of
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LOWESTOFT
DRIFTER.

Miss May Sinclair has been showing her fellow craftsmen what can be done by a strict economy of words, and if "God's Wages" had been compressed into a third of its present bulk, the result would probably have been a novel of significance. Not that the volume is lengthy, as books go, but it is essentially a study of character, and, to be quite frank, we hear too much of the tiresome, ineffective husband, Richard, and his fluctuating relations with the lovely Anne who is the centre of the tale. Modern, restless Anne, with no scheme of life, but for her guide the overweening desire to fascinate men. She turns to lover after lover at last to find the one who truly loves her, the one who perceives her spiritual dearth. He said quietly, "I want you to love my mind that lives, instead of my body that will die . . . you won't come to it, as you'd come to my body." In the end a flood of sunlight pervades the turgid stuffiness of the atmosphere. Anne begins to hunger after the love beyond self, which is human companionship. This makes a happy close to a cleverly-written tale.



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WRAPPER DESIGN

for James B. Hendryx's story, "The Texan," a popular edition of which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

to the sister of her heroic rescuer. Gladys in her turn was destined to perform an act of heroism in trying to save Maisie in a theatre fire, and in time received her reward in the return of Philip's allegiance. Hester's son, Francis, was brought up to carry on the name and honour of the heroic scientist, whose sacrifice, so far from being useless, brought into many lives "undying music" from "the choir invisible."

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This is a delightful, an unusual, an enthralling novel. The plot grips and is new; the characters are excellently drawn—clear, distinct and so real that each might be a life portrait. "Dusk at Moonrise" deserves to be popular, though, like most good things, it is possible to pick holes here and there. But such little holes! For example, exquisite as are the descriptions of scenery and of emotion, they are a trifle overlaid with colour. The author would get an even better effect with a less prodigal brush, and a slightly poorer palette. She loves words, as we love gems, for their beauty, and she chooses them well; but now and then her style becomes a trifle obscure because she turns her sentences after the French rather than the English manner. But, with so fine a romance, thus finely rendered, these are trifles. "One teases whom one loves,"



From The Snowshoe Trail
By Edison Marshall
(Hodder & Stoughton).

COLOUR DESIGN
FOR WRAPPER.

and no reviewer who did not truly admire Diana Patrick's work would trouble to read every word of her long novel and to point out these small blemishes. The Yorkshire dialect is admirably rendered, and there is not too much of it. The plot is well thought out, well realised and well presented. One finds here humour, keen understanding and great charm. Evidently the author has lived with her characters and realises their surroundings. A book to read and to recommend.



From Undying Music
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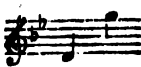
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Wake the magic past again for me,
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Reviewed in this Number. See Music section.

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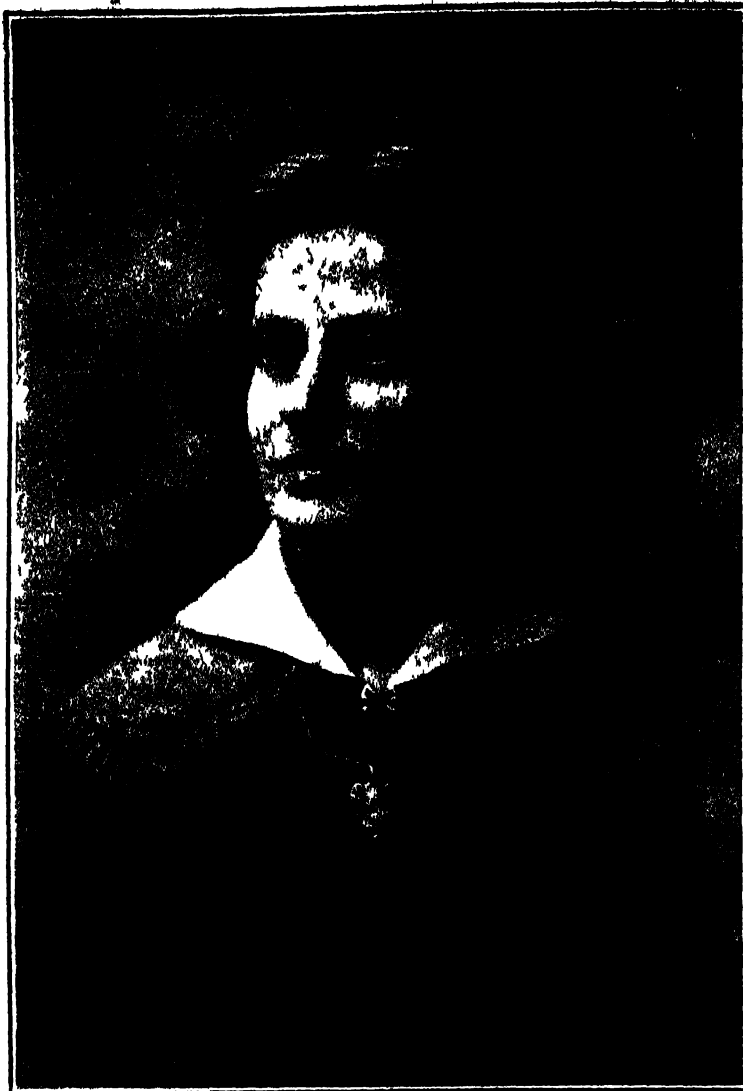
"Pure lilies at her breast,
and round her feet
A little hly-dust of melting
snows,"

* * * *

She is so tired to day,
this bonny Spring
That came to us with
fragrance on her lips;

* * *

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responsive heart
The burden of her
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TO HIM THAT HATH.

By RALPH CONNOR.
7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To think of Ralph Connor is perforce to think of Canada. In the days when Canada was as the back o' beyond to poor home-staying souls, he was flinging himself body and soul into the task of fulfilling his brave dreams for "God's own country." While he protested against making Canada the dumping ground for the wastrels of Europe, he was spending himself on the prodigals who did arrive and was the friend of all honest men. Then he took up his pen and in story after story gloried in the men he had known and called to all the best that was in us. The development of Canada in its broad outlines could be traced in his stories, and in this latest he deals with Canadian and Canadians as the war left them. As with us, some were broken and burnt up, with not a hope or illusion left. Others were spent or thought so, but the challenge of the times brought them to attention and they took up the further fight for decent industrial conditions for human beings. Something of a sea change has come to Ralph Connor or is it just the altered background forced upon him as a writer. There is still the same love of men and all things touching the human, his old love of justice and a fair show for all, his unabashed interest in the love of a man for a maid, and the same unspoiled confidence in men and women.

JOSEPH COMPTON-RICKETT.

By A COMPTON-RICKETT. With a Foreword by Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd GEORGE, O.M. 8s. 6d. (Cooper.)

To have known Joseph Compton-Rickett personally or only as he is revealed in these pages is to feel that he was bigger than the record here given of him. Just because we are thankful for what is here given we long for more. Yet these brief memoirs and tales by his son and those who loved him and shared his labours and dreams suffice to achieve his own modest hope expressed in one of his poems:

So may it hap when you and I must go
To be remembered by our sunniest day
The sordid lowlands of our lives to be
Lost to the searching eyes of memory
By mountains soaring over misty rays
Good deed, brave thought, and finely
fashioned phrase,
Snow crests transfigured for the world
to see."

His son introduces us to the intimacy of the hearthstone, Katharine Tynan



From Vermeer of Delft
By F. A. Lucas, which Messrs.
Methuen have just published

HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL
(Mauritshuis, The Hague)

appraises him as poet; the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett pays tribute to his clear vision and balanced judgment in the troubled realm of politics and ecclesiastical affairs, and especially in the difficult questions involving both Church and State, whilst the Rev. George Hooper discusses him as preacher and glories in him as a host and a friend. Lengthy excerpts from his speeches and writings, together with a selection from his poetry, help not only to fill in the story of his days, but to body forth the very form and figure of the man. He was a great reconciler and he consecrated his genius to friendship for the nation's good.

TELL ENGLAND.

By ERNEST RAYMOND
7s. 6d. net (Cassell)

The author tells us his intention in the advice given by Padre Monty: "Give

us the exciting events of your school days, and describe your thoughts as they happened and when you get to the Gallipoli part, well, you can give us chiefly your thoughts for Gallipoli as far as dramatic incident is concerned is well able to lift for itself." Mr. Raymond has stuck to his text and in this "Study in a Generation" he traces the development of Archibald Pennybet Edgar Doe and Rupert Ray from the nursery through the

public school, into the army and unto death one in France and two in Gallipoli. He has given us a very readable story of the hopes and fears of three very human lads.

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII).

By G. LENÔTRE. 15s. net (Heinemann)

The serious contribution to our knowledge of French history which M. Lenôtre makes in his latest monograph, is the cardinal importance which all the early Revolutionary leaders—Chaumette, Hebert, Robespierre and Barras—attached to the retention of the person of the Dauphin. They were all aware that in the negotiations for peace with Austria and with Spain the possession of the *de lege* Louis XVII was their greatest asset. Hence it came about, if human testimony can be believed, that the real Dauphin was abstracted from the Temple in 1795 by Chaumette a few weeks before the latter's execution and that two successive substitutes were lodged in the young prince's place. Those who would study, as it deserves to be studied, a masterly example of analytical and synthetical investigation, should on no account overlook M. Lenôtre's patient, learned and perspicacious unravelling of "The Riddle of the Temple."



From Opera at Home
(Gramophone Co.)
Photo by Underwood

CARUSO, AS
CANIO, IN
"PAGLIACCI"

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

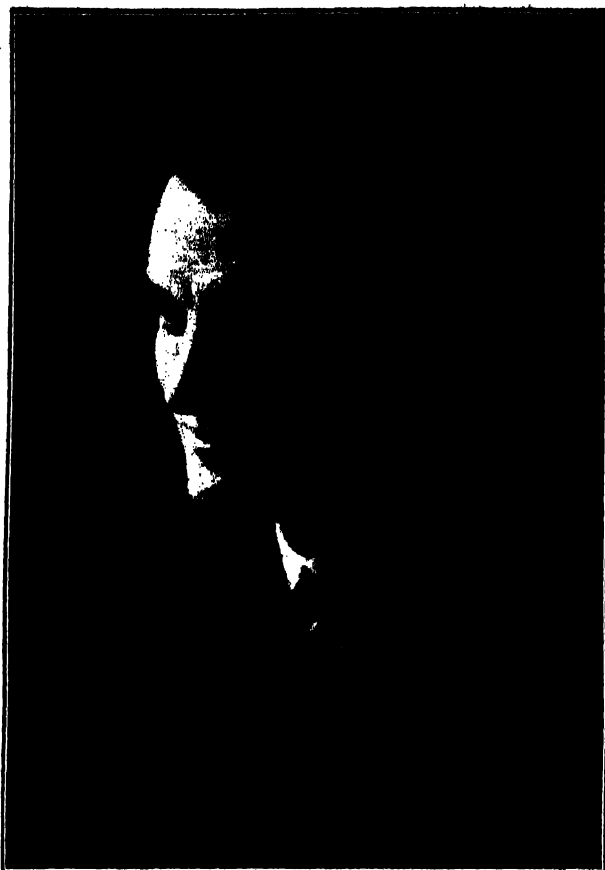
The longer I live the more certain I become that no author is a reliable critic of his own work. He is too intimate with it to be impartial; he can no more really judge it than he can see in the glass what he looks like to other people. He is influenced in his opinion—if it may be called that—by the circumstances in which his book was written, perhaps by the fact that it embodies some specially cherished idea; by personal affections and prejudices that can count for nothing in any final estimate of his art. He is as unreliable when he disparages as when he praises what he has done. Shakespeare could say confidently in one sonnet that neither marble nor the monuments of princes should outlive his rhyme, but in another he has lost that certainty and is desiring "this man's art and that man's scope." Which of Keats's two death-bed utterances

are you to take as representing his considered judgment—"I think I shall be among the British poets after my death," or "Here lies one whose name was writ in water"?

All this is not a matter of reason with them, but merely of moods, and it is only the smaller author who holds a consistently high opinion of his achievements. Poor Southey, you know from his letters, was self-assured that his unreadable epics were going to share the immortality of "Paradise Lost"; but they are all dead, and he is living on little or nothing now but his Life of Nelson. I don't remember that Lamb had any extravagant faith in his genius, and am pretty sure that most of his greater and all his more popular contemporaries would be considerably astonished if they could come back to-day and see what a full measure of glory haloes the brow of St. Charles. Coleridge and Wordsworth loved the man, but I don't think they quite realised his greatness; I doubt whether Hazlitt ever expected to rank below him, and obviously Southey (who condescended to him as to Shelley) did not. For authors are almost as fallible in judging others as in judging themselves; and so are some critics.

I will confess to a dreadful suspicion that there was something rather ridiculous in the overpoweringly solemn attitude that several of the great Victorian poets and men of letters assumed toward literature and their individual gifts. Tennyson, Swinburne, Carlyle, for instance, ostentatiously held aloof from average humanity and would, in a most superior manner, snub any misguided innocent who was foolish enough to allow his admiration to carry him the length of seeking an interview with his idols, or even peering over a fence at them. Their habits of sitting often for their portraits, which were duly exhibited, of printing their names on title pages and yet pretending to hide from the public very naturally stimulated the curiosity they loftily affected to despise. People did not hunt Browning and William Morris like that; although they also could write poetry, they did not therefore shut themselves off from friendly human beings who could not. It used to be said slightly of Browning that he was an incorrigible diner-out; anyhow, he did not follow Tennyson's lead and go about dressed like a stage brigand and then profess annoyance because he could not evade the gaze of the vulgar, and it seems likely that, in the long run, Browning will prove to have been the greatest of them all.

On the whole, the only positive significance to be attached to an author's opinion of himself is that when he is contented with his accomplishment, and feels he ought to be above criticism, it is a sign that he has done growing. It would be easy to name young and old contemporary writers who have



Mr. J. Middleton Murry.

written in 1914-15. After that, he was for four years busy in the War Office; then for a year and a half as an editor but he found time to write the articles he has collected in "Aspects of Literature" (Collins) and "The Problem of Style" (Oxford Press), and some poems which, as "Poems, 1916-1920," were published last year by Cobden-Sanderson. Last summer, finding himself with a little more leisure, he began to wonder whether he could not,

reached that stage; and easy to name as many who are self-critical enough to be aware of their literary shortcomings, and courageous enough to point them out; and one or two who have the even rarer virtue of being ready to acquiesce when a reviewer does that for them.

One of these is Mr. Middleton Murry, whose second novel, "The Things We Are," is reviewed on another page. In the *Athenæum*, which he edited, and as a contributor to other journals, he has shown himself a critic of discernment, and he can be as frankly critical of his own as of other books. His first novel, "Still Life," was

in the form of a novel, record the effect of the war upon what he regards as typically modern minds, and this was the genesis of "The Things We Are." It was written very quickly—much too quickly he thinks now—for it was finished in two months, and he admits that he is not pleased with it, yet "I believe there is something in it," he says, "and at any rate, it has served its purpose of showing me my weak places."

He went on to say, when I was asking him about it, "If I were criticising myself, I suppose I should own that the real weakness

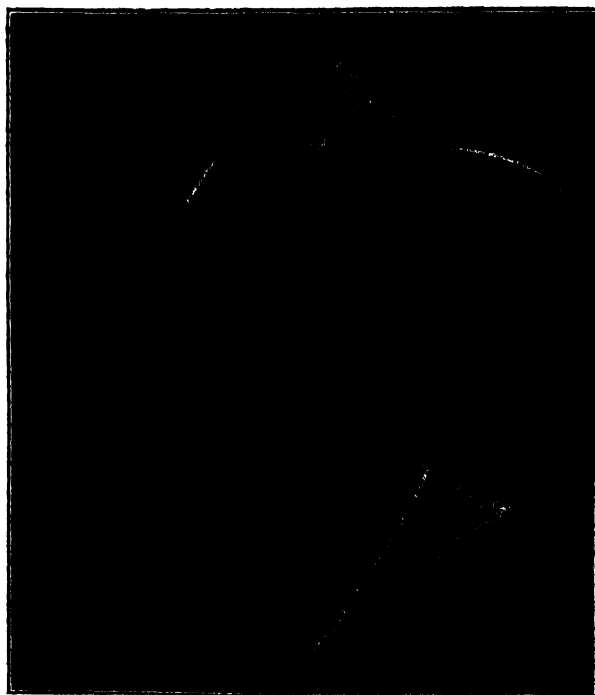


Photo by Maull & Fox.

The late Gertrude Page
(Mrs. R. A. Dobbin).

A special article on Gertrude Page and her work appeared in THE BOOKMAN for January last.

of all my work is the incomplete fusion between the critical (or philosophical) idea and the sensuous expression. The result is that it is always overcharged; it never has (or very seldom has) the lucidity necessary to a work of art. My problem is to find a simple expression for complicated and sometimes intangible thoughts. Whether I shall ever succeed I don't know. Until I do, the most I feel inclined to claim for myself is sincerity. I have always tried to express what seemed to me to be the truth. I have never thought of pleasing anybody except myself and most important exception my wife (Katherine Mansfield) who is the finest critic by far I know."

Other critics have been less exacting, and Mr. Murry is as likely to be wrong as right in this dissatisfaction with himself, but, anyhow, if he is wrong it is in the right way. He is at present engaged on three books: a novel of modern life, which he thinks of calling "The Experimentalists"; a fantastic, philosophical story, probably to be named "The Sultan Bâb"; and a book about Shakespeare on which he has been working intermittently for a long while.

None of our younger women poets has done finer work than Miss Muriel Stuart, who is a long way yet from receiving the recognition she deserves. The essentially modern feminine spirit has its truest poetical interpreter in her, and I am surprised to

be told for I had not noticed it—that her two volumes, "Christ at Carnival" (Jenkins) and "The Cockpit of Idols" (Methuen), were boycotted by some of our leading literary journals—why, is more than I can understand. I am

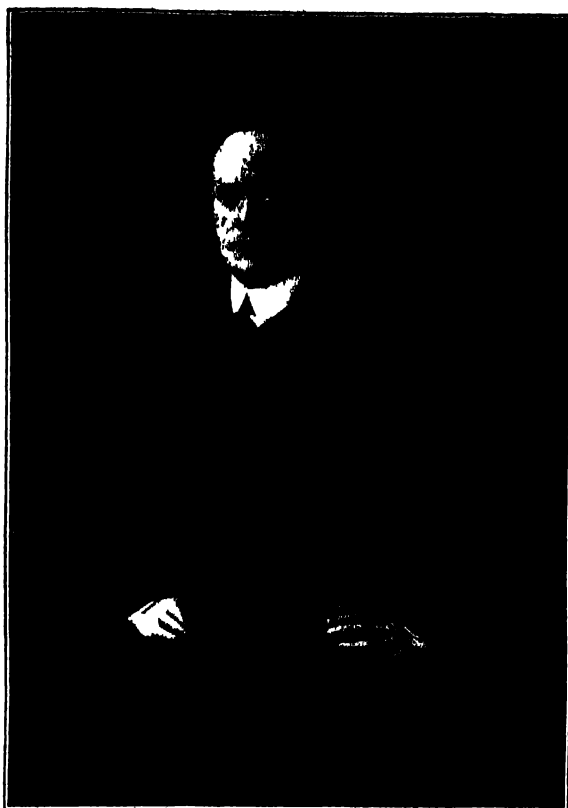


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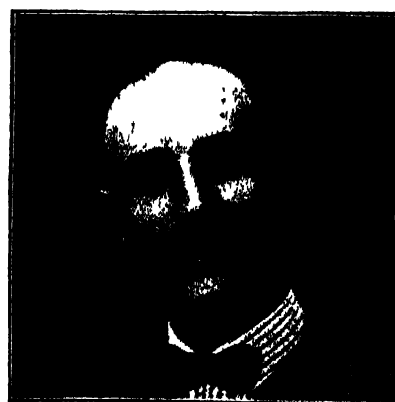
Benjamin Swift
(Mr. W. Romaine Paterson).

was educated at St. George's School in that city, and went for a year to Somerville College, Oxford, where she read for History honours, but, owing to health and family reasons, left without taking her degree. She has contributed stories to the magazines, and written a good deal of verse for *Punch*, the *Saturday Westminster* and *The Poetry Review*. Miss Orr agrees with Hugh Walpole that this is the romantic age and has no liking for the patient photography of the realist. "I am interested," she says, "in all attempts to revive a really worthy national literature and drama, not necessarily in the Scots dialect, but possessing that essential quality of race which is so apt to be lost in these cosmopolitan times. I should like to do for the Scottish Lowlands what Sheila Kaye-Smith, for example, has done for Sussex."

I have been asked and have asked myself from time to time in the last few years, "What's become of Benjamin Swift?" Before the war, he had established a reputation with that brilliant series of novels which began with

glad to hear that she has collected her later work into a book which, under the plain title of "Poems," will be published next month by Messrs. Heinemann.

A new novelist who is winning golden opinions is Miss Christine Orr; her "Kate Curlew" has been received with something like enthusiasm. She was only eighteen when she wrote that charming story, "The Glorious Thing," and just twenty-one last year when she finished "Kate Curlew." She has been writing ever since she was a very small person, and owns that Stevenson has always been her master. The only child of Sheriff R. S. Orr, K.C., of Edinburgh, she

**Miss Christine Orr.**
Author of "Kate Curlew" (Hodder & Stoughton).Photo by
Elliott & Fry.**Mr. Arthur Mills.**
whose new novel, "Pillars of Salt," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.



Mr. Denis Crane.

"Nancy Noon," in 1896; then suddenly he fell silent, and for long past no new fiction has come from his pen. The explanation is what one might have expected: he joined up, and found his war-time duties left him neither the mood nor the leisure for writing stories. After the Armistice he was appointed to the Rhine-land High Commission as Head of the Translation Bureau, and was only demobilised on his return home

last year. Then he sat down to resume the career that the war had interrupted, and has now completed a new novel, "Sudden Love," which will be published in a few weeks by Thornton Butterworth. He has placed his scenes

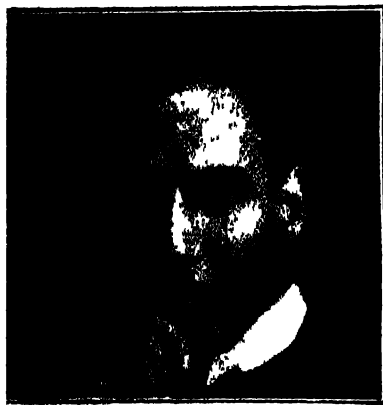


Photo by J. Chivers, Bristol.

Mr. Harold Downs.

in a small French town during the war, but the war forms only a background for a story that is, I think, simpler in style and more romantic in theme (for I have read it in manuscript) than any he has yet written. It is more or less of an open secret that "Benjamin Swift" masks the identity of Mr. W. Romaine Paterson. He is engaged on another novel, of which I may give no details at present, and hopes to have finished it by the autumn.

The humorist is never honoured so much as he ought to be; if you want the public to take you

seriously you mustn't make it laugh. Most intelligent men who make up their minds to it can write a good novel, but none by taking thought can become a humorist. If he is not born with a sense of humour nobody can inoculate him with it. Everybody claims to be born with that, yet humorous writers are the rarest kind of author. They are much scarcer than poets, for we never get more than one new one at a time. The newest is Ben Travers, who arrived last year with "The Dippers," which was published by John Lane. He might have arrived earlier, for he is now in his thirties, but he

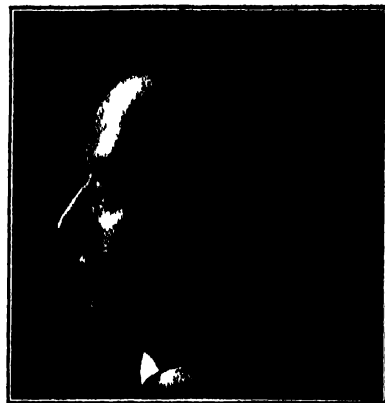
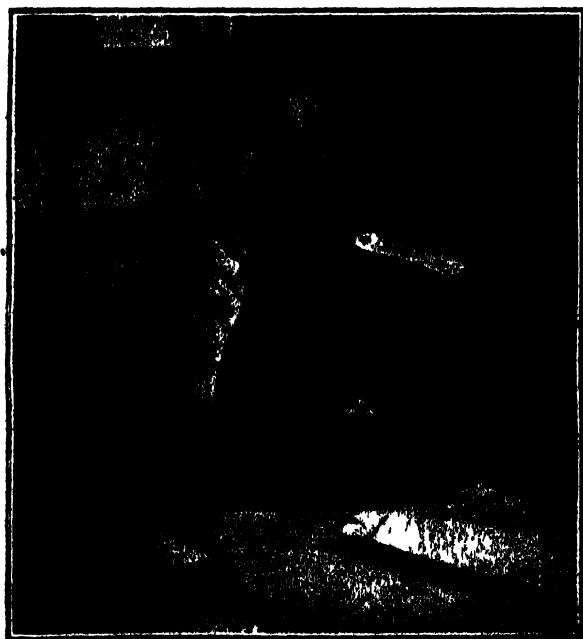


Photo by Nina Whiting.

Mr. Sydney Horler.

was on active service all through the war, finishing as a Major in the R.A.F., and could not take up his pen until he had laid down his arms. He thinks, as I do, that "the humorous side of literature is sadly neglected in these days, when it is surely wanted if ever it was." With "The Dippers" Mr. Travers scored an immediate success; he has now dramatised the story and it was produced by Mr. Cyril Maude at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, a fortnight ago, and has started on a triumphal tour to nine of the great provincial centres. His new book, "A Cuckoo in the Nest," is reviewed somewhere else in this Number, so I shall say no more of it than that I have not laughed so much over any story for at least a year.



General Nikolai Golovin.

author of "The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century" (Gyldenst).

Denis Crane, who has another name in private life and is known as the author of three or four admirable books, has written in "The Boys' Book of Canada," which Wells, Gardner are to publish, a romance of travel and history that makes such a living picture of the great Dominion as will appeal especially to all readers of from fifteen to twenty. Mr. Crane knows Canada from end to end. Five times he has travelled from coast to coast and back, and journeyed thousands of miles away from rail and road. Last time he took with him his son, a fourth form schoolboy, so that he might get actual impressions of Canada as a boy sees it. In a little over four months they covered over 18,000 miles. In a word, the book reveals the present-day romance of Canada as a natural outgrowth of the romance of Redskin and Bison days. That son of Mr. Crane's, by the way, is now under Cecil Roberts on the staff of the *Nottingham Journal*.

"The Aylesburys," a three-act play by Harold Downs, will be the next addition to C. W. Daniel's "Plays for a People's Theatre" series. Mr. Downs, who is the editor of *Pitman's Journal* and other Pitman publications, is keenly interested in various educational movements, and a popular lecturer on Modern Drama and the Stage. Three years ago he founded the Bath Playgoers Society, of which he is the hon. secretary.

On a tramp through the United States into Canada, with Vachell Lindsay for travelling companion, Stephen Graham kept a chronicle of the journey which he wrote up from stage to stage, sitting by camp fires in the mountains, and under



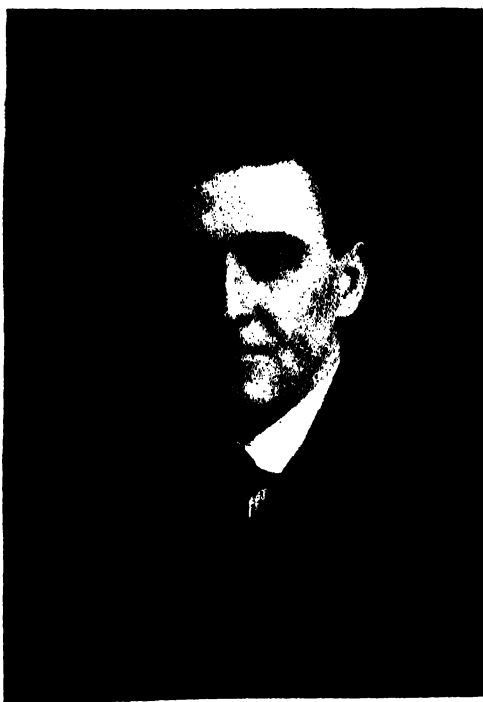
Miss Vere Hutchinson,

whose first novel "Sea-Wrack," Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing. Miss Hutchinson is a daughter of General H. D. Hutchinson, and sister of Mr. A. S. Hutchinson, the author of "If Winter Comes."

tion, should expect her art to be received by Germany, but in every town, before the end of the evening, the singer and the songs had overcome this. In Vienna the reception was particularly cordial. Miss Greville had to give no less than seven encores at the conclusion of her programme, and was specially engaged for the Philharmonic

Concert three days later. The leading baritone of the Vienna Opera stood down in order that this invitation might be possible.

It must be a year or so ago since I first noted Sydney Horler on the horizon, and hailed him as a very promising new writer who was devoting himself to stories of sport—especially to football stories. He has been writing now for three years, and wrote his first story while he was in the Army, prompted by sheer desperation and the need of adding to his very modest pay as a private. "I wrote stories of all kinds," he says, "before I found my particular line. I



Mr. Eric Leadbitter.

whose new novel, "Dead Reckoning" (Allen & Unwin), is reviewed in this Number.

became fascinated by professional football, and was amazed to find there was no imaginative literature on the subject, and resolved to do my best to fill the breach. We are the foremost sporting nation in the world, and football is a game that interests millions of people. In America the writer of sporting tales has his definite place, in England nobody seems to trouble about him, and I determined to see if I could not fight that prejudice or inertia." And he looks like making good. His first full-length football novel, "Goal!" had a capital reception; he has contributed football and other sport stories to many of the magazines, two serials to the *News of the World*, which are in course of being filmed, and a football novel of his, "A Legend of the League," has just been published by Hodder & Stoughton. He writes about sport simply because sport has become his chief hobby and passion, and he assures me he would as soon watch a football match as sell a new novel, but of course he would sooner do both.

Was the Washington Conference a masterly achievement in the way of eliminating all chance of an armed conflict in the Pacific? Some of us think so, but the Russian author, General N. Golovin, thinks otherwise, and in "The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century," which Messrs. Gyldendal are publishing, he tells us why. He foresees trouble from the imperative need for expansion that exists in Japan and, however that may be, he writes with such intimate knowledge and authority that none concerned can afford to overlook his contribution to this all-important subject. The same firm has in hand "Life," a new novel by Johan Bojer, and "Frozen Justice," a story of Alaska, by the well-known author-explorer, Ejnar Mikkelsen.

THE BOOKMAN.

As we go to press I learn, with very much regret, of the death of that clever young Canadian novelist,

Miss Marjorie Pickthall, a portrait of whom, with a note on her career, appeared in last month's BOOKMAN

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

It is a good many years since Mr. Charles G. Harper's 'The Brighton Road,' the first in his series of anecdotal and pictorial narratives of The Highways of England, made its appearance. It is over twenty years since it was

reissued in a second edition, revised and brought up to date. Many things have happened since then; new history of one sort and another has been made along the Brighton road, the motor-car has arrived on it, the road itself and its landmarks have undergone various changes, and again Mr. Harper has revised his book and, largely rewritten and reillustrated, a very attractively produced new edition of it (7s. 6d. net) has been published by Mr. Cecil Palmer. The road has been the scene of many horse, foot and cycle races, it has associations with numerous famous persons, such as Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, the Prince Regent, Rowlandson (several of whose drawings are reproduced), Cobbett, Dick Turpin, Harrison Ainsworth, Mark Lemon, Tom Cribb, Tom Sayers and other gentlemen of the 'fancy,' who fought some of their notorious battles on commons or in fields that the road



The late Mr. Ernest A. Vizitelly.

the distinguished war correspondent and first English translator of Zola.

(From a caricature by Tom Hunt.)

passes. Here are anecdotes of these and many another; tales of old coaching days and of coaching notabilities, and all manner of topographical information and miscellaneous gossip concerning the towns, villages and hamlets with which the road is fringed. A useful guide-book, it makes most fascinating reading and is copiously illustrated with Mr. Harper's own delightful drawings, and with old prints. The traveller along the Brighton road will find his journey made easier and immensely more interesting if he carries this entertaining and reliable handbook along with him, and for those going in other directions the stories of sixteen other roads, revised and largely rewritten, are to follow in the same series.

"The Closing Gates," by Winifred F. Peck (7s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton) is a post-war novel that depends for its interest on its entire naturalness and its relation to present-day problems. Husband and wife—married on the verge of his departure to France—take up life together

after the Armistice to face the difficulties youth has had to face since 1918. Nerve-racked, workless, harassed by the house-shortage, these two drift apart, as others have done, and many a young couple will see in the story of the drifting a chronicle of their own struggles and disappointments. The long shadow of the war is thrown down the years, and the fate of Celia Hertford, her husband, her girlhood's lover, and her friend, Mabel Lowell, keep us intensely and unflaggingly interested. The characters are

drawn with quite exceptional ability; the author has evidently a keen understanding of the ordinary man and woman—the ordinary man and woman who is such a queer mixture of greatness and littleness. "The Closing Gates" is an admirably written and poignant romance that will appeal strongly to those who have a taste for realism in fiction—healthy and vigorous realism, untainted with any hint of sordidness. It is a tale of the times, and one that will outlast the times.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

M. LEONORA EYLES.

THERE was a time—not so very long ago—when to sit in the waiting-room of a publisher was to me as painful as a visit to a conscientious dentist. But suddenly, in January, 1919, a book I had written got talked about and mightily abused, and I found myself the author of a *succes de scandale*. Publishers before whom it had been my custom to prostrate myself now became friendly; avariciously so. They held out arms of welcome. But I was already engaged to work for my generous friend, Mr. Grant Richards, and it was in Mr. Richards's waiting-room with its gay Phil May drawings that I met Mrs. Leonora Eyles, the author of "Margaret Protests" and "Captivity," the latter of which has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann.

That January afternoon three years ago stands out very clearly in my memory. Mrs. Eyles and I began to talk. She had written a novel, and as I drew her on to tell me about it I became aware that she was in a state of profound nervous agitation and apprehension, controlled resolutely by a stern, practised will. She believed in her book: it was packed with life, her own life. But Mr. Richards, having read the MS., had asked her to alter it, tone it down, and use her blue pencil, for it was the kind of story that describes the things that are allowed to happen in real life, but must not be presented to the world in print. She had done all that had been required of her by Mr. Richards, and had now called for his decision. I did not know then what I learned later—that, having no money, she had walked all the way to St. Martin's Street from Peckham, and was prepared to walk back again. Did I think Mr. Richards would take her book? If he did, how long would it be before it was published? And when it was published, would it be likely to get to the

right people—the people whom it might help? She wanted so ardently to help the world, she said. So many people hadn't a chance. Children—tens of thousands of little mites—all helpless—women as well, driven down and down by circumstance—and men imprisoned in life somehow. Everybody was imprisoned. Life was hard, terrible, scarcely to be lived save by the brave. She so very much wanted to heal the wounded, support the sick. That was why her book had been written. It was part of herself—a close part—that she was giving to the world. *Did I think Mr. Richards would accept the book?* It mattered so much to her. . . .

I looked into an eager, thin face and, though knowing nothing of her writing, felt that if she had not already written a fine and noble book she would probably do so some day. In answer to my questions she told me she had three children and that her husband was at home desperately ill and unlikely to recover. She won upon me with her nervousness, her humility and her pride. It is my way to be frank at the very outset; she returned frankness for frankness, confidence for confidence. But she was called away in the middle of a sentence, and I had only time to whisper "Good luck!" as she brushed past me.

I was older than Mrs. Eyles, and as she went into the inner room I was already condoling with her in my heart. In my early twenties I had written three full-length novels and had failed to find a publisher for one of them. I knew that the first novels of inexperienced writers were almost invariably rejected by one publisher after another. And I feared that her young eagerness, her desperate desire to serve, and her suppliant attitude towards fate were about to be



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. M. Leonora Eyles.

bruised and checked by circumstance. "But," said I to myself, "if she fails here, she will succeed elsewhere. It is only a matter of time. Let her endure a little more; she will eventually arrive."

She did. Six months later "Margaret Protests" was published, but not by Mr. Richards. When, quite recently, I asked Mr. Richards what precisely was his reason for refusing the book, he replied: "I don't quite know. The story was strong, it was desperately sincere, and it was original. But, Cumberland, you know how sensitive I am to handwriting, and how I accepted your 'Set Down in Malice' simply and solely because your handwriting is so beautiful. Well, Mrs. Eyles's novel was a startling performance, but her calligraphy was neither pleasing nor gracious." I looked at him in surprise. "But," I objected, "her book was typewritten; she always works straight on to the machine; and she invariably types all her letters." He smiled ruefully. "Yes, yes, I know. Are you coming out for lunch?"

Mrs. Eyles sent me an early copy of her book. I read half of it and felt appalled by the stark revelation of an underworld of which I had only hearsay knowledge. I remember closing the book at somewhere about the hundredth page and telling myself it was impossible to read more, so searing was the effect of what the writer had made me feel and see. Many vignettes had been burned into my brain by a mordant, unsparing acid. I could see terrible things. But I went back to "Margaret Protests," and finished it. With the entire story in my mind, I could regard it as a whole, and I recognised that in spite of some crudity, many errors, and much stark horror, the book was a thing of beauty. It had a soul. Something shone from it; it was lit up by an internal fire.

The book, it will be remembered, was widely discussed. Some of the libraries banned it. But it found its way to the right people, and by the "right people" I mean those who are brave enough to read of a side of life that is terrible and full of awe. Critics of high distinction gave it their praise. But here and there was silence. There always is silence here and there when a book of this kind, flaming and invincible, is published. Grinding poverty, base deeds, crime, hunger of body, starvation of soul, crippled faculties, wild agonies and desperate and despairing loves—these do not make "pleasant" reading when they are presented by a pen that spares nothing that the truth may be made known.

A year ago Mrs. Eyles sent me the manuscripts of her second and third novels; six months later came the manuscripts of her fourth, fifth and six books. Though only two of these have yet been issued—"Captivity" by Messrs. Heinemann and "The Woman in the Little House" by Mr. Grant Richards)—the publication of all the remainder has been arranged for. Six books in two years! And, in addition, some twenty pot-boiling novelettes, fifty or so newspaper articles, a few pamphlets on psycho-analysis, much verse, and a great amount of hack work of various descriptions.

Some litigation and disagreement—now happily settled—have postponed the publication of Mrs. Eyles's novels, but a copy of "Captivity" now lies before me. During the last three months I have read it thrice.

Mrs. Eyles has frequently described it to me as "propaganda." She is wrong. It is a work of art. Like "Margaret Protests" much of it has been torn from her own life, but it has been fashioned with the utmost care; its proportions are admirable; its architecture is perfect. The dark, brooding opening blossoms out into scene after scene of struggle and pain, of wild hope and wilder despair; truth is sought and, after great effort, is found; and the book closes on a deep chord in which all the contradictions and discords of life are resolved, and in which joy and pain blend so miraculously that the listener knows not which is gladness and which is sorrow.

"Captivity" is a study of alcoholism—a study in which alcoholism is beaten. Alcoholism is shown to be not a "weakness" or a vice, but merely a disease. It is, of course, so regarded by all psychologists in these days; but the general public, confusing it with the occasional drunkenness of the self-indulgent drinker, looks upon its victims with scorn and contempt. Marcella marries Louis out of pity. In her psychology pity is so akin to love that the two are inseparable. The life of a woman married to a dipsomaniac whom she loves is more terrible than has been told in fiction. Mrs. Eyles touches comparatively lightly on the sufferings of Marcella; but she broods yearningly and pityingly over Louis.

It must not be imagined for a moment that we have here the old-fashioned (and usually very false) story of the bad, headstrong man rescued by the love of a devoted woman. Marcella is more doctor and nurse to Louis than a lover. When his alcoholism is cured she no longer loves him, for her pity has ebbed with his increasing health: he, able to stand alone, demands from her nothing more. Immersed in his medical studies in Edinburgh, he writes: "A man with a man's job to do can't have time for the softness of women about him." Each is happy living apart from the other. What then has bound them together? Nothing save Marcella's divine pity and Louis's dependence upon her for everything, even for the means of livelihood. Louis cured, Marcella is glad to die. Such a relationship continued throughout a long novel scarcely makes for romance of the sugary kind, and if anyone picks up "Captivity" in the expectation of finding all the dim lights and low whisperings and shadowy secrets of love, he will be bitterly disappointed. Nevertheless, the book is romantic through and through. It is the history of a soul and the romance is finely spiritual in spite of its multitudinous but necessary details of sordid materialism. The figure of Professor Kraill comes comet-like and lustrous into Marcella's life; her rejection of him is but another example of her inability to lose one of her ideals.

Mrs. Eyles's thesis is the old dauntless one so rarely displayed in modern art—that courage and faith are everything in life; that failure, though it come a thousand times, is never to be accepted as failure; that faith must shine serenely through all disasters; and that it is the endeavour, the aim, that counts and not the achievement. If ever there was a time when the world was in need of that gospel, that time is now.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

THE READER.

R. L. S. AND THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

BY HUGH RODGER.

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson was preparing his "Record of a Family of Engineers," he made search into the history of his own forbears as far back as the seventeenth century, tracing them to the West of Scotland. In doing so he lighted upon a sound old Covenanter named John Stevenson, who left behind a quaintly-written piece of autobiography: "A Rare Soul-Strengthening and Comforting Cordial for Old and Young Christians."

John Stevenson fought at Bothwell Bridge, but outlived the "killing time" to tell his story of many a hairbreadth escape and weird adventure.

The possibility of some connection between "that eminently pious man" and R. L. S., best beloved of writing men and prince of vagabonds, is an interesting line of conjecture, which in turn tempts our investigation into other bonds of kindred between our master craftsman and the Covenanting writers.

It is true that when he alludes to John Stevenson's booklet and transcribes some notable passages from it, R. L. S. comes to the conclusion with evident reluctance that this bearer of the family name who held high the banner of the Covenant was not a direct ascendant of his own. "John the land labourer," he says, "is the one living and memorable figure, and he alas! cannot be more than a mere collateral." Once more he makes the reluctant confession: "John the land labourer is debarred me, and I must relinquish from the trophies of my house his 'Rare Soul-strengthening and Comforting Cordial.'"

We gather from another source, however, that Stevenson did not give up all claim to connection with the Carrick Covenanter. In one of his letters to another namesake, J. Horne Stevenson, a trained genealogist, he writes: "Your information as to your own family is intensely interesting, and I should not much wonder but what you and we and old John Stevenson, land labourer in the parish of Dailly, came all of the same stock."

The final resting-place of "John the land labourer" is in Old Dailly Kirk-yard, a quiet little burial-ground

that lies embosomed in the picturesque valley of the Girvan. It is overshadowed by venerable trees and bounded on one side by Penquhapple Burn, whose brown waters witness to its birth among the moorlands. The place is fragrant with Covenanting memories,

like many another spot in that ancient kingdom of Carrick—from which, by the way, the Prince of Wales, as heir to the crown of Scotland, derives one of his titles.

This part of Ayrshire, lying to the south of the "bonnie Doon," is not only the region

"Where Bruce once ruled his martial ranks
And shook his Carrick spear,"

but the scene of memorable struggles centuries later which raged around the Covenant. Saunders Peden made this country-side ring with his prophetic voice, and other outlawed preachers held conventicles on its bare hill slopes or in secluded glens.

Old Dailly Kirk-yard, with its ivy-clad ruin, contains several memorials of the "Mountain men," whose

bodies were laid here to rest in the dark, yeomen and peasants who yielded life itself "for their adherence to the word of God and the covenanted work of reformation." And, as if by way of contrast, this peaceful sleeping-place has reminders of things more modern. Affixed to the ruined building is a profile in bronze of William Bell Scott, author of "Poems of a Painter," whose dust lies in the vault near by. It was of him A. C. Swinburne wrote the lines:

"Dead on the breast of the dying year,
Poet and painter, our friend thrice dear
For love of suns long set, for love
Of song that sets not with sunset here."

But our attention is mainly arrested by the obelisk, with sword and Bible engraven on it, which has been raised by the people of the neighbourhood to the memory of John Stevenson. Doubtless that old Scots worthy would have been long since forgotten had he not written the sturdy little volume of some sixty pages, over which our stylist lingers with a love that cannot be hid. Its annals of the "various tentations, necessities and distresses" which befell the Covenanting Stevenson



Sketch pain

R. L. Stevenson.

Sir W. Blake Richmond.

are charged with a wealth of human interest that will not easily die. Other thrilling adventures and experiences equal in wonder to those recorded in "A Family of Engineers" might be cited in plenty. Hardships patiently endured, escapes cleverly effected, ruses employed time and again to outwit the pursuing soldiers—all are narrated as if they were matters of everyday occurrence.

It must be confessed that some of the tales told by honest John are coloured by more than a dash of the superstitious and the uncanny. Especially when they relate to his personal encounters with the Adversary, who to him was a most tangible and potent personality.

In one of his many fragments of realistic description John tells how on a certain occasion Satan sought to fright him from his prayers. First, a voice like the groaning of an aged man was heard on the other side of the hedge where no man could be, for over there was a great stank or pool; then came a roaring noise like the bellowing of a bull, and that very loud. The Enemy seemed to be skulking about the hedge toward the door of the summer-seat, still bellowing as he came. "After that," to use the Covenanter's own words, "he made a noise just like a mastive dog in great trouble. This was not so terrible to me as the other; I got some courage, and having a stick in my hand I resolved to stand still, to see if he appeared to me in any shape; but instead of that he went past into a place hard by full of nettles, and there groaned as formerly. I heard him very distinctly and composedly; yet I thought I would go in and think what could be the meaning of this dispensation."

There are weird stories also of what the Covenanter calls "some exercises of soul he had met with in his pilgrimage." These are mystic struggles and experiences which, explain them as we will, were certainly very real to him. And after making every allowance for the superstitions of his day, for occasional flights of fancy on his part, and for the undoubted possession of a romantic touch in narration, John Stevenson has striking instances to give of "remarkable providences he was trysted with, and many of them the return of



Old Dailly Kirk-yard.

there is another and a more noteworthy reason. From his earliest days, when under the tutelage of his beloved "Cummie," young Stevenson's mind was imbued with the literature of the Covenant; and all through the wanderings that led him so far away, mentally as well as physically, from the influences of his "Covenanting childhood," a lurking fondness for such writings is continually cropping up. Alison Cunningham had early introduced him to "Wodrow's History" and "Peden's Life," to "The Cloud of Witnesses" and in all probability to "The Cameronian's Dream." It was the last-named sketch, written in rhyme by an Ayrshire shepherd, which, Stevenson himself confesses, made the most indelible impression on his fancy and first awakened in his heart the sentiment of romantic Scottish history.

But it might almost be claimed that such predilections were bred in the bone; for, apart from his father's ancestry, on his mother's side appears James Balfour, of St. Giles' the possibility is not remote of a connection with the redoubtable John Balfour of Burley. And was it not at Colinton Manse that the imaginative boy found his golden age? In this vicinity, where the Covenanters had rested on the night before their defeat at Rullion Green, he had lived and acted many an old-time scene afresh. "I skulked in my favourite wilderness like a Cameronian of the killing time, and John Todd was my Claverhouse and his dogs my questing dragoons."

Stevenson may afterwards have been ashamed of his first appearance in print at barely sixteen years of age, but the significant fact remains that its topic was "The Pentland Rising: a Page of History—1666." And this had been preceded, so he tells us, by a bulky historical romance, "The



Monument of John Stevenson, with the old tombstone behind it.

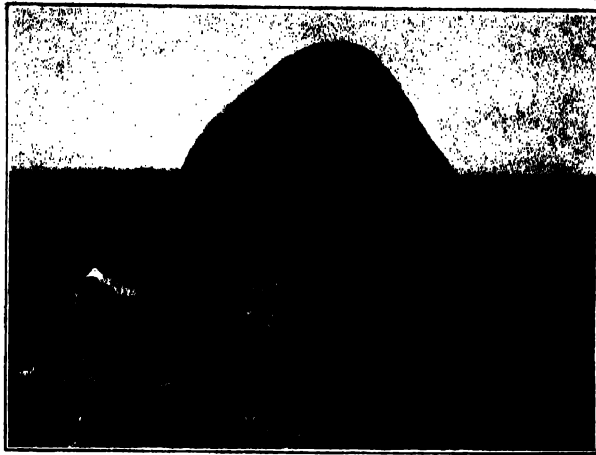
deleted from the world," on the self-same subject. Other reams of paper, to be doomed at last to the flames, were spent on "Rathillet," "The King's Pardon," and such-like themes.

The indebtedness of R. L. S. to the Covenanted writers has been pointed out by more than one of his critics and admirers. S. R. Crockett, for example, claimed that much of the keen incision and directness of Stevenson's style was due to his familiarity with Patrick Walker, the Cameronian pedlar, who wrote "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. Alexander Peden." We learn on the same authority that when R. L. S. was taxed with the fact he responded unblushingly with "Well, you're another!"

Dr. John Kelman has ventured so far as to assert that there is hardly a volume of Stevenson's which does not bear some traces of the romantic spell upon his mind of Scotland's Covenanted history. "Stevenson's books," he says, "are literally strewn with more or less conscious quotations and imitations of this literature." Or again: "Most of the peculiarities in the use of English which are apt to strike the reader as affectation are to be traced to this source."

But a testimony more arresting and fascinating still may be found in the author's own avowal. Toward the end of his career he wrote to his fellow-craftsman, J. M. Barrie:

"When I was a child, and indeed until I was nearly a man, I consistently read Covenanted books. Now that I am a grey-beard—or would be, if I could raise the beard—I have returned, and for weeks back have read little else but Wodrow, Walker, Shields, etc. Of course this is with



"Peden's Pulpit"
on the moor.

the idea of a novel, but in the course of it I made a very curious discovery. I have been accustomed to hear refined and intelligent critics—those who know so much better what we are than we do ourselves—trace my literary descent from all sorts of people, including Addison, of whom I could never read a word. Well, laigh i' your lug, sir—the clue was found. My style is from the Covenanted writers. Take a particular case—the fondness for rhymes. I don't know of any English prose writer who rhymes except by accident, and then a stone had better be tied around his neck and himself cast into the sea. But my Covenanted buckies rhyme all the time—a beautiful example of the unconscious rhyme above referred to."

It may indeed seem a long remove from the stern Scottish Covenanters to the gay romantic novelist; from John Stevenson, sleeping in Old Dailly Kirk-yard, to "Tusitala," laid to rest on the summit of a Pacific peak; but at the very core of things there is a closer likeness than might be supposed. Although centuries of time and worlds of thought apart, the nearer one gets to the heart's life of these two Scotsmen, the more heroic is the character, the simpler and clearer the vision.

Even in far-away Samoa Stevenson's mind turned oftentimes to the land that gave him birth, and to the brave men of the past whose nobility he justly appraised, and whose works have left an impress on his own masterly style. In his pathetic exile he recalled the scenes that are so rich in memories of other days:

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant, wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and homes of the silent, vanished races,
And winds austere and pure."

PEACE AND COLONEL REPINGTON.*

By STEPHEN MCKENNA.

READERS of Colonel Repington's latest volume must not be misled by the date on the wrapper: "1919 to 1921." The first entry is in fact on January 8th, 1921; and the diary is a record of succeeding missions undertaken at the suggestion of Lord Bunnham. "I felt the need of a wander-year," says the author, "in order to acquaint myself with the new personalities and new ideas which the great war-storm had thrown up to the surface of affairs in continental Europe." His missions took him, in the time of the world's greatest fermentation, to France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and, on the assembling of the Washington Conference, to the United States. He met, almost without exception, all the leading ministers, envoys, soldiers, financiers and publicists in the countries

visited; the "new ideas" were debated freely; and the diary contains a full, often a needlessly full, record of Colonel Repington's impressions of statesmen, states and state-craft.

The British are so well used to having their exchequer controlled by barristers and their admiralty by railway managers that they may feel little surprise at finding a military critic entrusted with the task of reporting on the peace conditions of Europe. Readers of "The First World War," however, may wish that this incomparable opportunity had been given to some one of less obviously limited vision. "Wrote an article on 'Trade or Victory,'" Colonel Repington recorded on December 26th, 1915. "It will make the Radical Press howl. But after all, if you give the army men you get victory, and if you keep them back for trade you don't get victory, and then eventually get no trade. Victory gives all. Q. E. D." Do you get victory by giving the

* "After the War." By Lieut.-Colonel Charles A'Court Repington, C.M.G. 2rs. (Constable.)

army men? Can you equip an army or maintain your exchanges or buy raw materials without trade? The man who writes himself down satisfied with such reasoning cannot expect to be regarded as a serious critic of politics or economics, two of the three chief subjects of study in this wander-year. The passage of time has brought neither wisdom of judgement nor temperance of speech. "Our politicians," Colonel Repington writes, March 12th, 1921, "have had one vitally serious domestic problem to settle in my lifetime, namely, Ireland, and they have completely failed in it for fifty years. Our army has had about fifty problems during the same period, and has solved them all. Of all the lower animals of creation the politician is the most ineffective." A course of military and political history would be a useful corrective to such wild generalizations.

Though Colonel Repington shews himself a master of condensation in packing so much prejudice and inaccuracy into so few words, he does not practise the same economy always. We are not spared a tribute to Sir Basil Zaharoff's cooking: "He has a special little dish made of transversely sliced bananas. They are cooked inside a *bainmarie* and kept constantly soaked by melted sugar poured over them. I hate bananas, but he made me try them. They were quite excellent"; and "the new personalities and new ideas which the great war-storm had thrown up" are veiled by a cloud of trifling details and irrelevant anecdotes. As in "The First World War" we have to struggle with such padding as "Went to lunch early with Lady Millicent Hawes, formerly the Duchess of Sutherland, and her new husband, Colonel Hawes, a very pleasant and nice-looking fellow. They both seem very happy." . . . With genial absence of reserve, one lady is exhibited to the public as "pretty and intelligent"; another as "a very nice girl with a real good heart." And this though we are told, March 6th, 1921, "One can bear almost anything except lack of taste."

When we are allowed to hear something of the new peace conditions in central and south-eastern Europe, the diary gives us the impressions of a trained and experienced observer; and these are likely to be of more permanent value than the endless conversations on international politics and finance. John Bright said of Grote that the worst of great thinkers was that they so

often thought wrong; and the impartial reader of these contemporary discussions must be appalled by the lack of political sense which the "new personalities" betray in their "new ideas." On such a subject as reparations it is impossible to find, in 1921, one man among Colonel Repington's many interlocutors who comes as near to the reality of politics as Mr. Maynard Keynes when he published "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" in December, 1919.

For this reason, the new diary creates a sense of hopelessness and unreality. While the war was being fought, a military critic's running commentary on it related to decisions that were being taken, battles that were being lost or won and ministries that were falling day by day. With the coming of peace, there is much talk of what has happened, what is happening, what is going to happen; but there is little development in fact, and the history of the last three years, meagre and obscure though it seems by comparison with that of the war period, has so often falsified the predictions of the prophets. The world has moved from conference to conference, there have been occasional revolutions or restorations, plebiscites or *Putschs*; but the general effect is one of international stagnation, as though the world were waiting to be galvanized.

Underlying all military and political considerations, in reality dominating them,

are questions of exchange, prices, indebtedness and labour, especially the reluctant return to work of war-weary men; with little more than a change of name, the conditions which Colonel Repington found in one country were reproduced in all. And the "new personalities" were alike in failing to put forth a new idea until President Harding issued his invitation to the Washington Conference. This is the last mission to be recorded in the diary; and we could have wished for a more thoughtful treatment of an assembly unique in the world's history if Mr. H. G. Wells had not already described it with so much imaginative enthusiasm in "Washington and the Hope of Peace."

It is inevitable that the record of so many journeyings should leave no room for such a picture of social life as was painted in "The First World War." This will not be resented by those who prefer their political and military criticism served separately from gossip about



Photo by Sport & General Agency.

Colonel Repington.

luncheons and week-end parties, though it may disappoint those ambitious women who hoped to win immortality through inclusion in Colonel Repington's pages. Of "The First World War" he writes, May 20th, 1921, "A few old cats have squalled privately. How ungrateful, when twenty years hence they will mostly be dead, leaving no memory except in my pages and on

a mouldy and neglected grave in some obscure churchyard." This tasteful phrasing from one who has already written, March 6th, 1921, "The war seems to have killed off every one except the vulgarians," must not be allowed to conceal the possibility that to some retiring spirits an obscure churchyard is preferable to unsought and unauthorized publicity.

HOW NOVELISTS DRAW THEIR CHARACTERS.

(Continued.)

BY J. D. BERESFORD, ETHEL SIDGWICK, W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, J. E. BUCKROSE AND GILBERT FRANKAU.

The three questions are (1) Do you generally draw your characters from models in real life? (2) Do characters so drawn seem more real in the story, or to yourself, than those that are purely imaginary? (3) Which is your own favourite among all the characters in your books?

MR. J. D. BERESFORD:

In answer to your questions:

(1) I have occasionally taken living people and tried to represent them in my novels.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. J. D. Beresford.

(2) In two cases my critics have praised characters "drawn from life," but on the whole I think that my imaginary people are more convincing both to myself and to my readers.

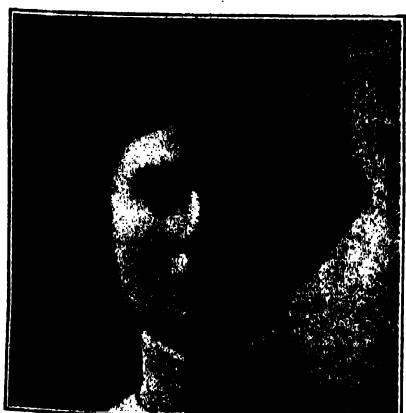
(3) Possibly Jacob Stahl. I know him better

than any other. He, by the way, was an abstraction.

J. D. BERESFORD.

MISS ETHEL SIDGWICK:

(1) If your question implies do I consciously paint portraits of actual persons—no, I have never done so



Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

but once, and then a very minor character. A character (being, of course, one of a scheme) must be born first after that traits from a living person, or type of person, may be added. Or it may happen that a certain colour of individuality or outlook may be borrowed from

life—that is the nearest I could ever approach to the "portrait" proper, which would hamper me extremely, as it would certainly throw out the scheme.

(2) No—not nearly so real.

(3) My favourite is the hero of the next book to be written or the heroine, never both. Unless I am actually writing, or preparing a sequel, when of course "present company" holds the field. I have of course a tender affection for early persons whom I printed: but I have given them away.

ETHEL SIDGWICK.

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM:

(1) I think as a rule my characters are suggested by some one I have known, but to say that I model them on definite living persons would be to exaggerate. I find that by the time I have finished with a character which has engaged my attention, very little is left of the original. It seems to me that very few persons stand so square on their own feet as to make them suitable for fiction.



Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

(2) I do not believe that such characters as I have modelled on actual persons are any more real to me than those I have devised out of my head for the purposes of my story. I do not see why they should be. On the contrary it seems to me that you will know more about a character that you have invented than you possibly can about one who is partially concealed from you by the stubbornness of fact.

(3) I think these two questions which you have put to me rather dull, but the third interests me, since on trying to answer it I have made a little discovery about myself which has given me a moment's surprise. When I look back upon the characters I have invented I find that I am less interested in those that play a leading part in my various novels than in the subsidiary ones. My recollection lingers with most pleasure on a youth called Gerald Vaudrey in "Mrs. Craddock" and on Thorpe Athelny in "Of Human Bondage." I think I liked them because they are gay, amusing and unscrupulous.

W. S. MAUGHAM.



Mrs. J. E.
Buckrose.

MRS. J. E. BUCKROSE:

(1) I have only modelled my characters on actual persons about twice in my life—once in the instance of a carrier and woman-preacher now dead, who could not read, but gathered from neighbours that I had been “making

game on her.” She was very angry until her minister—she was a noted Primitive Methodist—most kindly read the book aloud to her, when she expressed herself quite satisfied. As well she might be, for I had laid more stress on what I liked in her than on what was perhaps less admirable. She appears in an early novel of mine called “Voices.”

The one other—so far as I know—is the character of Sim Dummeris in my new novel “A Knight Among Ladies.” He did actually live in a remote country place where I used to stay a great deal when I was a little child, and as he has been gone twenty years, I felt I might employ my exact memories of him without hurting anyone.

(2) I could not say that the characters so modelled seem to me either more or less real than the wholly imaginary ones. Every single person who comes alive in my brain is as real to me as if I had actually encountered him or her in the flesh. I am not vain enough to assume that I always manage to convey this impression to others, of course; and there are naturally degrees of vitality among the children of my imagination, some doing as they like in spite of me,

while others prove more obedient. But if they cease to live before I have done with them—as has happened—I am obliged to give up writing the book, for the simple reason that I have nothing more to say, however much I may try to continue.

(3) I am sorry not to be able to answer the third question, because as soon as I think to myself, “That is my favourite,” I immediately remember another whom I love too—without any reference to their respective popularity. I can only suppose that it is the same sort of feeling that mothers have for their children, because I have a lingering and partial affection for the chief character in a little book—not a novel—which was the least liked by other people in general of anything I have written, and brought me neither money nor reviews.

J. E. BUCKROSE.

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU:

As I *never* model my characters but only the incidents which happen to them from life, the answer to your second query does not—as harassed Ministers say—arise.

Best of all characters in my books I like Aliette Brunton, but I could no more tell you why than any man could tell you why he falls in love with a woman.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Gilbert
Frankau.

GILBERT FRANKAU.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

“The Prize Page,” THE BOOKMAN, MESSRS. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. *Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original lyric*.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most ingenious short sentence made up entirely of the names of books, persons, places or things mentioned in the advertisement pages of this Number.
- IV. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

- I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Muriel Garbutt, of 43, Victoria Street, St. Albans, for the following:

THE PRINCESS IN THE GARDEN.

A crown of gold they wrought for her
From sunbeams caught a-straying,
Two little shoes of silver
From the starlight in the dawn;

A silken gown they wove for her,
And then for her arraying
They threaded all the diamonds
From the dew upon the lawn.

The roses in their envying
Stood silent, and the swaying
Of the lilacs ceased, snapdragons
Held their trumpets for a breath;
The beetles in their jackets
Lay arrested in their preying,
While jessamine hung fainting
In a garden still as death.

And, as she walked, the grace of her
Enchanted them to weeping;
Her gentle mien, the tenderness
Transparent in her face;
And from the garden crevices
They craned towards her, peeping,
The fairies who had fashioned her
From out a mortal race.

We also select for printing :

THOUGH YOU ARE DEAD.

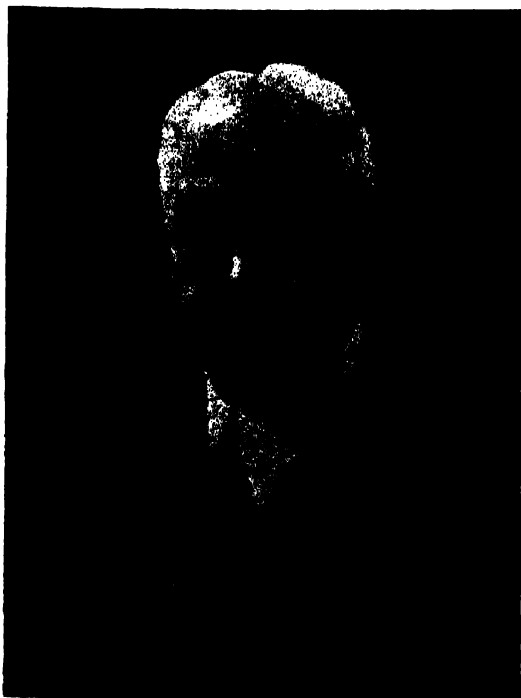
Life kisses all the buds to-day,
The rose's leaves are red
And warm and soft, like a young mouth,
Though you are dead.

That child has eyes like velvet bees
And this like starry skies;
Their cheeks and lips are flowers, their smiles
Are butterflies.

Each has a young bird in his throat,
Each has a shining head
That to his mother is the sun :
Though you are dead.

Oh, lay me in a darkened room—
I can no longer weep -
Let me forget all loveliness
And fall asleep.

(Julia Wickham Greenwood, The Haven, Gibraltar,
Spain.)



Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip.

whose new book, "What Next in Europe," has just
been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

THE GUEST.

There came one
day a guest, a
sudden guest,
To sit with me,
And sojourn in my
house a certain
while ;
Oh ! mystery
That at his coming
all should cease
to smile,
And with sad
quickness do all
his behest ;
That silences
should fall, and
misery

Of words torn bleeding from a tortured breast.

And flowers were brought for him, flowers all of white,
As pure and fair
As the untouched first falling of the snow ;
And everywhere
With him did awe and strait observance go,
Stillness and peace, and shadowing of the light ;
For as some great one was he tended there -
Some lord of gloom and woe, silence and night.

Death was my guest ; and ere he would depart,
And bid farewell
To this abode of unavailing tears,
He laid a spell
Of doom upon my house, my life, my years
Inexorable by any art ;
And now I know, ah ! me, I know too well
That Death being gone still dwells within my heart.

(A. J. Perman, Annandale, Merthyr Tydfil.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by
Egerton Calderwood (Leederville, West Australia), H. J.
Strand (Seaton), Mrs. Hope (Southwold), C. A. Macart-
ney (Vienna), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), B. Curtis
Brown (London, S.W.), Emily Anderson Rowland
(Montreal), Winnifred Tasker (Middleham), Gilbert
Quin (London, N.), C. E. Askew (Tipton), A. Howarth
(Port Elizabeth), Evelyn San Garde (Oswaldtwistle),
M. A. Granger (Golder's Green), Margery Constance
Nudd (Yiewsley), Alethea Chaplin (Hampstead), Amy
Kartzmark (Hamilton, Ontario), Edith Robin (Jersey),
Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolver-
hampton), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Arthur Crew
Inman (Boston, Mass.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.),
Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Margaret Aldridge (Harrow),
James Paton (Pietermaritzburg), John P. Jones (Bolton),
Marjorie Harwood (Bushey), Irene Jennings (Winder-
mere), Beatrice M. Hammond (South Hackney), George
Churchill (Edinburgh), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent),
K. Douglas (Ipswich), Liam P. Clancy (Tufnell Park),
Julian Romney (Stamford Hill), E. Hamilton Dicker
(Bournemouth), Vivien Ford (Baldock), John R. Stey-
dom (Cape Town), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow),
M. Foster (Travancore, South India), Phyllis M. Carver
(Birmingham), H. de Fleury (Tadworth), Florence
Deshrow (Lincoln), William Allington (Sydenham),
Phyllis Clark (West Kensington), Ella Rivers Noble
(Walthamstow), Montague Beauchamp (Honor Oak
Park), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quota-
tion is awarded to A. C. Marshall, of Oakleigh,
Corstorphine, Edinburgh, for the following :

WHAT BECAME OF MR. DESMOND. BY C. NINA BOYLE.
(Allen & Unwin.)

"Still the wonder grew."

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*.



Mr. Harvey O'Higgins.

new book, "From the Life," was published
last month by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

We also select for printing :

JANE JOURNEYS ON. BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.
(Appleton.)

"Where was her home?"

THOMAS HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*.

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington,
Manchester.)

THE PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION (Coué Method).

BY HARRY BROOKS. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 4.

(E. Fraser Brown, Norton House, Coventry.)

MEMOIRS OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim*.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

UNDYING MUSIC. BY L. G. MOBERLY.
(Ward, Lock.)

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

TENNYSON, *The Brook*.

(E. P. M. Adams, 13, Soudan Road, Battersea Park,
S.W.11.)

A JOURNEY IN IRELAND, 1921. BY WILFRID EWART.
(Putnams.)

"Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured."

W. S. GILBERT, *Lab Ballads* ("Etiquette").

(A. P. Pearson, 50, The Boulevard, Halifax.)

THE PROFITEERS. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"O the wild charge they made."

TENNYSON, *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE for the most effective phrase or sentence ending any English novel or play is divided, and Two NEW BOOKS each are awarded to Sidney Anderson, Restenneth, West Didsbury, and Dorothy Bowers, of Agincourt Square, Monmouth, both of whom sent the following :

... the shadows were creeping stealthily toward the setting sun. Presently Carter stood at his elbow again.

"The brig is beginning to forge ahead, sir," he said in a warning tone.

Lingard came out of his absorption with a deep tremor of his powerful frame like the shudder of an uprooted tree.

"How was the yacht heading when you lost sight of her?" he asked.

"South as near as possible," answered Carter. "Will you give me a course to steer for the night, sir?"

Lingard's lips trembled before he spoke, but his voice was calm.

"Steer north," he said.

Finis.

We specially commend the selections sent by Sidney J. Green (Leytonstone), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), A. G. McFadden (Bournemouth), James A. Richards (Tenby), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Miles March (Liverpool), K. M. Mills (Wanstead), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), Mrs. W. R. Fraser (Dulwich), W. S. Little (Dublin), Gertrude L. Hallott (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following :

BRIONY. BY CURTIS YORKE. (Hutchinson.)

The best thing about Briony is her name, which is pretty and uncommon. For the rest, she is a tiresome, vacillating egotist, drifting vaguely from one mode of living to another, proving herself equally incapable in each, yet always managing in some mysterious way to dress becomingly and expensively. In the end she marries the patient but plain-spoken Michael—a better lot than she deserves. This author takes the novel-writer's labours lightly but she has—perhaps unintentionally—drawn a certain type of modern girl with a good deal of truth.

We also select for printing :

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN.

BY MAY SINCLAIR. (Collins.)

This brilliant short novel is a masterly exposure of the evils resulting from false ideas of self-sacrifice. Harriett Frean, brought up by her mid-Victorian parents always to "behave beautifully," allows the man who loves her to marry her friend, thereby not only impoverishing her own life, but also wrecking the happiness of three others. Of commonplace intellect, feeble passions and limited outlook, she is anything but an attractive heroine, but Miss Sinclair's genius has made the story of this old maid's drab life absorbingly interesting, from the first impressions of babyhood to her death, in old age, under an operation.

(Winifred M. Davies, 44, Loudoun Street, Derby.)

THE GARDEN PARTY. BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD.
(Constable.)

This volume of short stories, or rather sketches, is the work of a great artist. Her sympathetic insight goes right down to the hearts and minds of the people she writes about. Mr. Parker, Miss Brill, and all the characters, of every class, are alive and real. Miss Mansfield *knows* them, and in her own inimitable way describes their inmost thoughts and feelings. With a turn of a sentence you have a picture before you. There is not a word too much, not a word too little. Though one is sometimes intrigued to know "what happened next," they are Life.

(Lilian M. Belletti, Selwood Lodge, Stanwell.)

BLACK BEAUTY. BY ANNA SEWELL. (Jarrolds.)

We extend a warm welcome to an old friend; the dress is new but the friend is unaltered; the fine old story enthralled the children of to-day as it did the boys and girls of yesterday. To read "Black Beauty" aloud is as much a pleasure for the "grown up" as for the youthful audience. The book is so excellent morally. Miss Sewell did untold good in the cause of the dumb friend of man. And never more than to-day, judging by our newspapers, did the lesson need learning that, "the righteous man is merciful to his beast."

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), H. A. Bush (Bolton), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), John Clough (Minehead), N. Evans (Brixton), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport), Jean Kemp (Aberdeen), Kathleen Rice (Harpندن), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), James A. Richards (Tenby), Beatrice Curtis Brown (London, S.W.), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), B. C. Hardy (Kensington), Anne M. Cook (Northampton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to H. W. Longbottom, 23, Oswald Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

THE CHRONICLES OF SIDNEY DARK: FROM THE BEGINNING TO HIS BOOK ON H. G. WELLS.*

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

MUCH has been written about every aspect of the body, brain, soul, heart and mind of H. G. Wells. He is a small man who has cut a very big figure in the world, and his enemies are almost as numerous as his friends. In due time—but I hope remote—he will be the central figure of several strenuous biographies. It may be that he will illuminate us with his own personal story, which would be a whacking book. In any event Sidney Dark's "The Outline of Wells" will remain a permanent record of all that Wells's extraordinary mentality stands for.

The key-note of the book is given in Dark's flashing subtitle, "The Superman in the Street." Other supermen are weakened by their detachment from their fellows; this superman is at one with ordinary mortals: "Intellectually, of course, H. G. Wells is immensely superior to the common rut of men. He is a born leader and inspirer of men, but—this is the point of outstanding importance—he remains a man of like passions with ourselves. . . . He belongs, as Dickens belonged, to the English lower-middle class. He is an articulate man of the people. . . ."

In a chapter of comparative criticism as sound as it is brilliant, Dark measures Wells with the greatest of his contemporaries—Thomas Hardy, Anatole France, Joseph Conrad, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Arnold Bennett. He contrasts the philosophies of these men of letters, and emphasises the point that while the world's leading writers are artists consciously or subconsciously, Wells's proudest boast is that he is a journalist, and is only concerned with the raw stuff of life:

"He has a genius for story-telling, but his novels have two very obvious purposes. The first purpose is to demonstrate some futility, some inane wastefulness, some unnecessary limitation of happiness and development consequent on the conventions, the customs and the laws of contemporary life. Each of his considerable novels is a crusade, a demonstration of wicked folly at which both the humanist and the scientist in Wells equally revolt. But the Wells novels are more than the bashings of a crusader. They are chapters in an elaborate intellectual and spirited biography."

The analysis of what, to Mr. Dark, are Wells's seven best books, is a subtle and valuable one. "Love and

* "The Outline of H. G. Wells." By Sidney Dark. 5s. (Parsons.)

Mr. Lewisham," "Kipps," "Tono-Bungay," "Anne Veronica," "The History of Mr. Polly," "The New Machiavelli" and "Marriage" are dealt with in a really masterly way.

It is on that sheerly Dickensian book, "Mr. Polly," that our critic lavishes his most generous praise. His only condemnation of this richly human volume is an affirmation:

"The end is inconclusive. But so far as our knowledge goes, the end is always inconclusive. We most of us spend our time 'expecting something'! And for most of us, as for Mr. Polly, 'it doesn't happen.'"

In reference to Wells's fantastic romances, founded on scientific imagining, Dark rightly stresses the point that the writer was a prophet. The Great War was in many respects a fulfilment of his vision, although the aeroplane and the airship did not play the supreme part in the struggle that they certainly will play in the next war, if human folly allows that to occur.

Wells as historian, as theologian, as educationalist, as statesman are fully and deeply dealt with. This "Outline" of Sidney Dark's

is full of substance. I venture to predict that the monograph will have a world-wide recognition in its concrete estimate of "the greatest intellectual force in the English-speaking world."

And now as to our critic himself. Many brilliant Fleet Street men are never known outside the Street; but Sidney Dark knows, and is known by, every one in journalism and literature. If he were not a writer he would be amply distinguished by his wit in conversation and as an after-dinner speaker. He is one of the half-dozen men in London who can be depended on for a brilliant speech in any emergency. He has none of the self-consciousness of the Englishman, which is accounted for by the fact that he is entirely Gallic in temperament and is of French descent. His earlier and more impressionable years were spent in Paris.

He joined the staff of the *Daily Mail* in 1899, contributing to it a famous feature in "Green-Room Gossip." Six months afterwards he blossomed into literary criticism with a column on "Books and Bookmen."

He left the *Mail* in 1901 to undertake publishing as managing director of the firm of Treherne and Company, and put some notable books to its credit.

The autumn of 1902 saw his return to daily journalism on the leader page of the *Daily Express*. For seventeen



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Sidney Dark.

years he turned out leaders with the stamp of literature on them on every subject under the sun, and was as much at ease in foreign as in home politics. He was literary editor and ran the piquant gossip column, christened by him "Cabbages and Kings." He did the book reviews and the theatres and acted on big occasions as Special Correspondent, among other occasions at the Paris Peace Conference, after the truce with defeated Germany. Lord Riddell, who was commander-in-chief of the big newspaper battalions, was so much impressed by Dark's astuteness and ability as a journalist that he secured him for Sir George Newnes's publications. After that Dark became associate editor with Wilfred Whitten of that most popular of bookish weeklies, *John O'London's*.

Dark has the *flair* of a great editor, and every man who has served under him has benefited by his tutelage. He has an unerring "news sense" and a capacity of transmitting his enthusiasm invaluable in the director of a staff. He has much of Henley's quality without Henley's obsession that strong drink made for strong writing all round.

I have met journalists who considered Sidney Dark a lazy man. Their misjudgment was founded on the fact that Dark can do more in two hours than the average man can do in eight. At present he is turning out 20,000 words a week while conducting his editorial duties and having an occasional game of bridge at the Savage Club.

Dark, like H. G. Wells, deems it an honour to be a journalist, and is very impatient with people who talk about newspaper serfs. "The men who write criticism of books and plays and pictures and music in popular newspapers," he declared to me, "write their own opinions and not those of their editors. In the course of twenty years I have turned out articles by hundreds on these subjects, and never once in that time have I been directed what to say or what not to say. Fulminations against the 'Yellow Press' in that respect are arrant nonsense. Of course where leading articles are concerned a man must carry out the policy of his paper, and if his principles are opposed to those of his editor he should cease to write them. The general standard of writing in the press has not fallen but risen in the last decade."

I asked Dark what his views were as to the public's appreciation of literature, and he was emphatic in saying that the new public wanted the best reading:

"In my connection with *John O'London's Weekly*," he said, "I have had peculiar opportunities of feeling the pulse of the people, and my assured conviction is that they have a wonderfully sound judgment and are very quick to detect insincerity or shoddiness in those

who write for them. The people of England have just discovered that in the literature of their land they have a great national possession, and they are determined not to let it go. I hope I will not be accused of high-browism when I say that it is the sacred duty of those engaged in literary journalism not to betray their trust."

And now I leave Sidney Dark as a newspaper man to consider him as a bookman. His first book, published in 1901, was "Stage Silhouettes," a series of fascinating studies of theatre folk. His first novel, "The Man Who Would Not Be King," a book comparable in wit with "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," appeared in 1912. It was dictated in a rush:

"I do not believe," said Dark, "in hard writing making easy reading. Speaking for myself, I find that my best work has been done at top speed. I fancy inspiration cools when one attempts to work too carefully. This may be sheer nonsense to more classical writers, but I wrote 'The Man Who Would Not Be King' to please myself."

The year 1912 also saw a critical appreciation of Thackeray; and four years later appeared a work very near to his soul in "The Glory That Is France," a eulogy of the French character and of the achievements of a race who have carried on the great traditions of the Rome of Cæsar and Augustus.

"Afraid," published in 1916, was a very poignant study of a subject treated by A. E. W. Mason from a different facet in "The Four Feathers." In the following year Dark issued a delightful monograph on Dickens. He has a passion for the most English of all English novelists, not even excepting Fielding; and he states that whenever he lectures in any part of Great Britain, Charles Dickens and H. G. Wells are the literary figures who please his audiences best. In 1921 he published these lectures under the title of "Books and the Man." In the same year appeared "The Child's Book of France," a perfect model of historical simplicity.

"The Outline of Wells" is to be followed this year by "The Child's Book of England" and the official Life of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, under whom Dark served in the early years of the *Daily Express*.

Just a few words as to Dark the Man. He is one of those rare people endowed with such sympathy and understanding that he can never resist helping a lame dog over a stile. He has the curious belief that he is a cynic; but I fancy that he has to make desperate struggles against becoming a sentimentalist. Some years back he promised to write "The Memoirs of a Man of Forty." When he has a leisure week he probably will write it. It will be a much livelier and human document than Margot's.

MY OWN STORY.

BY JACKSON GREGORY.

I DOUBT if you will find the tale on any library shelf to-day. The title was "Two Daggers," and the hero was Sir Herman, only son of Duke Astermain. I wrote it on idle afternoons at the old home ranch above San Luis Obispo, shortly after attaining the age of 7. And to this day I am fonder in some curious

fashion of Sir Herman than of any other character in my repertory.

In later times I have had much trouble in selecting fictional surnames and Christian that satisfied me, but I never pitched on a name that gave me the same instant sense of patness that Sir Herman's did. Was he not



Mr. Jackson Gregory.

the son of Duke Astermain? I seem to recognise in that name to-day a sententious ring subtly reminiscent of Alan Quatermain. I believe, in fact, that many of the more telling scenes were boldly borrowed from Sir Rider Haggard, and never returned. This was a little churlish, it must be admitted, when I owed him so much of youthful delight and, incidentally, the sheer joy in bookish possession which once gained can never be taken away from a chap. And what a joy!

I remember the tramp and the Barlow knife and the brown strapped book, all the attendant details of the matter, as plainly as if it were yesterday. Yet it was back of the beginning of the twentieth century, when paper covered copies of Conan Doyle, H. Rider Haggard and Rev. Sheldon enjoyed a very fair odour in society. Especially those dolled up in leather straps. No, not real leather. It was like this: The paper cover was stamped to look like russet leather with a pictured strap and buckle around it, just as neat and tidy and respectable as a Gladstone bag. And how comfortable in the hand! My brother owned a copy of "She"—mysterious, alluring title!—dressed up in the strapped jacket as dignified as a bishop. Of course, I had full liberty to read the book whenever I wanted to. But that wasn't like owning it. The feeling grew on me that I must have that book. At this juncture the tramp turned up. He worked a short time on the old ranch, and departing, left me a Barlow knife with a broken back-spring. I contrived to fix the blade so that it wouldn't flop, and it was the pride of my eye—that old Barlow. But one day I screwed up courage to trade it for "She." And that snug little book full of weird enchantments was mine—to keep! Great day!—Great Day in the Morning!

That was indeed the morning—the morning of life—and a wonderful place for a boy to spend the same was old San Luis Obispo county. After the death of my father, Judge Gregory, we left the old town of San

Luis to move upon a ranch, thirty miles over the mountains. I remember, small fellow as I was, the great sense of adventure in driving out over the hills to this new wilderness life. I remember so well upon that trip meeting an old vagabond, who expressed a very simple and touching pleasure in meeting some of the Gregory family. It seemed that he had had some previous connection with them. Yes, with Judge Gregory, my father. The matter boiled down to this, that Judge Gregory had once upon a time sentenced him to San Quentin for horse stealing. He held no grudge—far from it. The sentence had been fair and square, and he had respected the judge; had even come to feel that he had an interesting and delightful connection with the family. Such was our welcome to the Pozo country.

There were no book stores in Pozo. Post office, blacksmith shop and two saloons were the outstanding equipment. But there was a book store back in San Luis town, kept by old man Ash, and this store was my Mecca. Those were nipping hard times on the ranch, after father's death, and when I had scraped together enough pennies to make a dime I felt very rich.

And why should I not, when it was the price of a paper book at Ash's? I never took any chances on wasting that dime. I browsed and nibbled and I suspect dog-eared the books before I selected just the right one. The book dealer recognised me as a real book lover and left me alone to browse. He thought that was the best way of treating my trouble, probably. Ideal book man!

I prided myself on never drawing a blank. But one day—seduced by the title "Utopia, or the Coming Race"—I packed home what I presumed to be the story of a great horse or boat race. A vast sickness entered my soul when I had read a page or two and realised that my dime was wasted—worse than wasted!

All of this time, I suppose, I was steeping in the atmosphere of that Never-never Land of the Great West. My mother told me stories of the earlier day, the day before yesterday, when, travelling on pleasure or business from Salinas to Santa Barbara, the family caravan would pitch camp for a night and the men kill a wandering cow and, taking as much meat as was needed, hang the hide and tallow on a tree. Nothing was wasted, nor was there a hint of trespass or stealing in this action. It was a convention of the country, where a magnificent liberality prevailed. Grandfather Hartnell's cattle could be levied on in the same way by other Arcadian travellers. Of course, there was a rough side to the life, but in the main people were fair and square, and it was this spirit of rugged fairness and generous helpfulness that made the Far West what it was—and still is.

I have travelled all over the California and Nevada country, and worked with every kind of ranching outfit, and always I have found the same largeness of romance, springing from the same ampleness of life. My favourite character then will be the man that embodies this great spirit to the very full, and for that character and that

book I am holding in reserve this name—"The Californian." I feel that I have come the closest, so far, to this typical figure, in the man Mark King of "The Everlasting Whisper." I have tried to show in this last book the real western man, free from superficial and and neurotic encumbrance, the man with strength that springs from the soil—and from our western mountains of the Sierra.

The theme for the book came to us when Mrs. Gregory and I were making a trip through the French Meadows and Hellhole country a year or so ago. We started out from Soda Springs in Placer county, with two good horses, to make a wilderness circuit of 150 miles. Although it was early June as we struck down under the grim walls of Squaw Peak, Tinkers' Knob and Mount Mildred, the snow still covered the trail and somehow deceived us at the forking point. The wrong fork carried us down a branch of the upper American, and on the evening of the second day, just as dusk was piling up, we had our first mishap. My horse slipped and fell in fording a stream.

It was disaster to go on without him. So we fought in every way, with bare hands and lead rope, to get him out. It looked like a drowning case until I found, in feeling under water, that one leg had slid in beneath a submerged log that lay across the stream. It became our task to hack the log in two. When at last we had succeeded in getting the horse out, we were exhausted and ready for wild dreams—the delirious reviews of the day's struggle that plague you half the night long. It seemed that with each day our luck grew worse. Food ran short. The horses were starving on account of the snow blanketing the feed. Our own food ran short. It became a contest with hunger, to see which would win in an obstacle race to Five Lakes, from where the last lap would carry us to human help at Truckee.

One night, when we found ourselves shut in a dark gorge, where the river ran black and booming, we felt that we must find a ford for the animals and cross to the other side. I tied around my chest a rope, which Mrs. Gregory hung on to, while I struck out into the river. It was only the rope and her desperate pulling that saved me, for within a few steps I had plunged into a deep hole, over my head.

For a sense of absolute stark loneliness and impending tragedy commend me to a night in the depths of the Sierra, with the roar and boom of a mountain river baffling you, with food down to the last trickle of coffee and pinch of bacon, and shadowing walls two thousand feet high towering overhead. The last night at Five Lakes we had nothing but bacon grease to eat. The next day we travelled on aching and empty stomachs. The worst was over by then, however, and we had time to consider what such an experience would mean to anyone who had no mountaineering experience—to a fresh or tender and untried person—a woman or girl.

What a trial by mountain front and fear and loneliness that would be! And so came into being the conception of Gloria Gaynor, the petted and dainty San Francisco girl, subjected to this test of inherent character. Layer after layer of artificial wrapping would be torn off, and without support of friend or simplest comfort she would have to win through on some secret strength which she had never dreamed that she possessed. For even Mark King would seem to her less a friend than a part of the mysterious and monstrous dread that the mountains fastened upon her. And because she did have that spark of something enduring and courageous I found myself wondering toward the close of the book if Mark King were really my favourite and whether I hadn't grown to pin a good deal of faith and all that on Gloria. At any rate it lies between the two.

New Books.

WOMEN POETS.*

There are no regrettable omissions in Mr. Squire's anthology, save only Mrs. Charlotte Mew. It is certainly disappointing not to find any specimen of the writer whom Mr. Thomas Hardy ranks highest among contemporary poets, but perhaps this is due to difficulties about the copyright. Everything that could fairly go into this book has gone: and it is no fault of Mr. Squire's that it remains a remarkably thin volume and a remarkably poor one. The selections from the early writers are written in the sweet key customary in those centuries. There are the Scottish song writers and Joanna Baillie, who has not received the recognition which is her meed because we all unconsciously use the George Moore test of authors, and cannot believe that a woman with a name like that could write good poetry. There are the Brontës. There is—but how much more imprisoned, how much more parochial in her Victorian culture than the Brontës in their moorland parsonage!—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There is Christina Rossetti. There is Alice Meynell. There are our young moderns—the book ends hopefully enough with Sylvia Lynd. But pending the fulfilment of that hope the feminist societies should buy up all copies of this book and suppress them. It is exhaustive. And how

shamefully it is outweighed by the Golden Treasury or the Oxford Book of English verse, anthologies confessedly inexhaustive!

It must be faced, the fact that poetic talent comes very rarely to any effective expression among women. Yet an intelligent visitor from another sphere, becoming acquainted with the nature of poetry and with human beings, would inevitably expect that women, with their greater faculty of being pleased by little things and imponderables, would write more and better poetry. The explanation lies perhaps in the unfortunate identity of the source of genius and the source of sexual attractiveness; vitality is the secret of both. This means that the women who are most fitted for the arts are the first to be called away to follow an occupation than which there is none more continuously prohibitive of the listening attitude of mind which is the necessary prelude to the creative process. It is true that there are women who can transcend this limitation laid on them by a calling which forbids solitude, but the source of their power to do so seems something inimical to poetry. One has only to read that superb letter in which George Eliot announces that young Mr. Cross has decided that he will find his full happiness "in dedicating his life to me" to see that the qualities that enabled her thus to lift off the yoke that usually lies on the shoulders of Eve are not those which would allow her to produce the equivalent of, say, "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

* "An Anthology of Women's Verse." Edited by Jack Collings Squire. (Oxford University Press.)

The two things are profoundly incompatible. Anyone who felt like George Eliot about Mr. Cross could not feel as Wordsworth did about the daffodils. It would seem difficult for a woman not to be either too much of a woman or too much of a man to write poetry.

Though their sex prevents most women from writing poetry, it certainly does give those who persist in doing so one admirable attribute. The verse in this volume has as its common quality an excellent modesty, a lack of pretentiousness that avoids the excess of rich phrase that burdens the idea. It might not be a bad thing if more poets were humbled like Christina Rossetti by being made to write at their washstands.

REBECCA WEST.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY.*

"The beautiful," declared the Goncourts, "is that which seems abominable to uneducated eyes." The poets in rebellion might do worse than employ these words as a retort against the hide-bound critic who sees nothing but ugliness in their free verse or polyphonic prose. "The sole excuse which a man can have for writing is to write down himself. He should create his own æsthetics—and we must admit as many æsthetics as there are original minds." Remy de Gourmont, too, might be called on with the foregoing for the enlightenment of the conventional technician who denies the right of verse librists and "imagists" to experiment with what their opponents are pleased to call the "established" forms. Professor John Livingston Lowes, of Harvard University, upholder of the æsthetic conventions though he is, generally speaking, recognises not merely one's right to subpoena these axiomatic Frenchmen, but the truth of their utterance. And in one of the ablest expositions of how a poet works that has come from any professor for a generation, excepting only Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, he confesses to unfeigned delight in the revolt against conventionalism: his genial reception of these poetic Ishmaelites, self-exiled from Abraham's bosom, is accompanied by a particularly acute sizing-up of their general attitude. "I cannot put it more tersely," he says, "than in a superb remark of the equally insurgent Billy Sunday: 'They say I rub the fur the wrong way. I say, let the cats turn round!'"

Professor Lowes' book is made up of a series of eight lectures delivered by him a few years back in Boston, U.S.A., and this hospitality towards the avowed enemy of the academe, so uncommon in a professor, is emphasised in his fourth chapter warmly enough to be disarming. Readily, and with fine clarity, he submits that the business of words in prose is primarily to *state*, while in poetry it is rather and sometimes primarily to *suggest*; that the bare significance of words plays the larger part in prose, their association an essential and sometimes a major part in poetry; and that poetry may be poetry, and the loftiest at that, without employing the diction which we call poetic. If the imaginative energy is strong enough, almost no word can remain insoluble, and a flat denial of poetic possibilities in the case of any vocable whatsoever, is liable to disastrous refutation by a triumphant instance of the "poetising," as Goldsmith called it, of that very word. "Intrinsicate," for example, is a word we should rule out on general principles. And there it stands, superbly transfused in Cleopatra's invocation to the asp: "Come, thou mortal wretch, with thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate of life at once untie." Every word in the language is latent poetry; "the diction of poetry includes every word which poetry can use." It is poetry which through its energising influence gives to words poetic quality. It is not poetic diction which makes poetry.

* "Convention and Revolt in Poetry." By John Livingston Lowes. 12s. 6d. (Constable).—"A Ballad of Corfe, and Other Poems." By Hugh Money-Coutts. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards).—"Smoke and Steel." By Carl Sandburg. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

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In the same broad, irresistible way, Professor Lowes disposes of metre in its strict sense and rhyme. Poetry is written for the ear, he reminds us, not for the eye, and if the poet can appeal to the listener with the same effect by other than rhyming or metrical methods, his work cannot be ruled out. But "if poetry is art, it must produce its effects through a medium which differentiates it, without divorcing it, from reality. . . . Abandon rhyme, and the lady (I am quoting Hamlet!) shall say her mind more freely. Will she, or he, however, say it with more beauty?" It is at this stage that Dr. Lowes joins issue with the insurgents. He cannot see that they are doing anything more than Meredith, Fiona Macleod, Henry James and Maurice Hewlett have done in their prose writings, if only we arrange their words with strict regard to their organic rhythm or the rhythm of the speaking voice:

"He was like a Tartar
Modelled by a Greek;
Supple
As the Scythian's bow,
Braced as the string!"

That, "one of a thousand Imagist poems incidental to each of the novels," is Meredith rearranged. And Professor Lowes is led by it into making his demand: Where is the specific difference between this and the verse of the modernist? Metre is gone. The cadences of *vers libre* are either the cadences of rhythmic prose such as the above, or they are not. If they are not, some difference should be obvious to the ear.

One turns eagerly from this exhilarating Harvard professor to the volumes of verse lying to our hand, chosen because at a first glance they would appear to represent the conventionalist and the modernist sufficiently well for their interpolation into the argument. Mr. Hugh Money-Coutts's interesting ballads seem to show that not only is one's attitude to the whole problem a temperamental affair, as Dr. Lowes hints, but one's choice of medium as well, and that no amount of reasoning will affect the poet himself. Mr. Money-Coutts has the qualities of a writer who is thoroughly happy in doing the conventional kind of work, entirely content, and who has written spontaneously. It would be as useless to ask why his "Ballad of Corfe" and "Freya's Wake" were not written as prose tales, as it would be to ask the author of "Smoke and Steel" why he has not employed conventional methods for at least one of the hundred and sixty pieces! Mr. Sandburg comes to us with a great and increasing American reputation, and "Smoke and Steel" is his third volume. Previously his poetry had been known to English readers by anthologised poems like "Cool Tombs," in which moving and beautiful words are mixed with the slang of the Yankee day: "When Abraham Lincoln was shovelled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs." So went the opening line; and since that piece was written Mr. Sandburg has had the kind of encouragement which tends to make the inclination to write as free as the *vers libre* itself. How far discipline is lacking in his poetry is another point which each reader, willy nilly, must decide for himself. Certainly the lack of encumbrance has taken him to the extremes of modernism. Industrial America, with its discords, brutalities, and tireless sweeping virility, has surely found no better nor bigger voice than his. We hear the ceaseless thrumming of dynamos, the air-slashing strokes of agricultural machinery, the harsh medley of work and talk among the labour-gangs ("people who must sing or die"), the pitiful moan of the down-and-out that assumes a significance as terrible as the silent laughter of the ever aloof and ever watchful Chicago itself. Mr. Sandburg sees everything in terms of humanity—"smoke and blood is the mix of steel." Not only is the five o'clock prairie sunset "a strong man going to sleep after a day in the cornfield"; but of all that tremendous confusion of modern commerce he is fascinated by nothing so much as the hands of its slaves—"O the great brave men, the silent little brave men, proud of their hands—clutching

the knuckles of their fingers into fists ready for death and the dark, ready for life and the fight, the pay and the memories—O the men proud of their hands." He has moods of terrible bitterness:

"Gather the stars if you wish it so.
Gather the songs and keep them.
Gather the faces of women.
Gather for keeping years and years.
And then . . .
Loosen your hands, let go and say good-bye.
Let the stars and songs go.
Let the faces and years go.
Loosen your hands and say good-bye."

But there is often the tenderness without the bitterness—we note in passing how unafraid he is of trusting in the energising influence of his poetry to do all that is needful with a man's surname:

"Three violins are trying their hearts.
The piece is MacDowell's 'Wild Rose.'
And the time of the wild rose
And the leaves of the wild rose
And the dew-shot eyes of the wild rose
Sing in the air over three violins.
Somebody like you was in the heart of MacDowell.
Somebody like you is in three violins."

The effect of the third, fourth and fifth lines is such that we doubt if Professor Lowes would wish it to be aimed at in any more conventional way. We doubt also if even the less generous-minded of those whose demand is much sterner than his would deny the essential difference between the cadence of Mr. Sandburg's work in at least "Three Violins" and the cadence of rhythmic prose.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.*

Max Nordau is a milestone for some of us. It was in the days of our youth, in the distant early nineties, that he stirred us up to passionate belief or dissent with his volume called "Degeneration." Has any really young man of to-day read it? It was that popular thing, a denunciation of the age as decadent, its instances and proofs being drawn from the works of writers, painters, sculptors, musicians and so forth, who are now thought timidly old-fashioned or who have become (like Wagner) popular classics amusing a healthy mob of young people on Monday nights at the "Proms." Thus do the heresies of one generation become the gospels of the next. There was in "Degeneration" a sufficient quantity of half-truths to carry off the half-lies. There was enough use of big-sounding scientific neologisms to stampede the fathers of the young persons who now make themselves impressive by talking about Neuroses, Complexes, Suggestion and the Unconscious. Above all, it was written with a trenchant downrightiness of manner, coupled with a Teutonic flourish of recondite allusions, that showed Nordau to be, indeed, no philosopher, but certainly a first-rate journalist. It is also necessary to add that in the early nineties the highbrows were as much impressed by anything German as the highbrows of the early nineteens by anything Russian. Hence "Degeneration" was the most talked-about book of its day; and it grew so tiresome that at last some one hired a hot-whiskered person named Bernard Shaw to answer it, which he did very thoroughly in a magazine article published in 1895, and since reprinted.

And now what do we see? Nordau's aged, aged face looks mildly at us from the pictured jacket of the present volume; his hot-whiskered antagonist has silvered into a venerable sage; and his eager young readers have become respectable elderly men marvelling at the goings-on of the young. One thing at least hasn't changed. Max Nordau may be thirty years older, but he is not thirty years duller. He still knows how to present a case in a bold, convincing manner. He is no more a philosopher now than he was then, but he hasn't forgotten the journalistic capacity of seeming to be one. In short, like

* "Morals and the Evolution of Man." By Max Nordau. Translated by Marie A. Lewenz, M.A. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

"Degeneration," his present volume is thoroughly readable and healthily provocative.

It begins by raising the age-long question, What is Morality? It passes in review all the definitions and demonstrates their insufficiency, and offers in their place not so much a definition as a description:

"Morality is not transcendental but immanent; it is a social phenomenon and restricted to the sphere of living beings. Its beginnings may be traced in animal societies; it is developed among mankind. The preliminary condition necessary for this development is the ability to visualise future happenings, since moral conduct is determined by estimating its effects and results, that is, by conceiving something in the future. Morality has a positive, concrete aim. It makes the existence of society possible, and this, given the circumstances obtaining on our planet, is the necessary condition for the preservation of each individual, and it originated from the instinct of self-preservation in the species. Its essence lies in consideration for one's neighbour, because without this the communal life of individuals, that is, a society, would be impossible."

From this as a starting-point the author proceeds to a spirited examination of modern social life, discussing the relations between Law and Morality, and showing clearly that Law is but a part of Morality, and only valid as far as it is a part of Morality. He then gives short shrift to those who have claimed to be above the Law because they represented politics or the State. We are none of us spared, from Italian Machiavelli and German Frederick the Great to modern English Jingo:

"... the English have coined the horrible phrase, 'My country, right or wrong,' a dictum which allows ruthless deceivers of the people and destroyers of their country to hide their most appalling misdeeds beneath the mask of patriotism and to disguise deeds worthy of a criminal in the habiliments of virtue."

Observe the conclusion: for presently Nordau passes on to deal faithfully with the patriots, from Hegel to Treitschke, who have set up an idol called The State for men to worship. The State, he says in effect (the paraphrase is our own), is the name a politician calls himself by when he wishes to do something wicked. Upon the *Realpolitikers* of the late Fatherland he falls very heavily, and he sets up against them and all their kind (they are here, remember, as well as in Germany) the great saying of Kant: "Man is his own aim and end, and must never be a mere means."

All this is not philosophy; it is elevated common sense; and, as expressed in Nordau's vigorous prose, it may be called the Higher Journalism, for there is nothing here that could not be contributed to the columns of an enlightened paper by an enlightened journalist, if we had them. Failing them, intelligent readers (who are much more numerous than newspaper magnates suppose) should turn to the volume itself, and we are sure they will find it stimulating and enjoyable.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

MAGIC, SYMBOL AND PHILOSOPHY.*

It would be hard to name another poet who has sought the magic of sheer poetry so assiduously, and rejected all else so strictly, as Mr. De La Mare; or in whose work there is so little of that residue which, as Verlaine said, is merely literature. To others magic has come at rare moments, unsought, perhaps in dreams—as "Kubla Khan" came to Coleridge; but its absence has not imposed silence on them. Pending plenary inspiration, they have been content to weave poetry round themes less intrinsically poetic. Mr. De La Mare has refused this compromise. If magic has not come to him—and has it ever come to him with quite that importunate insistence with which it came now and then to Shelley and Coleridge and Keats?—he has not sat by his fireside weaving homespun verse, but has ridden boldly questing into the forest of Broceliaunde.

There can be no question that this absolute temper has wrought for our delight. It has produced a body of poetry

* "The Veil, and Other Poems." By Walter De La Mare. 6s. (Constable.)—"In Time Like Glass." By W. J. Turner. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Voice of the Ocean." By William Hope Hodgson. 2s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

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which is uniquely free from the dross which encumbers the work of nearly all other poets—with the irrelevant exception of the *petits maîtres* whose virtue resides in their exquisiteness. Mr. De La Mare is exquisite without being little. He is, one feels, almost too exquisite, at least too unrelentingly so.

"Be not too wildly amorous of the far,
Nor lure thy fantasy to its utmost scope."

he writes; but he does not obey his own injunction. Sometimes he follows his dream very far indeed and, if not beyond his own, at any rate beyond our "utmost scope"; so that we tire in following him. We wish that he would rest by the way, and pluck a spray of the friendly hawthorn or listen to the song of familiar birds. But he is "crazed with the spell of far Arabia," and has ears only for the strange bird which sings "on the sole Arabian tree"; and, though his Arabia is not always a distant country, but may lie in the deepest depths of the near, the magic which he always finds at last is almost too esoteric for our comprehension. Its meaning eludes us; and since we know that it is true magic, for Mr. De La Mare will be content with nothing else, this distresses us. The magician's runes are too intricate to be read by the uninitiated.

But only sometimes. Often his spells give us full share in his enchantment. There are many such in his latest book, many poems of which the beauty and significance, if elusive, do not escape us. In some, as in that which gives its title to the volume, there is a rare and perfect simplicity; and in others a quality of intangible loveliness which belongs to music and is achieved by workers in the other arts hardly more often than the aloe blooms. In "The Moth," for example, and in many other poems the poet's concentration on his purpose and his uncompromising search for the evocative word, which sometimes defeat themselves by their intensity, are triumphantly justified.

In more than one way is Mr. W. J. Turner comparable with Mr. De La Mare. He also is an unsleeping intellectual adventurer and a lover of bright, pregnant words; and his quest is also after magic, the essential, mystical meaning of things. But both his mentality and his methods are different from Mr. De La Mare's. He is at once more human and less accessible. His interests are psychological but his mode of expression approaches the lapidary, if the word may be used of a style of writing which has as little in common as well may be with that of the inscriber of monuments. Where Mr. De La Mare evokes from his theme an atmosphere in which we are enveloped, if not always at ease, Mr. Turner's is a magnet which draws to it an aggregation of coloured crystals of imagery, through which we see it strangely refracted. He is a symbolist, and his symbols are always concrete. His tendency is to transmute the intangible to stone or metal, and it is very characteristic of him to see things which are mutable in space as changeless in time:

"In Time like glass the stars are set,
And seeming-fluttering butterflies
Are fixed fast in Time's glass net
With mountains and with maids' bright eyes.

"Above the cold Cordilleras hung
The winged eagle and the Moon:
The gold, snow-throated orchid sprung
From gloom where peers the dark baboon:

"The Himalayas' white, rapt brows;
The jewel-eyed bear that threads their caves;
The lush plains' lowing herds of cows;
That Shadow entering human graves:

"All these like stars in Time are set,
They vanish but can never pass:
The Sun that with them fades is yet
Fast-fixed as they in Time like glass."

For Mr. Turner the souls of men are "rock-like," and clouds

"Float like still, white stones
Carved upon azure seas."

Though his symbols, like Mr. De La Mare's spells, are not always easy to interpret, this concreteness gives his poetry a peculiar beauty, shining and polychrome.

With Mr. Hope Hodgson we are in another world, the serious Victorian world of philosophical problems stated in verse. He reminds one of Tennyson and of John Davidson. In "The Voice of the Ocean" the sea holds converse, in smooth blank verse, with various souls in trouble, and has much to say on the large questions of God, life and death. The poem does not escape banality, and once or twice comes perilously near the ludicrous, but it has dignity and an intention which merits respect.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS SECRETARY*

Books about President Wilson make painful reading nowadays, and this warm-hearted panegyric by his secretary is no exception to the rule. One wonders what he would feel about it himself. He will not read it, Mr. Tumulty thinks. "Woodrow Wilson," he tells us in his preface, "prefers not to be written about. His enemies may, and of course will, say what they please, but he would like to have his friends hold their peace." In October, 1920, when Mr. Tumulty slipped away from his office at the White House shortly before the Presidential election and made a speech about him in a little Maryland town, President Wilson showed his displeasure; this was the only time in all the eleven years of their association that the secretary found his chief "distinctly cold." Knowing now the ex-President's feelings, and remembering "that he craves the silence from others which he imposes upon himself," Mr. Tumulty did not consult him about this book:

"Yet I have felt that the book should be written," he continues, "because I am anxious that his contemporaries should know him as I have known him, not only as an individual but also as the advocate of a set of great ideas and as the leader of great movements. If I can picture him, even imperfectly, as I have found him to be, both in himself and in his relationship to important events, I must believe that the portrait will correct some curious misapprehensions about him."

The chief of these misapprehensions, he goes on to say, is the idea that President Wilson was "uniformly headstrong, impatient of advice, his mind hermetically closed to counsel from others." People who harbour this idea will undoubtedly be surprised to find from Mr. Tumulty's record how slight a basis there has been for it.

Mr. Tumulty writes for an American audience and his pages are marked by a good many quaint examples of what we in England call Yankee slang. Sometimes he makes his venerated chief talk a lingo which to English readers is curiously unattractive. "I know I can trust you to give me an exact size-up of the situation here," he reports the President as saying to him on his departure for Paris. There seems no reason to doubt that President Wilson is addicted to such language, and that in addressing his fellow-countrymen he employs a less dignified form of phraseology than might be expected. Here, for example, is a peroration to a speech delivered by him at the White House on February 28th, 1919, to the members of the Democratic National Committee—a speech, Mr. Tumulty says, not previously reported. President Wilson is dealing with certain opponents of his League of Nations scheme and he has said of them that "of all the blind and little provincial people, they are the littlest and most contemptible";

"Now I have sometimes a very cheering thought. On the fifth of March, 1921, I am going to begin to be a historian again instead of an active public man, and I am going to have the privilege of writing about these gentlemen without any restraints of propriety. The President, if my experience is a standard, is liable some day to burst by merely containing restrained gases. Anybody in the Senate or the House can say any abusive thing he likes about the President, but it shocks the propriety of the whole country if the President says what he thinks about

* "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him." By Joseph Tumulty. 21s. (Heinemann.)

them. And that makes it very fortunate that the term of the President is limited because no President could stand it for a number of years. But when the lid is off I am going to resume my study of the dictionary to find adequate terms in which to describe the fatuity of these gentlemen with their poor little minds that never get anywhere, but run around in a circle and think they are going somewhere. I cannot express my contempt for their intelligence, but because I think I know the people of the United States, I can predict their future with absolute certainty. I am not concerned as to the ultimate outcome of this thing at all, not for a moment, but I am concerned that the outcome should be brought about immediately, just as promptly as possible. So my hope is that we will all put on our war-paint, not as Democrats but as Americans, get the true American pattern of war-paint and a real hatchet, and go on the war-path and get a collection of scalps that has never been excelled in the history of American warfare."

That does not sound to English ears a deliverance quite worthy of so exalted a personage, but it probably cheered and delighted its hearers and Mr. Tumulty evidently sees nothing amiss with it.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

AN ODD TRIO.

In his new book Mr. Leadbitter has taken a simple everyday story of three strongly-contrasted people and shown us the difficulties of their apparently—at least from an outside point of view—prosperous lives. Captain Inglis had been mate of a trading steamer in the South Seas when it sighted a yacht flying signals of distress. The yacht, which had a broken propeller-shaft, was taken in tow, and the first mate falling in love with the owner's daughter, they made a runaway match.

Marian was the result of this romance, a girl who, while taking after her mother's people, loved her father and spent most of the year with him. When it came to marriage, however, she chose one of the men whom she met on her visits, a man whom the sturdy old retired sea-captain could neither understand nor approve. Ivan Thorne, whom Mr. Leadbitter has drawn as the usual selfish, not over honest artist, was probably more attractive than we are allowed to know, or surely Marian, most feminine, most motherly of women, would not have loved, would not have continued, in spite of his tiresomeness, to love him. Captain Inglis, when he discovered Ivan was not only an artist, hoping to make money as a designer of house-interiors, but had a Russian mother—was, as he put it, "a dago"—did his best to disentangle prejudice from fact. This Ivan himself made difficult for on his work as a designer petering out, he tried to start an Art Magazine, and to do so borrowed—without apparently any intention of repaying them—the old man's savings. He explained to his guileless wife that he had borrowed, not interest but capital, and left it at that. As Captain Inglis considered that he lived in order to safeguard his daughter's interests, and her scoundrel of a husband told him she was worried by their difficulties, he said nothing when Ivan made him no return on the loan, but let his house and reduced his expenditure as far as possible; in fact, further than his needs would allow. The result was an illness and the sending for Marian, who realising she had a duty towards her father as well as her husband, made the fatal

mistake of taking the old man home to live with her. Her husband was doing so well that the borrowed money could easily have been returned, but no, she must make up to her father for all he had undergone. The book ends with Ivan making an unreasonable speech with regard to the dissonance that the old man's presence is causing, instead of trying to help matters by facing the difficulty and making a change. It is not easy to believe that Marian would not, as soon as she realised her mistake, have tried to rectify it, for as said before, she does really love her intolerable husband, and is a sensible woman. Mr. Leadbitter has

given us an interesting problem to think over, and he keeps close to his story, the writing of which is clear and pleasant.

"The Prisoners of Hartling" is a contrast to "Dead Reckoning," for here the style is of more importance than the story, and the author evidently prefers the fantastic to everyday life. An old rich man is shown as supporting in idleness his relatives, and getting bitter amusement from the fact that they are willing to be thus supported. He will keep them waiting as long as he can; he will even add new vampires to the number he has caged, and then he will leave his enormous wealth to the one worker among them—the daughter who keeps his house. Mr. Beresford gets slowly to work. A whole chapter is given up to explaining why the young doctor—a distant relative of old Garvice Kenyon—should go to

stay at Hartling. Kenyon's reasons for inviting him are quickly made clear; he will add him to the collection of parasites, and it will amuse him to watch the young man deteriorating under temptation, the temptation of present luxury and a probable legacy. The story turns on Arthur's rescue. He falls in love with the old man's granddaughter, and lovers are the people who keep the world from stagnation. The psychology of that is true enough, but the behaviour of the horde of parasites leaves the reader more doubtful. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Beresford wanted them to behave as they did, and that they were kind enough to oblige, but if left to themselves would have behaved quite differently. However, here is a book which, if its writer seems to have held the pen with a tired hand, is yet limpidly written and finely constructed.

The titles of these three books have a melancholy sound, but "dead" in Mr. Leadbitter's has nothing to do with funerals and mourning, even though the last words of it are: "Marian put her hand to her throat in an extremity of anguish." The prisoners of Hartling, however, being enslaved by their greed are veritable victims, while as for "Disenchantment," well, it deserves its name. In the first place, being got up to look like a novel and its writer having a reputation as a stylist, the reader is a little disappointed to find no story but an essay; and gradually the essay, which is all it should be as far as its English and its thoughts are concerned, becomes a sermon. The discourse is on matters pertaining to the war, and the book shows how a film of disenchantment came over the fine spirits and the idealists concerned with it. The sermon has sixteen heads (or chapters), and concludes with recommendations which if pursued may be expected to improve matters. To those who like discourses of this sort the book can be confidently recommended—and, if church were my Sunday habit, Mr. Montague is certainly the preacher I would choose to sit under.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT



Miss G. B. Stern.

Whose new book, "The Room" (Chapman & Hall), is reviewed on page 100. From a drawing by D. Burroughes.

* "Dead Reckoning." By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Prisoners of Hartling." By J. D. Beresford. (Collins.)—"Disenchantment." By C. E. Montague. (Chatto & Windus.)

ASPECTS AND IMPRESSIONS.*

The wide range of Mr. Gosse's interest is shown by this volume, which wanders pleasantly and with stimulation from George Eliot to Garnet Wolseley, with intermediate visits paid to such diverse personages as Congreve, the friends of Ibsen, Henry James, Madame de Rambouillet, J. J. Rousseau, M. Clemenceau, Samuel Butler, and the champion of the French classical reaction, François Malherbe. In the course of these peregrinations and discourses Mr. Gosse illuminates several topics of bookman's concern; for he has a shrewd and penetrating mind, searching the by-ways as well as the highways of literature, and is blessed with a style which only needs the element of playfulness to be pretty complete. Now and then he does indeed waver from his course of settled seriousness, as when he calls George Sand "that full-bosomed caryatid of romantic literature."

His most readable pages are the earliest—those devoted to George Eliot, Henry James and that unattractive dweller in Utopia (and Clifford's Inn) Samuel Butler. Mr. Gosse's views of these people, their work and personalities, are penned so vividly that without being ungrateful—rather by showing the sort of gratitude which asks for more—we wish he had devoted a full volume to English men and women drawn in equal clearness and similar vein; gathering within a separate cover the foreign studies, his particular province. Such a word-picture as the following is worth pages of normal commentary and character-drawing.

In '76 Mr. Gosse saw George Eliot driving with her adopted husband, G. H. Lewes—"hirsute, rugged, satyr-like":

"His companion was a large, thick-set sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather; this was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the face and the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic and provincial about it."

Here is an unfading mental photograph; recognisably true, supplementing deliciously the impression, somehow attained, of that fairly representative Victorian—as a figure, strenuous even in repose, finely nasal, aloof, determined, conscious of the immortality in statuary marble which the adoration of her surroundings confidently promised her. Mr. Gosse's snapshot, in effect, warms and strengthens George Eliot's humanity; for obviously this lady of the ostrich feather clung to her femininity as does neither prophetess nor Victorian statue, and was unquestionably related to those warm persons, Mrs. Poyser and Maggie Tulliver. This, however, is to forget the purpose in the interest of the example. The point is that, following that vein, Mr. Gosse might have realised a portrait-gallery of the great Victorians almost as vivid as his "Father and Son."

The later pages of "Aspects and Impressions" more clearly reveal him as a constructive critic. His essays on Malherbe and the Hôtel de Rambouillet, with the very interesting account of the foundation of the French Academy, suggest several things; with incidentally, among them, the reasons why a similar institution, a British Academy, could have no real success in this country; for primarily it needs certain national characteristics, qualities, to work upon that generally are lacking here. Compare the possibly unconscious pride of the Frenchman in his speech, proved by the purity of expression and phrase of the ordinary citizen, with the frequent verbal slovenliness of the same sort of person here. "*Tout le monde descend!*" cries their railway porter, and one feels an instalment of the universe; whereas comparisons are—not patriotic. Lacking such inborn dignity to start with, a British Academy must be a wasted temple or a parody; especially as the English temperament does not lend itself happily to a congress of self-elected immortals. The Gallic temperament, however, exults in, and knows

how to justify, uniforms and oratory, rhetoric, postures, and fuss. It is true that we have an Academy somewhere. It is no disgrace not to know who belongs to it; but it is safe to assert that it consists largely of professors, eager over the technicalities, with a sprinkling of poets who find its ceiling a useful sounding-board for trumpets.

But, as Mr. Gosse suggests, we need a standard to work by, if the mighty organ of the English language is to win triumphs worthy of the past which gave us Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan and the Bible. Such a standard is to be realised, not by artificial means—nice people handing one another wreaths and prizes and passing resolutions not to split the infinitive—but by a continuous glad revisiting of the pure wells of inspiration, consecrated by our fathers. Present day critics, especially, need constantly to refresh themselves at the immortal springs which flow from the delectable mountains, that their balance of judgment may be true. Style—a lucid, expressive, joyous and poetic style—that reflex of personality—or at any rate a dignified style—would be the first result of such revisiting; and so the insidious influence of a newspaper-press imitative of American methods might be combated, and most things readable give a delight after the pattern of this admirable book.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE BOOK OF A SNOB.*

Mr. Stephen McKenna has spent some enjoyable hours creating the detestable. He has fashioned an almost perfect female monster of all the class distinctions and none of the humanities. Her name is Lady Ann Spensworth, and she is brilliantly insufferable. She indulges in a series of highly self-righteous monologues which, in their delicious inconsequence and their taste for epigram, give a coherent story of the post-war affairs of her family. That story is mainly made up of the love episode of Phyllida and her D.S.O. Colonel-cabdriver, and Lady Ann's own seething anxiety to save her unspeakable son, Will, from marrying a girl "whom he'll simply have to support all his life."

It is something more than clever of Mr. McKenna to have made this exquisitely unpleasant lady do her own scalping. To make her expose her tin-plate soul, her self-sufficiency, her social greed, her lust for interference, her utter callousness of anybody else's feelings save her own and her son's, in what is a solemn song of self-praise, is something of an achievement. Just a slip either way, and Lady Ann would have been unreal and inconsistent. That slip is never made. Lady Ann is complete and true in her splendid abominableness. She is as consistent and natural as her sterile nature will allow her to be.

That is because Mr. McKenna has made her anything but a fool. She has intelligence; she has the epigrammatic conversational attitude of her kind. She has a barren but captivating cleverness. To turn an unnecessary operation into a glory, and to use it to extract, or attempt to extract, settlements from the noble heads of her own and her husband's families for the sake of "my Will," who has an almost distinguished talent for idleness, is a gesture of almost Foreign Office diplomacy. To interfere between Phyllida and her Colonel, "a soldier only by the accident of the war"—again for the sake of Will—and to do it in such a way that the young man regards her as a wise friend (whatever Phyllida thinks) speaks of no mean gift in meanness.

Yes, she had brains, amusing and fascinating brains. The way she tackled the siren who proposed to elope with her own husband, is a triumph of the employment of plain marital facts against the impractical glimmers of romance. To blunt young love with details of a husband's indigestion and his woollies was the act of a master mind. One feels that she was almost betrayed into a sense of humour there. But she wasn't. It was just cold nerve. And the situation

* "Aspects and Impressions." By Edmund Gosse, C.B. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

* "The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

needed it. "Until you have heard your husband described as 'Old Boy' by a half-naked chorus girl who is slowly bleeding him to death, you have not realised how highly your self-restraint may be tested."

It is not that she is entirely without a touch of humour. Mr. McKenna has so much of his own that he has been able to fit her out with enough to serve her situations. It is mainly disapproving, but even tartness is stimulating. It is attractive of her, for instance, to describe her world as one where you saw more *jeune fille* than clothes, or to say of the lordly heads of the family, "And those two men have an hereditary right." Thank goodness neither of them knows where the House of Lords is, or to speak of the naturalised, "Plant an Erickson in England and he comes up an Erskine," or even to express an opinion that "In London the *corps diplomatique* is more *diplomatique* than *corps*." She is full of quick, sharp things that she has heard from other people or perhaps from Mr. McKenna, and they are sparkling things and they carry her tale on with a flow of amusement that relieves the tedium of herself.

She is a monster, but she is a vivid, entertaining and real monster. You can put her beside any of Thackeray's monumental snobs and find that she is worthy of her niche in the gallery. In fact to this generation she will be more attractive, for she is modern and clear cut and hard, and she concentrates her detestable doings into an easier and more compact narrative form. That is many people will enjoy her as a good and interesting story without realising that she is a social example.

DOUGLAS NEWIO

CROSBIE GARSTIN'S POEMS.*

There are fashions in poetry—in the clothing of thoughts as in the clothing of bodies—and the curious thing is that in poetry you are supposed to be unconventional if you follow the latest. Just now there is a prejudice against

* 'The Ballad of the *Royal Ann*' By Crosbie Garstin 18 6d. (Hememunn)



Photo by Opie, Ltd.,
Potters.

Mr. Crosbie Garstin.

the display of too much facility in the handling of rhyme and metre. So many of our younger poets don't seem able to do it, they rhyme with evident difficulty, and their metrical efforts are as laboured as if they had to count every syllable on their fingers, and to evade this trouble some of them make a virtue of *vers libre*, which obscures their deficiencies as the crinoline used to conceal knock-kneed and bandy legs. But they are not satisfied to make a virtue of their necessity, they try to establish it as the last word in poetical art and would persuade us that they are conventional souls who refuse to be in the fashion with them. Noyes, they say, writes with great facility, he throws his rhymes and catches them as ditties as a juggler catches plates and knives, he works in a variety of metres as easily as if he were playing and they deprecate this, believing that a true poet if he must write in classical forms should do it as woodenly and with as little aptitude as they do it themselves. Because he has so mastered the technique of his instrument that its use has become second nature to him because his thoughts run in dancing shoes instead of in hobnailed boots they say Noyes is light and trivial. They have said much the same of Kipling. And I expect they will say it of Crosbie Garstin.

For he is in the same tradition. But personally I do not think spontaneity in verse is without value—on the contrary I would submit that the poet does not know his business if he cannot so control his medium that whatever he writes shall seem spontaneous even when it is not. And in that sense Mr. Garstin is a master of his art. The incurable *vers librist* might regard his 'Callao' with æsthetic pain, but its tripping metre and catchy rhymes are in perfect harmony with its theme. It could not have been done so effectively in any other style. Free verse is an exquisite medium—but not for all ends. Spanish ledges. Sea Lights. The war verse at the close, indeed nearly all the poems in the book have that essential harmony between matter and manner, between idea and utterance, that is a sort of poetry in itself, and none has it so completely as 'The Ballad of the *Royal Ann*'. This is a vigorous, picturesque, riotous ballad of privateering—of how John Bissett gathered a motley crew at Bideford and set sail in the *Royal Ann* to sack treasure ships and the ports on the Spanish Main, and it tells the story of that wild enterprise with the simple directness, the stark realism and free use of vivid colloquialisms that the old balladists knew was the only way of getting all the poetry out of such a story. Fresh from plundering and burning a Spanish ship they made a landing at San Marco by night stabbed the guards, caught the soldiers in their beds and made them sleep more sound, and ruthlessly looted the place.

The scummen sacked the magazines
Of all their goodly store
They prised the flags for money bags
Beneath the bishop's floor
They left the rich without a stitch
Then tortured them for more

They desecrated the cathedral, they stripped the jewels from the figure of the Virgin, and for this disaster lay in wait for them and death for the captain on their homeward voyage. The ballad has force and gusto, it smacks of the bluster of the sea and old buccaneering days, and of its kind (for there are many kinds of poetry and you cannot measure all by one standard) is a real and considerable achievement. Mr. Garstin has imagination, one or two of his songs have lighter graces, but his true Muse is no lady for at his best he sings of the rugged life of rough men and his lines are alive with the right masculine virility.

A

KING—OF KEARSARGE.*

In this book the publishers mention the names of some twenty five other novels, by different authors, which they have given to a grateful world, but they do not tell us what would interest me much more—whether the author,

* 'King—of Kearsarge' By Arthur O. Friel. 7s. 6d. (Melrose)

Mr. Arthur O. Friel, has himself written any other books. Because if he has I should like to read them. The cover suggests that it is a roaring tale of lumber-camps and saloons and snowshoes and pistols all mixed up together (with a lovely heroine for flavouring) in the approved style. But although snowshoes and lumbermen and pistols are mentioned, this is a much bigger thing than a simple tale of adventure. It is the story of a fine man whose soul's life was smashed into atoms by a worthless woman, and of how that man painfully collected the atoms and made with them a finer, stronger soul than before. If this sounds highfalutin I am sorry, for that is a crime of which Mr. Friel is never once guilty. He says many interesting and some very beautiful things in pleasantly simple words, and he contrives at the same time to give his readers a number of varied and exciting thrills.

There are some delightful characters in the book. King himself is not the least of them. Pansy is just sweet, as dainty as the flower which gives her name, albeit a healthy, capable little housewife too. And honest Joe, her father, with his dry humour, is delightful.

One of the great charms of Mr. Friel's writing is that his characters impress one as being natural human beings; they do and say just the things one feels they ought to do and say.

Whether you prefer a study in emotions or a good rough-and-tumble tale you will enjoy this book, for it is an unusually clever combination of the two.

F. D. G.

MR. BURGIN'S SECOND THOUGHTS.*

His last year's book of personal recollections, "Memoirs of a Clubman," had such a good reception that Mr. Burgin sat down to remember some more, and has written a second of the same kind which is even better than the first. This is a notable achievement; not many autobiographers could have done it; but Mr. Burgin had by accident or design kept not a little of his best wine till last. In the latter part of his book he gossips pleasantly of a visit to Canada, particularly to the neighbourhood of Four Corners, which will be familiar to readers of some of the most delightful of his novels; gives an interesting account of his early adventures in Turkey and chronicles a recent visit to Holland and Belgium. But the first two thirds of the volume are occupied with reminiscences and anecdotes of his varied literary career, his opinions of books and writers, with glimpses of what he has seen of the hardships that young and old authors have endured at the beginnings and the ends of their careers.

The key-notes of this book, as of the other, are a buoyant humour and whimsical geniality. There is no lack of droll or farcical stories, but capital as some of these are, I am not sure that I do not prefer Mr. Burgin in his more serious moods—when he is recalling his memories of Tom Gallon, telling of "The Coming of Kipling," or, in the chapter on "Various Kinds of Authors," touching on some who have "dropped out," and giving that little sketch of one who, after a long run of success, lost his vogue, retired with a sympathetic wife into the country and, in the intervals of cultivating an apple orchard, presently wrote another novel and tactfully putting it out under a new name, repeated his former success and happily soon found himself making a new reputation. There is an excellent chapter too on "Books of Our Youth"; and a long one in which Stanley Weyman, Barry Pain, G. K. Chesterton, W. J. Locke, Miss Harraden, Leonard Merrick, Sir Rider Haggard, Sir A. Conan Doyle—some thirty famous authors are laid under contribution and confess how they began to write. Young writers will find not only amusement but a deal of helpful counsel in these Memoirs, for though Mr. Burgin is an incorrigible jester he has enjoyed a long intimacy with the literary world and its ways, and seasons his jests with the ripe worldly wisdom he has gathered from his experiences.

His recollections and reflections are so attractively miscellaneous, or his manner of relating them so entertaining that though I opened the book for no more than an hour's reading, I found myself sitting on and deciding to read one more chapter and one more until I had read them all. And generally Mr. Burgin is so deft and clear in saying what he means that I feel impelled to call attention to his one ambiguity. Discussing the stress and strain to which novelists are subjected, he says: "Crockett read each of his 13,000 books and Scott's novels every year, and rose at four o'clock after six hours' sleep. It is a wonder he lived as long as he did." More than a wonder, for if he did that amount of reading yearly he must have read forty books a day every day of his life, and yet found time to write a lot of his own. Perhaps a comma has dropped out and it is the printer who ought to go to the stake; anyhow, it is a very small fly in the good refreshment that is offered by Mr. Burgin in these interesting, amusing, wholly enjoyable pages.

F. H. L.

NIGHTMARE.*

When the slow moving, slowly assimilating English public began to absorb a little Russian literature, it began suddenly to realise that there were people who were talking in a loud voice of a region of their minds which in England and, to a less extent, in France, it was not considered good form to talk about—the region peopled with fears, terrors, remote from love, ambition and need, where just anything might happen. After the Russians came Freud, chiefly through handbooks, and the dream world as it is, not as poets or the deliberately imaginative have seen it, is now regarded as a field for literature.

At ordinary times Miss Stern is objective enough. In "Children of No Man's Land" she dealt with love, the war, nationality, bombs, etc., and their emotional reverberations. But now the starting point is an unadmitted emotion, and Miss Stern deals with life as seen through a glass of unadmitted emotion. Hal, the adored successful schoolboy son, retains the extra pound given him by mistake over and above the value of the cheque he was cashing. Immediately the unadmitted feelings of the entire family burst into expression. Aunt Lavvy, the Dresden china, dainty old maid paying-guest, becomes vindictive through terror of being implicated in something not quite nice. She must tell the bank. The adoring sister, Nina, who had always assumed that loyalty was one of the things everybody is, falls away from him. Her adoration was toadying. The exasperation of the father at the continual presence of his son-in-law, at the ageing of his wife. All become brutally vocal. Only the two critical minds of the family turn to help him, and it is one of them, Ursula, who saves him, bribing Aunt Lavvy to hold her tongue by surrendering her own room—her cherished patch of privacy and dominion—to the old woman. The cloud passes, the situation is cheerful again, every one is reconciled, except that they all bear a secret grudge to Ursula, because she knows and will remember their unbelievably exposed moment.

That room represented something in Ursula's nature, a secret silent refuge unknown to the ebullient, susceptible husband she has acquired, who is too occupied with himself and his adventures so much as to suspect it is there. To preserve it she tries to bolt from him and take refuge in solitude. She does not achieve escape, because the man she is making use of to escape tells her bluntly she is merely shirking, and shouldering off the fatiguing job of her husband on to some one else: so she returns, and envies the departing rival her liberty and unsought secrets. All the accessory characters, the other members of the family, the gossiping, intriguing country neighbours, and Doug's irrepressible "blue lagoon" conversation, are shown with a sharpness and finish, refreshing in the rather super-subtle atmosphere of the story.

* "The Room." By G. B. Stern. 8s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Things We Are." By J. Middleton Murry (Constable.)—"Sembal." By Gilbert Cannan. (Hutchinson.)

* "More Memoirs and Some Travels." By G. B. Burgin. 10s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Middleton Murry, in "The Things We Are," is walking in the realm of complete nightmare. His hero, Boston, cut off and lonely, has one friend who has one love, Felicia. When Felicia and Boston meet they fall in love, and the friend is left alone. That is all the action there is in the book, and it is quite inessential. The history is of the gusts and storms of loneliness breaking and receding. In the intervals appear his kind landlord and his wife, the bereaved mother who has lost her faith in God, and the provocative, pathetic little waitress. Boston has a memory of one happy time with his lovely young mother in Paris when he was a boy and young man. Her sudden death leaves him astray in the world, spiritually orphaned. He keeps turning back in his mind to those warm, loved days across the waste of his lonely manhood. In the end it is his friend who is left lonely. The whole method is modelled on Dostoevsky, exercised on an English subject: a very skilful and delicate treatment of the theme "the little cry Of my sad heart that will not live or die."

There is no "little cry" about the heart of "Sembal," by Mr. Gilbert Cannan. Some people might also observe there was very little heart. The story is an intense, embittered study of a clique, the groups hostile to the war. Sembal is a fierce, stubborn, intellectual Jew, rapacious for he hardly knows what; seeing life and facts in a hard, shadowless light; conscious first of an easy, joyless, intellectual supremacy, and then of exclusion, racial and class, solitary in opinion, while feeling crowded and cramped in the big group where he has elected to move. It is in the time of the war, but Sembal is wholly unaware of the grief or anxiety of war. His creator makes the astounding assertion that relatively few of the whole adult population were exposed to danger (it was, in fact, close on one-third). His only realities are figures and statistics, and his own furies and demands. Scattered about the narrative are allusions rather than portraits to real people, easily identifiable, which neither improve nor damage the book.

One has only to think of the vigorous but artless psychology of Thackeray or any of the Victorians to realise how nightmare these three writers are—and how novel writing has progressed.

L. MASTERMAN.

EARLY CHINESE POTTERY *

Since the beginning of the present century collectors and students of art have become more and more interested in the art of early periods and primitive peoples. Many causes have contributed to this interest. There is to begin with the lure of the unknown—the later periods having been well nigh exhaustively explored by previous scholarship it is natural that students should turn eagerly to new fields which promise the spice of novelty and that speculative element that is peculiarly attractive to research. But it would be a grave error to imagine this preoccupation with the primitive to be essentially archaeological. Many of us have become a little weary of the hyper-sophistication which marks the art of later civilisations, and we find in primitive work a simplicity and rude nobility of feeling which is more refreshing to us than the elaborate execution of later days.

Obedient to this tendency the devotees of Chinese ceramics have concentrated their attention during the last decade on the pottery of the early periods. Whereas the nineteenth century collector of Chinese wares was inclined to begin his collection with Ming pieces the discriminating collectors of to-day show themselves most eager to secure pre-Ming examples. So remote is the beginning of pottery in China that the boldest historian would hesitate to give an exact date to the earliest known example, but excavation and newly accumulated material have added much to our knowledge during recent years, and Mr. Hetherington's book gives an admirable summary of what is known to-day about "the chief types of the ware produced during the long period extending from about 200 B.C.—A.D. 1368."

* "The Early Ceramic Wares of China." By A. L. Hetherington. 63s. (Benn Bros.)

The art history of China is too long to permit classification within narrow limits. European art can be chronologically arranged according to the reigns of kings and queens, and take its style from their names; Chinese art can only be tentatively arranged according to the dynasties that occupied the imperial throne. Any expert can detect the difference in style between the art of Louis XIV and Louis XV; in China the intervals are longer and we must content ourselves, if the analogy is permitted, with distinguishing between the style of the Merovingian and the Bourbon.

Mr. Hetherington's book, then, deals principally with the ceramics of three great early dynasties—the Han (206 B.C. to A.D. 25), the Tang (A.D. 618 to 906) and the Sung (A.D. 960 to 1127). Among his illustrations, indeed, he includes some still earlier pieces belonging to the Chou Dynasty which reigned from 1122 to 255 B.C. About these it is difficult as yet to particularise. The art of the dynasty is known by its bronzes, and its pottery is rudimentary. The Chou vessels are simple in shape, made of hard grey clay, unglazed, and their embellishment is usually confined to hatching, cross-hatching and sometimes a lozenge-shaped pattern.

Glaze was first used in the Han dynasty when China first came into contact definitely with Western civilisation:

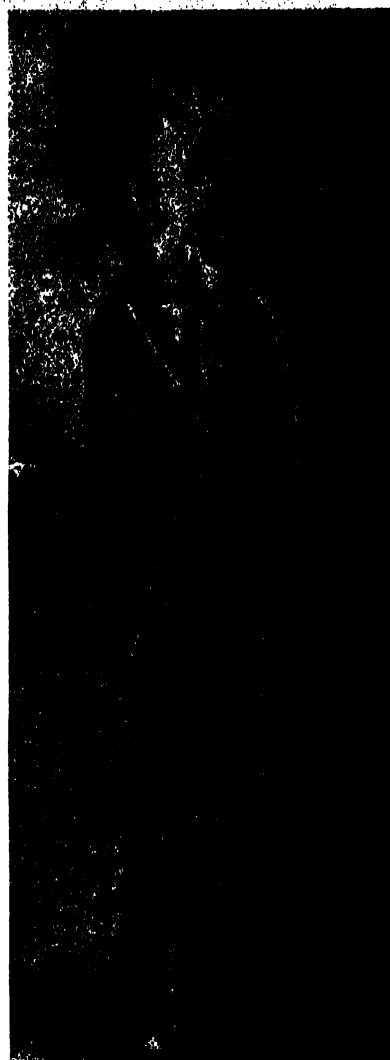
"Probably this intercourse gave rise to the use of glaze as a means of embellishing pottery and of making it non-porous. The colour of the glaze is generally green, usually of a deep tone; but many specimens exist in which the glaze is yellow or brown, and there are examples in which black glaze is found. . . . The typical Han pottery, however, consists of a darkish red or grey clay, with a green or brown glaze washed over it more or less completely to the base, and this glaze nearly always has a silvery iridescence to a greater or less extent."

The silver iridescence is due to the long burial of these pieces and the consequent decomposition of the lead glaze. Another accidental beauty of the Han pieces is the usual minute crazing of the glaze, also due to centuries of burial, and this should be carefully distinguished from the artificially produced "crackle" of the Sung and later potters.

Taking stock of our present resources, in an introduction to this volume, Mr. R. L. Hobson says:

"We have gone far with identifications of Han and Tang pottery in a general way; but we have still to learn to particularise about the wares of these two long periods, and we must still admit ignorance of the four centuries which intervened between them."

Those four centuries must have been a time of wonderful experiment and research, for in the Tang wares we find



Bowing man.

Bull pottery painted in red and black pigments. 14 in. high. Tang Dynasty.

In the possession of Mr. G. Enmopoulos. From "The Early Ceramic Wares of China" (Benn Bros.).

a wide range, a power and an accomplished technique which leaves little to learn. Professor Fenollosa has expressed the view that "creative effort reached its highest plane in the T'ang dynasty," and the T'ang figure of a camel with its rider which, reproduced in colour, forms the frontispiece of this book, is a superb example of the assured mastery of the T'ang potters. Incidentally it may be noted that the 100 illustrations in this book—twelve of which are reproduced in colour—have been exceptionally well chosen. Mr. Hetherington has withstood the temptation to show the rarest and costliest examples in order that he may give the most typical specimens. These are drawn mostly from private collections and illustrate pieces which other collectors may still find not altogether beyond their reach. To do justice to Mr. Hetherington's commentary on the Sung and later wares, of which the classification, if still far from complete, is yet much further advanced, is altogether beyond the scope of this review. His book, alike for its admirable survey of early Chinese history and for its erudite analysis and appreciation of early Chinese ceramics, will be eagerly welcomed as a standard textbook of present-day knowledge of this fascinating subject.

FRANK RUTTER.

PEP, PATIENCE AND PENETRATION.*

Frank Crane, D.D., supplies the pep; E. C. M. the patience, which unfortunately he also demands in liberal measure from the reader; and Mr. Temple Thurston, sitting quietly at home, looks and reflects upon his surroundings until he penetrates to some of the immensities underneath important trifles.

The increasing popularity of the brief essay, for which many thanks first of all to Mr. Max Beerbohm, is a pleasant sign of the literary times. Employing those dangerous invidious labels for centuries, we may say that the eighteenth being the age of reason, the nineteenth that of romance, the twentieth century promises to be the age of inspired common sense born of the marriage of imagination and science. We are on the eve of a renaissance of ideas formulating themselves in a new philosophy of practical idealism. The essay is a medium for the transmission of ideas more pervasive than plays or novels because it reaches and may influence a big proportion of the writers who are also thinkers. To write clearly is to think clearly; to write delicately is to feel delicately; and to write easily as well as clearly and delicately is to be an artist in prose. Only Mr. Thurston deserves to be termed an artist among the authors of these books, though all three wrote with a similar aim, as the titles indicate. In the case of Mr. Thurston the reader should go direct to the book, find out what a wift is, and then discover what a wise, observant, humorous and warm-hearted essayist Mr. Temple Thurston has become. To do this will be to hope that he has abandoned the novel for a form better fitted to his reflective maturity.

Of the Doctor of Divinity's book one might confidently urge the reader (with apologies to *Answers*):

"When you travel by the train,
Stick to Crane might and main."

You won't find the author out if you read his book in moments of snatched attention, and you will find it much better than the newspaper: it is fine "copy." You will not notice his self-contradictions, nor the shallowness of his optimism. You will believe his more epigrammatic flourishes to be original and not Emerson written up—his borrowed wisdom to be proof of a clear, deep thinker. He says many true things with plenty of punch—plenty. But most of the things to be seen in "The Looking Glass," if scrutinised, prove to be breezy bunkum or American Victorianism—I mean the Victorianism which was proud of "progress," "national wealth" and "social amelioration." "I am glad," says this Doctor of Divinity, "I am

alive and am living in these opening years of the twentieth century. For the present times are the greatest and best the world has ever seen." Do you ask why? Because we have more good food and water than ever. Better underwear, stockings and outer garments "than Richard Cœur de Lion or J. Caesar ever dreamed of." And one can go round the world now "travelling as comfortably as if he were in a city hotel." Ah, but our author is a Democrat. He adds: "Above all this, it is the era of the common people." He looks over Europe (from his writing desk) and sees the common people "from East to West arising and smiting," and concludes that never before "was humbuggery more sure to be shot to pieces by ridicule, and the river of God flow so freely through the streets of the city. Thank God for now!" "Humbuggery" indeed!

"The Philosophy of Daily Life" is a bewildering book. The author is not of this age. His disregard of what the public, of what any section of the public wants, is sublime. He is so plainly sincere, earnest, anxious to examine the problems of the day without prejudice that it is a real disappointment to find in his book no gleam of humour or imagination, no clear conclusion that is not flat platitude, no common sense that is not a refusal to form any decision in the face of conflicting evidence. Several of his essays, notably that on "Woman," are distinctly amusing, but the author reveals no consciousness of the fact. His philosophy is all-embracing; it even touches upon baby language:

"It is not, of course, meant that we are to eliminate all baby language," he says, "in favour of priggishly accurate terms, but it does appear that mothers and nurses are inclined to encourage the incorrect at the expense of the correct to a quite unnecessary extent. The general conclusion that may safely be drawn is that in cases where the usual word is as simple as the baby term the former should be encouraged."

What more remains to be said? "E. C. M." has quite a lot more to say on the subject and at the same fervent pitch.

But neither breeziness nor sincerity will suffice to transform a collection of sentences into an essay.

R. L. MEGROZ.

THE OXFORD SPIRIT.*

At the time when my own generation was approaching the end of its Oxford days, and the dark shadow of the schools loomed menacingly ahead of us, I remember some one saying that, if ever any man of our age had invited "the envy of the gods," that man was G. G. A. Murray of St. John's. All that Oxford had to offer seemed to have been poured into his lap by the deities of Isis. Almost every scholastic honour, the praise of listening senates at the Union, great personal popularity, all had been his as an undergraduate; and now he was "going down" to certain academic prosperity, with other domestic bounties added, which, in our own less fortunate cases, lay far ahead, if not for ever inaccessible. He was the spoiled child of the Oxford of our generation; but what he took from his Alma Mater he has, since those days, restored to her fourfold. It is difficult to think of any scholar of our time who is so typically the happy product of the Oxford inspiration. Let himself speak his own belief:

"A scholar, I think, secures his freedom by keeping hold always of the past, and treasuring up the best out of the past, so that in a present that may be angry or sordid he can call back memories of calm or of high passion, in a present that requires resignation or courage he can call back the spirit with which brave men long ago faced the same evils."

Τέτλαθι ὃν, κραδίη, καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλην. There is the true spirit of scholarship, the very heart of the Oxford tradition. It is also the well-spring of the moving and stimulating volume of essays now under discussion.

* "The Looking-Glass." By Frank Crane, D.D. (Lane.)—
"The Philosophy of Daily Life." By E. C. M. (Parsons.)—
"The Eye of the Wift." By E. Temple Thurston. (Cassell.)

* "Essays and Addresses." By Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Professor Murray discusses many subjects, and all with the same high spiritual faith in the soul of man and the destiny of humanity. The soul of man is eternal, in that it changes scarcely at all with the changes of time and fashion. The material surroundings of man, his social conditions, develop; but the heart that endures and hopes is the same to-day as in the day of Homer:

"There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively if not absolutely non-progressive and eternal, and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second. Try to compare our inventions, our material civilisation, our stores of accumulated knowledge, with those of the age of Æschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis, and the comparison is absurd. Our superiority is beyond question and beyond measure. But compare any chosen poet of our age with Æschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, and the result is totally different. I do not wish to argue that we have fallen below the standard of those past ages; but it is clear that we are not definitely above them. The things of the spirit depend on will, on effort, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul; and not on discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and added up."

It is the failure to appreciate this spiritual significance of life which gives such a squalid appearance to half the political agitations of the age. As another, and a greater, son of Oxford never wearied of repeating: The British passion for machinery is for ever standing in the way of spiritual progress. "What is population but machinery? What is coal but machinery?" and so on. Yet, to listen to some orators, and to read many propagandists, you would imagine that the census and the cost of coal were the two most pregnant problems that face humanity. Nor does the danger lie merely in the worship of machinery in the mass; the worship of *local* machinery, so commonly confused with patriotism, is the most perilous of all hindrances to the cultivation of the scholarly, the Oxford attitude to life and thought. For a man must look outside his own country if he is to see any problem steadily and whole:

"There is also, not perhaps in every country, but in most countries of Europe, a small party which does not believe in the supernatural rights of its own countrymen, which values good will more than glory, and judges of national honour by standards approaching those by which it judges of personal honour: which believes in international morality, in the co-operation of nations for mutual help, in the ultimate fraternity of mankind."

"A poor and despised class these in every community: dreamers, sentimentalists, doctrinaires, hypocrites, traitors, 'friends of every country but their own'—they have at least one advantage over the ultra-patriots. It is an old rule of logic that 'truth by truth is never contradicted.'"

It is again this poor and despised class, "dreamers and sentimentalists" as the man of millions may call them, who preserve the Oxford spirit intact in the thick of the struggle to get rich quicker than any other nation of the world. We stand to-day at the outlet from an ordeal more bitter perhaps than the race of man has ever before been called upon to endure, and look back on a nightmare of horrors enacted in the sacred name of imperial preservation. The politician would say: "The Empire has emerged, shattered but unbroken; the end has justified the means." The scholar, on the contrary, can accept no such glib sophistry. Evil is evil, whatever its effect. An institution that is preserved by evil cannot have earned the right to survive:

"Suppose we were convinced by argument that all these actions were wise and necessary, and that violence and injustice of this sort are part of the natural machinery by which Empire is maintained; that the rule of the white man over the coloured man, the Christian over the 'heathen,' the civilised over the uncivilised, cannot be carried on except at the cost of these bloody incidents and the world-wide passion of hatred which they involve, I think the conclusion would be inevitable, not that such acts were right—for they cannot be right—but simply that humanity will not for very long endure the continuance of this form of World Order."

The pessimist under the force of such a conviction, is apt to throw up his hands and to protest that the cause of liberty and honour is irretrievably lost. But the scholar, the *καλοκάγαθος*, thinks more nobly of the soul of man, and finds present failure only an incentive to new and constructive effort. We have the power, he says, to build

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ourselves an empire broad-based upon integrity and truth ; for the moment we seem to have lost the will, but we possessed it once, and in abundance. We ought to be able to win back to it again. There is a real desire for change of heart in the minds of millions. If it can only make itself heard above the babble of contending parties, above the noise of money-changers and the sellers of soiled doves, all may yet be well. " Brave men long ago faced the same evils," and overcame them. Shall we be feebler than our fathers ?

To one reader at least of these stirring pages there has drifted back, across the mist of more than thirty years, the memory of an eloquent speaker, in a crowded Oxford debate, pleading for justice for Ireland, and for the burial of an age-old feud. The speaker that night was the essayist who now raises the same plea for the claim of the spirit in the ordering of this distracted world. The voice is the same ; the hope is the same ; the ardour of the enthusiast is scarcely even dimmed by the traffic of the years. The man who can keep that ardour bright, in the encircling gloom of our present discontents, may indeed be said still, and with a subtler interpretation, to have merited the envy of the gods.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Novel Notes.

THE CHRONICLES OF RODRIGUEZ. By Lord Dunsany. 9s. 6d. (Putnams.)

Lord Dunsany has found another style, a new field for his venturings and abilities. He has discovered something of the fantasy of " A Crock of Gold," something of Mr. Hewlett's " Brazenhead " swashbucklery ; and has taken us wandering, picaresque. He still has something to learn to be completely successful in this new device and gear ; but yet has written a book of imagination and pleasant extravagance which it does the heart good to meet. Some day, with humour more robust and a still greater mastery of the music of words, he will achieve something eminently memorable ; but we may as well rejoice in the golden fruit in our hands without thirsting unduly for the riches that hang on the trees in the garden of dreams. Don Rodriguez Trinidad Fernandez Concepcion Henrique Maria, the Lord of Argento and Duke of Shadow Valley, lived, travelled, fought, achieved, married and, in the fullness of years, died, in the later period of the golden age of Spain, when there still were magicians and green-clad bowmen who came and went, into and out of visibility, at the sound of a shadowy horn. With an old sword and a mandolin Rodriguez set forth to discover the glory that lurks in war ; and at once came to his most interesting experience. There is even a thrill in that night under the doubtful roof of the dark inn, when the landlord, with his poniard, like a spider descended and—did not live to tell the tale ! The least convincing journey is the next, wherein Rodriguez visited spiritually the aerial spaces between the mountains of the sun, accompanied of course

by Moraño of the militant frying-pan—for every Quixote must have his Sancho, and here was a Sancho better than many of the kind, though still but a shadow of the immortal original. The book grows in appeal and verbal beauty as it approaches the end ; and in brief, for space is inexorable, may be praised heartily—for it is

built of the true stuff of romance, and is especially welcome to a world generally comprised of boot-laces, omnibuses, head-lines, tea-cakes, policemen, umbrellas, and paving-stones.

LIVING DUST. By Mrs. Henry Tippet. 8s. 6d. net. (John Bale, Sons & Daniels-son.)

Mrs. Henry Tippet has resumed novel-writing after a long interval occasioned by the war, as Mr. William J. Locke, in his foreword, points out. For a writer those lost years mean much ; it is almost like starting over again to discover a new public, and yet there are many who will recall her earlier works, " Life-Force," " The Green Girl," and will read " Living Dust " because of them. Mrs. Tippet writes with the sure touch of the mature novelist ; her story in a manner resembles a sepia drawing, full of fine lights and shades, yet it is as poignantly vital as life itself. Michael Ford has had one romance in his life—coming only after marriage and after his legitimate wife has lost her reason and become the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Dorothea, the woman he has loved—now a handful of dust hidden away in a little casket—is still with him in spirit, and to her he dedicates his whole being, his dreams, his grey and solitary existence. Then flashes into his path a girl, another Dorothea, vivid with youth, buoyant, irresistible, and bent on securing his friendship. With her frank determination, her quick sympathy, the indefinable charm of her girlishness, she secures it. More than that, he finds in her affection some compensation for his loss ; she brings back to him the Dorothea of the dear dead past. But his imbecile wife is yet alive ; can he accept the sacrifice this second Dorothea would so willingly make, and snatch the happiness of his St. Martin's Summer ? Mrs. Tippet, without waste of words and with delightful character drawing, brings us to this climax. The end of the story is dramatic and unexpected, and we can only say that we hope now the author has taken up her pen again, she will go on and give us more stories as good as this.

THE Highbrows. By C. E. M. Joad. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Neither novel nor essay, this clever book is difficult to define in a single phrase. It is a satire upon modern " movements " of various kinds, held together upon a thread of incident, and given some coherence by the device of an imaginary hero whose experiences and conversations contain a slight but recognisable " plot." Young Pramp, this changeable, inquiring personage, is shown at Oxford sharing in a movement for the betterment of the town's rough boys ; later he is a lamentable failure from the moral point of view in an East End of London University settlement. He passes through queer events when on holiday in Brittany, and his attachment to the " Mivians "—a thin disguise for the Fabians, obviously—is the occasion for the author's most brilliant pages. Many of the best points will be missed by readers who have not kept in touch with London's intellectual and quasi-intellectual coteries ; but those who " know the ropes " have a treat in store. Mr. Joad is merciless ; his fun is irresistible, but it has a sharp sting, and we imagine that there will be some blushes in secret and a few sore heads, metaphorically speaking, over his candid exposures of masculine and feminine followers of well-known sets. Yet there is nothing ill-natured in his work ; it is healthy, invigorating, and above all full of sound common sense. And some of the epigrams and sudden jokes are the real thing—one has to put the book down and explode in laughter.



Photo by Alinari.

Mrs. Henry Tippet.



Photo by Mendoza Galleries.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad.

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST. By Ben Travers. 7s. 6d.
(John Lane.)

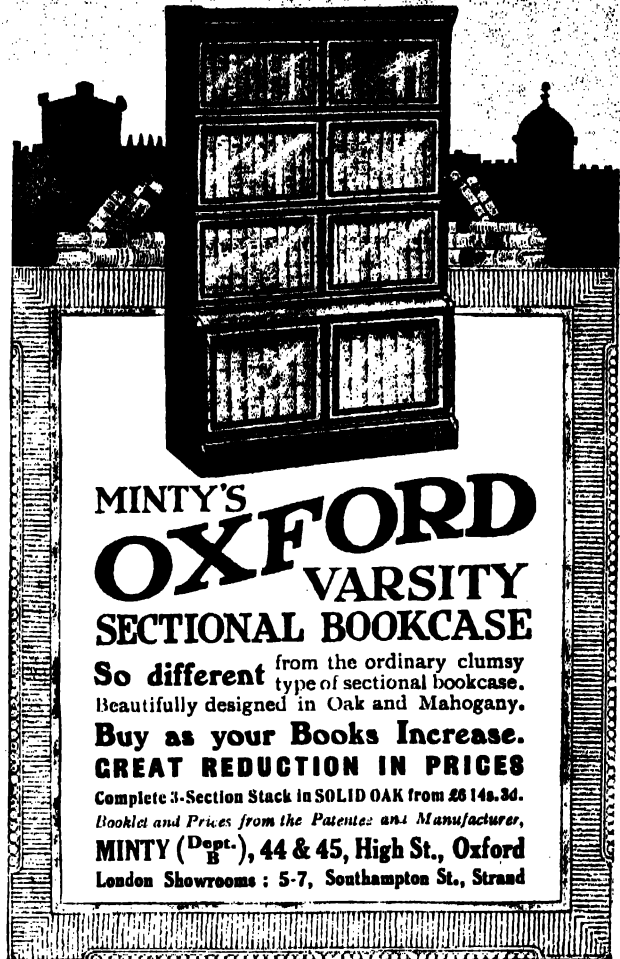
It does not follow because a man has written one humorous book that he can write another. We have been so often disappointed that we opened Mr. Travers's second prepared for the worst, but there was nothing to fear. "The Dippers" was the real thing: a genuinely funny farcical comedy that nobody with nothing the matter with him could read without laughing irrepressibly; and in "The Cuckoo in the Nest" he has done it again, and done it even better than before. The plot is too crowded with incident to be packed into any summary; besides, the humour and ingenuity of the story is not all in the plot—it is quite as much in the manner of its telling, in the dialogue, and especially in the characterisation. The fussy, absurd motor-bicycling parson, the Rev. Andrew Cathcart Sloley Sloley-Jones, is a delightful comic creation; so too are Sophia's mother, her repressed father, and the exasperating landlady of the "Stag and Hunt." The pivotal episode of the story is as extravagant, and in reckless hands might have been as risky, as anything in a French farce, but by making Peter a simple, decent muddler, in love with his wife, and Margaret as perfectly charming as she is unconventional and deeply in love with her large-minded, sensible husband, Mr. Travers not only completely saves the situation, but makes the whole thing nothing but matter for hearty and unlimited laughter. Cleverly contrived, deftly handled, the humour of the story is quaint, ridiculous, outrageously burlesque—call it what you will, it is all the best of good fun and keeps you amused and chuckling or laughing aloud till the last of its piquant, headlong complications has been successfully unravelled.

WHEN THE SUN STOOD STILL. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

"Although my vocation is that of a preacher and author," writes Dr. Brady in a foreword to this romance of ancient Jericho, "I was bred to the profession of arms and I have never lost my love for things naval and military. I have long projected an essay upon the soldiers of Scripture from Joshua to the Maccabees, but instead I chose to write this novel. . . ." And so absorbing did he find the subject that he tells us the novel wrote itself, and it is written with such power and imaginative realism that all the fascination he found in it is transferred to the reader. Opening with the escape of two Hebrew spies from Jericho, the story presents a vivid picture of Joshua's advance and the investment and fall of the city. One of the spies is a prince of the tribe of Benjamin, and his passion for a Hittite maiden provides an engrossing love theme. In writing a story round the terrific battles between Jehovah and Baal Mr. Brady has set himself no easy task, but he has evidently found it to his liking, and has acquitted himself remarkably well. A vigorous, picturesque romance that we can strongly recommend.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER. By Jackson Gregory. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The contrast between civilisation and the life of the wilds is a remarkably good theme for a clever writer, and as Mr. Jackson Gregory is one of the cleverest tellers of tales of the West he naturally has not overlooked its possibilities. "The Everlasting Whisper" is one of his best open-air stories. Mark King, adventurer and explorer, is on the trail of gold, and through a sudden series of emergencies he is compelled to take with him Gloria Gaynor, the daughter of one of his oldest friends, brought up in luxury. Gloria goes into the great adventure with much gusto at first, only to rebel and collapse as hardships begin to spoil the glamour. Of the struggle against nature's wildest aspects, the fight in the cave where the gold was hidden, the gradual breaking in of the sensitive, highly-strung girl, and the thrilling scenes which Mr. Gregory knows so well how to stage most effectively, we will say nothing, except that they are calculated to make any normal reader finish the book at a single reading. It is a worthy addition to the fine series of "Wild West" novels we owe to the same sure hand.



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MAN AND MAID. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)

How cunningly, how admirably Mrs. Glyn caters for the suburbs! She thoroughly understands the lavish side of life, and the villa lady, in her cramped surroundings, is simply bound to relish this tale of wealthy Sir Nicholas Thormonde and his glorious Parisian flat. Nicholas is wounded, but his good looks, we feel certain, are bound to be restored. Our hopes are confirmed. And his love affairs have just that touch of naughtiness which the suburbs look on with a frightened interest. There is real romance here too. Nicholas loves his little secretary. Behind those ugly yellow spectacles of hers lie the most enchanting and aristocratic eyes. The two marry, in order that Nicholas may help Miss Sharp's poor relations! It is at first a marriage in name only. You may imagine with what delicate art Mrs. Glyn works the situation: two hearts bursting with love unspoken, the stiff little meals, the frigid good nights. "I utterly adore Alatheia," muses Nicholas, "and yet—I am sure—with that mouth—if she loved me, she would be anything but cold." She surrenders prettily, and he murmurs "soul of mine!" in the true hero's way.

THE HAWK OF EGYPT. By Joan Conquest. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

As in her previous novels, Miss Joan Conquest weaves into "The Hawk of Egypt" the magic and mysticism, the fascinating, indefinable glamour of the East. The story is concerned with a beautiful English girl and the two men who are rivals for her love. The half-caste, with the East and West tragically blended in his nature, exercises a powerful influence over the innocent Damaris Hethencourt, though her real love is for the slow, stolid Britisher, Ben Kelham—Big Ben, as he is called, in deference to his six feet two inches. Piqued by jealousy, the girl turns to the half-caste for sympathy—and then comes the test of Ben's devotion. Is he great-hearted enough to forgive? Well, you must read Miss Conquest's stirring novel to find out. All the elements of a popular seller are combined in its two-hundred-and-fifty pages, and it is a sequel to "Desert Love," which has won the author a place among the most successful novelists of the day. To all who enjoy a story of tense dramatic interest, of the eternal triangle which lends itself to endless variations and will never grow stale so long as human nature survives, the book makes a strong appeal; and the vivid Egyptian setting gives it a peculiar charm.

THE VENEERINGS. By Sir Harry Johnston. 8s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Of all the stories Charles Dickens wrote, none appealed to me more than 'Our Mutual Friend,'" writes Sir Harry in his preface, "because it is the most modern in tone and setting." He adds that it was an irresistible temptation to him to develop the careers of John Harmon and Bella, of Sophronia and Alfred Lamble. He has done so in the most excellent fashion, imagining fresh people drawn into the orbits of the original characters, preserving throughout that sense of leisurely calm so essential to Dickens. Sir Harry loves telling a story; enjoys describing large families, and excels in the art of reproducing correspondence. The letters of Hetty Veneering—circling round her domestic hopes and sorrows—are so natural that they might be real. Again, in painting Mervyn's journeys abroad, the author displays his vast knowledge of animal, insect and plant life. We like his blessing on the Bean tribe! The book will attract the middle-aged particularly, but is well able to challenge the interest of young folk. It has a fascination all its own.

KATE CURLEW. By Christine Orr. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Kate Curlew" is a powerful story of love and life in the Pentland country. The author's sympathetic insight into human nature has enabled her to draw her characters with no uncertain strokes; they are virile, real people she pictures for us. Our interest is quickly aroused as we sense the atmosphere which surrounds the tragic inmates of the Manse of Flotterstone. We find them at the

commencement in agonised prayer—craving protection from the violent storm raging without. Isabella, the younger daughter of the house, is shuddering. "Her hands were damp with sweat, and there was terror in her mind of what she might see in the corners of the room if she looked round. She believed, as surely as the praying man, that Satan himself was dancing on the slates and shouting in the storm, that he was out that evening for waylaying of saints and the snaring of souls, and that the little company in the room might exorcise and overcome him if they wrestled in prayer with sufficient faithfulness. The servant-girl, whimpering on her knees by the door, believed it too." The author makes all these ridiculous fears quite convincing; the religious fanaticism of the minister grips the imagination—he is a terrible and impressive character, and there is a more than touch of poetic justice about his dreadful end. Kate Curlew, his elder daughter, comes back home after five years abroad, on the stormy night when the exorcising of the devil is taking place. The religious tangle she finds for her fingers to unknot, and the lover she finds in the man who has quixotically become engaged to her sister, bring out her strong, keen-witted character in sharp contrast to that of the fear-ridden and weak Isabella. Around these two girls in the weird and lonely manse the story centres: a story that reminds us in its fierce, emotional strength and tragedy of "Wuthering Heights." It is a book that should not be missed by those on the look out for the books that count.

The Bookman's Table.

WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA. By Harry A. Franck. 25s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In one of Mr. Franck's previous books we were taken along the terrible Andes. Like some dauntless insect making its way, regardless of unplumbed chasms, down the backbone of a vast monster, so Mr. Franck seemed imperturbably to follow his star and incidentally to provide us a vast entertainment. So far as I remember his object was no other than to study the environment in which those strange fauna, human and otherwise, have their being. In this new volume he leads us, with many digressions, up the eastern side of South America; but now he has an additional purpose—that of introducing to the natives, the so-called "Kinetophone" or "talking moving-picture," which Edison had recently invented. When the offer to associate himself with this enterprise is made by one Linton, a fellow-countryman, to the author he does not receive it with great enthusiasm, although he happens, down in Brazil, to be in very low water. "I have a serious problem on my hands, too," he answers, "and that is how to get back to the U.S.A. early enough this fall to join in an important coon hunt." But eventually the negotiations are concluded and, knowing our Mr. Franck as we do, we are not surprised when he sets out to tell us of all the difficulties involved in getting the outfit through the customs and to give an interesting and humorous account of how other commodities are brought into the country. The Brazilians, he tells us, have no word for bribery; they use the expression *comer* (to eat). A merchant who has been forced to pay full legal duty on a bill of goods asks his *despachante* (the agent) anxiously, referring to the strict new customs official who passed on it, "*Elle já come?*" To which, perhaps, comes the sad answer, "*Não, ainda não come*" (He doesn't eat—yet). A few weeks later the merchant sends the honest man a few bottles of perfumery or some equally welcome present. If he sends them back, he is not yet "ripe." But at length word goes round, "*Já come*" (Now he eats), and the merchants whose goods pass through his hands heave a sigh of relief. . . . There is no part of this long book to which we can turn without being compelled to read on and on; verily Mr. Franck has as much the eye for the picturesque as is possessed by his excellent camera, and we constantly feel that we are gathering information which few professors of that great school, the world, could place before us more alluringly.



Title-page Vignette.

Drawn by J. Walter West, R.W.S.

From "Nicholas the Weaver" (Swarthmore Press).

NICHOLAS THE WEAVER.

By Maude Robinson.
7s. 6d. net.
(Swarthmore Press.)

The title story in this volume of short stories tells of a Roundhead soldier, Nicholas Penniford, released from service on

the return of the banished Charles II. Nicholas is a Yorkshireman and a clever weaver by trade, and when he finds by letter that his widowed mother is dead and that his crafty cousin Jonas has married the stepsister to whom Nicholas was hastening, and annexed farm and stock and looms, sick at heart Nicholas lingers in Sussex instead of continuing his journey, and there falling in with a friendly family he in time becomes as one of them, and finally finds happiness in the Quaker religion and the love of a daughter of the family. The ten tales in the book make no pretence of being anything but simple records based on fact. The periods range from Restoration times down to eighteen seventy-five, and all deal with phases of Quaker life. Real persons are introduced into the stories such as Elizabeth Fry, Hannah More and William Tuke, and the simple artlessness of the writing, the sincerity, and the first-hand knowledge revealed give the book a value and interest of its own.

COSMIC VISION. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.
(R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

As an authority upon beautiful printing, and on the great Arts and Crafts movement in general, Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson has few rivals. In this finely produced book he tells the story of the Doves Bindery and the Doves Press briefly, and to some extent explains his ideas on printing, on handicraft and on life in a world which we feel is not yet ripe for his peaceful revolutions. We say "to some extent," for the plain fact is that the author is not very good at explaining his ideas when it comes to philosophy instead of practical handicraft. His head is among the clouds and the effect of his many "I believe" at the close of his expositions is bewildering. "I believe in Day and Night . . . in the Innumerable and Infinitely

"Distant Stars . . . that as the Earth turns upon itself we pass into the Light and wake to Life and die downwards into Darkness and the Sleep of Rest, and that we are One in Life and Sleep with the Earth's Self." And so on. It reminds us of the palmy days of the "New Thought" movement, with its facile word-spinning. Fortunately there is the other aspect of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and for that we are most heartily grateful. On his set subject of printing, the combination of every resource of typefounder and block-maker to make the perfectly beautiful and balanced page, he speaks as one with authority. We could have done with a great deal more of this in the present volume. If the author would only be human and humorous and give us reminiscences and personal experiences instead of pseudo-philosophy—which leaves little impression except that of a sea of sounding words—we should place his written word much more highly.

THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY OF LONDON. By Herbert Reynolds. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

This volume is a handbook and guide to the City churches. Its appeal is hardly to the architect or antiquarian, but rather to the general public. The author voices the feelings of all to whom the City churches are a matter of pride in making an earnest plea for their preservation. We have long realised the danger threatening these valuable examples of famous architects of a great architectural epoch, preserving to us such a wealth of historical association. With their destruction the recollection of many illustrious personages and notable events will be banished to the remote fields of tradition and fable whence but faint echoes penetrate to the hastening passer-by. The conditions of this materialistic age insist that everything non-productive must go. The churches unfortunately come under this condemnation. The population of the City has so receded to the outskirts that they no longer fulfil their destined spiritual purpose, and in a measure they have become shrines for the antiquarian. But surely we cannot admit justification for the removal of one of these churches, most of them built after the Great Fire at a time of dire impoverishment. They are the objects of self-sacrifice far greater than any now called for in their retention. Therefore any volume which tends to sustain interest in the City churches is welcome. In the short account of each of the fifty-six churches is contained a brief description, and some interesting references to famous personages connected with it in the days when business premises and residence were combined. A special tribute is due to the inspired "mental cinema," reviewing the noble history of St. Paul's Cathedral, with which the author ends his book. Realising that the tower is a beacon which guides the votary to the shrine he seeks, the author has provided sketches indicating the design.

Music.

THE ENGLISH MADRIGAL: A TALK WITH MR. KENNEDY SCOTT.

By J. P. COLLINS.

THE revival of the English madrigal must rank as one of the promising symptoms of our time. To their lasting discredit our ancestors allowed a great school of achievement to die away and be forgotten, and those concerned in reviving it believe that the school of the English madrigal was as notable in its degree as the Tudor drama or the great wave of exploration which surged about the throne of Elizabeth. In great measure our indebtedness for the present revival goes to Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott. He has been reminding us for years that long before this country spent its energies

upon the riteless form of chorus-play commonly called oratorio, it had been building up a long tradition of unaccompanied choral music with no superior. This school, which reached its climax towards the close of the Tudor era, amazes modern experts by its wealth of ideas and the subtlety of its rhythmic form. It is this revival, its origin, purpose and future, that I wanted to discuss, and I was at some pains to overcome Mr. Kennedy Scott's reluctance to talk about himself.

All the signs of healthy energy marked his room—books and pipes, a well-cleared desk of papers—

everything, in short, but the insignia with which so many musicians surround themselves, from the inevitable bust of John Sebastian to bound volumes of the Nine Symphonies. There was no pianola or gramophone to proclaim him a victim to the hurdy-gurdy spirit, and I should not care to be the envoy sent to coax Mr. Kennedy Scott in that direction. In the concert-room and in his study he prevails by an easy naturalness, and if music is a thing apart from common life, it is not his fault. This his talk soon proved. It covered his work in several aspects, first as conductor of the Philharmonic Choir and the Oriana Madrigal Society, both of them famous for the high standard he has maintained; and then as an apostle of Old English music and the newer schools as well. But it was madrigals that interested me, and I had come to learn how it came about that he set himself to bring back to popularity things that had slumbered so long among the archaic and obsolete.

"It was the merest chance," he said. "Up to twenty years ago and well past my student days at the Brussels Conservatoire, I was content to follow the more or less orthodox lines of a modern 'young blood,' for I think I have always been a sort of dissatisfied soul with a leaning towards the revolutionary. I had not discovered then that revolution might reach backwards as well as forwards; that one could be both a conservative and a progressive without becoming mentally disordered. I knew very little about choral matters, having been brought up almost entirely as an instrumentalist, and I was doing as our musicians usually did—looking abroad for my inspiration and regarding English music as purely relative and subordinate. One night at a friend's I was turning over a heap of music and came across a curiosity. I ran it over, and then again. Even the name 'madrigal' was a thing of the past, or its very foreignness might have earned it more respect. But instead of the faded commonplaceness of our preconceptions, it revealed strange scholarship; what was more important, it was alive! I came away with it rambling through my mind, and when I had the chance I went along to the British Museum to dig the subject up. The more I searched, the more I found what I had lost—lost without missing, you know, which is sometimes the worst deprivation. In those lovely old compositions buried in neglect, occasionally disintegrated for post-mortem purposes, but seldom to rejoice modern ears with the living beauty that still was there, I found what all artists must delight in—records of great spirits dead and gone—things done for love. They came upon me like a

revelation. I have never neglected them since, and if anything their fascination grows.

"There were many things I learned from the pursuit of this old music; for one thing, that the field was almost inexhaustible. Issued slowly at first, but in the hey-day of the art poured forth literally in a torrent, our printed madrigals alone numbered their hundreds. I also realised they were things perfect of their kind,

things no man could have written unless he was a master of his calling. The English masters who put together the 'Triumphs of Oriana' in praise of Elizabeth were all choice spirits versed in the truest scholarship. Even nowadays, after a steady revival, comparatively few are familiar with the names of Thomas Morley, Dowland, Wilbye, Weelkes, Bennet, Kirby and the rest. Yet these men left exquisite compositions behind which are the admiration of all musicians of discernment, native or other; and they alone would serve to redeem us English from the libel of having no music in our souls."

"Do you attribute the long interval of neglect since 1600 to the Puritan obsession?" I asked. "No, I do not," was the reply: this with emphasis. "I believe

the mischief began with the Renaissance, and is even present in some of the writings we are discussing. Compare the work of Tallis and Byrd and Weelkes with that of Morley and Wilbye, and you will see that the spirit of the latter, fine though it is, is not entirely traditional but borrowed. The Renaissance may have done Europe a service in some things: in others it inflicted damage. It overflowed us with a double wave, it seems to me—first a wave of classicism, and then a wave of foreign influence, chiefly Italian. The first cramped us like a flood of lava; the second enfeebled us beyond any cure. This influence was specially destructive to English music, just as it had been in English poetry a century before. Spenser, to my mind, was a true example of the way in which English literature became artificialised, until things and men grew so 'Italianate' as to be objects of distrust, if not contempt. The great era of Tudor drama saved our poetry, but there was no saving sanative for our music. Leaders of fashion who made the grand tour of Europe brought back some foreign fad or other, and aliens like Handel completed the mischief. Their strength was our weakness, and in the conflict the true note of our earlier poets and musicians perished in the shallows of pretence."

I suggested that the era of madrigals might have had a natural death. But Mr. Kennedy Scott would have none of this. "As regards the composition of the



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Mr. Kennedy Scott.

madrigals, yes," he said, "for the polyphonic style had probably reached its climax and new problems had arisen to interest composers. The deplorable thing was not that we failed to produce more madrigals but that we forgot the existence of those we already possessed. It was the passing of the spirit of the Tudor time rather than its letter which produced such woeful aberrations in our critical standards, and I think it was bound up largely with commercialism. Of course, no race can have a monopoly of all the virtues, any more than an individual can. But when we consider the many gifts we've consigned to atrophy for the sake of travel and trade, it's enough to make one's heart ache. Music dwelt in our ancestors, as we have evidence to show; and in the old days we know it to have been part of the life of the common people. It was not only a thing of courts and masques and masquerades; it was commissioned by the abbey or the guilds or private people; and the result was hailed with enthusiasm, so much so that it circulated by memory or a bit of manuscript and was treasured and sung wherever it went. The composer was honoured, if he was known; but as a rule he remained contented with the perfection of his work. There was no craze for publicity such as newspapers have foisted upon us now. To-day it is not the composer but the star performer who fills the bill; this is because music is something foreign to the national life. We go out and buy it as we buy our amusements, instead of cultivating it for ourselves."

Philippics from an optimist and he is one if ever there was one—must always be refreshing. I played a bait which soon brought Mr. Kennedy Scott round to his normal and genial self. I asked what about the prospects, and here he was at once afire with hope and confidence. "I think we are on the right lines at last; in fact, I'm convinced of it. During the war there was much talk of keeping German music out because it was German, but the motive was narrow and wrong. I condemn the motive, but have much sympathy with the practice itself, though it is exceedingly hard to determine a thoroughly sound line of action. My point is that at present we have very little need of music from abroad. There is enough fine music produced in this country to supply our wants, and more. Some of it is so good that it will be better appreciated in the future than it is to-day. No man can get the whole world under his skin. If he tries he'll very likely find that he has lost his own soul in the attempt. The thing hangs on a thread of feeling rather than of argument. You can make mincemeat, perhaps, of this particular theory, but I will stick to my contention, or a background of it at any rate. I don't really want to bar foreign compositions or performers. You can't ultimately keep out German or any other imported music by a tariff or Acts of Parliament. What I want to kill is the shallow and preposterous assumption that because it comes from abroad it is bound to be right. Indeed I would almost sign the paradox that however right it is, it is almost bound to be wrong—for us. A mother couldn't be satisfied with some one else's child: the most she can do is to have kindly feeling towards other children. Let us look into our own music, therefore, and give it a sympathetic studious attention; the result will be more than worth the trouble."

CHORAL MUSIC.

From Messrs. Augener come three songs for female voices, of which two, both by Havergal Brian, are well worth the attention of choirs. The first, "Absence," is an easy setting of the well-known "When I think on the happy days" for S.S.C.C. unaccompanied. The second, for S.S.C., with an interesting and independent piano part, deals in fresh and effective style with Heywood's "Pack, Clouds, Away." The part writing is free and ingenious without being finicking, and presents difficulties worth overcoming. The harmonic method of both songs is interesting, the parts are all of interest, and there is a refreshing absence of padding. These virtues are absent from Paul Ambrose's "The Call of Home," a fact which is particularly unfortunate, since only their marked presence could justify yet another adaptation of the Londonderry air. Instead, ordinary harmonics, numerous chromatic clichés, an indefensible alteration of the tune, pleasant but rather unsuitable words, and *bouche fermée* effects, which now need to be very well done to convince, combine to produce a commonplace result.

"Judas Iscariot's Paradise," a setting by Adam Carse for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra of Sebastian Evans's striking and unusual poem, occupying thirty-two pages in piano score, forms a welcome addition to the none too extensive repertory of short works available for ambitious choirs of moderate size and ability. The ballad describes the discovery by "the holy Brandon and Brandon's crew" of Judas Iscariot, released from hell for a day each year on account of three good actions to sit in his sorry paradise,

"naked on a stone,
Worn by the waves to sinew and bone,
Wringing his hands with a dolorous moan."

The solo, chorus writing and scoring are bold and broadly effective, and vividly reproduce the *macabre* and dramatic elements of the poem.

SONGS.

From Messrs. Enoch come three songs which, apart from their intrinsic merits, provide interesting grounds for comparison. "A Persian Love Song," by Imayat Khan and Henry Tiltman, "The Old Woman," by Sarojini Naidu and Paul Edmonds, and "An Eastern Lover," by John H. Foulds, exemplify different methods of treating eastern words. The first is a good song suitable for baritone or tenor, in which the composer's oriental tastes are visible in nothing but the title and, perhaps, a rather causeless change of key. He has done well what was presumably all he tried to do, and the result is a graceful song that deserves popularity. Mr. Edmonds is more sophisticated. He takes a tune that is no more eastern than Mr. Tiltman's and of much less value, a tune that would do for a dozen things, and proceeds to manufacture an atmosphere by means of an accompaniment which is simple enough but significant, and, except for the first bar of the sixth page, consistent. The song is an amusing experiment, certainly pinchbeck, but very neat in its pretence. Mr. Foulds is more sincere and more ambitious. His setting of words from the Song of Songs is not obtrusively oriental, the local colour being left to the words and occasional suggestions in the piano part. "An Eastern Lover" is an interesting and unusual song which offers good opportunities to the contralto or mezzo-soprano voice.

In his setting of Tennyson's "Break, break, break" (Enoch), Easthope Martin concentrates upon the passion of the words rather than their dignified restraint, so that his song is somewhat obviously rhetorical and more convincing on first than on second hearing. But though turgid and lacking in economy of means, it holds together well; and though the reading is in some ways superficial, parts of the song, particularly the conclusion, have pathos and a certain nobility.

A refreshing feature about the songs remaining to be considered is that all deal with the open air and that some catch a little of its freshness. The best is "Harpenden Common," by George Buchanan (Enoch), a jolly song

of the type that has been steadily popular since Santley made "The Yeoman's Wedding" famous. The words are breezy and worth singing, the music swings, there is a bonny face in the last verse and a derry-down-derry in each; the robust baritone in need of a popular song need ask no more.

"Near the Rill," by F. W. Massi-Hardiman (Augener), is more ambitious and less successful. The words, after the Russian, have suggested a pleasant enough tune that would have been better for a simpler accompaniment than it here receives. It is overdressed. No such charge can be made against "The Country Dance," in which Helen Taylor and May Brahe return to a tract of country which they have exploited in several better songs than this. For the moment they have dropped into a style too ingenuously simple, and trusted to "merrily, merrily-o's," with the climax on the "—ly," to eke out defective vigour and an over-short refrain. Their trust was misplaced. A return to the better workmanship of "As I went a-roaming" would seem to be indicated. A similar return would benefit Katie Moss, who once wrote "The Floral Dance" and now offers "Grey Flowers of Dusk" (Ricordi), which are much less fragrant. Here again the composer turns nominally to the open, but it is a stage garden with too highly-coloured flowers (rhyming with "hours"), each with an allegory attached for use in the last verse, and a spot lime for the dying sun. Further notice is needless, as the song has been reviewed many times before under many titles, and many audiences have sat enraptured, as it is to be feared they will again, while the singer saved himself for the final sprint to G.

But the average output of the popular houses does really seem to show that the taste of the large public for this sort of sugar is diminishing, or is at least extending to other things of a better sort. Only such a reflection can fortify reviewers against such touching trifles as "Tilly" (Keith, Prowse), in which two strong men combine to warble the charms of a close relation of "Jane," who becomes an angel in the last line but one, and ends softly. It is useless to provoke the blue pencil by really apt criticism.

RODNEY BENNETT.

RHYTHM: ITS POWER AND ITS NEGLECT, WITH THE PRINCIPLES AND LAWS WHICH GOVERN THE PERFORMANCE OF MUSIC. By George Sampson. (Chester)

The author of this pamphlet is not, we imagine, the writer whose essays on books and music are familiar features of these columns. He is the city organist of Brisbane and holds many other offices in the musical and academic life of Queensland. He is plainly a writer with definite opinions and courage to state them unmistakably. He believes that the soul of music is rhythm, and that

any overlay of "expression" warring against rhythm is a crime against the composer. This thesis he develops with sound argument and an abundance of quoted examples. We may, perhaps, think he is a little fanatical, but we are sure that his contention is sound. Rhythm, he says grimly, is discipline; that is why the flabby dilettante shirks it. He will, we are sure, be interested to know that enlightened teachers of English have definitely revolted against the kind of reading in schools in which so-called "expression" is allowed to destroy rhythmic feeling. We once heard a young lady recite Shelley's "Skylark," and, at the line "Like a high-born maiden," she made little catches with her hand in the air as if seeking an elusive fly, and exclaimed, "Lake—lake—lake—lake a hay-born meeden." We are sure Mr. Sampson would have enjoyed it as much as we did. We strongly recommend his pamphlet to all conductors, choristers, teachers and students.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

LIMEHOUSE WHARF. By H. V. Jarvis-Read. Words by Adrian Heard. (Elkin.)

Not enough character in the words, and not quite enough character in the music to make the song outstanding.

TWO SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By H. V. Jarvis-Read. Words by Gabriel Setoun. (Elkin.)

Two pleasing melodies, but the words, as so often the case in children's songs, are rather too grown-upish.

INCLINATION À LA DANSE. By Cyril Scott. (Elkin.)

An inexperienced player may think at first sight that here is a Cyril Scott piece that he can play with a fair amount of ease. He will quickly be disillusioned. It is a tantalising "danse," but one that all Cyril Scott enthusiasts will want to get.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS. Cantata by Jaques-Dalcroze. (Augener)

Another delightful book for children's voices, which should prove as great a success as Jaques-Dalcroze's former works of this kind.

FOUR MINIATURES. By Havergal Brian. (Augener.)

Four charming miniatures—two of them inspired by poems by William Blake.

SEA DREAMS. SCHERZETTO. REVERIE. IMPROMPTU. By Montague F. Phillips. (Augener.)

Mr. Montague Phillips's four pianoforte studies are difficult, but interesting and full of character.

The Drama.

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY OF IRISH PLAYWRIGHTS.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

OXFORD: an afternoon in Eights Week: the last stage of a club lunch to the Irish Players. A young man stands up to reply to the toast of the Abbey Theatre. The whisper goes round that he is Lennox Robinson, manager of the Players on tour; the titles of two or three plays already to his credit are murmured as he begins to speak. In a few simple words he tells something of the history of the Abbey Theatre, its ideals, its difficulties, its hopes. . . . And then, eight

years later, between the curtains of a London playhouse the same figure comes forward to plead for the same heroic enterprise, threatened now with extinction by the new Curfew Act. But on this second occasion he is no longer unknown; he has toured England and America with the Irish Players; his "White-headed Boy," produced recently at the Ambassadors, is in full career; his "Lost Leader" has been seen at the Court. Only the speaker is unchanged; tall, stooping, speaking

a little slowly and awkwardly ("Max" would do him in three long curves and a lock of hair), you would say he was rather bored with the whole business, were it not for a certain wistful note in his voice which tells, better than any flamboyant rhetoric, of his deep love for his cause. That cause triumphs still; the Abbey Theatre, oldest of existing Repertories, is once more afloat with Lennox Robinson at the helm; and at the Aldwych an offshoot of its old company has been presenting a second season of "The White-headed Boy."

Thanks to the courtesy of one of the Irish Players (who was magnanimous enough to lend a perfect stranger what he could not otherwise have obtained at such short notice) I have just read the new edition of "The White-headed Boy," published by the Talbot Press, with a foreword on the author by Ernest Boyd. The latter gives an admirably concise account of Lennox Robinson's contributions to the Abbey stage, from "The Clancy Name" in 1908 almost to the present day, and I cannot do better than recommend all Abbey-lovers to add the book to their library. But Mr. Boyd's account might be supplemented here and there. He is a little hard on "The Cross Roads," a play whose atmosphere is very grimly convincing even when its incidents are improbable—a play for the stage rather than the study, in short, leaning a little to melodrama, as does all Lennox Robinson's earlier work. Lady Gregory commented on this trait not long ago in a London lecture, where she described him as having "waded to the 'White-headed Boy' through streams of blood"; the author himself deplores it, and seldom revives the tragedies of his apprenticeship. But in "The Cross Roads" at any rate there is something more than this melodramatic tendency; Ellen's ideals are frustrated by her transference to a sphere where there would seem to be no place for them, and the city education which has fostered those ideals is turned to bitterness and remorse. The intellectual is at odds with the physical, and in Lennox Robinson's later work the same conflict is to be found. It recurs in "Harvest," his next play, another study of the misapplication and waste of educational facilities. It recurs apparently in "The Round Table," a new play not yet produced in London, which has been described to me as the "Mauv Rose" of the Irish stage. Nor is it fanciful to trace something of the kind, applied politically, in "Patriots" and "The Dreamers"—both studies, in part, of the idealist's failure to see eye to eye with the materialist. Politically this thesis received its tragic commentary from real life in the rebellion of 1916; but as Mr. Boyd points out, political prophecy is not an essential function of the dramatist, and the bitter lesson of Easter Week (where so much more than England and Ireland was in conflict) leaves Lennox Robinson not too dismayed. In "The Lost Leader" he restores Parnell to active life; and though the hero's death forestalls the disclosure of his great plan for the salvation of Ireland, there is little doubt that the ascendancy which Parnell anticipates is an intellectual one.

Delicate ground for an Irish playwright! The Synge riots sprang seemingly from far less provocation. But in this respect Lennox Robinson is himself the white-headed boy of the Irish theatre. Even when political,

his work has always been welcomed in Dublin as a sincere, earnest contribution to Irish thought; and when they flocked to "The Lost Leader," the spectators who had reduced the "Playboy" to a dumb-show left drum and trumpet at home. It is not easy to account for this, at any rate by comparing the texts of the two plays. Maybe the personality of the respective writers had something to do with it. Synge suffered no fool gladly; he was impatient of misunderstanding, and had a you-be-damned knack of sending interrogators about their business, or of confounding them with still more outrageous laughter. Lennox Robinson is more patient—at times almost explanatory; and I have often wondered whether this difference of personality, leaking through to the outside world as reputations will, has not helped to win an indulgence for the one playwright that was denied the other.

Mr. Boyd cites "The White-headed Boy" as the crown of Lennox Robinson's maturer work. Commercially it is so, no doubt; whether it is as good a play as "The Lost Leader" is likely to remain as barren a discussion as most comparisons between different forms of art. At all events it is no higher above the level of Abbey comedy than is "The Lost Leader" above that of Abbey tragedy. If its success in England makes it seem so, one must allow for the play's abnormal adaptability to the needs of London audiences, who have even now not quite forgotten their old love for the stage Irishman of Boucicaultian farce. In that Ambassadors production, again, the chief parts were taken by two artists, neither of whom could resist the temptation of playing to the stage-Irish gallery. Mr. Sinclair has always leaned towards clowning; and Miss O'Neill's Aunt Ellen declined steadily from a richly comic creation to the most lamentably inappropriate burlesque. Miss O'Neill was perhaps out of her true element in playing comedy; but Mr. Sinclair is so ripe a comedian that his rather disappointing Duffy calls for further comment; for Mr. Sinclair is a great artist in his own line—yes, a great solo artist; almost the George Robey of the Irish stage; now Mr. Robey in any part might be more absolutely amusing than (shall we say?) Mr. Arthur Whitby; but his Falstaff, one may imagine, would be less good than Mr. Whitby's, because it would tend to be funny in itself rather than relatively to the rest of the play. An over-endowment of comic genius sometimes disqualifies an artist for good team-work: he achieves the Euclidean paradox of making the part seem greater than the whole; which is absurd. . . . By the same token Mr. O'Donovan at the Aldwych is a better Duffy than Mr. Sinclair at the Ambassadors, and Miss Allgood's Aunt Ellen ten thousand times better than the farcical charlady of Miss O'Neill.

If I have seemed to stray from Lennox Robinson to a discussion of Irish acting it is because this burlesque appeal has so often obscured the other side of the picture. "The White-headed Boy," like all true comedy, is not wholly comic; "Maurice Harte," indeed, by T. C. Murray, is an appalling tragedy on the identical theme—the grim struggle of a peasant family to give one son his "chance." This is not to say of course that "The White-headed Boy" should be confused by any undue obtrusion of its seamier side; Lennox Robinson views his theme legitimately from the

comic angle. But it is comedy, this play—not farce; Miss Allgood and Mr. O'Donovan correct the too farcical impression of the first London production; Mr. Parker Lynch supports them by playing Dennis a shade more seriously than Mr. Arthur Shields, with an undercurrent of caddishness which the latter never quite suggested; and if the present Aldwych company can continue to resist the temptation to which their predecessors succumbed they will be doing not only Lennox Robinson but the Irish Theatre in general a signal service.

THE LOVE MATCH. By Arnold Bennett. At the Strand Theatre.

There has been a good deal of controversy about Mr. Bennett's new play, and a brisk correspondence between Mr. Bennett and his manager, Mr. Frank Vernon, in which Mr. Bennett claimed for his puppets a reality equivalent to that of Napoleon or Wellington—a contention which very naturally silenced Mr. Vernon. There are really only two things to say about "The Love Match": it is a bad play, and it is as easy as pie to act. Mr. Bouchier could walk through the part of Russ in his sleep—strong, silent and talkative. Miss Bellew has no more difficulty with Nina; while Mr. Holman Clark's exquisite acting as Dibble, the discarded husband, almost made the play real for a moment. Mr. Bennett has written too many little books about "How to Marry Twenty-four Wives a day," "Facial Efficiency, or the Frown Behind the Cigar," with the dreadful result that he is pretending to believe in his manly captivating women and his devastatingly stupid business men. One sighs for a whiff of Whistler's honest vanity, Whistler who knew that, if the artists went to the Stock Exchange, the business men would be broke. Instead we have Dibble, a decent fellow, telling of Russ's "financial brain," and Nina, who is stupid but worth ten Russes, speaking like this:

"You began on the Manchester Stock Exchange, and Manchester wouldn't hold you. Then you went to Melbourne and Melbourne wouldn't hold you. Now you're in the City of London, and the City can't hold you. And when you go to hell, hell won't hold you. Oh, yes, you're very wonderful."

Nina underrated hell's gates: I believe Pentonville would hold Russ quite easily, and he would be lost in the nice big jail at Liverpool. Still, he fascinates Nina, steals her from her husband and then quarrels with her because she buys some cushions and changes his desk. There's a brain for you—simply can't work unless its body has hard chairs, an office atmosphere and a desk in the right corner of the room. Hasn't Mr. Bennett ever met a real business man? The real article can write on his knee in the nursery. Russ, however, cannot bear Nina's continual reminder that he may just as well waste his time at home as in the City, and so he pretends to be ruined and moves to Cholmondeley Court Mansions, Fulham. Here we have a comic landlady, scenes with boots and a leg of mutton, scenes which make me think that Mr. Bennett is determined to give a home to the old music-hall spirit banished by revue. The play gets lost in these pleasantries; and Russ and Nina end in a false reconstruction which solves nothing. There are some good, if rather old, stage tricks in the first two acts; but one only has to compare "The Love Match" with, say, "His House in Order," to see how much sound craftsmanship counts for in the treatment of a conventional theme.

R. E. R.

MR. PIM PASSES BY. At the Globe Theatre.

Given the right play—and Mr. A. A. Milne has seen to that—Irene Vanbrugh is indeed inimitable. One has only to see her again in this delightful revival of "Mr. Pim" to be reminded of it. What other actress could say, "Very

well, George" with just so much meaning, or pick up the forbidden yellow curtains with quite such infinite zest? As Olivia Marden, the woman whose first husband is resurrected by the whimsical memory of Mr. Pim, Miss Vanbrugh plays with her great, slow-witted second husband with the relish of a mother cat tumbling a backward kitten. And through it all her affection for him shines like a star. With an excellent cast, including Dion Boucicault in his original part of Mr. Pim, Aubrey Smith as Olivia's husband and Helen Spencer and Jack Hobbs as the superbly vital representatives of the younger generation, the comedy provides a more sparkling entertainment than ever.

S. H. W.

MISALLIANCE. At Everyman's.

"Misalliance" is one of those plays of Mr. Shaw's which are all talk and no action. If you are prepared to take it on that understanding, and if you don't object to one or two farcical touches, such as the episode of the man who hides himself in a Turkish bath, you will find this wise and witty discussion of parentage quite amusing. On the night of its revival at Everyman's Theatre the piece went to a continuous roar of laughter, and even the out-of-date congratulation which the hosier offers to the Polish trapezist on belonging to a nation which is relieved of the nuisance of governing itself was greeted with hilarity. As Tarleton, the manufacturer of underwear just alluded to, that sound comedian, Mr. Alfred Clark, was admirably cast. Mr. Felix Aylmer as the diplomat, Lord Summerhays, gave one of his masterly studies of dignified elderly men, and Mr. Milton Rosmer was agreeably nonchalant and humorous as Joey Percival. The actresses were as satisfactory as the actors. Miss Isobel Jeans made a pretty and a pretty-voiced Hypatia. Miss Maud Jolliffe presented an amusing, perhaps too self-consciously amusing, sketch of Hypatia's mother, Mrs. Tarleton. And Miss Holmes-Gore was thoroughly at home in the part of the woman acrobat.

W. A. L. B.

RUNNING WATER. By A. E. W. Mason. At Wyndham's Theatre.

So far as I remember, no dramatised novel has ever been so good as the novel itself, and "Running Water" is no exception. It is an interesting play with strong dramatic moments, but somehow it is not so convincing on the boards as it is in the book. Perhaps that is the fault of the acting. The gambling scenes, the arrangements for plucking the foolish pigeon, Walter Hine, strike one as a little naïve; these rascals do not carry the business as if they were slick old hands at the game. The thing wants doing more subtly; they are only pale shadows of the rascals in the book. And the attempted murder lacks reality. It falls out exactly as arranged. The window is opened in readiness; the heavy mallet is placed on the table with the light shining full on it, so that when Walter, in his drug-shaken state, has been taunted to frenzy his eye will catch it, and he may snatch it up, attack Strood, and give him an excuse in the struggle to push him out of the window, that the fall may end him and the gang collect the enormous sum for which he is insured. It is all done as deliberately as the movements in a dance; even the actual struggle is obviously a stage struggle, performed too slowly and with too little effect of violence. Except for one or two such stagey lapses, Mr. Gilbert Hare is an admirable Strood. The Walter Hine of Mr. Edward Combermere is always adequate and occasionally—in the last cocaine episode, for instance—powerfully realistic; and Miss Edna Best is a charming and entirely satisfactory Sylvia Strood. The play is full of interest and dramatic possibilities, and with some speeding up here and there and a little more virility and realism in the acting it should be sure of success.

S. J.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

In his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews, Sir James Barrie, with his usual felicity, hit upon the right watchword for these stormy times when he chose "Courage" as his theme: "Courage, the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children. . . . Courage is the thing; all goes if courage goes." If any more delightfully fanciful, witty, wisely inspiriting address has ever been delivered by a new Rector to young students anywhere, it has not been in my time, or I should have heard of it and remembered. The whole Address (which is to be published as a two shilling book by Hodder & Stoughton) is as characteristic of the true Barrie humour, fantasy, irony and shrewd philosophy of life as anything Sir James has ever written.

"Don't forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian age," he said incidentally; "there will be lots of time to repent when you know it better." But

though he might pull the leg of those of the younger generation who foolishly belittle their predecessors, you may be certain he would not agree with Dean Inge in putting the greatness of the Victorians as an extinguisher over contemporary literature. In his Rede lecture, "The Victorian Age" (2s. 6d.; Cambridge Press), the Dean thinks that to future historians the Elizabethan and Victorian Ages will appear "as the twin peaks in which English civilisation culminated." So far as literature is concerned, he says, we are now "in the trough of the wave"; and as a nation, in general, he holds that we have finished work on the grand scale, though "the twentieth century will doubtless be full of interest, and may even develop some elements of greatness." To convince ourselves of the pre-eminence of the Victorians he advises us to compare portraits of the chiefs of them with those of our present-day "little favourites." That would be a good way to decide on the merits of a beauty chorus, but cannot be relied upon in the world of intellect. How many of the great have looked it? From their pictures you would judge Shakespeare to be dull and bucolic; Milton, Bunyan, Dryden and Locke to be no more than average sensible men. The artists have made Sir Philip Sidney handsome,

but Ben Jonson, who knew him, says he was a plain little man afflicted with pimples. And Ben himself, even apart from his warts, was no Apollo. Hazlitt said Wordsworth had a face like a horse; and Coleridge lamented that his own countenance was fat, with the mouth always dropped open. Gibbon and Pitt looked like caricatures by Bateman, and Wilkes was cross-eyed. It is still true that you cannot judge by appearances; and we don't really know what some of the Victorians did look like; if you turn to the only impressive portraits of Ruskin, Darwin and others you can scarcely see the men for their whiskers. Moreover, one has to remember that the Victorian Age lasted for sixty years, and it is not twenty since it ended. It will be more suggestive to compare the new era with the old in forty years' time. We may have been slower in starting, but so was the tortoise, and who can possibly prophesy what the next forty years may bring forth? Instead of despondently suppressing ourselves with a conviction that all the best has been, we shall do better to go forward in Barrie's gospel of hope and courage, and see what happens.

I have not yet had an opportunity of reading what I am told is a very remarkable book, "The Story of Mankind," by Hendrik Van Loon. American critics are comparing it with Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," and giving it the palm. It is having an enormous sale in the United States, and is



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Miss Muriel Stuart,

whose new book, "Poems," Messrs. Heinemann are publishing this month.

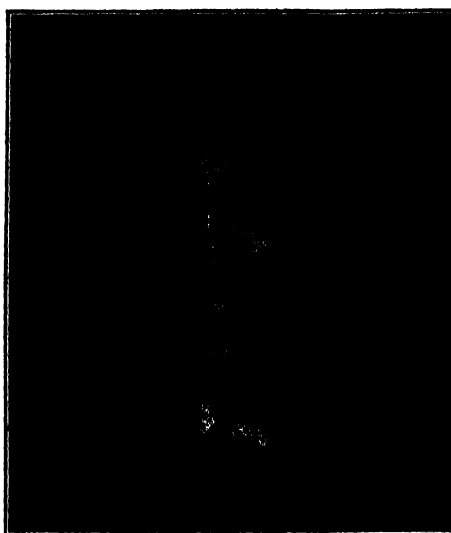


Photo by Lena Connell.

Miss Cicely Hamilton,

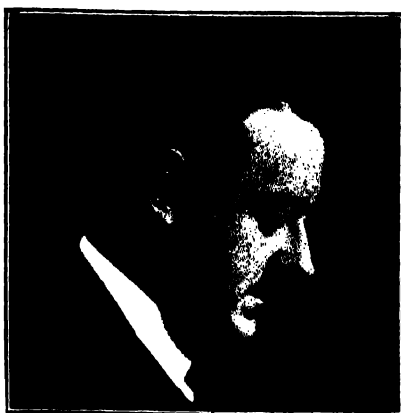
whose new novel, "Theodore Savage" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

to be published here very shortly by Messrs. Harrap, and that it will make as wide an appeal in this country seems to be a foregone conclusion. Mr. Van Loon writes primarily as an artist, choosing for his motto Montaigne's asser-

tion, "I do not teach; I merely tell." He tells his story of the past of the human race as any story worth the telling should be told, with humour, irony, dramatic simplicity, and for its own sake. He has aimed at a vivid and moving narration of incidents and events, and at recreating the people of the past and bringing them before his reader as they were, in all their human strength and weaknesses.

Mr. Van Loon came to his task from natural inclination, and his experiences enabled him to come to it with the right broad-minded unacademic outlook. He was born at Rotterdam, in 1882, and received his early tuition in the private schools of The Hague and of Gouda, where he says he spent endless hours upon Latin, Greek and a half-dozen modern languages, openly rebelling at the absurd way in which history was taught, but without other result than failing to pass examinations in that particular subject. His summers were spent in travelling about Europe alone, and he happened to meet friendly Americans, who gathered that he was not quite happy in his own country (for no reason except, in his own words, that he was constantly in rebellion against the Chinese antiquity of many Dutch institutions) and, on their advice, he at length emigrated to the States. There, still holding to unconventional notions of history and how it should be taught, he set himself to master his subject. He took special courses in history, economics and the history of art at Cornell and Harvard; then, in order to learn how to apply his knowledge to popular uses, he entered the service of the Associated Press. Having been well grounded, at Washington, in the elementary routine of the newspaper office, he went for some years as the Press correspondent to Moscow, Petrograd and Warsaw. But finding, after the Russian Revolution of 1906 had been suppressed, that his work degenerated to mere

newspaper reporting, he resigned and resumed his history studies. For five years (1907-12) he followed courses in modern history, economics and art at Munich; and, in 1913, went to Paris, where he received his Ph.D. Then he returned to America and, while he was teaching the History of Art at Wisconsin University, tried (not too successfully, he says) to interest teachers in the graphic historical method he had made his own. With the outbreak of the war he immediately re-entered the service of the Associated Press, and was sent to those out-of-the-way parts of Europe where his cosmopolitan knowledge of languages enabled him to mingle with all manner



Mr. Hendrik W. Van Loon,

Author of "The Story of Mankind," which Messrs. Harrap are publishing.

of people and observe things without being too much observed, till an accident in 1917 compelled him to give up active work as a war correspondent.

Turning once again to teaching, he was given free

rein to try experiments on his own lines in the private school of one of the most progressive of American educationists, with entirely satisfactory results. He greatly enjoys telling history stories, and found he could impart his enjoyment to his juvenile audiences to such an extent that they notoriously preferred listening to his dramatic narratives to almost any other attraction in or out of school. "The Story of Mankind" was written with this practice and these experiences of life to guide him. Everything is interesting if you know how to write about it interestingly, and Mr. Van Loon seems to have realised both this and that, and so to have set himself to make history what it really is—more wonderful and fascinating than any tale that was ever imagined.

You would guess from his name that Mr. Van Loon was Dutch, but it is not always safe to depend on such indications of nationality. Miss M. Maas, whose romance of

sixteenth-century Holland, "The Two Flames," was recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape, has been spoken of by one or two critics as a Dutchman, and she protests that her Christian name is Mabel, that she was born in London, educated in England, and has never been nearer to Holland than Camden Town. Her parents, moreover, are Lancashire people.

Maud I. Nisbet, whose novel, "Many Altars," has just been published by Mr. John Long, is the daughter of the late J. F. Nisbet, for twenty-three years dramatic critic of *The Times*, and author of "The Insanity of Genius," "The Human Machine," etc. She began writing fiction very early and had

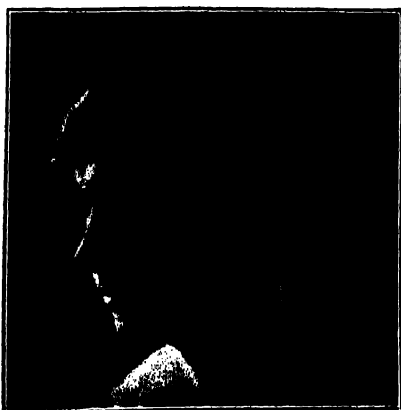


Miss Maud I. Nisbet

(Mrs. M. J. Robertson), whose new novel, "Many Altars," Mr. John Long has just published.

published several short stories before she was fifteen. After her marriage she lived for some time in the Transvaal, and had exciting adventures in accompanying her husband on horseback into remote parts of Swaziland and Portuguese East Africa. From Africa she went to South America, and made her home in Buenos Aires, and later in semi-civilised parts to the north of the Argentine. She was on the Vosges when the war began, and had difficulty in making her way to England, where, with her extensive knowledge of languages, she did good work in the Censor's Department. "Many Altars" was one of certain novels that came near to winning the prize in Mr. Long's recent £500 Novel Competition; and two other of these, "The House of Ogilvy," by Winifred Duke, and "Shadow Show," by Viola Bankes, have also just been published, as well as a new novel, "The Measure of Youth," by the prizewinner of that competition, Mrs. Emmeline Morrison.

Are any of us ever unreservedly and fearlessly truthful in writing of ourselves and our experiences? Pepys seems to have been, and Marie Bashkirtseff perhaps, and



Mrs. St. John Lee,

whose clever novel, "Spilled Wine," published recently by Messrs. Duckworth, is having a very successful reception.



Miss Winifred Duke.

Author of "The House of Ogilvy"
(John Long).

Book of Self-Revelation, which may take the form of a diary, journal or novel, the merit of the book not depending on its disclosure of sensational or morbid details, but on its being courageously true to the facts of the life it records, telling the story of actual happenings and revealing the good and bad effects



Miss Dorothea Fairbridge.

through a third person. The prize will be a £250 advance on account of royalties, paid on publication, and further royalties if the sale of the book earns them.

Mr. Edmund Blunden, whose second book of poems, "The Shepherd" (Cobden-Sanderson) more than fulfils the high promise of his first, "The



Photo by Basil.

Miss Storm Jameson,

whose new novel, "The Clash" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this number.

Barbellion; but as a rule one suspects discreet suppressions even in the most outspoken memoirs. In view of this general reticence, it will be interesting to note the results of a prize competition Messrs. Philpot announce for a

Book of Self-Revelation, which may take the form of a diary, journal or novel, the merit of the book not depending on its disclosure of sensational or morbid details, but on its being courageously true to the facts of the life it records, telling the story of actual happenings and revealing the good and bad effects of those happenings on the development of the author's character. That none may be deterred by the fear of publicity, every competitor may remain anonymous and communicate with the publisher

through a third person. The prize will be a £250 advance on account of royalties, paid on publication, and further royalties if the sale of the book earns them. Mr. Edmund Blunden, whose second book of poems, "The Shepherd" (Cobden-Sanderson) more than fulfils the high promise of his first, "The Waggoner," is another of the many authors whose careers were for a time ended by the war, during which he was on active service with the 11th Royal Sussex Regiment in France and Belgium. He was a Christ's Hospital boy, and is writing

a history of that famous school. He is engaged also on a "Life" of Leigh Hunt, and is preparing for publication, either separately or in one final collection, the many unpublished poems of John Clare, of whom he has already written in divers periodicals as well as in the volume of Clare's poems edited by himself and Alan Porter, for Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson, a year or so ago.

"Historic Houses of South Africa," by Dorothea Fairbridge, which is issued jointly by the Oxford Press and Mr. Maskew Miller, of South Africa, has an Introduction by General Smuts, who in writing it has broken his record, for it is the first time he has been persuaded to do this for any author. Miss Fairbridge is a member of one of the oldest and most honoured families in Cape Province, and has long been recognised as one of the leading authorities on the social and intellectual side of Colonial history.

In view of a bitter attack on three women reviewers in a recent novel, and the protest in a contemporary against a certain type of fiction largely written by women, a correspondent puts the suggestion to us that women are not capable of fairly judging a book written by a man, nor men of fairly judging a book written by a woman. "Is sex partisanship a weakness in contemporary criticism?" he asks. "Do women praise women's books and men praise men's books, with a lack, conscious or unconscious, of the balance necessary to just criticism?" I should as soon have thought of suggesting that a Scot was incapable of judging a book by an Englishman, an Englishman a book by a Scot, or an Irishman or a Welshman a book by either, for mental and temperamental differences



Mr. Edmund Blunden.

**Mr. Jeffery E. Jeffrey,**

whose new book, "Escape," has just been published
by Mr. Leonard Parsons.

are more marked between races than between the sexes of the same race. However, the point seemed worth testing by a little experiment, so I selected "Men Limited," by Pearson Choate, a broadly humorous novel written from an essentially masculine standpoint and sent copies to two of our reviewers, Miss Rosa L. Shaw and Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell, and here are their opinions:

MEN LIMITED. By Pearson Choate. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A group of demobilised men find civilian life wearisome after the freedom of active service and, logically or not, attribute their boredom to the presence of women. In order to escape from feminine distractions they betake themselves to an untenanted island on the South Coast. The fancy is surely a harmless one, but the eternal predatory feminine refuses to leave the heroes in peace. A party of women anchors off the island in a yacht and proceeds to besiege the Eveless Eden. A war of the sexes is carried on in spirited fashion with honours fairly equally divided, followed by an armistice during which complications arise which result in the resignation of the more susceptible members from "Men Limited." Shorn of its endless speeches and interminable description, nowhere redeemed by any touch of humour, the plot merely suggests a sequence of musical comedy episodes. All the characters converse in speeches of extraordinary length and contentiousness. There is continual tiresome repetition of words and phrases, and in fact altogether too much of the unpleasant suggestion of the tale having been written at so much per line. The theme might have made an amusing short story of a holiday adventure if properly handled, but it has been magnified out of all proportion, its loose amateurish construction making it rather tiresome reading.

ROSA L. SHAW.

MEN LIMITED. By Pearson Choate. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

An excellent idea, a delightful imagination, that of a party of young men on a convenient island, whose inspiring motive is to be free from the intrusion of the feminine. Mr. Pearson Choate makes quite good play with it, but his very theme forbids that his work should be anything more than lively and amusing—this he tacitly admits by

his sub-title, "An Impertinence." The island being situated off the coast of England, woman was bound to enter its seclusion sooner or later. First, there is a flirtatious episode on the mainland between one of the party and the daughter of the local innkeeper, which necessitates a fight—well described and exciting; then comes the sudden apparition of a charming girl to the most susceptible and youthful member, who promptly capitulates and falls in love; and then everything is upset by the arrival of a yacht, the charming girls on board (one or two of whom are the legitimate spouses of certain persons on the island, others of whom were destined—need it be said?—to attain a similar station in due course) being partners to a wicked plot to disturb and despoil this Eveless Eden. So the fun goes on, with a mock-war and armistice and formal notes concerning the surrender of captives, until the author ties up the loose ends and retires. Decidedly he has given us good entertainment of the lighter kind.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

On the face of it, this result might be taken to support our correspondent's contention, but of course it proves only that this book appeals more to one particular man than to one particular woman, and we are no nearer solving the problem than ever. It would be interesting to have the views of some of our readers on this matter, and we offer two small prizes of half a guinea each for the best statements, in not more than fifty words, of why "Men Limited" does and why it does not please the writer. Replies must be posted not later than June 14th, and envelopes should be marked "Men Limited."

THE BOOKMAN.

"The King's Pilgrimage," an account of His Majesty's recent journey to the war graves of France and Belgium, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The volume will



Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Mr. Ben Travers,

whose successful humorous novel, "The Cuckoo in the Nest" (John Lane), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

include a full text of His Majesty's address at Terlincthun, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The King's Pilgrimage." By His Majesty's desire, the profits from the sale will be distributed among the philanthropic organisations which have been assisting relatives to visit the cemeteries abroad.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing shortly a cheap pocket edition of Mr. Gilbert Thomas's admirable book of essays, "Things Big and Little."

Mr. Reginald Arkell's quaint Little Theatre play, "The Tragedy of Punch and Judy," will be published shortly by Messrs. Duckworth.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

With the third and fourth volumes of "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England" (£3 3s. the 4 vols.; Cassell), Mr. Charles L. Graves completes "Mr. Punch's History of England" from 1841 to 1914. His own comments on passing events and Mr. Punch's dealings with them, combine to make an entertaining and illuminating chronicle of the growth of the nation socially and politically during the last eighty years. Tenniel remains, perhaps, the greatest of the *Punch* cartoonists; but however that may be, he and Leech, Doyle, Keene, du Maurier, Phil May, Townsend, and many another famous draughtsman, all contribute brilliantly toward furnishing a panoramic story of the latter-day public and private life of our own people that could not have been garnered from any other periodical. These books are a mine of information, vividly discussing all recent national developments, and often recording in pictorial jests minor but significant changes in dress and manners that the orthodox historian passes unnoticed. It is none the less good history for being delightfully entertaining.

In his "Pygmalion and Galatea" Sir W. S. Gilbert, whilst complaining that a London fog "veils the face of Beauty," finds consolation in the fact that

"It also hides some very ugly men."

That is all very well from the humorist's point of view, but we, who suffer year in and year out from London's intolerable pall of smoke and dirt, smile somewhat wryly. For the thing is tragic and more than tragic because avoidable. A nigger was once found on a dark day digging a hole in his cellar and, on being asked what it was for, said he was cutting a drain to run off the darkness. We are more foolish than the nigger, because we know how to rid ourselves of mephitic vapours and choose not to. Those who lately read Sir Napier Stow's remarkable article in *The Times* on "Science and the Smoke Evil" will remember that careful measurement of dirt in the atmosphere during the coal strike of May, 1921, showed that the impurities were about two-thirds of what they were in May, 1920, when there was no strike. The moral is self-evident. And now comes a most timely compilation by Lady Betty Melville, "Choose Ye! Darkness or Light" (6d.; published by the S.A.S., 25, Victoria Street, S.W.1), in which the moral is hammered home. Illustrated by remarkable photographs, it shows what London and the great manufacturing towns were like during the strike and

what they might permanently be if we would only listen to the voice of reason. Not only would the amenities of life be immeasurably increased, but life itself would be lengthened and wealth would be garnered for its enjoyment. All who would help in this fine work should spend sixpence and learn how it can be accomplished.

In "Broken Horizons," by Dana Burnet (7s. 6d.; Thornton Butterworth), the story of Teresa begins in Cuba, when she is left as a baby at a convent near Havana, wrapped in a lovely old shawl, but with no hint as to who she is or what her parentage may be. Brought up in the convent, she develops into beauty, and finds herself endowed with a marvellous voice. Stephen Millard, a rich New Yorker seeking health in Cuba, has her voice trained, and everything is moving to a happy outcome when Howard Millard, his handsome wastrel brother, turns up, and within three days becomes Teresa's lover for one wild night of moon and south wind, but at dawn he leaves Cuba for France, to join the French army in the Great War. To save Teresa from shame Stephen marries her, in spite of his forty years, but they are wholly apart except for his affection and care and her trust in his kindness. In New York Teresa becomes a great operatic singer and develops in every way, until Howard suddenly reappears after the close of the war. Stephen dies, and Teresa finds that her hate of Howard was only inverted love. Yet Howard miserably fails her again, and that knowledge kills her love effectually, and she turns to her dead lover husband Stephen in spirit. And so she sets out once more for New York and an operatic career and life. The story is purely romantic, and without any realism whatever, or a realism that is romantic imagination. It is written with delicacy and perception, and is full of interest.

"The Call of the Dawn," by Lillie Le Pla (7s. net; Daniel), is a thoughtful novel that provides much food for reflection. The heroine is unusual as novel heroines go in that she combines with undeniable charm an aptitude to think for herself and to think clearly on unconventional lines. You will find women of her type at socialist gatherings and on socialist platforms and in the vanguard of all progressive movements; and the fact that the period of the story is the end of the last century makes her even more advanced than perhaps she would be considered in these later years. The problems, social and religious, which she strives to solve are, however, the problems that still beset us; and the mental struggle of herself and the young secularist whom she loves represents the *sturm und drang* through which all thoughtful youth must pass. Many who read the book will recognise in Reine's questionings and Alan's arguments their own gropings after truth, and the conclusions Reine and Alan arrive at may help some who are yet stumbling in the dark. The interest of the story lies chiefly in the mentality of these two and of those with whom they come in contact; there is plenty of action, but the action largely grows out of the political and religious opinions of the characters. Reine's father is a man of broad views and big-hearted tolerance, which the girl inherits, and the idealism of the book is both noble and inspiring.

THE READER.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

BY THOMAS MOULT.

WHAT a bad habit youth has—in art and letters, at any rate—of watching morbidly for manifestations of decline in the work of his elders! If a career has been marked by some show of success there is positive exultation in the way he listens to the sounding of its “fate motif”; his emotion, indeed, is well-nigh as unholy as it would be at the spectacle of premature decay among artists as young as himself!

When Mr. Arnold Bennett's play, “The Love Match,” was lately staged with no great profit either for himself or the public, we saw that youthful habit once again indulging itself; a little less blatantly than usual, however, and with regret rather than wicked glee. The relief of those who, for this occasion only, may be styled our young Jonahs, will be immeasurable as they read “Mr. Prohack,” his new novel, and realise through its brilliance how false was their misgiving. For Mr. Bennett, more than most of his generation, has gained the esteem of his juniors, and forfeited none of their respect. Why this is so cannot be explained by any single cause; although, if the inquiry is to be pursued and one may be allowed to make of it a personal affair, few of Mr. Bennett's activities can have made so round and lasting an impression as his literary causerie in the *New Age* a dozen years ago, under the pseudonym of “Jacob Tonson.” Almost one might rank that good work next in effectiveness to the book which stands practically alone in post-Victorian fiction, “The Old Wives' Tale.”

In our own day the periodicals and reviews boast their literary causeries just as they did when Mr. Bennett thought it worth while to size up regularly for the reader's edification whatever work his contemporaries might chance to be publishing. But no causerie now appearing can help us to understand how deep was the mark that “Jacob Tonson” made, or how good the air smelt when he had cleared it—latterly a causerie-writer regards it as his business to fog the air; he would never dream of trying to clear it! Being individual expressions of opinion, no second person could well admit that Mr. Bennett's pronouncements were always accurate; but through his fearlessness and determination never to suffer literary fools gladly he gained every one's confidence. Nor has it been forfeited. Collected four or five years ago into a volume entitled

“Books and Persons,” those comments stand as the best record of a past epoch in English letters.

It is worth our while to go back for a moment to “The Old Wives' Tale” also, Mr. Bennett's own career having reached in this year of grace a stage at which

he is able to print opposite to his title pages a list of books that includes eighteen novels, seven fantasias, three volumes of short stories, nineteen of belles-lettres and eight of plays, apart from collaborations with Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Edward Knoblock! In all this bulk there is nothing, considered as a whole, which can be regarded as better than that epic narrative of the Five Towns and Paris, published in 1907. There are sections, of course, here and there in the other books that surpass any fragment “The Old Wives' Tale” may hold, if we agree to omit the guillotine scene in the second half. “Quite unsurpassed in our day,” Mr. H. L. Mencken has lately written, “are the shoe-shining episode in ‘The Pretty Lady,’ the adulterous interlude in ‘Whom God Hath Joined,’

the dinner-party in ‘Paris Nights,’ the whole discussion of the Cannon-Ingram marriage in ‘The Roll Call,’ the studio party in ‘The Lion's Share.’” And few folk will be disposed to quarrel with the assertion. Most of us will tack on to it our own additional preferences. One reader, for his part, would add the beautiful essay on Swinburne, written at the poet's death.

Beauty is not a quality we are accustomed to associate with Mr. Bennett's work, just as it is not recognised, by folk who ought to know better, in the full-blooded physical movement of professional football. Kindly understanding, yes; sardonic wit, yes again; but beauty, no. And yet curiously enough, and perhaps for the first time in literature, beauty has come of the efficient union of these, perhaps because we had already learnt to acknowledge it in M. Anatole France's Bennett-like attitude to humanity summed up in one borrowed phrase, “They were born, they suffered, they died.” Mr. Bennett's quality of beauty is to be found in “The Old Wives' Tale” especially. Consider its opening words, following immediately on “Chapter I: The Square: 1”:

“Those two girls, Constance and Sophia Baines, paid no heed to the manifold interest of their situation, of which, indeed, they had never been conscious. They were, for example, established almost precisely on the fifty-third parallel of latitude. A little way to the north of them,



by E. O. Hopt

Arnold Bennett.

in the creases of a hill famous for its religious orgies, rose the river Trent, the calm and characteristic stream of middle England. Somewhat further northwards, in the near neighbourhood of the highest public-house in the realm, rose two lesser rivers, the Dane and the Dove, which, quarrelling in early infancy, turned their backs on each other, and, the one by favour of the Weaver and the other by favour of the Trent, watered between them the whole width of England, and poured themselves respectively into the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. What a country of modest, unnoticed rivers! —

and so on. There is something classically beautiful about a beginning like that. The whole work, indeed, is classic in its proportions. The architectonics, to employ a phrase usually confined to music, are tremendous, and the characterisation, so far as it goes, superb. It is the rather limited characterisation, perhaps, that has led those who think most highly of the book to qualify their appreciation. "Almost a big book," they will say, and it is ironical that the novel should have been composed during a phase of mordancy in which, to Mr. Bennett, there was no salvation for the male half of our race, when previously (as shown in his anonymous and never republished "Savoir Faire Papers" in *T.P.'s Weekly*) and afterwards (as in "The Card," and now in "Mr. Prohack") he is able to portray men as charming and lovable in their way as, say, even Mr. Polly, and that is saying a good deal.

The spirit of "The Old Wives' Tale" is utilitarian, its method Fabian. His general policy indeed is one of peaceful permeation. There is nothing venturous about Mr. Bennett so far as this one novel is concerned. Rather he is a Sancho Panza of the pen, a shrewd and canny novelist content to plod long enough for the acquirement of a kingdom. And yet we have only to turn to "The Pretty Lady," or to his weekly essay that appeared in the *Daily News* during the war, to know that he can do his share of tilting windmills. If only instead of the contemptible Gerald that unfortunate Sophia had absconded with some splendid devil! If only the mean Mr. Povey had been a younger Mr. Prohack! . . .

But this is rather presuming on a mere book-reviewer's knowledge of Mr. Bennett's latest publication,* acquired more or less in advance of the general reader. Mr. Prohack is a Treasury official whose rather meagre finances suddenly achieve fatness through a windfall which enables his wife and children to cut various fine figures in smart West End society, a distinction which includes an occasional reproduction of their photographs in the front page of *The Daily Picture*. Mr. Prohack himself looks on genially, appreciating with the smack of a born connoisseur the lift into luxury which he is human enough not to disdain for himself. Whether he is bandying words with his own charming and acutely sensible daughter at Putney, rescuing his son from an embarrassing situation in the City, quarrelling with his wife about their new mansion in Manchester Square, or resisting the blandishments of the elderly Lady Massulam at Frinton-on-Sea, there is such a lovable air about him that we desire nothing so much at the close of the story as a sequel—a rare compliment this, seeing how seldom the modern novel stirs one to it!

* "Mr. Prohack." By Arnold Bennett. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

There is no reason why we should not be allowed to follow Mr. Prohack's second career in business—he becomes tired of Grand Babylon Hotels, Turkish Baths, and first night affairs at delectably-named revues like "Smack Your Face." And as Mr. Bennett is already a fairly experienced hand at sequels, gay like "The Regent," or serious like "These Twain," to ask for another half-gay, half-serious narrative concerning the adorable Prohack family is not exactly asking for the moon.

There is always a serious side to Mr. Bennett's novels, and it is this aspect of "Mr. Prohack" that holds us long after our suspicions are confirmed within us that our interest has been gained by a trick—after all, if impecunious folk like ourselves are intrigued by a description of the doings of some one who has suddenly been endowed with all the luxuries denied to us, we are living in the same glamorous atmosphere as the servant girl who is entranced by a novelette about dukes and duchesses! And yet, would not a novelette be sufficient in itself to hold us if it only contained one solitary phrase as brilliant as "Mr. Prohack's self-protective instinct at once converted him into a porcupine. Surely that sentence would be enough to brand the author as out of the ordinary ruck of authors, just as a drawing or woodcut with Mr. Paul Nash's monograph in a corner is something out of the ordinary ruck of illustration. It announces Mr. Bennett's particular quality in the way that Mr. Harold Samuel announces his in a couple of chords struck casually on the piano at the commencement of a Bach recital. The serious side of Mr. Bennett's art generally includes an exposition of his social and ethical attitude in flashing, unobtrusive asides; an attitude, radical and honest, which not even the war made inconsistent, so that to this day we pick out with unfailing relish those soliloquies of his, and without the uneasy feeling that they are done with tongue in cheek, a belated endeavour to rehabilitate himself. There is, for example, the incident of the luxurious Prohack car being held up by a procession of unemployed. "Instead of encouraging them, the police ought to forbid these processions of unemployed," said Eve gravely. "They're becoming a perfect nuisance." "Why!" said Mr. Prohack, "this car of yours is a procession of unemployed." This sardonic pleasantry pleased Mr. Prohack as much as it displeased Mrs. Prohack." Or there is the retort of Charles, the son, to his father's question, "Why spend money uneconomically?" :

"Because I said and swore I would. Didn't I come back from the war and try all I knew to obtain the inestimable privilege of earning my living by doing something useful? Did I succeed in obtaining the privilege? Why, nobody would look at me! And there were tens of thousands like me. Well, I said I'd take it out of this noble country of mine, and I am doing; and I shall keep on doing until I'm tired. These thirty men or so here might be at some useful productive work, fishing or merchant-marining. They're otherwise engaged. . . . That's what I enjoy. It makes me smile to myself when I wake up in the middle of the night. I'm showing my beloved country who's won the Peace."

The truth is, of course, that even when that dreaded "fate motif" really sounds the decline of Mr. Bennett, as it must sound for every writer sooner or later except the gods love him and he dies young, he will always have

his saving grace of enthusiasm for youth. Sir James Barrie may confess to the possession of a better half in M'Connachie, but the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" is complete in himself. Those who have met Mr. Bennett personally knew Mr. Prohack long before he was set down on paper. For he himself is Prohack. One of the most admirable actions in Mr. Bennett's literary career, that which readily appeals to the few who are able properly to understand it, is well described in "The Truth about an Author," where he tells how he gave up a position of rapidly increasing importance in London journalism (among "the people who write from ten to fifty thousand words a week without chattering about it") in order to get away and write the books he desired to write. The best of all his novels was the ultimate outcome of this courageous step, one dare speculate, and Mr. Bennett experienced much during the years of its composition, for in order to keep his body and soul from judicial separation he wrote perforce every now and then a little volume that tells us how to live on seven days a week or how

to wind up our brains every morning as we wind up our watches at bedtime. If the tragic significance of it could only be fully realised by the prosperous young amateurs who have so little notion of what Grub Street means that they are ready at any time to take the crust out of the mouths of those who live in its shadow, something would need to be added to the explanation at the beginning of this essay why Mr. Bennett has not merely forfeited nobody's respect, but gained the esteem of a whole generation younger than his own. In Herr Stefan Zweig's biographical study of the author of "Jean Christophe" we are told how M. Rolland left the theatre, renounced his professorial chair, and retired to a humble Paris attic; then, without any guarantee of publication, without financial subsidy, he spent ten years in hermit-like seclusion, working patiently and humbly on his masterpiece. We can pay no greater tribute to the devotion which produced "The Old Wives' Tale" than to emphasise that the English writer whose single-mindedness has brought back to mind M. Rolland and "Jean Christophe" is Mr. Arnold Bennett himself.

HOW NOVELISTS DRAW THEIR CHARACTERS.

The three questions are (1) Do you generally draw your characters from models in real life? (2) Do characters so drawn seem more real in the story, or to yourself, than those that are purely imaginary? (3) Which is your own favourite among all the characters in your books?

MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON:

(1) I never model my characters on definite living persons. My characters either come to me in some mysterious way I can't explain (and always with

their names attached, which is odd: I never have to seek about for a name: the character arrives with one, and I couldn't possibly use any other), or else I imagine them out of the faces of people I see in the streets or in public places. That is my conscious way of getting



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

characters. I see a face, and away goes my imagination into the face's life, career, friends—all kinds of things. The longest (and best) short story I have written was written for me from start to finish by the faces of a man and girl opposite to me for two stations in the tube! I think this trick is responsible for the exaggeration with which (they tell me) I sometimes draw a character. If a whimsical personality is suggested to me by a face I do certainly imagine it away to grotesque lengths, and such characters would be more exaggerated than (apparently) they are if I set them down unmodified. My mind, with a character in embryo, will sometimes flicker over some one I know and perhaps pick up a shade or two, but the character

wouldn't be *mine* in the way in which my people are mine if any living individuality got in the way.

(2) Is answered in the above. A character from an actual person wouldn't, for me, have existed at all. All my own exist with a reality that often is very moving to me.

(3) When I've done a book, it's done, and the people with whom I have lived so long and so closely go right away and don't belong to me any more. So I can't select a favourite, because they've all gone. My favourite, most passionately, is the leading one in the book I happen to be writing at the moment. Never more so, never to anything like the same extent, as the one in the novel I have just finished. But every author says this, doesn't he? Alas, she and it will be sliding away from me and belonging to other people about the time (I expect) these lines are printed.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

MR. W. J. LOCKE:

My answers are as follows:

(1) Never.
(2) Therefore, in parliamentary jargon, "doesn't arise."

(3) Perhaps Septimus, who has always struck me as being rather a dear ass.

W. J. LOCKE.



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. W. J. Locke.



Photo by
J. Russell & Sons.

**Mrs. Henry
Dudeney.**

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY:

(1) I always have, for the major characters in a novel, living models; but from the physical side only; and even then I am not too photographic—or I might lose a few friends. The little characters just occur. They crop

up as I go along. The moral and spiritual side of all the characters develops instinctively, as the story develops. But I always know at the beginning what they are going to do, and whether they will come to a good or a bad end.

(2) I can't answer this question, because the real and the imaginary become so fused in my mind.

(3) Angelina Peachey, in "Set to Partners."

ALICE DUDENEY.

MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON:

The characters in my novels are nearly all of them drawn from actual people, and with this origin, or when perhaps they may be composite portraits, they seem to me at least to be more real than those which are purely imaginary.

My favourite character in any of my books is that of Richard Furlong in that

trilogy of books called "The Achievement of Richard Furlong."



Photo by Florence
Vandaman.

**Mr. E. Temple
Thurston.**

These replies have no reference to the characters in the book I have just finished. Possibly one always thinks one's last is one's best, and as it is not yet published I suppose it will not be of interest to your readers if I include the character of Mary Kirwan, the heroine of my new book. This is an Irish story of the faery beliefs in the West of Ireland, based upon the burning of a witch which took place in Kilkenny about twenty to thirty years ago.

I hope these answers are what you require.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

MISS ROSE MACAULAY:

(1) Not usually.

(2) No; about the same.

(3) I do not like any of them much.

ROSE MACAULAY.

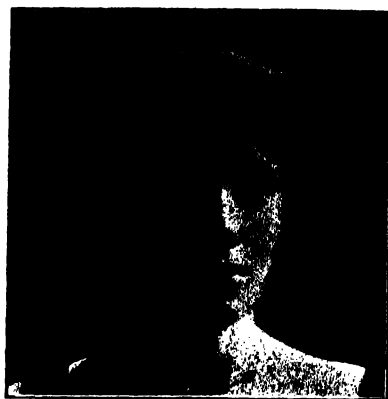


Photo by Gyde.

**Miss Rose
Macaulay.**

MISS MARY CHOL- MONDELEY:

(1) No.

(2) Only one of my characters has been taken from life, namely, that of Dick Vernon in "Red Pottage." It was a portrait of my brother, with his permission. Dick Vernon is my favourite among the characters in my books.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.



Photo by
Elliott & Fry.

**Miss Mary
Cholmondeley.**

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

BY FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

IMMEDIATELY I saw her, I felt extremely doubtful that I was going to interview Miss Grimshaw; when we had been talking for three minutes I was perfectly certain that I was not.

I am not going to use that horrible old catch-phrase and say that *she* interviewed *me*. Nobody interviewed anybody, but we talked enormously—sometimes at the same time, for which I apologise, but it was all so frightfully interesting, and the time was so short. . . . Of course, when two people who have Irish blood in their veins meet, conversation inevitably becomes an

argument; so we argued for a delightful hour—a complicated argument that included Books, the State of Ireland To-day, and the Problem of the Education of Savage Races. And we said a great number of things which are no business of yours, and which I will not tell you, but which made me feel that I had known Miss Grimshaw for about thirty-seven years. In that last sentence, I think, lies the whole secret of her charm.

Shall I say that she is *sympathetic*? In my dictionary there are twenty-two lines of close type devoted to this word and its derivatives (including references to viscera,

blood-vessels, and other horrible things), and they utterly fail to touch my meaning. It is not that her sympathy makes her desire to understand your point of view; she understands it better than you do yourself, sometimes—or at least can express it better.

When I read her new book, "Conn of the Coral Sands,"* which I did with great care, I found it very interesting as a novel of adventure, and unusually graphic as a piece of descriptive writing; but I was conscious at the same time that there was a quality in the book which lifted it above the level of the ordinary novel. I experienced the same sensation after reading her short stories, of which "The Little Red Speck"† is a typical collected volume. It was not until I had left the hotel and was walking down the street annoying people by bumping into them that I suddenly realised what that quality was: it was her extraordinary *understanding*. When she writes of men she writes as though she were a man herself; when she writes of women you do not need to read her name on the title page to appreciate her femininity. She is in no sense a masculine woman, but she has the gift of seeing just a little farther into the secret chambers of the mind than you expect:

"The little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away."

The daily press greeted Miss Grimshaw's arrival in England, after an absence of fifteen years, with typical newspaper enthusiasm: had she not actually lived, moved, and had her being in the neighbourhood of genuine cannibals—gentlemen who indubitably ate human flesh when opportunity offered? Cinema stars and even professional boxers had to take a back seat for the moment. It was handsomely admitted that she had written some stories, but cannibals, my dear friend, cannibals! That was the stunt. Every drawing-room in London would have opened its doors to her, and if she had chosen to appear in a (discreet) native costume, with perhaps a piece of raw meat in her hand to enhance the effect, why, so much the better. Unfortunately, Miss Grimshaw, not being a cinema star or a professional boxer, but merely a very charming and clever woman, refused to avail herself of her opportunities of being lionised; she did not even make a public speech explaining Why the World is so Horribly Upset, and What the British Government Ought to Do about it. But that does not prevent her from having very definite opinions, all the same.

Born at Cloona (Co. Antrim), she was educated at Caen (France), Victoria College, Belfast, and Bedford College, London. She suffers from a constitutional

inability to understand why "men should do all the interesting things," and at an early age she decided to do some herself. After some casual journalism for Dublin and other publications, she was commissioned by the *Graphic* to do a series of articles on the South Seas, and the Islands cast a spell about her that has never been broken. She knows the Pacific as few people do, but she has found time also to pay visits to North America, Italy, Austria, Spain, and other places. She has penetrated where no other white person has set foot; she has passed through adventures that would

make a good many men thoughtful. But these things are to her matters of course; she is a poor performer on the trumpet and possesses no big drum. She has built herself a house called "Coral-sands" (Can't you see it? Sunshine and palms, and white beach, and tall woody peaks reaching into a blue sky) on Sariba Island, Samarai, Papua. She plants as well as writing books, and holds strong views on the education of the natives. I was glad to find at last a genuine traveller who had some use for the right kind of missionary, and was prepared to speak well of the Government methods of handling the highly intelligent brown population of New Guinea. Technical education, she told me, is so successful that you may take a brown



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw.

man from the interior—one who had never even seen a white man before—bring him down to the coast, treat him with wise kindness, and in six months that man will drive your motor-car for you or handle your motor launch as expertly as a Clydeside Jock.

I wish I had space to give Miss Grimshaw's views on the future of the native (by which I mean what are conveniently termed the "lower") races of the world; it is a problem which must exercise us very gravely sooner or later, and, at the present rate of the world's progress, possibly sooner than is generally realised. Of course, trade interests have to be encountered, for the practical enslavement of coloured labour means big profits; but in New Guinea, at least, the authorities are fully alive to this danger, and the idea that the brown man is the natural servant of the white is discouraged. But it is of Beatrice Grimshaw the author that I set out to write. There are, to me, two outstanding features in her writings: her understanding of human nature and her power of description. There is no need to illustrate her books; her own words conjure up pictures as accurate as they are enchanting; one hears the thunder of the surf on the beach, and feels the whip of the trade-wind on one's cheek; one sees the schooner unloading her stores, the pearler watching his native divers at work, the trader sweating behind the counter of his store, the police officer with his handful of brown policemen toiling

* "Conn of the Coral Sands." 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

† "The Little Red Speck." 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

through the forest in search of a native who has murdered an acquaintance and sees no particular reason why he should not, since he is prepared to pay for his amusement; one feels the spell of the Islands growing stronger until—well, I had to jump into a bus to keep myself from rushing into the nearest shipping office and demanding a ticket to the Ocean of Dreams. But there is another side to it—the “shadow of the palm.” What that means, you who read her books may learn for yourselves. I do not say that her books are perfect; the perfect book has never been written. In “Conn of the Coral Sands,” for example, the whole of the Rogers-

Gatehouse affair is badly done, but that is a minor matter in the story, after all. I can safely say that I have never been bored by anything that Miss Grimshaw has written, and I have frequently been tremendously amused, sometimes uplifted, and occasionally moved very nearly to tears by the realism of her stories. I would be sorry that Miss Grimshaw is about to return to New Guinea did I not know that back in her palm-shaded house she will take up her pen again, and that presently there will come to us from the Southern Seas new stories of those Islands of Sun and—Shadow.

SHOULD NOVELISTS TELL THE TRUTH?

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

MISS ZONA GALE, the author of that very successful novel in the United States, “Miss Lulu Bett,” recently asked several leading questions of her fellow writers and readers. First, she wanted to

know if books about lovely living or books about living that is unlovely, are popular.

For my own part, I think it makes no difference at all. In America, at one time—and I’ve been an editor of popular magazines for eighteen years, having served



Photo by
E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Charles
Hanson Towne.

on *The Smart Set*, the Butterick publications (including *Everybody's* and *The Delinctor*) and, until a year ago, on *McClure's*—there was a craze for the so-called “happy ending.” It went so far that I remember one frightened editor (I won’t tell the name of his magazine!) giving this recipe to an equally frightened author: “We want young love stories, laid in America; and they must be absolutely clean, and end on a high note of optimism.” Can you think of anything more destructive to honest effort, more devastating to artistic endeavour? I believe the frightened author is now a bootlegger, and coining money. The editor is probably in the poor-house.

Is Miss Gale’s last novel “happy”? I should hardly say so. But it is an enormous success. Is “Main Street” happy? No; yet it has earned I don’t know how many dollars for clever Sinclair Lewis. Is “Privilege” filled with Pollyanna “gladness”? Thank God, no! But it will make Michael Sadleir famous on two continents. I think it is as great as “Wuthering Heights,” or anything the Brontë sisters ever wrote. Is that powerful novel, “The Dragon in Shallow Waters,” by Miss Sackville-West, “pretty”? A thousand times no! Yet I defy anyone to begin it, and not finish it. I could go on enumerating books of unpleasant character that achieved thrilling sales in their day: “Pigs in Clover,” “Sir Richard Calmady,” “The Gadfly” and “Red Pottage,” to name only a few. Is

“Revolution” by J. D. Beresford “pleasant”? And how about the big-selling, robust Frank Swinnerton? I don’t call May Sinclair a “happy” or an “uplift” writer. Nor is Conrad concerned always with making the weary world laugh. What nonsense it is to try to catalogue literature; to endeavour to make it conform to certain rules and specifications. Like the poets, the novelists are not to be moulded into shape, whittled down to a definite pattern. Of course not. Art is not produced where there are restrictions. Art grows out of freedom.

Miss Gale wanted to know if the American novel should give us the beauty of daily living. But is daily living beautiful? The American novel—the novel of any country—should give us life as it is, not as we wish it to be. Rebecca West wrote a wonderful story of a shell-shocked soldier. Now, no one likes to consider shell-shocked men, home from a ghastly war, unable to recall their home or best beloved. Yet there were the facts. There was life, suddenly, terrifyingly hideous, and Miss West had to write about it as she saw it. And the truth helps us all to wipe out error and falsehood.

Miss Gale asked if any novel should give us the wholesome but unpleasant truths about our own country. I have already answered that question. A people who cannot face facts do not deserve to go on existing. I have always admired the British characteristic of being able to make fun of yourselves. I think *Punch* and *Bairnsfather* helped just as definitely to win the war as machine guns and lines of troops. You saw the grim humour of yourselves behind the tragic mask of yourselves—there is humour behind every tragedy, just as there is tragedy behind all humour. If you laugh too much, you weep. If you weep too much, you come to hysteria. A man named Ben Hecht has written a remarkable novel called “Erik Dorn” which reveals the city of Chicago just as it is—an ugly growing boy who needs a hair cut. Americans—particularly Chicagoans—will “eat it up,” as we say. We too can laugh at ourselves. We do not relish, always, the sudden sight of ourselves in a street mirror. We are generally unprepared for the shock! But we laughingly accept it if we are of the right stuff. You see, we have to!

I used to tell all young promising writers, when I was editing *McClure's*, that there were three essentials for the budding author. He must have faith, hope and clarity—and the greatest of these is clarity! For

clarity is truth. And without truth there can be no progress in art.

We have short-story writers in America who are telling the grim truth. Katharine Fullerton Gerould for one, Willa Cather for another, not to forget Edna Ferber and Fannie Hurst—all women too, you see. Powerful writers. We seem to excel at the short story—our swiftness, our eagerness to reach a goal almost the moment a race has begun may account for it. But the English novelists beat ours almost every time. You express yourselves in terms of leisure; therefore your

slow-moving, quiet story-telling comes out of a national characteristic. There we get back to truth once more. You write as you feel, as you are. So do we in America. We are restless. There is more oxygen in our air. Why shouldn't we write, then, energetically and swiftly, just as you write slowly and distinctly, I was going to say!

Watch some of our younger novelists grow. Read the next books of Scott Fitzgerald, Ben Hecht, Ben Ames Williams, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell and Miss Gale. They are all telling the truth. No one can do more.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, MESSRS. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. *Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English literature in praise of the Gardener.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to E. Beechey, of 87, Woodland Road, Bristol, and Rudolf Robert, of 151, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, for the following:

THE JEWELLER'S SHOP WINDOW.

I stand and dream—
Of blue-green seas buried within this opal,
Of fiercest fires seeking to hide their frenzy
Behind a milk-white polish—craft of workman
Who set this stone to make a ring for you.

Like chilly raindrops there upon chaste velvet
The tears of Mélisande lie cold and ghostly,
And Beauty with pale fingers twines the tendrils
That make a pendant for my lady's chain.

See, here is gold, spun in a sun-lit chamber,
And yellow wine drunk to forget the passion
Of last night's pain. (Dear, how we pay for sweetness!)
These amber beads, they say, are much in fashion!

Where the lush grass springs new beneath our footstep,
Where the clean waters wash a Cornish headland,
Where the sea hides the mermaids of our childhood,
There is the mirror called an emerald.

E. BEECHEY.

NOCTURNE.

There is a singing where the roses blow
Moonblanched upon the lipping waterside;
There is a sighing where the tall barques glide
Ghostlike, across the shade-steeped bay below.

Wherefore, frail fingers, do you tremble so
Crushing the crimson petal in its pride?
Wherefore, pale bosom, is your love denied
That was confessed so true a while ago?

There is a fluttering of damask wings
Against the silver of the rising moon;
There is a breath of sea-shore whisperings
And stirring sail upon the soft lagoon.

Adieu—sweet little coward heart—adieu,
The sea-scents lure—I plead no more with you!

RUDOLF ROBERT.

We also select for printing:

THE REVENANT.

Why should I hear your step again,
Your hand upon the gate?
Once my whole heart was listening—while
You bade me wait!
If I could turn away, and leave
You standing so—
I would be loyal to that love
That now I know.

Why should I hear your voice again?
That music of lost things.
The darkness round me stirs and sighs,
As with the beat of wings.
There is a crying in the night,
My soul is cold with fear—
I had won peace, and now—again
It is your voice I hear.

Why should you come to me again,
And claim your own too late?
Once I had died for such an hour,
Now—I am mocked of fate.

What I have given I gave indeed,
Of what avail regret?
Only—a crying fills the night—
God! that I may forget!

(Dorothy Hope, Southwold, Suffolk.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Roland Sutton (Cirencester), Vivien Ford (Kensington), Eileen Newton (Whitby), B. Ionides (Hove), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Winnifred Tasker (Middleham), Phyllis M. Bailey (Putney), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Gwendolyn Wilkinson (London, S.W.), Dorothy E. Gunningham (London, N.W.), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Ivy Chambers (Clifton), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Oscar Williams (Brooklyn, New York), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Thora Stowell (Maadi, Egypt), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), P. Page (Portsmouth), Jessie E. Greenwood (Wallington), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Port Elizabeth, South Africa), Elsie Beatrice Burkitt (Bradford), Norah Story (Ontario), Victor Ventris-Field (Stroud), T. Oldham (Bolton), Hilda E. de Fleury (Tadworth), J. Nundy (Hyderabad), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), L. L. Burton (Dargaville, New Zealand), Una Malleson (London, W.), D. M. James (Cambridge), Katherine Ford (Norwich), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), W. M. Rowland (Rogerstone Moor), M. Walters Mountjoy (Michigan, U.S.A.), A. J. Daubeney (Cheltenham), E. Lewis (Mansfield), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Margaret Aldridge (Harrow), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), J. C. Turner (Cardiff).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. M. E. Brown, of 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, for the following:

DEAD RECKONING. BY ERIC LEADBITTER.
(Allen & Unwin.)

"Two of us in the churchyard lie."
WORDSWORTH, *We Are Seven*.

We also select for printing:

DISENCHANTMENT. BY C. E. MONTAGUE.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"When she got there, the cupboard was bare."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, II, Guildford Road,
Tunbridge Wells.)

HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE. BY LADY TROUBRIDGE.
(Methuen.)

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, Act III, Sc. 2.

(Sidney J. Green, 201, Twickenham Road, Leyton-
stone, E.11.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best short sentence made up entirely of the names of books, persons, places or things mentioned in the advertisement pages of our last Number is divided, and Two Books each awarded to G. Coulter, of "Kenmure," Priory Street, Cheltenham, and N. M. Butterfield, of 163, Coventry Road, Ilford, for the following:

Americans, to the last man,
(p. 3 cover) (p. 2 cover)

Drinkwater. (Editor, "The Liar!")
(p. 3 cover) (p. 3 cover) (p. 95)

G. COULTER,

Driving, approaching, putting—it's all in the game
(p. 1 advts.) (p. 1 advts.)

to him that hath the science of golf.
(p. 2 cover) (p. 1 advts.)

N. M. BUTTERFIELD.

Two of the best replies fail because competitors have introduced words that are not names of books, persons, places or things. We specially commend Dr. R. J. Shaw (Leeds), Marion Burd (Birmingham), Isabel Rozet (Kensington), A. Campling (Bickley),

Mrs. F. E. Talland (Leckford), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), K. Bruce (Glasgow), R. G. Wyatt (Norbury), S. M. Isaacson (London, S.W.), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Miss Annand (Hove), Miles March (Liverpool), Rev. C. H. Steel (Coldstream), Isobel M. Turner (Ipswich), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), L. Barber-Wright (Brixton), Felix Webster (Walworth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best 100-word review is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WELL-MEANING WOMAN.

BY STEPHEN McKENNA. (Cassell.)

"Is it a clever book?" asks the would-be reader. "Clever! I should think it is!" replies the critic. It is far too clever to be pleasant! It is too amusing and too true in so many ways that one hesitates to call that 'truth' which is so pitifully characteristic of human nature. It is like looking into a glass and seeing one's own reflection; and no one cares to see that! Most of us are 'well-meaning,' and the exposure of our conscience quibbles and attempts at justification is sure to be painful, however well deserved! *Verbum sap.*, but read it!"

We also select for printing:

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY.

BY MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann.)

One is introduced to Mr. Baring's "Puppets" and pauses, reflecting upon his own "puppets" and the "puppets" of his life travels, and knows that those of Mr. Maurice Baring are unusual characters, or are else defined in a way which is fascinating, so much so as to interest the reader more than usual, kindling his fire of imagination, so that he cannot but acknowledge to himself the truth that the author has the marvellous trait in his character of seeing in life and "still life" that which matters, and that which constitutes something which has a universal appeal.

(Mona L. Smeeton, 91, Frithville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush.)

THE SHEPHERD AND OTHER POEMS OF PEACE
AND WAR. BY EDMUND BLUNDEN.

(R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

Tenderness, peace, and beauty, combined with an intense love of the country-side, are the characteristics of these new poems of a poet who is comparatively new, but who has come to stay. There is the obviousness of the landscape—the charm of flower and tree and bird and animal. But there is also the mystic sense and the mystery which nobody but a poet can feel and reproduce—"the new world" which the moon has made. The volume is especially welcome in the midst of the jar and fret of city and town-world of to-day.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill.)

We specially select for commendation the reviews by P. H. Hall (Sheffield), J. R. Windsor-Garnett (Barmouth), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Joan Lytton Hitchins (Moss Vale, N.S.W.), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Elizabeth Eagle-Boot (London, S.W.), W. Bates (Bridport), William G. Bosworth (Burton-on-Trent), L. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), Richard Clough (Scarborough), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Lilian M. Belletti (Stanwell), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Katharine Martin (Chelmsford), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), E. E. Garnett (Peckham), Edith Cunningham (London, W.), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), William Donald (Ayr), H. A. Bush (Bolton), H. Cotterill Davies (Lichfield), Isabel Pincott (Glasgow), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), B. Van Thal (London, N.W.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. E. Wylv. Sunningdale, Langley Road, Slough

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

BY the death of Miss Marjorie Pickthall last April Canada has lost one of the most gifted and brilliantly promising of her younger poets and novelists. For though she was English, and a Londoner, by birth,



Miss Marjorie Pickthall.

she went with her family to Canada at a very early age, lived and was educated in Toronto, and had become in all her ways of thinking, in sympathy and outlook, essentially Canadian. She had given her heart to Canada, and writing to me shortly before her death spoke of British Columbia as

"one of the most entirely wonderful and beautiful countries in the world. I could write lots of interesting things about B.C.," she added, "but as for myself—nothing of any interest has ever happened to me during my literary career, which has consisted almost entirely of hard work. My life, in the main, has been very uneventful."

Probably her most eventful years were those "Dark Years," as she called them, when the Great War overshadowed the world. She was staying with relatives in Wiltshire when the Germans invaded Belgium, and remained here all through the war, working on the land and serving as a groom-gardener, but finding quiet enough in her leisure to write her first novel, "Little Hearts," which was published by Methuens in 1916, but has not, I believe, been issued in Canada. It was good, experimental work, but scarcely gave promise of the power and maturity of craftsmanship that is shown in her second and last novel, "The Bridge," which she began at the end of the war and had finished when, in 1920, she became, as she said, "Canada-sick," and went home again. But though "The Bridge" was written here, there is nothing of England in it and no thought of the war. She had more or less unconsciously gathered the material for it during some two or three summers she spent on

Toronto Island, fifteen years before, while she was still a schoolgirl. And the book is steeped in the life and atmosphere of the Great Lakes—a life that is very distinctive, with odd likenesses and unlikenesses, she thought, to that of the sea, and she found in its remembered strangeness, its wild beauty and eeriness, just the setting she wanted for this strange and dramatically poignant novel.

But it was as a poet that she first became known, and there are poems in her two first volumes, "The Drift of Pinions" and "The Lamp of Poor Souls," published over here by John Lane, which would add to any reputation and will be counted always among the riches of Canadian poetry. She had collected a third book of her lyrics which is to be issued shortly, and published last year "The Wood-Carver's Wife," a powerful, sombrely imaginative poetic drama which was successfully staged in Canada by the Community Players.

Latterly Miss Pickthall had been arriving at considerable popularity with her short stories in the English, American and Canadian magazines; but it is evidence that she was still maturing, still only on the threshold of her career, that her highest achievements in poetry and in fiction are her two last-published books—"The Wood-Carver's Wife" and "The Bridge." The same psychological insight, the same breadth of imaginative and emotional power are potent in both; each has a certain bigness and grandeur of idea, and a strong individuality of style. "The Bridge" seems to me as unlike most contemporary novels as the stories of the Brontës were unlike the fiction of their day. It starts from the solid ground of a sordid business disaster, and takes you through the tragedy and bizarre, passionate spiritual adventures that at last brought a man to himself, broke his pride and gave him back all the happiness that his folly and his fear of facing a terrible fact had driven from him.



Miss Marjorie Pickthall,

on a British Columbia beach.

At the outset Alan Maclear was a hard-headed man of affairs, a clever engineer, a go-ahead business man. He had secured a contract to build a bridge, and in order to make extra profit he scamped the work by not running the foundations of the central spans to the depth he had bargained for. As a consequence the bridge collapsed when a train was passing over it, and among the passengers who were killed was his brother Gordon. The catastrophe overwhelmed him and shattered his nerve, for there had been the strongest affection between him and his brother, and he could not away with the thought that he was that brother's murderer. In the ten days succeeding the accident he feverishly destroyed as far as possible the evidence of his guilt, but had not dared to meet Gordon's wife, Moira, the one woman he had ever cared for; he had been in love with her himself before he found she loved his brother. He had almost persuaded himself, in the ten days, that, after all, he was innocent—he had done only what was common in business; he had believed the bridge perfectly sound and safe, and of course could not guess that Gordon would be in that fated train. Then one day he went into his office, and Moira was standing there by the window, waiting:

She came slowly towards him. He saw nothing but the knot of faded white flowers she wore, the one relief in the unbroken black of her widowhood. He saw that they were faded and dying, each petal rimmed with brown. Seeing his gaze, her hand went up and touched them softly.

In a moment he must speak. And he had nothing to say . . .

"Gordon was bringing them to me." Her voice was level and quiet. "They found the little box in his pocket, and thought I would like to have them. It's as new as all that," she said, "as new as all that."

She was near him. It was as if the silence of the room stood there with her, questioning the man for whom it seemed there would never be silence any more. He had to raise his eyes at last from the flowers to his sister-in-law's face.

And in an instant the coverings of defence were stripped from him. They withered like leaves in a fire, leaving him with an intolerable consciousness of nakedness. There was no defence.

She knew.

And after a long time, and as it seemed from a long distance, he heard her voice again, saying, even with a solemn compassion, "Poor Cain."

He could not move his eyes from her face, he could not stir. He felt life itself withdrawing from his limbs, centring in one anguished point of receptivity. He had never known that grief came with this stillness; or that it was like this to be judged.

"You have suffered much. You can't have saved more than a few thousands. Was it worth it?"

He tried to tell her that that was not the point: not the point: that he was clean in intention: that life, fate, chance, had deliberately fouled his hands. The thing was done every day. . . . But he could not speak. He put out his hands as if to shelter himself. But there was no shelter anywhere.

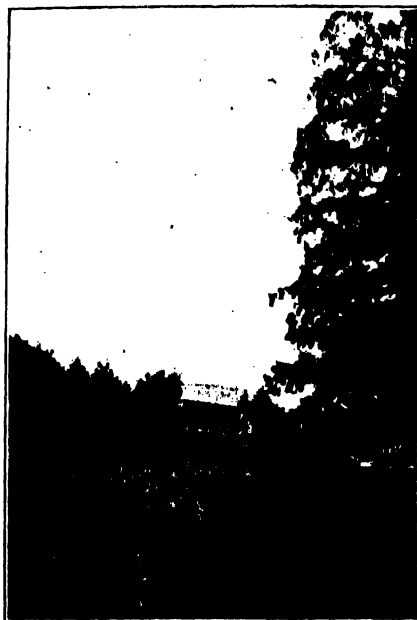
"There were three others besides him. But I can't think of anyone but Gordon. Not yet. God wouldn't expect it yet. And then there's me."

"Moira! You know I'd die to give him back to you?"

"I'm sure of it, Alan. You loved him in your way. You were always very good to us, to Gordon and to me. I suppose that seemed so far apart from your work, from

—what do you call it? Dodging a specification. Men, I suppose, do these things. . . ."

Men do these things. Men, it seems, fall full length on the floor and catch the hem of a black dress and hide their faces there. Well. . . . She looked down on him without any change in the calm white face above the dying white flowers; only, where his dark hair touched her shoe, she drew her foot away.



The Shack

in which Miss Marjori Pickthall worked one summer in British Columbia.

Presently he faltered some feeble plea, some poor excuses for himself; but she quietly repeated what she had heard from one of his clerks who a few weeks before had boasted of how cleverly Alan had evaded the terms of his contract, and she had held such faith in him then she had not believed it. She forced him now to admit the truth of that boast; told him how terribly she wanted to forgive him, and though she could not

do it yet, hoped, if they did not see each other for a long time, one day, for Gordon's sake, she might be able to. And at last she left him, still lying there, abandoned to an agony of grief and remorse.

His anguish of mind is so intense that he goes out that night to attempt suicide, and, ironically saved from drowning by a man who had followed to rob him, makes a sudden resolve to go away, to cut himself off from all who knew of the bridge, and forget it. One of his firm's freighters lies at the wharf with the captain and two men aboard, and on this he is carried to a lonely island in the Great Lakes—an island once used as a pleasure resort but now deserted except for three persons who inhabit the remains of a derelict hotel. He is left on the beach, on the lonely side of the island—left there alone, "broken, at last, like his bridge," and wakes next morning in a solitude "as complete as if he had been reborn into an empty world."

But he does not begin to find strength or peace until a night when he is hopelessly lost in one of the baffling mists that occasionally gather over the island, and is found in the smother of it by Sombra, the girl who lives with her brother and the blind, crazy, menacing old man, Mait, at the derelict hotel. She has lived here always and is wholly untaught, but her beauty, her beautiful, unspoiled simplicity, her womanly compassion, and soon her love, win him back to sanity and life, and restore him to himself. His passionate love of her is the biggest and most inspiring experience he has ever known. Recovering health and all his old self-confidence, he steels himself in a conviction that he has done no wrong, his misfortune has been exaggerated, he is guiltless of his brother's death; and so assured does he become in this that when he meets Moira again and she, thinking him still troubled, would comfort and

forgive him, he rebukes her and asks her not to forgive him for what he did not do.

But circumstances are to drag him down from this assurance, shatter his hard complacency, and bring him to find his soul at last when, after their marriage, Sombra distraught with sorrow, feels an irrevocable barrier separates her from him because of a pardonable crime with which her brother's hands are red, and Alan has no way of making her know she is not unworthy of him, no way of winning her to let him share the shame she feels, but by realising intensely and confessing to her that he too has sinned, and how.

The whole story, with that shadow brooding over it and not to be dispelled until Alan squarely faces the truth and has done with all self-deceit, is subtly imagined and written with a dramatic power and loftiness of thought that are not common in modern fiction. It is not strange that when this novel was published a month or so ago in Canada the critics crowned it with praise and foretold a great future for its author; and it is one of the tragedies of literature that her early death should have made that prophecy impossible of fulfilment.

New Books.

THE GRAPHIC ARTS.*

An untraceable proverb says that, in taking revenge a man is but even with his adversary, but in passing it over he is superior. Well, I claim no superiority over Mr. Pennell. Indeed, I am hat-in-hand to him for these delightful Scammon Lectures on "The Graphic Arts" delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago. But I should be more than human were I to overlook the fact that after twenty-nine years he has delivered himself into my hand, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not draw a moral therefrom. In the year 1893 I published a little book on "Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators." On page 57 I reproduced the wood engraving of Rossetti's St. Cecily which appeared in Moxon's Tennyson of 1857, and the block was inserted by the producers one thirty-second part of an inch out of the straight. Thereupon Mr. Pennell fell upon and rent me in the pages of one of the many journals to which he then contributed for a peccadillo for which I was surely not primarily responsible. Indeed so young a writer was I at the time that I was only too pleased to see my work and its illustrations on any page whatsoever and placed however crookedly.

Now in the book before me, by a curious fortuity, Mr. Pennell professes on page 35 to reproduce the self-same wood-block. And what do we find? Not only that he has submitted it, quite unnecessarily, to the half-tone process which he so heartily condemns on pages 130 and 131, whereby the beautiful details have become smudged almost beyond recognition, but, worse than that, has actually allowed the block to be mutilated, top, bottom and sides, and so given it to the world shorn of half its beauty and significance. It is dreadful to contemplate Rossetti's feelings if the Chicago Press distributes its wares as far as Olympus.

I have little hope that Mr. Pennell has done me the honour of retaining possession of the little book which he treated thus roughly so long ago, but if he has I fearlessly ask him to compare his page with mine, in which case I cannot doubt that he will plead guilty to libelling Rossetti, where I have done him the fullest justice by a reproduction almost, if not quite, equal to the original wood engraving.

Nor is that the limit of his offence. On the succeeding page he professes to reproduce Holman Hunt's "Lady of Shalott" from the same volume of Tennyson, and states that it was "engraved on wood by Dalziel Brothers." Now, in the first place, if this is a reproduction of a wood engraving at all, of which I have my doubts—it is perilously like a reproduction of a photograph of the drawing as it appeared on the wood before cutting—it certainly is not reproduced from the Moxon Tennyson. In the second place, the block of which it professes to be a reproduction was not engraved by the Dalziel Brothers, but by J. Thompson. In the third place the whole design has been mutilated top, bottom and sides. In a word, it is as much an outrage on Holman Hunt as the St. Cecily is an outrage on Rossetti.

* "The Graphic Arts, Modern Men and Methods." By Joseph Pennell, being the Scammon Lectures for 1920. (Chicago Press, Illinois, U.S.A.)

Those are very serious artistic offences—in a book of instruction for the young, especially where the author of such instruction prides himself on his artistic conscience. It is the more regrettable to find such blemishes in this book because its other contents constitute a valuable introduction to the study of the graphic arts. Written as it is, or rather taken down in shorthand from the spoken word of a fine artist, a practical craftsman and an enthusiastic lover of what is beautiful, it rightly insists on the thoroughness that must be cultivated by the new generation of book illustrators, if America, for whom by the way this American has hardly a good word to say, is not to fall artistically further and further behind England and France. Not but what we ourselves have much to learn from these wise pages. Indeed they should be read and pondered by every student in the world, who will do well if he catches the infection of Mr. Pennell's enthusiasm. Take the concluding lines of his fourth lecture. Etching, he says, "means working like a slave. But it is delightful slavery, and it is work I love, and I love to do the whole thing, from one end to the other. If you do not care for that, if you take up etching and do not find the biting as fascinating as the drawing, and the printing as enthralling as the biting, you are not an etcher and you never will be."

I like, too, the author's courage. Personally I have never dared to tell an American what I think of his so-called comic artist, lest he should, misspelling my name, conclude that I required a surgical operation before I could see a joke. Now I take heart of grace, and shall for the future shelter myself behind Mr. Pennell, quoting his native dictum that "The American comic artist would be pathetic if he were not a disgrace."

On our British humorous drawing Mr. Pennell is on the whole sound, though, inadvertently I am sure, he does Du Maurier less than justice. It is true in a sense that the *Punch* man began as an artist and degenerated into a hack, but it is only fair to recognise that the cause was physical, not moral. It was not the result of any falling away from artistic grace, but of the dreadful disability of failing eyesight.

There is one distinction which should, I think, have been more clearly drawn before an audience of students, a distinction which, so far as my experience goes, has never been drawn clearly enough in any handbook on the graphic arts. By implication, no doubt, Mr. Pennell does distinguish between wood cutting and wood engraving, but it wants stating once for all and in so many words that a wood cut is done with the knife drawn towards the craftsman, as is shown in the engraving of the "Japanese cutter at work" on page 56, but that wood engraving is done with the graver pushed away from the craftsman as in metal engraving, whilst in both cases the result, unlike line engraving on metal, is a surface print.

On the whole, however, Mr. Pennell has steered skilfully between the dangerous Scylla of being too elementary on the one hand and the Charybdis of talking over the heads of his audience on the other. The book, in spite of some remarkable lapses, is beautifully produced and printed, and has many delightful reproductions. G. S. LAYARD.

JOHN MASEFIELD—A FIRST ESTIMATE.

Mr. Hamilton's book* is stated to be the first published concerning Mr. Masefield's work and artistic development. The bibliography shows nearly forty volumes of Mr. Masefield's, and many more edited by him, all issued within a brief, dreamlike twenty years, as matter for this study; and the variety of subjects with which the poet has been concerned, as well as the number of his attempts, may be taken as ample justification of Mr. Hamilton's survey. He approaches his author with a wise enthusiasm—there can be no better regard in which to approach a living artist—but he has the courage to say what he means, even when he means censure, and the intelligence to mean what he says. Had his way of saying it been more circum-spect and right, had he shown himself as sensitive to his own style as he is (quite truly and simply) to Mr. Masefield's, his book would have been so much the better; but this is only to say that he is as yet an imperfect master of a medium of which he clearly appreciates the difficulties and obligations.

I imagine that Mr. Masefield himself will not be displeased at a study of his work conceived in this independent but warm temper. I do not know how the author of the early "Ballads and Songs" regards that very premature work, and it is possible that Mr. Hamilton's phrases may hurt a reminiscent fondness; but he would be a bold critic who would dissent from Mr. Hamilton's judgment and deny the almost exclusively derivative character of the earliest and some of the later work. And in speaking of certain of the novels, there is justice again in the critic's strictures, as once more in his suggestion of a doubt as to Mr. Masefield's future work, a doubt which bases itself upon "the fatal fluency of the poet." But Mr. Hamilton indicates without quite stating the truth, perhaps without clearly seeing it. He has shrunk from generalisation and left his readers to draw their own conclusions from what he has told them.

One generalisation is that Mr. Masefield is a restlessly experimental writer. He has not often repeated his successes and, excepting the famous narrative poems, it may be questioned if he is always aware of what he has done—if he is always aware, that is, of his own excellences and his own faults equally. How could a poet who was to write "Reynard the Fox," and had already written "Dauber," how could he write the rhyme of "Rosas"? How could the author of that admirably eager study of Shakespeare, to which it is unnecessary to call attention now, write so uncritically as he has done in certain other poems? He is restless as well as experimental, and pushes on from one thing to another, turning from east to west as quickly as a spring wind, without reflecting long upon what he has just done and what he will next attempt. It is a virtue in him that he has not been antlike and undivertible, but it is a vice that he has been, in Meredith's excellent phrase, shrill, irreflective, unrestrained.

Another generalisation at which Mr. Hamilton seems to point is that Mr. Masefield's writings are not wholly the work of a masculine mind; they are the work of a mind of sensitive femininity. The woman in his men is expressive—the woman in Captain Margaret is emphatic—and sometimes they betray a merely womanish delight in words, phrases and actions which other men disdain or regard as unimportant. Violent speech and violent actions do not distinguish men as men; My Uncle Toby is a truer expression of a man's passion and experience than some of Mr. Masefield's vivid inventions. Need it be called a fault in our poet? It is merely a sign of an intensely subjective art, a sign as clearly seen in Saul Kane and the whole scheme of "The Everlasting Mercy" as in poor Dauber or Captain Margaret himself.

Intensely subjective—that is the excellence of this long and still rapidly extending list of books. The sonnets, which are manifestly subjective, are not therefore among Mr. Masefield's best work; it is when he is not purely lyrical, but purely dramatic, that he sings his own mind,

* "John Masefield: A Critical Study." By W. H. Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

presents his own five acts—sans epilogue. I refrain from quoting, because it is not easy to quote justly; but if I had in mind an intelligent, mature reader of verse, who was strangely ignorant of our author's work, I should laboriously transcribe the whole of "Biography" and "August 1914," some lyrical outbursts from "Dauber," and some of the prose of "Gallipoli"; and with these, that strange reader could be trusted to go on and discriminate for himself. For discrimination is needed. Mr. Masefield is continually running head down into a cul-de-sac, bemusing himself in a mist, deceiving himself like those who lack his genius; but his genius is alive somewhere all the time, elusive and uncomprehended.

JOHN FREEMAN.

TALES AND TEMPERAMENT.*

It is perhaps a small matter, but there is nothing on the title page to indicate to prospective readers that Mr. Aldous Huxley's new book is merely a collection of four short stories and one short play. Of course, some people prefer their fiction in this form. On the other hand some people do not.

Each item in this slim volume is distinctly temperamental, and ultra-modern in tone and treatment. There is a certain amount of wit (rather thin in quality for the most part), but scarcely any of the deftness and imagery one has come to expect from an author of Mr. Huxley's undoubted accomplishment. His "Limbo" and "Crome Yellow" have whetted the appetite for more of the same dish. In this menu, however, the dish is "off." Of course the book is well written; but, although there is good mechanism, the wheels creak audibly.

The tales are unequal. The opening one, "The Gioconda Smile," is clearly founded on a recent case of arsenical poisoning, the nauseous details of which were eagerly consumed by a sensation-loving public. There is, however, an unexpected "punch" for the climax, which lifts the plot out of the commonplace into which it appeared to be falling.

The best of the batch among the contents is "The Tillotson Banquet." Yet, it is not a very satisfying meal. A long forgotten artist is, at the age of 97, dragged from his senile obscurity by a blundering but well meaning dilettante. As he is poor and friendless, a subscription list is opened for his benefit, and a public banquet is arranged in his honour. The old man emerges from his shell, buoying himself up with dreams of fresh fame. But, attired in a borrowed dress suit and mouthing garrulities, he merely cuts a figure of fun and nobody takes him seriously. Thereupon he crawls back to his garret to seek oblivion. Of course the whole thing is a satire. Yet it might quite conceivably have happened.

The one act play, "Permutations Among the Nightingales" (included apparently as a make-weight), is merely a piece of cynicism and tinsel. Nor has it even the comparative merit of the average second rate play of "reading well."

The last item in the collection, "Nuns at Luncheon," is another disappointment. It is, moreover, from its subject, probably one which, by the time his next book is ready, Mr. Huxley will regret having written.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

A POET OF THE SEA.†

Nearly all poets have been sensitive to the magic and mystery, the beauty and terror of the sea, but many have been almost silent of it, as if the burden of its immensity were too heavy for their song; most have found only occasional inspiration in it; few have been able to set its waves singing or thundering in lines that seem intimate

* "Mortal Coils." By Aldous Huxley. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

† "Sea Poems." By Cale Young Rice. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

echoes of its many voices—music born of its own laughter and sorrow and deep-throated harmonies.

One of these few is Mr. Cale Young Rice. I wonder which other living poet, English or American, could gather from his works so many and such poignant lyrics of the sea as Mr. Rice has brought together in his "Sea Poems"? Masfield could do it; but he writes as a sailor of his native element, and Mr. Rice as an exile might of the home not his and yet the more his because it is always in his thoughts. He would seem to have given his love with usury to the sea, as Lamb gave his to London. He finds his own unrest in it, and the ultimate peace that lies under all restlessness; the rhythmic throb of its waves is to him the very beating of the world's heart. His verse responds to its changing moods and he pictures it in words as a painter will on his canvas. I like the quiet charm of "Waves," with its soft-toned picture of how

"The evening sails come home
With twilight in their wings;"

and the delicate monochrome effect in "Tidals," where

"Low along the sea, low along the sea,
The grey gulls are flying and one sail swings;"

and the musing fancifulness of "Full Tide":

"Sea foam and dream-foam,
And which is which, who knows,
When all day long the heart goes out
To every wave that blows...."

Who has not sometimes at sight of the sea had something of the feeling so exquisitely expressed in "Resurgence"?—a feeling of the world's vastness and of dim desires to sail out to all the wonder of it that one has never seen, though until then,

"I was content—with life, and love, and a little over;
A little achieved of the much that is given to men to do."

Yet I like few things in the book better than that very different poem of "The Nun," who looks placidly from her window and watches the ship sail from the harbour, without any disturbing thought of love that has gone from her or may come to her:

"For naught knows she of her beauty,
More than the palm of its peace."

Several of the lyrics are familiar to me, for I am one of the increasing number in this country that is acquainted with Mr. Cale Young Rice's work, and they have been chosen from his already published volumes; but some new ones have been included with these, and old and new together make up the most delectable book of sea poetry that has ever come to us out of America.

F. HEATH.

PALESTRINA.*

Among the hills, twenty-three miles westward of Rome, stands the little town of Palestrina, in the Middle Ages a desirable possession for which Popes and Colonnas fought,

* "Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina: His Life and Times." By Zoltan Kendrick Pyne. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

and earlier still (called then Præneste) a place of cool retreat for the stifled city dwellers:

Vester Camenae, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Præneste seu Tibur supinum
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiae.

So strange, however, are the tricks of time, that Palestrina, once longed for and fought for, is now an unclean, neglected town, and, indeed, for many people is not a place at all, but a man; for here in 1525 (the date is very uncertain) was born Giovanni Pierluigi, who, distinguished in the fashion of the times by the name of his birthplace, became so famous that he, rather than the town, is now universally known as Palestrina.

Palestrina is the first great name in the world of music. There were of course musicians before him back to Orpheus, Amphion or Tubal Cain; but there is no earlier writer who has left such a mass of work, placed so high and performed so frequently. His great Belgian contemporary, Orlandus Lassus, is less known; our English Byrd sang a generation later.

We speak of his work as "frequently performed"; but the statement needs some qualification. The music of Palestrina is performed, not at promenade concerts or musical festivals, but "in quires and places where they sing." It is strictly limited by the circumstances of place, and even of time. It is written solely for the earliest and loveliest of all instruments, the human voice; it is, for the most part, sacred, and even liturgical. There are secular madrigals of Palestrina, and there are compositions,

Mr. Cale Young Rice.

not secular, written for performance at the popular musical services given by St. Philip Neri and his brother Oratorians, whose use of music for religious (other than liturgical) purposes has given us the word Oratorio; but, for the most part, the music of Palestrina is ecclesiastical music, and hardly to be thought of apart from the Roman services. So much is he the expression of his place and time, that the great "Mass of Pope Marcellus," adapted to the English Communion Service and sung at St. Paul's, seems to me not really Palestrina, and—if such a word may be used in this connection—not quite successful. Palestrina wrote ninety-three Masses, and they are really Masses, not compositions for concerts. Londoners have unique opportunities of hearing Palestrina and the other contrapuntal writers, Italian, Flemish, Spanish and English, at the Westminster Cathedral, where the zeal, patience and learning of Dr. R. R. Terry have produced a school of interpretation that would have satisfied Palestrina himself.

The sacred music of Palestrina and his contemporaries is unique. It flourished and ceased. We cannot truly say that it led to anything in modern music, and we are a little startled therefore to find the author of the present enthusiastic volume citing (in the sentence quoted below) the Grail music of "Parsifal" in connection with Palestrina. It seems to me that nothing could be more unlike Palestrina than the essentially theatrical, sentimental religiosity of "Parsifal." The one is like the frescoes at Santa Croce, the other like the "religious" paintings that used to hang in the Doré Gallery. Wagner of course got some useful



"tips" from Palestrina, as he got some tips for his Grail Chapel from the Cappella Palatina at Palermo; but he is no more the "ultimate expression" of the one than of the other. The music of which Palestrina is the great exemplar is pure, sexless, passionless, impersonal, without tune, without time (as we understand tune and time), a delicate fabric of tones that flow along subtly yet simply, blending, crossing, interweaving, without anything of "effect," in the modern sense of definite opening and emphatic full close. In all art there is perhaps nothing more austere, or more aloof. It is supra-terrestrial, and that is at once its strength and its weakness.

Historically, the music of Palestrina is interesting. In the golden time of Italian art we have Florentine painting, and Venetian painting, and Umbrian painting; in architecture and sculpture we have Ghiberti, and Brunelleschi, and Donatello, and Michelangelo—all Tuscans. There is no definite school of Roman painting or sculpture or architecture. The enduring contribution of Rome to Italian art is music; and the greatest of Roman musicians is Palestrina.

The present volume, by a writer bearing an honoured name in music, is the only English book devoted to the work of this master. It is written with immense enthusiasm and it covers the whole ground. Some of its facts are, naturally, conjectural, but in the main it is based on modern research and takes over no old legend without question. It has some valuable appendices, including a descriptive catalogue of all Palestrina's Masses, and a technical discussion of sixteenth century music in general. To compile such a book must have been a labour, though plainly a labour of love to the author. We shall be ungallant enough to suggest that the volume would be better than it is if its literary manner had been rather less expansive and diffuse. Here, as a typical instance, is the "Parsifal" sentence referred to above:

"That it [i.e., sixteenth century music] is still capable of retaining its old empire over the modern world is shown by the terms in which Richard Wagner refers to a performance of Palestrina's 'Stabat Mater' as 'an absolute spiritual revelation, which filled us with unspeakable emotion'—one, indeed, finding its ultimate expression in the Grail music of 'Parsifal'."

Now I ask the author to consider carefully whether in this sentence she has really said what she means, and next to tell us precisely what the word "one" refers to. This is not a mere point of grammar, it is a question of meaning. She has written a sentence that seems to be decisive, but that really decides nothing, because it is obscure; and that is the general complaint we have to make about her style. Surely, a writer upon music, and upon such music, does not need to be told that clarity of form is as necessary in the sentence as in the motet! The book is admirable in its warm-hearted enthusiasm; it would be even better if it were as simple in speech as it is in purpose.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.*

"For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old' this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!"

Youth scores heavily (and rightly) in almost all things. So it is as well to point out balancing compensations, where these occur. Considering, for example, the sort of verse that was published in the volume entitled "The Seven Seas" or the sort of stories that were given to us in "Many Inventions," it is a fact that those so far lost to youth as to be able to date some of their literary experiences back a little farther than the South African war have a certain pull over even the most brilliantly erudite and omniscient of those younger critics and readers whose first adventures among books came later. The thing is evidenced

* "Down the Columbia." By Lewis R. Freeman. 25s. (Heinemann).—"Up Against It in Nigeria." By Langa Langa. 18s. (Allen & Unwin).—"Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles." By Charles Mayer. 8s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

by the casual ease with which some infallible young judges are able to dismiss as more or less negligible the very masterly creations just mentioned. The call of Kipling's earlier work came to them, as it were, in diluted form; its penetrant quality a little dulled by the rattle and the piping of the almost innumerable imitative performances it inspired, many of which, to be sure, have been extremely creditable. But—*ehu fugaces!*—the stimulating freshness of the original call, before even the first of the echoes reached our ears! With that in one's ears, such "early work" may be appreciated aright:

"Home, they come home from all the ports,
The living and the dead;
The goodwife's sons come home again
For her blessing on their head!"

The impulse that impels them outward from the nest is eternal; but, with deference to the youngest judges be it said, the wonderful driving power of that same spirit of adventure was crystallised for us with something very like perfection in the decade that immediately preceded this twentieth century. We may not read its like again, but the spirit is ageless, and especially perhaps throughout the English-speaking world, renews itself completely with the coming of each successive generation. The old lusty note vibrates strong as ever in such books as "Up Against it in Nigeria," "Down the Columbia" and "Trapping Wild Animals"; and this despite the indubitable fact that they owe little or nothing to literary craftsmanship, much to the adventurousness, but little, curiously little, to any gifts their authors possess as writers.

Mr. Lewis Freeman is no raw beginner as author, having already given us "Hell's Hatches" and "In the Tracks of the Trades," both volumes of movement and adventure that won deserved popularity. In his new book he writes as the first man to have navigated the Columbia river all the way from its source in the snow-fed lakes of the Canadian Rockies to its mouth in the Pacific. In this deeply interesting adventure he was accompanied, among other good fellows, by a "movie man," whose insatiable appetite for striking scenes for his film pictures, often genuinely comic, affords ample scope for the sounding of the facetious note. The book is dedicated to C. L. Chester: "Hoping he will find in these pages some compensation for the fun he missed in not being along." The simple words are quoted here because, in a modest way, they do serve the purpose of a tuning-fork. It is very much in their key that the book is written; a cheery, colloquial, unaffected and for the most part genuinely graphic narrative of an experience in travel and exploration that was well worth recording, and that only a plucky and determined adventurer of the real right spirit could have accomplished.

"Langa Langa" rather cruelly disarms the critic before entering upon his first chapter, by cheerily announcing that his volume does not purport to be a textbook, lays claim to no literary virtues, nor even to being very accurate, since it was written from memory—"a West African memory at that"—and without the assistance of "referenda." Well, Stevenson wrote "The Wrong Box" mainly for his own and his young collaborator's amusement, and his pastime has been delighting discerning appreciators of the comic spirit the world over, ever since. If one may not prophesy quite so distinguished a career for the book "Langa Langa" wrote chiefly for his own amusement, it is at least safe to predict that it will give real pleasure to some thousands of readers who at one time or another have visited "The Coast" themselves, or acquired interest in it through friends or relatives. The reviewer happens to have seen a little of the country between Sierra Leone and the Oil Rivers, and believes he can with justice testify that "Langa Langa" has succeeded in presenting a graphic and faithful outline of the average life of the average political officer in Nigeria and in some other parts of West Africa. That is something to have accomplished, particularly when it is added, as it should be added, that the author has made no use whatever of statistics, of official platitudes, or any of the other tedious paraphernalia that is relied upon by many industrious

compilers of alleged works of travel. His work is human and personal throughout.

In youth Mr. Charles Mayer responded to the lure of the circus. So did the reviewer, and so have some millions of other undistinguished persons. But Mr. Mayer was destined for distinction. He was commissioned by Barnum to go from his native America to India, to fetch a certain elephant said to be fourteen and a half feet high. The elephant turned out to be a product of Indian imagination; but fortune favoured Mr. Mayer in another direction. He met a sailor with a couple of dejected monkeys under his jacket. One of the monkeys had pink eyes, and that simple fact—merely unpleasing as it would probably have been to most of us—interested Mr. Mayer, who promptly bought the coal-grimed pair for fifteen dollars. Soap and water presently proved the pink-eyed monkey to be pure white, and a few days later he was sold for £1,500! Such apparently are the hazards of the animal-dealing business. Thus established at the head of capital, Mr. Mayer was able to realise his life's ambition, and having laid in a stock of weapons and ammunition, he proceeded incontinently to Singapore, there to settle down to the study of the Malay tongue and customs, preparatory to living more or less native fashion in the jungle, and capturing its rarer and less amenable inhabitants.

The life that followed was a really extraordinary adventure romance, and Mr. Mayer's record of it makes fascinating reading; a book which should delight the heart of any normal male (and very many of the better sex) between the ages of eight and eighty. Incidentally there is a whole lot of out-of-the-way natural history to be acquired from Mr. Mayer's thrilling yarns. An entirely non-literary book, it is quite exceptionally readable.

A. J. DAWSON.

THE REAL TSARITSA.*

"I write of the Tsaritsa as I knew her: the real Tsaritsa." In these words Madame Lili Dehn introduces her defence of Her Imperial Majesty Alexandra, the late Empress of Russia, against the allegations that she betrayed her country and its allies because of her pro-German sympathies.

Regarded simply as the memorial of a sincere friendship, it is a touching piece of work. Madame Dehn's obvious sincerity atones for an occasional tendency toward hysteria, and it is only just to reflect that such experiences as she passed through must have made so painful an impression on her as to make it difficult for her even to think of them without losing self-control.

Impartially considered, her book justifies itself. Undoubtedly it contains much that has been said before, but Madame Dehn has a right to present her case with such detail as she feels may support her claim to special authority, as the friend and companion of the Empress before and during the early days of the Revolution. It is an interesting and pathetic picture that she draws of the Russian Royal family. That the Tsar and the Tsaritsa may not have possessed the wisdom of serpents may be conceded, but to accuse them of precipitating the downfall of their country is absurd. They were, indeed, too anxious to live homely, gentle lives to be capable—it would appear—of any great intrigues.

Madame Dehn's account of the Rasputin incidents is interesting. The Empress (she says) was certainly impressed by the priest's personality, and the coincidence of the little Tsarevitch's recovery from illness after Rasputin had prayed over him strengthened this impression enormously; but to suggest that the Empress was physically attracted by him, or that she permitted herself or her daughters immoral relations with him, is, Madame Dehn emphatically asserts, scandalously untrue—the deliberate *canard* of her enemies. One is struck, in this matter, with the honesty with which Madame Dehn admits that Rasputin did in fact possess very remarkable mental powers—she

disliked him immensely, but renders him his due nevertheless.

So much has been written about Russia by Royalists and revolutionaries that one grows cautious of accepting any partisan statements. Nevertheless I find myself deeply impressed by this book; to me it appears to bear the hall-mark of truth. For the rest, it is a very simple narrative of what was, in any case, a terrible tragedy. The home life of the Romanoffs is described in some detail, and there are many little scenes and anecdotes which are very charmingly related. Madame Dehn is to be congratulated on her fearlessness in plunging into the arena on behalf of one who has certainly not found too many defenders. Is it possible that, even yet, the ex-Empress will appear to answer her accusers? Madame Dehn will not abandon hope.

F. D. G.

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE CRITIC AS ARTIST.*

The English edition of the Works of Anatole France has by this time swollen to goodly proportions; already its two dozen and more red-backed volumes require a book-shelf to themselves, and there are more to come—more volumes of criticism, more adventures of M. Bergeret, for instance. The piety of Mr. Lane's translators cannot but command sympathy, all the greater perhaps because M. Thibault, to speak of the Frenchman by his actual but lesser known name, is really untranslatable, no rendering that is close being able to reproduce the insinuating limpidity of his style or the artfulness of its rhythm. But they have done their best, and each new addition to the series—three have been produced during the last few months—sets the devotee of Anatole France turning over his treasures, whether in French or English, and wondering pleasantly as he contemplates this big output of one man's brains which book of the master's he would select from the rest, were he condemned by some decree of tyranny to surrender all but a single example. The task of selection would be distressing. Would he plump for "Penguin Island" than which even a Swift has scarcely written more savage satire? Such a vote would mean sacrificing the delicate and naughty fantasy of "The Revolt of the Angels." Or should historical fiction be allowed to assert its claims in the shape of that *tour de force* of inventive scholarship, that lurid picture of the Revolution, "The Gods Are Athirst." Yet as against this choice a strong case might be made out for the rollicking fun of the "Sign of the Reine Pedauque," with its atmosphere of mediævalism, so happily caught, and its masterly portrait, worthy a Rabelais, of the Abbé Coignard. And still (not to mention the study of Joan of Arc) there are the stories in which, the gentle and lovable philosopher, M. Bergeret, figures to weigh in the balance, and still there are such masterpieces in miniature as on the one hand "Crainquebille," which sums up the creed of Anatole France, Socialist, in a nutshell, or again "The Procurator of Judæa" in which agnosticism takes a last lingering look back at the faith from which it has parted. No, decision between such claimants to gratitude would not be easy.

And the astonishing thing about this work of Anatole France's imagination is that it is only one side of his activities, that it began at any rate by being the diversion of a critic. He is the grand instance of the scholar-novelist, the man to whom journalism proudly points when answering the reproach that your critics cannot be creative, the most notable exception to the rule. Your critic-novelist has of course some limitations or at any rate some crotchets—Anatole France has his crotchets. Do you remember in "Penguin Island" the little episode in which is quoted a monk's imaginary account of a visit he paid to Virgil in the Elysian Fields? The device of a descent to the Shades

* The Works of Anatole France, in an English translation: "On Life and Letters: Third Series." 7s. 6d. net. "Marguerite" and "Count Morin, Deputy." 6s. net each. (Bodley Head.)

* "The Real Tsaritsa." By Madame Lili Dehn. 15s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

is as old as Homer, and has been a commonplace of all the poets from Homer to Dante; but the question is, would any monk have seen Virgil with such eyes as M. Thibault credits his Marbodius? Anatole France dearly, wickedly loves his monks and friars and priests—loves to show them, with his malicious irony, tortured in their cells by the gadfly of sex, but here we seem to have not a monk's but a modern scholar's vision of Virgil. When the Roman poet protests against the odious lies spread about him by the Church and by a barbarous poet "as bad as Bavius," when he tells how he rejected the overtures of the god of the Jews, his words may sound in character to modern ears, but we feel that it is the latter-day sceptic who is putting in this protest and that no mediæval monk could have conceived such a story. This is where the scholar-novelist betrays himself; he cannot restrain his wit or his instinct for argument. Indeed, there is no denying that great as is Anatole France's capacity for seizing the sentiment and standpoint of ages other than his own, propaganda stalks rampant through the pages of his fiction. One of these days some bright spirit will discover the Bolshevik virus in "Penguin Island" and its companion tales—not wholly without reason—and be laughed at for his pains.

One of the volumes newly added to the English edition is the third series of the journalistic essays "On Life and Letters." The date of this series may be estimated from the fact that an article in it treats as a new book that novel of M. Paul Bourget's early maturity, "Le Disciple." The supposed conflict between "science and morals" has a look of being *vieux jeu* to-day. But what Anatole France has to say of it reads as freshly as a generation ago. Nor does it detract from the vivacity of his notices of François Coppée and Paul Verlaine—nay, the very contrary—that both men were living when their critic wrote of them and that he could recall the days when he shared with them the dreams and the ambitions of the coterie of the Parnassians. If any proof were needed of what element it is that will keep criticism alive, whether it be "impressionistic" or not, why here we have it in these old-time "reviews" of Anatole France. Let criticism be an expression of personality, let it have some creative element, and it may count safely enough on surviving. And undoubtedly even in his controversies of the moment—thus with that doctrinaire, M. Brunetière, who claimed that all criticism must be objective—Anatole France was in the right. Hear him in his famous preface, with its echo of Plato:

"We are in a cavern, and we see the phantoms in the cavern. Without that life would be too sad. It has neither charm nor value, save in the shadows passing along the surface of the walls within which we are enclosed, shadows which resemble us, which we strive to know in passing and sometimes to love. In reality we know the world only through our senses and colour it at their will. . . . But two observers never perceive a phenomenon in absolutely the same manner; the personal equation enters more freely than anywhere into the illusive domains of art and literature. . . . We lack principles in everything, particularly in knowledge of the creations of the mind. Whatever anyone may say it is impossible to foresee the time when criticism will have the rigidity of an exact science. It is better to speak with an uncertain voice of beautiful thoughts and forms than for ever to hold one's peace."

A hard doctrine this, possibly, for the young and the positive, but one that appeals to experience and the modesty it should breed! And those who look on such a creed as agnosticism carried into the sphere of aesthetics should remember that Anatole France is a critic who practises that art of literature about which he hesitates to be dogmatic.

Two little samples of his creative work, illustrated by attractive woodcuts, accompany this volume of prose criticism. One of them at least, "Marguerite," is an early composition, and both deal severely with the world of politics—their author was always a sceptic of that—contrasting the monsters or machines it makes of men while they are in its toils with the decent kindly creatures most of them can be when momentarily free of its influence. An odd feature of the two tales is that they contain what is virtually an identical passage of description leading up to a pathetic incident. Anatole France in authorising two

years ago the publication of "Marguerite" roundly declared that it was not a masterpiece, but obviously he thought well enough of it to repeat one of its situations in "Count Morin, Deputy," or vice versa. F. G. BETTANY.

THROUGH WESTERN WINDOWS.*

"A lodge in a garden of cucumbers," was what I said to myself when I shut up this book. It is odds but the unassuming covers of "Waiting for Daylight" contain the best writing Mr. Tomlinson has given us, even if the volume is hardly such a one as to be set up alongside of and compared with any of its predecessors.

There is no doubt whatever that the war was entirely responsible for "Waiting for Daylight," which at least is one of the truest, freshest and wisest books that have so far come out of it, written by one who saw probably as much or as little of the real business as any newspaper man, yet more than any of the colleagues who rushed into print with their books about it set himself to deal honestly both with the public who did not go and the "nobodies" who, having gone, accomplished what the world thought impossible.

In these score of papers, none longer than the usual "middle," some mere fragments of a page or two, we perceive from as many angles how exactly an intelligence far subtler and more sensitised than that of any common or garden Britling saw the monstrous affair through. Here we have a mind both philosophic and poetic, a spirit sweet and charitable, sorrowful rather than angry over the hideous mess which the "strong men" let the world in for and handed over to the "nobodies" to do what they could by way of clearing up. The poisoned arrows of bitterness are not in Mr. Tomlinson's quiver. The blade of his irony flashes bright and often, but there is no rancour behind these thrusts, however keen. He leaves us, though, in no doubt that he deprecates strong men and would infinitely rather discuss his beloved nobodies. You see him smiling, even as they smiled, at the unlikely things and in the unlikely places, but if his smile is often a little twisted it never becomes a sneer. Never unfair, he can still be infinitely damaging—and is so—to Mr. Kipling, to certain military supermen, to our politicians, who need be, not necessarily are, "no more than something between a curate and a cardsharp," than "confident men with a bloodshot voice and a gift for repartee, especially if they are not too particular."

Mr. Tomlinson dislikes *Punch* and admires *La Vie Parisienne*, and gives good reasons why. Over "Eothen" "the cymbals have been banged too loudly." And this of psycho-analysis: "It causes a man to wonder what obscure motive, probably hellish, prompted his wife to brush his clothes, though when he caught her at it she was doing it in apparent kindness." Soldiers, when they are home on leave, don't want Freud, "they want to play with the youngsters, eat buns in the street and join the haymakers." Even the literary critics come in for a useful shaking up, a kick indeed in the house of a friend whose only tools for the trade are "a home-made gimlet to test for dry-rot, and another implement, a very ancient heirloom, snatched at only on blind instinct—a stone axe." Hardly a page but will repay you with some shrewd, whimsical image to show that in those years when most men gave up thinking for themselves Mr. Tomlinson must have thought desperately and continuously, approaching people, things and ideas as he encountered them with an open mind, very much his own and no one else's. It is a rare expressive genius that has given us the rest, a commentary on the late times which the League of Nations ought to detail their expensive secretariat to translate into every language and broadcast throughout the globe. There is a remark of Mr. Tomlinson's friend, the lorry driver, that might well be blazoned round the walls of the Genoa Conference Hall in letters of flame: "Don't tell me war teaches you a lot. It only shows fools what they didn't know but might 'ave guessed."

ASHLEY GIBSON.

* "Waiting for Daylight." By H. M. Tomlinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

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INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.*

When some years ago Mr. Penty suggested that the mediæval guild system should be reconsidered as a practical social structure for modern men, the proposal had the misfortune to be cordially approved by a large number of reformers who had only the most shadowy notion of what he meant. Thus, the National Guilds League was founded by a small group of people who should either have remained with the Fabians, who believe in bureaucracy, or joined the Communists, whose most coherent idea is a street riot. The mediæval guild was almost drowned by the explanatory praise of people who really believed in something entirely different. Mr. Penty has now written a book which will go far in clearing their minds. It gets nearer the roots of the problems of labour and capital than anything that has been written in recent years. It is far more than a proposal for more jugglery with administrative and legal machinery. It tells the reforming enthusiasts that society will not find salvation by the appointment of still more committees and sub-committees; but that it is much more likely that they will get what they need by seeking a change of art, and even a change of heart.

Perhaps the fundamental fact about the book is that it is social reform considered by a craftsman; for Mr. Penty is an architect by training. Hitherto the large majority of reformers have started as politicians and administrators. Now the essential problems of society are the questions of production, of art, of human thought, whereon Mr. Penty can speak (as Mr. Chesterton writes in his brilliant little preface) as "one of the two or three truly original minds of the modern world." The matters of industrial committees and administrative machinery are put in their proper proportion—which is very small—and we are asked to start with a human being, and not with a bureaucrat, in our mind. The seeming paradox that emerges from the book is that the man who deliberately chooses spirit rather than matter as his goal, is the clear thinker, the realist who comes to practical conclusions; whereas the bureaucrats and materialists are the people who finish up in misty proposals that merely obscure the evil rather than cure it.

There are one or two small points where Mr. Penty is not convincing; for example, it is not fair to say that the Fabians considered the nationalisation of land and capital as an end in itself; they intended it to be a way of more equally distributing wealth, without the inconvenience of a revolution and as the only way of guarding against future seizure of that wealth again into individual hands. Even if the world takes Mr. Penty's main advice—that is, controls machinery within limits and stops the subdivision of labour (as distinguished from the rational division of labour)—it will be still necessary to have social machinery which will make the reforms stable and lasting. Instead of the Fabian State bureaucracy, Mr. Penty and the mediævalists of course propose the Guild; which is nevertheless no more an end in itself than the Socialists' nationalisation. And if Mr. Penty wants to smash the Douglas New Age scheme he must do it in greater detail.

But as a whole Mr. Penty has written one of the most profoundly true and important books of the day. It is in clear and charming English; and is full of sentences that grip by their depth and breadth of thought. That he has answered all the detailed difficulties of modern reconstruction it would be absurd to declare; he has also ignored such proposed solutions as the Guild-Company, which would probably carry us round many of the awkward corners in the period of transition. But he has certainly stated all the fundamental factors of the problem and cleared away the trivialities and errors. It is far more than a book on Guilds—it is a deep theory of life, based on the facts instead of the conventions.

Mr. J. A. Hobson's "Incentives in the New Industrial Order" has that dignified and judicial sanity which is

* "Post-Industrialism." By Arthur J. Penty. With a preface by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Allen & Unwin).—"Incentives in the New Industrial Order." By J. A. Hobson. 4s. 6d. net. (Leonard Parsons.)

in all his work. It is not often realised how few economic writers there are without class bias on whose disinterested impartiality the reader can rely with full confidence; and Mr. Hobson is one of the few. After the strange paradox of Mr. Penty's prophecy of the future in the terms of mediæval scholasticism, Mr. Hobson's book is a most useful statement of the problems that will face us if we intend to start reform to-morrow morning. Being a man of balanced knowledge, this author assumes that the normal human desire for personal reward will remain a very powerful human incentive; but there will be small consolation for the abnormal profiteer in Mr. Hobson's ideal State. This book is a most useful summing up of the current theories of reform in terms of practical politics; though he should not assume that Mr. G. D. H. Cole's mechanical and superficial views represent the real Guild ideas. Mr. Hobson's title to his first chapter, "Collapse of the Old Order," shows that he has no hope of saving the world by compromise; but neither does he rely on the emotional hysteria of the middle and upper class anarchists of the Communist party. His analysis of the supreme position of the financial entrepreneur in modern industry is important; for if true (as it is) it must tend to drive the useful manufacturer and producer into defensive alliance with the community as against the financial profiteer who is the common enemy.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE FIVE-POINTED STAR.*

Are the titles of books supposed to fit the theme or merely to attract the eye of the casual selector of books at libraries? I think it must be the more practical reason for the stories so seldom justify the name.

For instance, "The Clash." It is a brilliantly written book with a commonplace story of a love affair between a married woman and a soldier during the husband's absence at the war. As soon as the affair is at an end the woman seeks a reason for getting out of the promises she has made in the heat of passion. They are tired of each other and that is the whole matter. The same must be said of "Spilled Wine," a well written, interesting book of a woman's love affairs which end, after she has acquired a good deal of experience, in a happy marriage. Where is the Spilled Wine? Only, I am afraid, on the cover.

Storm Jameson has, as her publisher thoughtfully says, "written a series of episodes . . . which the flimsiest thread is sufficient to connect with the main structure." And it is a pity she has not more sense of form, but the episodes are so vivid, so sharp, that this imperfect book seems to me worth all the hodman talent with which the library shelves are filled. Storm Jameson says true things in a wonderful manner; she says passionate things passionately, she is vivid and very much alive, yet every now and then she forgets that she is writing a story and not a tract.

"The Stronger Influence" is a particularly pleasant book to read. It is not original, it is comfortably padded, it is like a plump and kindly matron; also it is well told and rather interesting. But the drunkard is not convincing, the girl, Esmé, is a young person of average feelings, the other man is a good chap, but too commonplace. F. E. Mills Young should study Beresford's "House in Demetrius Road." She will realise then how to make that sort of drunkard real; and, if she will consider the dialogue in "The Stronger Influence," she may notice how much of it might be cut out without its making any difference to either the story or the characterisation.

"The Two Flames," by M. Maas, is a good historical story, the beginning of which is roughly done, but which improves later on. An artist finds it easiest to write of

* "The Clash." By Storm Jameson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann).—"Spilled Wine." By G. St. John Loe. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth).—"The Stronger Influence." By F. E. Mills Young. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"The Two Flames." By M. Maas. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape).—"Caged Birds." By S. P. B. Maas. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards).—"Sea Wrack." By Vere Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

artists and the hero of this book is an engraver. He has many adventures, for the time M. Maas has chosen to write of is the sixteenth century in Holland, with Spain exceedingly troublesome and spies everywhere.

Curious how difficult it is to begin a book. Most novels suffer from this fault and must, because of it, miss many readers. One cannot struggle over four or five ill-arranged chapters, unless one is a hardened novel reader. Yet, as in "The Two Flames," it is often worth while. This is true also of "Sea Wrack," a promising story by a new writer. Miss Hutchinson has much to learn. She writes in an exaggerated style and I should be sorry to count the number of "frightfuls" with which she has littered her pages—"that was exactly the frightful word that aroused all too frightful thoughts." I am afraid she thinks adjectives strengthen, instead of weakening a sentence. "slamming out in its boastful, vulgar way as she told this hideous truth," but it might help her when writing other stories if, taking a few pages, she were to cut out all the adjectives sprinkled over them and study the result. But she needs more than restraint, she wants to realise that in constructing a story all the parts must be equally true to life. That is the test by which a book will take its place among others. The marriage of Tarnia for the sake of her father is a poor device used many a time, worn threadbare, and one that makes the critical reader lose faith in the story as having any relation to real life. So with Andrew's sentimental attitude towards the second will. But the writer of "Sea Wrack" can construct a good story, she has gift. It is at present so marred by bad writing and violence that it is unlikely the underlying power will receive the appreciation it should. To the faithful and sincere writer, however, comes in time the burning praise of the few who know, i.e. of the people Mr. Robert Briffault writes of in the *English Review* as "We."

These five books make me think of the emerald—a gem and yet generally flawed—but "Caged Birds" is, alas, no gem but only green glass. It has no starry qualities but is of the commonest earth. "He clutched her to him" . . . "with a delicious grunt of pleasure" . . . and so on, a vulgar hero who with a callousness that gives one a "scunner" deserts the child who says "I love Sundays more'n any day in the week. I only get post cards from you other days, but I get you all to myself on Sundays." In writing to his wife to tell her he is going to desert her, he says casually that he hopes the child won't forget him! Are fathers like that? Does the woman that at the moment they think they love put an end to all the old tenderesses? Or is Mr. Mais writing of some unspeakable cad? Bad writing, a despicable hero who is not a villain but the admired of his creator, such is "Caged Birds." Is it to be wondered at, that this cannot be placed alongside Storm Jameson's "Clash" or Vere Hutchinson's "Sea Wrack" and that my star therefore is only five-pointed?

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

A COLLECTOR OF CELEBRITIES.*

It is only fair to admit that Sir James Denham's memoirs deal with the really memorable. Sovereigns and statesmen, bishops and cardinals, poets and soldiers, courtiers and sportsmen, actors and beauties, peers and dons are all "collected" in his pages, which find room for celebrities of every sort, from Pope Leo XIII to Billington, the public hangman. The misfortune, alike for author and reader, is that few of these great personages talk in character or indeed have anything memorable to say. What is the good of bringing Browning and Swinburne, Gladstone and Disraeli on the stage unless the dialogue put into their mouths is worthy of them? Why introduce Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree and Charles Wyndham only to tell us—what we all know—that the first had a thin voice, that the second murdered blank verse, and that the third had no love for poetry? Why, save out of pious friendship,

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devote a whole chapter to a chronicle of the sayings and doings of such a tiresome person as the ninth Lord Byron? And why, in Heaven's name, does Sir James bore us by quoting his own negligible poetry when he can't even contrive to write decent prose? I don't mean to say that these memoirs are absolutely valueless. The snobbishness, the complacency, and the mid-Victorian religiosity that they exude are, it is true, excessively nauseous in the fourth year after the war; while the solemnity with which the author takes himself, alike as poet, man of the world and social commentator, would make even Polonius blush. But there are, I frankly admit, some good anecdotes of minor personages. There is the characteristic story of Tree proving that the foot is more eloquent than the hand by turning one of his most agonised passages into an invitation to Sir James to go behind the scenes to have a whisky and soda. There is the engaging tale of the Irish keeper who, seeing Sir James clad in "London dress," including white spats, pushed him behind the laurels with the whisper, "I would not for the life of me the ladies saw yer; for yer've got the laste taste of yer drawers showin' benathe yer trousers." And there is the grimly humorous yarn about the kindly passenger who acted as ministering angel to the writer of these memoirs when he fell seasick on the crossing to Ireland. "Have you anything in your bag that would relieve the pain?" asked Sir James. "I have one thing," said the M. A., "but not handy. A drop and you feel no more." "Oh! I should like it," besought Sir James. "Not so sure you would," muttered the M. A. as he turned away. He was, it subsequently transpired, Billington, *en route* for Dublin for the execution of some Fenians! But while Sir James, for all his pompousness and pose of *laudator temporis acti*, knows how to tell a good story and has indeed a good many to tell about minor lights, he is in his real element when he talks of great constellations, of the baronet who "was the possessor of two baronetcies of different names—a unique distinction"; of the Duke of Somerset, who has to put up with the second title of Baron Seymour, whereas their Graces of Leeds, Portland and Devonshire can call their eldest sons Marquesses; and of the children of Lord and Lady Walter Scott, who are descended on their father's side from King Charles I and on their mother's from Oliver Cromwell. It will be gathered from what I have said that I regard many of Sir James's reminiscences as rather wearisome. Those, however, who are prepared to balance his admirable matter against his old-fogey-like manner will find plenty of amusement in his study of English society in late Victorian times.

LEWIS BLETANY.

INFINITE VARIETY.*

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* "The Cuckoo's Secret." By Edgar Chance. 7s. 6d. (Siddgwick & Jackson.)—"The Changing Year." By Anthony Collett. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

thinly wooded country-side, and victimises the local tree-pipits, meadow-pipits, larks or chaffinches (but as long as possible favours with her attention the nests of one type of bird only); how her victims apparently accord her an excited welcome; how, sitting on a branch day by day she watches the progress of the little bird families under her point of vantage and calculates four days in advance which shall be the next nest to lay her egg in after she has laid the egg already forming; how she lays almost continuously throughout the season every other day, laying about twenty eggs in all; the rôle played by the male cuckoos, and by the other inhabitants of that piece of country-side—all this Mr. Chance is able to tell us with a businesslike directness occasionally tinged with uncontrolled enthusiasm. And if you want to advance some old superstition about the cuckoo carrying her egg in her bill to the nest, or that she changes into a hawk, Mr. Chance will refer you to the film bearing the title of his book.

I wondered if Mr. Collett had been referred to the film. When I saw one of his chapters headed "Wizard Cuckoos," knowing all about the cuckoo's secret, I dived into this big and finely produced volume to see if I could catch him out. But he knows all about it—the cuckoo's secret is for ever dissipated!

A town dweller must feel grateful to Mr. Collett for having amassed such a wealth of observations of the changing English year in nature. He seems to have noted everything there is to be noted about the English country-side, but I like him best when he condescends to meander a little. Then we have hints of the delightful intimacies of Gilbert White's "Selborne." Constantly one is delighted by the unexpectedness of the scenes and objects brought into contrast or comparison. But so rich is the author's store of memory, and so exquisite are many of the sights and sounds he would tell us about, that one feels also a disappointment. Why could he not have omitted many matter-of-fact things, such as the effect on the health of visitors respectively of the north and the south Cornish coasts? And his phrasing is too heavy; he describes such beautiful things that—quite unreasonably, of course—the reader wishes that Mr. Collett's prose might have become more fairylike, lighter of wing, lyrical, instead of metrical, as it does too often. This is perhaps why his description of the predatory stoat, "the red body rippling along the strand," is much more satisfying than what he says, with much knowledge, of "nightingales in song-time." Nevertheless the reader possessing this book owes some gratitude to the compiler of it, and a reading of such chapters as "The Fringe of the Road," "Thames Reeds and Lilies," "Timeless Night," "Railway Birds and Flowers," "Signals of Autumn," "Spring Nooks in Winter," augments that gratitude to the point of preserving on one's best shelves a front stall for "The Changing Year." We cannot have another W. H. Hudson, and we must be thankful to have Mr. Collett when we still have Mr. Hudson with us.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

SIX BOOKS OF VERSE.*

The first of these books leaves the reader asking the question, "What exactly is it about?" There is some prose, and this seems to me of better quality than the poetry between which it is sandwiched. The following sentence illustrates the work:

"Drawing to her: the mother of little ones to whose nursery days she brought sunshine, whose young health and happiness she made safe; holy sisters who laboured patiently among stumbling women; and some who had themselves strayed for lack of guidance, weaklings in the face of the world's cruelty."

This is a new sort of English structure, and I fear I am

* "Out of My Keeping." By Brimley Johnson. 1s. 2d. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Danse Macabre." By M. S. Collis. 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"New Altars." By Ethel Talbot Scherfauer. (Berlin: William Kupe.)—"Tollkopf on Dreams." By F. W. Stokoe. 3s. 6d. (Heffer.)—"The Golden Gateway." By L. A. Hurst Shorter. 5s. (Bryce.)—"In and Out of Heaven." By Hibbert Gilson. 7s. 6d. (Draughton.)

too old-fashioned altogether to relish it. The book is sincere; that is its chief merit, and a great one.

The title of "Danse Macabre" is a good example of Mr. Collis's work. He is a poet of the romantic school with a trace of Tennyson in his melodious utterances and love of fine phrases: like his master he is haunted by a too great love of adjectives:

"Behind the edge of yonder ebon tope
Watch, for a pallid radiance illumines
The eastern tamarind,
And touches with effulgence the black cope."

His subject matter is of the same sort as his technique: he repeats the familiar names of Conn and Connla, Deirdre and Conobar. He displays a "wealth of wormy circumstance" that is perhaps a little too insistent; we all die, but Mr. Collis's readers are all alive. In the "Confession," a tale of a young mediæval priest amorously haunted by a too free-hearted lady ghost, the attention is well held. There is one beautiful stanza in the last poem of the book, beginning:

"Can I forget the rich autumnal morn."

He is a true romantic of the nineteenth century, ever hearing in Wagnerian trance:

"Scarce the tempest, retreating sullen,
Mutter far-off thunderous sounds and fainter
Grow, until there cometh across the mountains
Singing triumphal."

Ethel Scheffauer has had her book published in Berlin—very nicely published, too, in yellow covers with bright blue fly-leaves inside. The printing is large and pleasantly (or perhaps to some unpleasantly) reminiscent of the German grammar type of our scholastic youth.

The author has a profoundly serious view of life. She combines a conventionally patriotic outlook on England's war with an admiration for Sir Roger Casement, whom she terms:

"One fighting giants with a sword of air."

It is sometimes a little hard to follow this poet. As I understand her, she is original enough to be able to praise, even with passion, the pacifist Objectors:

"Faithful in hope, the valiant band of brothers."

And yet in the same book proclaims:

"Better a brave man getting death for dole
Than a faint laggard lying in his bed:
For all men's life ends at the same grey goal,
A stone at foot and head."

This is admirable, even though it betrays a pleasant and womanly disregard of logic.

F. V. Stokoe's book is a Browningsque work.

"And under T find Tollkopf? So meanwhile
We read that quiet enigmatic smile,"

a good example of its style. It is a rather abstruse, thoughtful piece of philosophy. Tollkopf's chief fault, that:

"He alarmed his friends
With speeches quaint and uncouth antics"

seems also to be the besetting sin of his author. The best of the book is the collection of lyrics at the end: many of these are charming.

"The Golden Gateway" is a long poem. It is quite an interesting story, but would have been as well, I think, in prose. The author has a happy gift of phrasing:

"Wars divine crusade
Whereby sweet women all are widows made,"

though what divinity is there in widowing women? The poet's chief star appears to be Keats: he tells his tale and moralises pleasantly upon it in somewhat the same way.

The best of these six books is Mr. Gilson's "In and Out of Heaven." The title describes the position of its reader; for the most part he is left standing outside the golden gates, yet as the vast majority of verse writers never give



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their followers even a glimpse of Zion, this is a sufficiently satisfactory position. His poems Mr. Gilson describes as "interdependent versicles." While not being quite sure what he means, I would adopt towards them a less modest attitude than their author's—some of them are excellent lyrics. An often fresh and beautiful mode of expression characterises them:

"The softly breathing breath,
Proud Zephyrus, or Death
Will march triumphant o'er the crest
Of yonder hillock to the west,"

such a song as Purcell or Campion would have put to music:

"Her love-born visions are to music set."

His philosophy is equally simple and sound:

"My pleasure of a night
Depends upon the light
That shines within myself,"

and the poem commencing:

"So did I sing on that fair morn"

is full of felicity even if a little reminiscent of the Wordsworthian lesson that "one moment in a vernal wood" is said to teach.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

FUEL CONTROL.*

Under the guise of the confessions and complaints of an overworked public man, the advice tendered him by a nerve expert, and the confidences of a woman struggling towards the light, Mr. H. G. Wells has given us a summary of his present attitude towards the problems of life. "The Secret Places of the Heart" is written with all the explosive and volcanic energy, with all the earnestness and honesty, with all the prophetic zeal that we associate with his name. If a great book, as Dr. Frank Crane maintains, is "one that rouses the reader's invention," then this is a great book. It is persistently stimulating.

Through the mouth of Sir Richmond Hardy, the overwrought Fuel Controller, as well as of "V. V.," his American innamorata, Mr. Wells once more abjures the Socialism that is only "a formula for class jealousy"; the working class in his view does not possess "any profounder political wisdom or more generous public impulses than any other class." He will admit only the Socialism that aspires to "control natural resources in the common interest." But with this increased control of the raw materials of life Mr. Wells would combine, illogically as many may think, a relaxation of control over "personal behaviour," over life itself. Sir Richmond fights desperately hard against the waste of fuel, but by the licence of his personal behaviour is allowed to lay waste the lives of three women devoted to him. It may be urged with some truth that he is not to be taken as a representative man. His creator certainly depicts him as a "coarse, ill-bred man," whose admirable public life is streaked privately with "disreputable intrigue." As with "V. V." herself, his character is not up to the level of his intellect. On the other hand these defects are rather excused than condemned. They arise, the Harley Street expert explains, from the fact that man retains in "the secret places of the heart" vestiges of the primordial animal from which he is derived, "the pelty, egg-laying, bristle-covered beast that crawled and hid among the branches of vanished and forgotten Mesozoic trees." Owing to this inheritance, man in general, and Sir Richmond in particular, is the prey of "irresistible impulses." And while science is called in to exonerate the sinner in theory, in practice and in the actual march of events the "coarse, ill-bred, disreputable" Sir Richmond becomes irresistibly fascinating to the American girl.

Not a little of his fascination is due to the admirable way in which he recreates ancient history and clothes vestiges of civilisation with flesh and blood in the course of a motor

* "The Secret Places of the Heart." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

tour with "V. V." through Avebury, Bath and other places dear to the archaeological soul of Mr. H. G. Wells. In fact in his enthusiasm for Avebury he nearly forgets the purpose of his book, but it is recalled by the sage remark of the Fuel Controller that the old inhabitants of that wonderful village were probably driven to leave it by their wasteful use of the surrounding woods as fuel.

It is this broad outlook on history that evokes once again that old dictum of the author's which so much commended itself to the late Mgr. R. H. Benson, that the individual "matters scarcely at all"; it is his work that matters. The individual is "unimportant." Perhaps some minds may find it difficult to reconcile this with the other dictum that divinity appears intermittently in all sorts of people, even in the vexatious Fuel Committee men. Recipients of divinity cannot be unimportant. It is also a little puzzling to find this philosophical Fuel Controller set himself up, with the apparent approval of his creator, as "a guardian of the helpless minors of the world," when we remember that he is suffering, in the words of the Harley Street expert, from "an access of sex," that he makes a selfish use of women to renew his energy and vigour of action. But it seems as if this must be charged not to his account, but to the bad education of women—of Lady Richmond. She did not provide "the proper atmosphere." "We have to educate women far more seriously as sources of energy—as guardians and helpers of men."

W. A. FOX

Novel Notes.

THEODORE SAVAGE. By Cicely Hamilton. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

Miss Cicely Hamilton has written a book which stands out from the mass of literature as a canary would distinguish itself in a flock of sparrows. To say that it is original would strike an utterly false note; for it deals with the oldest subject in man's world—the elementary things of the human mind. The term originality has too often that unhappy suggestion of a striving after effect, as a cubist painter appeals to the sensationalism of a society with degenerate nerves; but this book has the unaffected simplicity which is the mark of almost all fine literature. Miss Hamilton has built her plot on such a gigantic scale that it might easily have dragged her into the realm of phantoms. The world of her romance is an earth swept bare of civilisation by the scourge of a war waged by gas and air bombs. Mankind becomes the helpless sport of the latest idea in military strategy—the displacement of population. Driven in panic-stricken herds, seeking safety from gas and fire, hoping to find food where it has ceased to be produced, the human race goes back to its elements, its bare skeleton of conscious life. Handled without skill, the idea would have become a mere piece of sensational propaganda against war; but Miss Hamilton has spun so finely with the intimate fibres of human emotion and thought that the whole effect is startlingly real. There are passages of brilliant and subtle psychological analysis—for example, the mind of a factory girl, left helpless in a world without machinery and cinemas. Greatest idea of all is the tribe that has banished the "devilry of knowledge" from its life—for had not science brought its civilisation to destruction! The whole conception of this wrecked world is a really great creation of the imagination; and it is worked out with a mastery of history and the human mind that is startling. One grows cautious of superlatives in this uncertain world, but the soberest judgment must declare that Miss Hamilton has written a book which combines literary skill, intellect and emotional beauty in a manner that is very rare indeed.

DOUBLE-CROSSED. By W. Douglas Newton. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

A thrilling, sensational yarn that carries you breathlessly along from start to finish. There is a hustling atmosphere about the story which is well suited to the plot, and imbues

it with virility. The plot concerns a beautiful young girl, a millionairess, whom an Englishman named Clement Seadon tries to rescue from the clutches of a gang of villains. The gang have concocted an elaborate plot to get the girl out to Canada to help a worthless fellow with whom she has once been in love: they play on her sense of chivalry and generosity with such good purpose that their plot almost succeeds. Almost. But there is Clement Seadon to reckon with; and the fight he has to save the girl from her own impulses, and the wiles of the gang, make as exciting a story as even the most exacting of sensation-loving readers could desire.

SHADOW-SHOW. By Viola Banks. 7s. net. (John Long.)

Admittedly the first book of an apparently very young author, "Shadow-Show" has run into a place in Mr. John Long's latest Prize Novel Competition, and when Miss Banks has grown out of a few faults that are mostly those of youth, she can look confidently to writing "best-sellers" with ease. Our post-war novelists would not be themselves if they were not precocious, so it is no matter for surprise to find a writer still in her teens (if rumour is to be believed) discoursing airily of "vamps" and dope-fiends, engaging young middle-aged fathers and their schoolgirl daughters in the frankest and freest discussion of each other's respective love-affairs, and making all such of her characters as are intended to be intelligent prodigal in the use of naughty little epigrams that may occasionally bring the "unco' guid" reader up with something of a start. Miss Banks has the root of the matter in her. For all its "vamps," dope-fiends, and unpleasant young men, there is not a trace of real nastiness in the book, rather an odd and attractive freshness, while after an opening a trifle jejune it is remarkable how the writing settles down to an easy and assured flow of narrative comedy, with only occasional excrescences or absurdities to betray the prentice hand. Miss Banks's only real failure is in the attempt to make her "Dago" villain interesting, and it is surprising that Pa Wilmot never administered summary corporal chastisement to such a horrible bounder.

THE RHODESIAN LILY. By J. Weedon Birch. 6s. (Heath Robinson & Birch.)

There are authors who can spin yarns of exciting adventure in wild lands they have never seen. Possibly Mr. Weedon Birch could do this if he tried, but he is not under any necessity to make the attempt. He lived for many years in Rhodesia; knows the place and its people, and has himself experienced a good deal of the romance that he puts into his books. He proved in "The Lure of the Honey Bird" that he knew how to write a good story, and he proves it again triumphantly in "The Rhodesian Lily." His heroine is a charmingly simple and "untutored" girl, placed in unusual surroundings, and brought face to face with difficulties and perils that are unknown in more orderly, more civilised communities. It is a stirring, vigorous story in which the Rhodesian Mounted Police play a not inconspicuous part, introducing a number of remarkable people, and rich in moving incidents and dramatic situations. A breezy, unpretentious yarn, full of suspense and surprises, and anyone who wants a rattling tale of love and adventurous doings will find it here.

SKAG: SON OF POWER. By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. 7s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

A lover of wild animals, a woman of great personal courage, and a faithful Great Dane are the foremost personalities in the story, which has as its central setting the Great Grass Jungle of India. The peculiar genius of the American-bred Sanford Hantee, nicknamed "Skag," recalls a familiar figure from Kipling. Like the Indian boy who ran with the wolves and played with elephants, he possesses a mystic power over the creatures of the jungle. His intense interest in them dates from the occasion of a visit to the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago,

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Cover Design by
E. Blampied.

For Cyrus T. Brady's successful romance, "When the Sun
Stood Still" (Jarrolds), reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*.

where the tigers and monkeys so fascinated him that he subsequently ran away from home and joined a travelling circus where he was first a helper and then a trainer in the menagerie. After some years the lure of India seizes upon his imagination. Answering the call, he there finds himself involved in a series of interesting and often perilous experiences in the heart of the jungle with many of its wild creatures. These adventures with tigers, elephants and monkeys soon become part of the daily life of Skag and his companions. Others arise as the result of an impulsively undertaken search for a beautiful girl, said to have been kidnapped, and lead him indirectly into a romance of his own. About this time a tragic occurrence secures to Skag the devotion of the great dog, Nels. It is a pity that what is in most respects a well constructed novel of adventure and love, and might otherwise have been very enjoyable reading, should be spoilt through the use of such intricate bizarre phrasing as is here employed. The modern fad for involved obscurity of language is particularly regrettable in the present case.

THE ATHEIST. By J. A. T. Lloyd. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd is the author of three other books, all of which have received praise from experienced critics. Nevertheless, this present critic is disappointed in "The Atheist." The plot is undoubtedly a clever one; it concerns the son of a Christian woman and a Jew, and the son's passion for an Irish girl. By an obliging coincidence the Jew becomes wealthy at about the same time as the girl's money is lost by the failure of a bank, and the rest of the story concerns the girl's adventures and the Jew's pursuit. I am not sure that it was necessary to make the atheist a Jew, even for the reason given—the man's mixed parentage—but novelists are apt to regard Judaism as a convenient cloak for their more sinister characters. The book is not without moments of considerable strength, but these are like the raisins in a boarding-house pudding. There are pages of reflection and dissection which are in some cases merely repetition. Nora—presumably to show her imaginative temperament—has a singularly annoying habit of imagining herself half a dozen persons at once, chiefly at moments when one feels she really would have no time for such a Hibernian "divarshin." If Mr. Lloyd had put his manuscript aside for a month or two longer, and read it again on a bright spring morning in the open air, probably he would have cut out a good deal of unnecessary matter and filled up the gaps with some of the really good work of which he is capable. Somehow, from the first page to the last, one is conscious of a sense of dissatisfaction,

which one attributes to the fact that not one of the characters described seems to behave really naturally for any length of time. Of course, no two people are alike, yet (paradoxically) there is a fundamental sameness in human nature. One wishes some of the people in "The Atheist" were more human. Nevertheless, it is a book that cannot be thrown aside as of no importance, for it contains a big idea. It might have been a big book if Mr. Lloyd had developed it more carefully.

THERÈSE OF THE REVOLUTION. By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. 7s. 6d. (White.)

There will always be vast numbers of people who will devour eagerly a tale of the great days of the French Revolution, and here is one that will make an easy appeal. Colonel Haggard writes of these tremendous hours with a soldierly simplicity, and has selected for his heroine that Thérèse who has been compared to the saintly Nurse Cavell. For she risked her life in hiding and saving those who had been marked down for the guillotine by Robespierre. Her character, wayward, winning and seductive, is cleverly sketched from the beginning, when she makes dramatic entry, bounding to the foot of the guillotine, and with a dagger slashing through the cords that bound the wrists of the unfortunates. One of the best episodes in this crowded story is that of Charlotte Corday and her murder of Marat. We see vividly, in imagination, the lovely young girl, gazing strangely at her victim. Marat is "a dirty, yellowish man, seated in a hip bath, across which was a board on which he was writing, in a room of blue-and-white damask." A sound and exciting yarn.

SUCCESS. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. (Constable.)

Mr. Adams has succeeded. When we laid down his long, long story (five hundred and fifty-three closely-packed pages) we found it had not been too long. Although the story is typically American, although there are times when it becomes heavily involved in politics—American politics! The characters are all so human, the studies of hero and heroine are etched in with a pen that is at once careful and unerring. The best part of the book is perhaps the section headed "Enchantment," when wonderful Io Welland comes into the quiet life of Errol Banneker, a young station agent at an obscure siding. Their love story holds the interest all the way through, and the writer flits easily from practical matters to romance and Rossetti. Banneker comes to New York to take up newspaper work, meanwhile Io is married to the wrong man, and many are the incidents and twists of the road till they find each other in peace. Mr. Adams works on a large canvas, his style is leisured; an air of spaciousness and serenity broods over his chapters. This is a notable novel, with the compelling quality of charm.

THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL. By Edison Marshall. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Among the many stories of the mysterious and lonely North-West this one takes a very high place. For though it has some of the familiar characters—the woodsman of fine feelings and rough exterior, the city man who is a rogue, the city girl who takes to the life of the wilds and whose honour is safe through all trials with the rough woodsman—it is told with a skill and a sense of drama which make it, after all, original. Bill the woodsman, hunter, miner, adventurer, has resources which never fail; even when he is blinded temporarily by mischance he carries through a fight against three scoundrels which would have finished any ordinary man. And the gradual development of Virginia's love for him is excellently told. We are sure, of course, in all these stories, that virtue will be triumphant and that the villain will get what he deserves; but Mr. Marshall does not unduly stress this inevitable ending. His descriptions of the scenery and the storms which surround the adventurers are very fine, and the whole book grips the reader's attention from the beginning to the last page.

THE AMAZING SCHOOLMASTER. By R. W. Campbell. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

The creator of Spud Tamson has now engendered a new type, the militant schoolmaster. Mr. A. S. Neill's dismissed dominie is somewhat akin, but he was born to fail, where Mr. Campbell's hero is born to succeed. One figures Mr. Neill's dominie as in a chronic state of dismissal, doubtless through his rooted habit of injecting more voluble anarchism than any educational body could absorb at once; but Jock Rivers, with his M.A., D.S.O. and numerous other additions, is the kind of person who gets things done. For the majority of readers the book is a capital humorous story, with amusing sketches of municipal and official Bumbles; but to those interested in education it is something more—it is a useful object lesson. The low estate of education is due largely to the timorous attitude of the teachers. If they were a little more pugnacious, like the hero of this story, both they and the schools would be the gainers.

WILD JUSTICE: STORIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By Lloyd Osbourne. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It is not fair of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. Here are we, packed more or less securely in some of the biggest cities of the world, taking shelter from rain, wearing clothes that afflict us in hot weather and are not particularly comfortable in cold weather, catching trains and colds and running offices and paying—or trying to pay—income-tax; and he considers this a suitable moment to call our attention to those South Sea isles where nature supplies every need and laughter and flowers and blue skies are the principal things that matter. Still, to do him justice, he describes several "affairs" which go to show that envy and murder, revenge and foul play have their setting in these lovely scenes, and that human nature, unchecked by law, can be very ugly indeed. To this new edition of his volume of stories some excellent additions have been made. Perhaps the best of them are those which deal with the white men who, for various reasons, are castaways on the shores of coral-girt and strangely-populated islands—castaways who have by no means lost their nerve, and who "carry on" their new life with the utmost cheek until discovery comes by a visiting ship whose message betrays them. Upon this foundation Mr. Osbourne has built some exciting yarns, and no reader will complain that he has not given good measure. He has the art of dramatist and novelist combined, and his methods are exactly right. Take as an example the incident of "Old Dibs," the mysterious stranger who landed with "five large trunks and the clothes he stood in." Money, in hard cash, was in those trunks, and the two men whom he confided in rigged up a hiding-place in a giant tree in the middle of the island, where, in the event of a suspicious-looking vessel making a call, he could retire. For a long time nothing happened; then came an inquiring ship, and up the tree went the visitor, by the strenuous efforts of his friends. And the ship's company hunted in vain for the absconding banker and company promoter on whose head a big price was set. His end, after such a fine run for his money, was a sad one, but he retained his acuteness to the last, and took care that his money did not fall into other hands. The story is one that holds the reader to the finish, and it is a good example of the author's style and genius for an exciting plot. Humour and tragedy, inseparable as ever, go to the making of this fascinating book.

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like effect, and it takes time to get into the story. Yet in the end you would not have had it shorter by so much as a word. Messer Marco Polo, intrigued by the description of Golden Bells, the daughter of Kubla Khan, given him by an old sea-captain, starts off for China and marries her. China, for some writers, has become the land of romance. Delightful was Hergesheimer's description of a Chinese lady who married an American; delightful also is this account of little Golden Bells. The writing has the tang of Ireland, of peat fires and old poetry and grand adventure. In fact the book is one that you read and turn back to read again, till you know much of it by heart.

The Bookman's Table.

LETTERS ON EDUCATION. By Edward Lyttelton. 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Dr. Lyttelton follows Locke's example and writes to a friend about the education of children. But he makes his work much more personal and attractive than Locke contrived to do. One is tempted to think that the ex-Head of Eton has been almost too anxious not to be a bore, but with Thomas Love Peacock's warning before him, he is not to be blamed. All manner of artistic devices have been adopted to lend an air of verisimilitude to the correspondence, but the reader is never for a moment allowed to get the impression of anything but intense seriousness as the basis of the whole. Dr. Lyttelton is intensely in earnest. His interest in education is profound and sincere, but it can never get away from the religious aspect. The real subject of the book is the problem that has worried many anxious souls since the outbreak of the great war: Can the Sermon on the Mount hold its place as the basis of a working morality? The answer is affirmative, though the difficulties are by no means minimised. The modest spirit of the book may be guessed from the confession on the last page by the author's mouthpiece that, so far from having even defined education, he has "hardly touched the fringe of the subject." An earnest, untechnical and amiable treatment.

A WITHERED NOSEGAY. Compiled by Noel Coward, with reproductions from Old Masters by Lorn MacNaughtan. 5s. net. (Christophers.)

Mr. Noel Coward is, we believe, a young actor in the early twenties who a year or two ago figured at the New Theatre as the author of a light comedy called "I'll Leave it to You." In his new work he has attempted to compose a skit on those biographies of Royal mistresses which have become so popular an article of commerce within recent years. Properly done—done that is to say by a man provided with the literary equipment of Mr. J. C. Squire or of Mr. Somerset Maugham—such a series of parodies as Mr. Coward has tried to write would doubtless be exceedingly amusing. In the hands, however, that have collected "A Withered Nosegay" they become not critical burlesques, as they should be, but the wildest and crudest of farces. The accompanying illustrations of Miss Lorn MacNaughtan's, which profess to be reproductions of old paintings, mezzotints, line-engravings, etchings, oleographs, and pastels, are by far the best part of this rather feeble joke. Anything, however, less like a rendering of a mezzotint than the portrait of Julie de Poopinac cannot well be imagined.

CREATIVE UNITY. By Rabindranath Tagore. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

It is difficult to seize upon anything definite in the work of Tagore; the amiable sentences flow on until the reader is mesmerised into a condition of helpless acquiescence. It is all so true, so incontrovertible and uncontroversial, in spite of its excellent English and its air of wise argument. When the author treats of exclusively Indian affairs, as in

his essay on "An Eastern University," he becomes interesting; when he writes upon "The Modern Age" or "The Creative Ideal" or "The Poet's Religion" he has nothing fresh to put before educated readers, and the limpid lucidity of his statements gives a sense of desperate agreement. "All the language of joy is beauty," he writes. "It is necessary to note, however, that joy is not pleasure, and beauty not mere prettiness. Joy is the outcome of detachment from self and lives in freedom of spirit. Beauty is that profound expression of reality which satisfies our hearts without any other allurements but its own value." Try hard as we may, sentences such as these—and there are hundreds—refuse to thrill us as doubtless we ought to be thrilled. However, the excellent Tagore has, we believe, a large circle of readers who are able to appreciate his attempts at philosophy; and they certainly will enjoy this collection of essays.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Sarah A. Tooley. 2s. 6d. net. (Philpot.)

Mrs. Tooley is so well known in biographical and general magazine literature that her entrance into the region of psychical inquiry may occasion some surprise to those who know her work. But the little book under notice is a quite moderate and reasonable statement of her views, in no way comparable to the rather fantastic opinions of the late Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox when towards the end of her life she took up the study of the "Supernormal." The book deals with "Materialisations," "Angel Guides," "Dreams and Visions," and related matters, giving examples of each from Old Testament records and appealing to modern instances in the psychic phenomena of to-day. Mrs. Tooley does not give much in the nature of commentary and exposition, her purpose being apparently to trace parallels between ancient and modern experiences and so to confirm along rationalist lines that miraculous element in the Bible which has been so great a stumbling-block to the followers of the "Higher Criticism." Whatever its demerits it may be readily conceded that scientific spiritualism has made the Bible more credible and intelligible to the modern mind, and the examples chosen by the author are well adapted to illustrate the fact even in so limited a field as the Hebraic portion of the Bible. It is no disparagement of her book if we say that Mrs. Tooley would have found in the New Testament a much larger and richer field of study, with closer parallels and more significant examples.

HARDY PERENNIALS. By A. J. Macself. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

A welcome addition to the capital series entitled "The Home Garden Books." Mr. Macself is founder and first chairman of the National Hardy Plant Society, and author of an excellent handbook on "Antirrhinums and Penstemons." The great point to be noted about this work is that the author is thoroughly aware of the difficulties of the amateur, even speaks with sympathy of the distressing empty, non-flowering places that occur so constantly in the border of the ordinary person. His advice will be of the greatest help. "Why do we not more often plant clematis in the open border, with a few rough boughs or an old tree stump for them to ramble over?" he asks. "Once seen growing in this fashion, the real glory of a well developed clematis is indelibly impressed on the mind." We could quote on and on. A workmanlike book (the flowers arranged in alphabetical order), it is enormously helped by the lovely coloured photographs by R. A. Maltby and by Miss Winifred Walker's charming water colours.

JOY IS MY NAME. By Nicholas Fay. 3s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

An attractive title to an erratic, attractive little book full of gentle imaginings about babies. There is a foreword by Dame Margaret Lloyd George, full of praise: "This very human little book will, I feel sure, find its way

to many mother-hearts—and to men's as well." We quote one of the many pretty fancies: "So far no light has been shed on the following matters—'Where does the wind go when it blows my hat off? Why does pussy wash herself with spit? What's love? Why shouldn't a little boy fight with a little girl when she's cheeky?'" The glimpses of Babies in Parliament are rather engaging: "The Opposition was in strong force, and it was apparent from the businesslike way in which they laid aside their Comforters that they were not to be trifled with!" There is a Speakerlet, a Leaderkin and some Torykins. We all know the type of young mother to whom this book will be a thing infinitely precious; with its whimsies and its faith in angels.

Music.

BÉLA BARTÓK AND MAGYAR MUSIC.

BY ANTHONY CLYNE.

THE visit of M. Bartók reminded us, as many musical critics pointed out, that we know very little of the music of Hungary. No doubt this surprised not a few, who thought of Liszt, Brahms, and

Korby's collection, and considered they had some conception of its peculiar qualities. Few are competent to determine how far the arrangements of Korby are true expressions of typical Magyar music, but they are certainly totally unlike Bartók's music, and may be suspected of



Photo by
Reginald Silk.

M. Béla Bartók.

being the clever exploitation of an ingenious but artificial convention. As for Brahms, his so-called Hungarian music was partly the result of deception practised upon him by Hungarians and partly conscious adoption of an attractive convention, and especially of what may be called the gipsy band characteristics. I am not discussing the value of the music, but its claim to be considered Hungarian. As for Liszt, he was Hungarian by birth, but he was only a child when a few Hungarian nobles, interested in his musical precocity, sent him to study in Vienna and Paris. In Paris he became cosmopolitan in himself and his music, and his "Rhapsodies Hongroises" are the compositions of a cosmopolitan genius who, perfectly legitimately, took advantage of awakening interest in his country. They owe little, if anything, to Hungarian folk-music.

M. Bartók, writing recently in *La Revue Musicale*, explains that the cultured Hungarians themselves knew little of the folk songs of their own country, until he and a band of young enthusiasts began to collect them patiently and accurately from the people themselves, in remote villages where they still lingered and had not been discarded for the empty tawdriness of modern

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popular songs. It was a difficult task, for the peasants suspected that their ancient songs would provoke contempt. It was necessary to gain their confidence. Then, having learned all the peasants could teach, it was necessary to distinguish between the purity of some of the music, probably unaltered since the Magyars came out of the East, and the contamination or corruption of the rest.

Upon this collection of truly Hungarian music M. Bartók has based his own style. He has done more than master its technical peculiarities, its marked accentuation, its pentatonic scale; he has steeped himself in its spirit, its naïve poetry, its fresh vision. The result is music of unfamiliar idiom, but with unfamiliarity different in nature as in aim from that of much so-called "new music." Its sincerity is convincing. It would be folly to pretend that in this country we can yet fully understand it. We shall need to hear it again and again before it has yielded all its significance. But if we have heard it, we know that this significance does lie within it, to become gradually manifest.

To the present writer it seems the music of the plains, the wide steppes of Hungary, with the open sky above and the fresh breeze blowing. It seems another kind of music to that of hot concert-rooms, innocent with the paradoxical innocent wisdom of Nature's children, simple with the paradoxical simple complexity of Nature itself. One feels that it needs to be estimated by other standards than those to which we are accustomed, that comparisons have little meaning. When it is grotesque, it seems to be as Japanese art, for example, sometimes is, until we have learned to understand. Then we discover the grotesque has changed to natural beauty in a comprehensible medium. It is clear in its rhythm, with the strong accents of the mysterious language of Hungary. M. Bartók's technical execution is superb, and it reveals the essentials of the music with more subtlety than that of one whose powers had not been thoroughly subdued by the theme. But it is with the music itself, rather than the performance of M. Bartók and Miss d'Arányi, that this article is concerned.

The Magyar temperament is not antipathetic to the British, and to us Magyar music will appeal, when it is understood, more perhaps than to the French, for example. It has nothing of that delicate elusiveness which often becomes just dreamy confusion. It is strange, but not "insaisissable." Nor, on the other hand, is it aggressive in the manner of so much "new music," an assault on traditions for the sake of assaulting them. It may be fanciful to suggest that its touches of humour seem particularly akin to the British variety. Is it possible to distinguish between "active" and "passive" music, between music which expresses energy not by violence but by significant movements, and music which eternally promises peace by resolving all our hopes? If so, then Magyar music, the music of Béla Bartók, is "active." It is the music of men who work and strive, and do not yet crave for rest, not feverishly, but happily, not reluctantly, but because it is entirely natural, beset by quaint fancies and glimpses of the comic and passing moods of questioning, but free of the restless disillusionment and morbid scepticism of "modernity."

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A motley medley; and if to the ears of A, let us say, the aspirations of a particular ballad-monger spell merely exasperations, why, you will find B giving eager welcome to the self-same song, and "admiring the nothing of it" wholeheartedly.

In "The Happiest Fellow in Town" the veteran F. E. Weatherly supplies the verses, and Ernest Newton of familiar fame has handled them to good effect. "This," in Autolycus' own phrase, "is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one," and runs with a rattling swing. "The Minstrel" offers a more elaborate accompaniment than is Easthope Martin's wont, and a melody distinguished by verve and go. "This is a brave fellow," says our pedlar.

About "The Emigrant," by F. S. Breville-Smith, there is a queer, almost uncouth fascination. It has the beauty of extraordinary expressiveness, of stark realism, rather than the lure of direct melody. "Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared," it recapitulates the rough rhythm of Masefield's poem—the stamp and shuffle of old sea-boots along the shanty floor—the undercurrent of anguish, still waters running deep, in the soul of the emigrant lingering outside. "The ballad is very pitiful, and as true," quoth Autolycus; so true that it surprises one.

An odd fact about H. T. Burleigh's three songs is that the merit of the setting is almost in inverse ratio to that of the words; which upsets all opinions as to the inspirational power of poetry. Of course I believe that the very best short lyrics, the unapproachable ones such as certain of Shelley's, of Campion's, of Heine's, can never be really companioned suitably with sound, to fashion the ideally perfect song. They lie too deep for tears, too high for laughter; they are sufficient to themselves. A brief retrospect will convince most people that they do not know of any "Lydian airs, married to immortal verse," in which the mating is an equal one. The poorest words often seem to evoke the most heaven-sent strains, and vice versa. So that indeed one need not wonder at Mr. Burleigh's success with such lines as "I wondered at his levity and years, So foreign to the fancies I outlined." How does one *outline* fancies? whose nebulousity is their intrinsic charm. And how can anybody want to set such unvocal words? Yet turn the pages of "Come With Me" and you will discover that out of this unpromising material Mr. Burleigh has developed a desirable song. Between his "Adoration" (wherein "you" is provided as the rhyme for another "you") and his "Before Meeting" there is a similarity, indefinable yet perceptible; it partly lies in the finales, with their ultimate closes on the dominant—partly on the modulations, largely in the

* "The Happiest Fellow in Town." Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. Music by Ernest Newton. 2s. (Paxton).—"The Minstrel." Words by Helen Taylor. Music by Easthope Martin. 2s. (Enoch).—"The Emigrant." Words by John Masefield. Music by F. S. Breville-Smith. 2s. (Elkin).—"Come With Me." Words by Lura Kelsey Glen Dening. Music by H. T. Burleigh. 2s. (Elkin).—"Adoration." Words by Dora Lawrence Houston. Music by H. T. Burleigh. 2s. (Elkin).—"Before Meeting." Words by Arthur Symonds. Music by H. T. Burleigh. 2s. (Elkin).—"Apart." Words by Eileen Newton. Music by Arthur de Greef. 2s. (Enoch).—"Thelma Valse." Music by Marcel Deslys. 2s. (Enoch).—"Villanelle of Firelight." Words by Naomi N. Carvalho. Music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)

rather uninteresting accompaniments, and vaguely in the manner of thought in which this music is conceived.

On reading Arthur de Greef's "Apart" one can barely repress a shudder at the Cockney rhyme of "dawn" and "born." Surely the author could have amended this by substituting "morn" for "dawn"?

However, the thing is a pleasant, unambitious ditty on the well-worn, never-palling theme of separated lovers; singable and sentimental.

"Thelma" has four lines of crude verse to it, intended for *obligato* vocalisation *ad lib.* after the modern mode of dance music, but it is in no sense a song; it is a tuneful, taking valse, likely to prove useful.

And now for the pick of the pedlar's pack, "very pleasant matter indeed," for which the name of Cyril Scott will prepare you. "Villanelle of Firelight" is simply charming. The ethereal flutter of "delicate fairy wings" in the flickering firelight, depicted by the author, is rendered by the composer with signal grace; the *tout ensemble* is a miracle of daintiness. This exquisite, elusive piece deserves an adequate performance (without presenting any real difficulty for either vocalist or pianist), which should be something to remember with joy when songs less salient have faded quickly out of memory. "We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed!" (*Exit Autolykus.*)

An analysis of the above songs will reveal that only two of them are in the strict sense love-songs, i.e. "The Minstrel" and "Apart," both of which emphasise the personal equation. And even "Apart" is of a non-committal nature. Although two or three of the rest contain, so to speak, repressed indications of affection, they might easily be addressed to one's child, one's sister, or one's mother—they are so abstract in style, the intensity of personal passion is kept so well in hand. The only one in which I discern a strange and secret depth of purely personal feeling is the poignant "Emigrant," and that suggests a peculiar species of emotion which will not be intelligible to all. Undoubtedly the present trend of English song-writing is toward the unimpassioned, the impersonal, the statement of surface values. This somewhat negative attitude may result in larger sales, since it produces the type of song which can be sung by anybody anywhere. But whether it makes for permanent strength and beauty must remain a moot point. MAY BYRON.

HOW TO BECOME A PIANIST. By Mark Hambourg. 3s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

Mr. Mark Hambourg's book should prove of great worth to the pianist, especially to the learner. It is written in a lucid, vigorous style, and is full of sound common sense, practical advice and invaluable hints. The would-be pianist is encouraged, yet at the same time told all the hard facts he will have to face. "He must consider, amongst other things, if he is capable of many years of hard, unremitting work at the development of the technical side of his art. He must also find in himself physical endurance, courage, coolness in emergency, command of nerves, determination, inexhaustible patience, self-confidence and, above all, such a love of his art for its own sake as will carry him over every disappointment," says Mr. Mark Hambourg. The ground is covered very thoroughly, and deals with the choosing of a teacher, the care of the student's health, developing the musical memory, how to practise, technique, scales, elementary principles for study, hints on how to master the keyboard, some common mistakes and how to avoid them, expression, and how to use the pedal, playing in public, etc. And at the end of the book is an abridged compendium of exercises for the use of students. It is altogether an excellent handbook, and should attain great popularity among all students of the piano.

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THE VOW (after the Russian of Kostrov). Music by F. W. Massi-Hardman. Words by John Bowring. (Augener.)

A quaint little song. The melody is pleasing and full of charm.

KISS ME GOOD-BYE. Music by Jack Thompson. Words by Kathleen Stuart. (Enoch.)

Neither the words nor music have any freshness in them. Both are reminiscent of many songs that have gone before them.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE YEARS. Music by May H. Brahe. Words by P. J. O'Reilly. (Enoch.)

A wistful strain runs throughout this song. It has a graceful melody and a quiet charm of its own.

Gertrude Peppercorn, who is giving a series of Pianoforte Recitals at Chelsea Town Hall, is the wife of the well-known novelist, Mr. Stacy Aumonier. Her second and third recitals will be given on the 1st and 15th of this month.

The Drama.

SCENIC ART.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

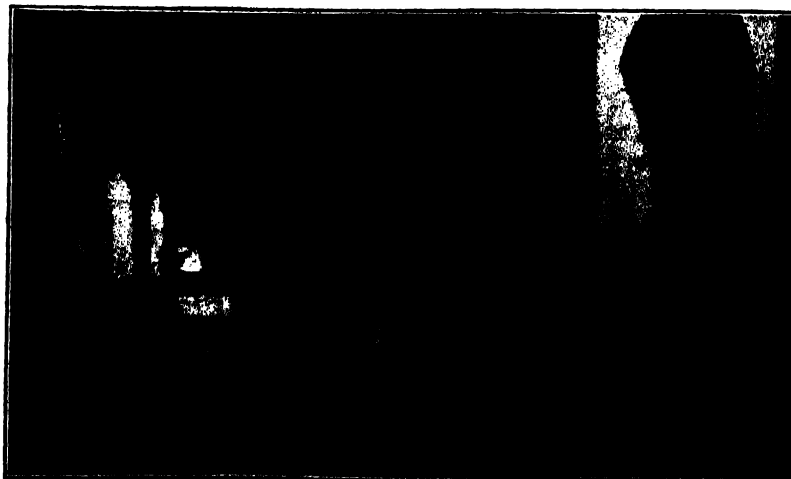
LAST January a pilgrimage to the International Theatre Exhibition at Amsterdam was made by a small band of English enthusiasts. The rest of us, some of whom would cheerfully have gone to Amsterdam in the stokehold for the chance of seeing the exhibits, had to receive our impressions at second hand. But our turn has come. For the whole Amsterdam collection of scenic models, supplemented by fresh British, American, French and Italian work, has now been transferred to the South Kensington Museum, and will be on view there free of charge for the next six weeks.

The range of English stage decoration is surprisingly narrow. Realism we have had always with us; it is the one department in which the West End theatre is already first-rate. But it is not the only method, still less the best. And since realistic designs are likely to be in a very small minority at South Kensington, some brief classification of more modern ideas may forearm the average visitor against a good deal of perplexity and disappointment. Let us begin at home, however, with the realistic method which still holds the field. Realistic production may be described as a dog-fight between designer and dramatist, with the odds on the former. Tree staged a garden terrace once—a mass of flowers; later on in the same play the garden reappeared, after a stage interval of some weeks; every flower was changed! Such ultra-realism, though it extorts admiration for its accuracy, leaves nothing to the imagination, and so far from helping out the

play, only distracts and confuses one's attention. This is not to say that realism has no place in the theatre. As pageantry it is invaluable in entertainments which profess no intellectual importance. But what is excellent in "Decameron Nights" may be execrable in "Othello." And if realistic scenery has been admitted to the exhibition it must be judged frankly from its own level, and without any highbrow insistence on dramatic value.

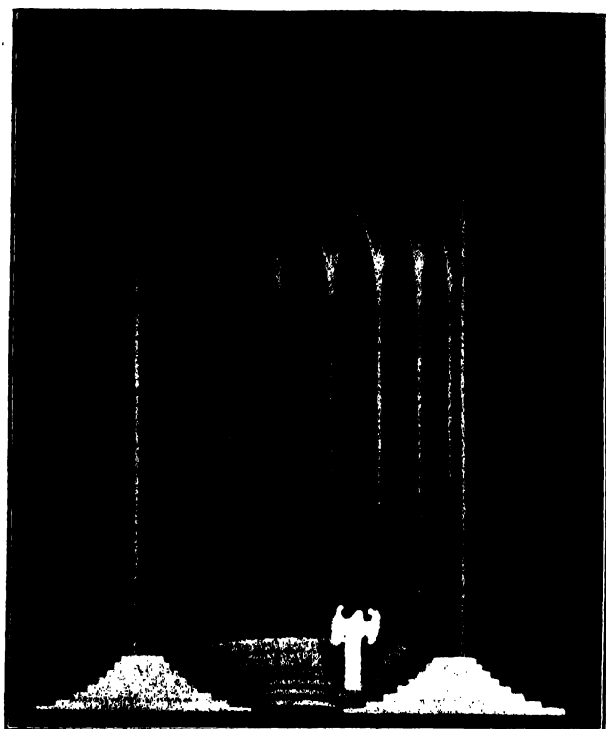
More interesting to educated playgoers, and I expect more numerous in the present exhibition, will be what I may call dramatic models—those which seek to assist actor and dramatist rather than to outshine them. There are two ways in which the designer can assist the play—the neutral and the suggestive. The first, which was the Greek and the Elizabethan method, leaves the play free to create its own atmosphere by providing a formless or conventional background; its advantages are so obvious that it is surprising that no London producer has yet presented the more "atmospheric" of modern dramatists—Shaw or Galsworthy, for instance—in this way. Shakespeare has often been so treated;

and we may reasonably expect some of the present exhibitors to have given the moderns a turn. The second method, that of suggestion, has gained much ground recently and at South Kensington will probably take foremost place. Realistic detail is not debarred to it; but this must be suggestive as well as realistic, and there must not be too much of it.



Setting by Sam Hume for Massfield's "Philip the King."

By courtesy of Mr. E. O. Hoppé.



Model of the setting to Maeterlinck's
"The Seven Princesses."

By Robert Edmund Jones.

By courtesy of Mr. E. O. Hoppe.

or it will drug instead of stimulating the imagination. In a scene representing A's office, for example, one touch which strikes you as exactly right for A's office is worth a thousand touches exactly right for everybody's office; multiplication of detail is the mere pedantry of the art. In England Mr. Macdermott, with occasional lapses, is the pioneer in this kind. Abroad, judging from the very interesting photographs which appear in *Theatre-craft* from time to time, the suggestive designer relies more on symbolism. And here comes the thorniest difficulty which the uninitiated visitor to South Kensington will have to face. The symbolistic design is too often a locked door whose key remains in the designer's pocket. Suppose the artist to see Lear as a mighty block of granite, undermined and buffeted by the elements, but majestic still; he designs, as setting, a bare stage with a stone column towering in the midst; if our imaginations jump with his, the effect is tremendous. But if not? To you or me that column may suggest brutality, obstinacy, despair: worse, it may set us thinking of Hendon aerodrome or the sea-front at Llandudno. Such, crudely stated, is the symbolist's difficulty; he has no guarantee that our imaginations will all coincide, or that we will not spend as much time in grappling with his symbol as ever we did in assimilating the details of the old realistic scene.

I have endeavoured very briefly to classify the main tendencies of modern stage decoration—the realistic, the neutral, the suggestive, the symbolic—in the belief that, without some such rough-and-ready standards of comparative criticism, our appreciation of the South Kensington Exhibition may be swamped in bewilderment. The symbolic, particularly, will be a tough nut for us English enthusiasts to crack, for it is new to England. Here then is our chance to get abreast of Europe. We have stood still, in this matter of scenic theory, for two hundred and fifty years. Must we stand still for ever?

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THE WHEEL. By James Bernard Fagan. 3s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Fagan is a cosmopolitan playwright. One imagines that he would domesticate the Sahara desert for us rather than lift the curtain upon an ordinary London drawing-room. Even though "The Wheel" is domestic drama, its picturesque setting, combined with a flavour of Buddhist—or rather theosophical—philosophy, give distinction to a play that has also the merit of sincerity. True, Ruth Dangan might have felt faintly irritated by the kindness of her fifty-year-old husband, in a Kensington flat, and Captain Leslie Yeuillat would have fled from her with the same honourable motive. Yet Mr. Fagan does not take us to Jagpur or the Himalaya of Bhulan merely in order to camouflage a hackneyed situation. Partly to appease her longing for Yeuillat, and partly to humour a deliciously fatuous relative, Ruth ventures too far into the Ghurka-infested hills. Yeuillat discovers them isolated in a monastery, and when the danger presses he is bound to tell Ruth that a horrible end awaits them. Her husband arrives with the relieving force, and before Ruth has time to confess that, believing death imminent, she gave herself to Yeuillat overnight, the kindly, uxorious colonel tells her that he has awakened to the emptiness of her life, and promises consolations terrible for a woman to hear after she has once known real passion. Ruth is unable to make the admission that would ensure her freedom; and this scene is in real harmony not only with the mystical surroundings, the Lama and his gentle philosophy of life's illusions and the diagrammatic wheel symbolising perpetual reincarnation until self be purged, but with life under any circumstances where strong characters are faced with the choice between desire and abnegation.

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP. By Archibald Haddon. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Archibald Haddon's collection of theatrical reviews is the work of an earnest, conscientious, and uncompromising dramatic critic. As such it contains a good deal of sound advice (pages 21 to 32 and elsewhere) which actors and managers would do well to take to heart. But considered as serious evaluation of plays and of players it is a hotch-potch that does not possess any considerable literary merit. For all that, his book is well worth adding to one's theatrical library. Its exposure of current theatrical nuisances, its protest against the flagrant and impudent laxity of sexual morality which prevails in certain theatrical circles, and its attack on the immodest costumes which so many young women are called upon to wear in revues ought not to go without recognition.

THE EVERYMAN COMPANY.

Prior to their visit to the State theatres of Zürich and of other continental capitals, the Everyman players gave performances of Mr. Galsworthy's serious comedy "The Pigeon," and of Mr. Shaw's farcical comedy "You Never Can Tell," the former being produced on May 12th, the latter on May 17th. Mr. Milton Rosmer, who used to be so "mouthy" (to use Byron's phrase) in parts like that of the hero of "Nan," has now developed a very flexible voice and art. His kindly middle-aged artist in "The Pigeon" and his exuberant and rhetorical young dentist in "You Never Can Tell" were both excellent. Mr. H. O. Nicholson, too, added to his reputation by his sound and restrained renderings of Mr. Galsworthy's cabman and of Mr. Shaw's grass-widower; my only complaint is that he made Fergus Crampton look sixty-eight instead of fifty-eight. For Miss Gertrude Kingston's admirable Mrs. Clandon, for Mr. C. B. Clarence's delightful waiter, for Mr. Harold Scott's not too Gallic Ferrand, and for Miss Clare Harris's appealing flower-girl, I have nothing but praise. And I was much struck by the Dolly Clandon of Miss Nadine March. In the absence of the regular company a special production of "Hedda Gabler" was staged at the Everyman Theatre on May 22nd, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the rôle of Ibsen's famous heroine.

L. B.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The vexed question of whether or not it is proper for a novelist to model his characters on living persons was not raised in our recently concluded symposium on "How Novelists Draw Their Characters," but several confessed that they occasionally did so. Why it should be wrong for a novelist to sketch a character from real life in words, but right for a caricaturist to do that in his more graphic medium, is one of those things it is not easy to understand. Mr. J. S. Fletcher, whose replies to our questions arrived after our last Number had gone to press and are printed below, is evidently of those who believe that even the artist in words is entitled to follow the method that brings him to the best results.

MR. J. S. FLETCHER:

(1) All the *best* characters in my novels have been drawn from real life.

(2) Such characters seem far more real to me

than purely imaginary characters, *but* there is always, of course, a certain amount of imaginative work done in presenting them—heightening their characteristics, for instance.

(3) I have two eminently favourite characters—Daniel Quayne in the novel of that title, and Jackie Farnish in "The Root of All Evil."

J. S. FLETCHER.

There has been a good deal of talk in the press these last few weeks about the low morality advocated by latter-day novels, and, tacitly or avowedly, this talk has found its text in Mr. Brimley Johnson's "Moral Poison in Modern Fiction" (2s. 6d.; Philpot). He lays his finger on a real evil and formulates a very strong indictment against certain contemporary novelists. He has brought together, as he claims, the evidences of the disease, examined and clearly stated "what the new morality really means and leads to." There is nothing in life that is not fit material for the artist, but all artists are not fit to handle it. Fools too often rush in where a Hardy need not fear to tread. Mr. Johnson is right in his protest that the novel of "gay" life which shows that life as satisfying and more than temporarily gay is untrue to fact and dangerously misleading. But I am not sure that he is right in saying that "an immense number of novels now being written contain much deadly

**Mr. Beverley Nichols.**

poison." He names less than a score of writers who are producing novels of that type; you cannot raise the total to a score by adding four or five he has omitted to mention. And if we put the number of novelists now busy in this

country at a thousand we shall not be over the mark. Moreover, none of the novels he names has had such a large sale that it would find a place in any list of those that have sold best. The sort of novel he justly denounces has always been with us. A generation or so ago it was sold furtively and not in the usual bookshops. It is a sign of our improving national health that it is now allowed to be sold openly and find its level. Sometimes it has a noisy and sensational life, but it never has a long one. It would be easy to name several novelists who wrote stories of that illicit kind ten and twenty years ago, and they are still living, but their books are very dead and hardly anybody even remembers them. Such books may do a little harm for a little while, but on the whole the public has sense enough to be able to take care of itself. Mr. Brimley Johnson quotes Hugh Walpole as saying, "People don't want to know what a young ass thinks about life if he can't tell a story"; and they don't particularly want to know even if he can. For what a young ass thinks about life does not amount to much; he has made a few elementary discoveries in human folly, and is so excited by his cleverness in doing so that he can't help writing about them, and unless he outgrows that stage and realises that most of those he writes for had made the same discoveries, and more, long before he did, he soon bores and loses his readers by persistently telling them raw truths of which their knowledge is at least as great as his own. When a man is always talking of his wealth you may be sure he does not possess more than he can count; by the time he has enough to boast of he prefers to talk of something else. Novels that contain moral dope are foredoomed to die of their

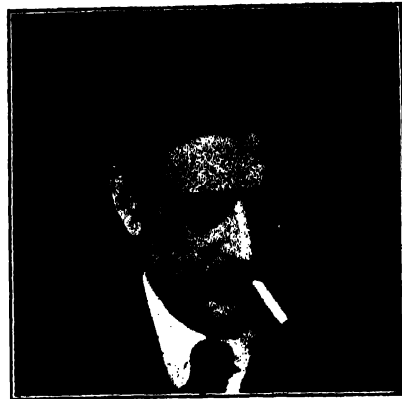
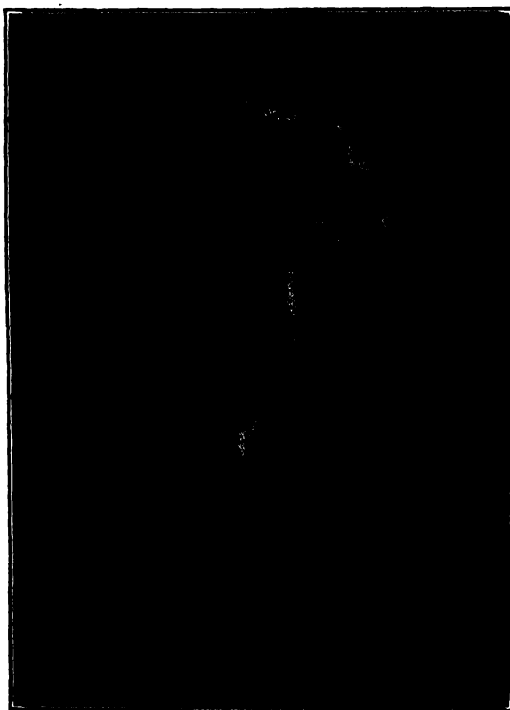
own poison, but Mr. Johnson will have done an immense service to the community if he succeeds in killing a few prematurely.

This same conflict between art and morality was in progress through the

closing years of last century, and though the group of rebellious miscellaneous writers and artists who took part in it used the fine battle-cry of "Art for Art's sake," apart from Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, not many of them have justified their self-assertion by achieving enough artistic immortality to be still very noticeable. Nearly all the great authors and artists of the period went their way outside that group, and are still going it. But it was an interesting time, and an interesting group, and its history has been fully and admirably told by Mr. Holbrook Jackson in "The Eighteen Nineties," of which Mr. Grant Richards has just published a new edition—a new edition that was overdue, for the book has been out of print for some time, and copies have been changing hands for as much as three guineas. The new edition has been thoroughly revised and contains, as an additional illustration, a clever caricature of the work of Aubrey Beardsley, entitled "Britannia à la Beardsley," by Mr. E. T. Reed.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has also in preparation a new volume of essays which Mr. Grant Richards will publish in the early autumn.

Mr. Beverley Nichols, whose third novel, "Self," we review in this Number, is probably one of the very youngest of English novelists, for though he has three books to his credit, he is still only twenty-three. He was educated at Marlborough, and at Balliol College, Oxford. His early inclinations were more musical than literary; at school, at the age of fourteen, he won the prize for the best musical composition, and has since devoted much of his spare time to an opera, which is now nearing completion. At Oxford Mr. Nichols was prominent

*Photo by Hana.***Mr. Holbrook Jackson.***Photo by Elliott & Fry.***Mr. Edward Garnett,**

whose essays on books and authors, "Friday Nights," Mr. Jonathan Cape has just published.

in the University's literary, artistic and political circles. He edited the *Isis*, and in addition launched *The Oxford Outlook*, a serious fortnightly journal, which has been described as of portentous respectability, and I believe it is still running. Not content with these activities, he joined others in founding the University Liberal Club. But the Union was perhaps the sphere in which his energies found fullest scope, and of this society he was in rapid succession secretary, librarian and, finally, president. During his period at Oxford he published his first novel, "Prelude," which the *Morning Post* critic described as "the best of all latter-day school stories." Leaving Oxford in December, 1920, he gave the next eight months, in the intervals of study for the Bar, to writing "Patchwork" (a study of Oxford under post-war conditions, which was published last October) and "Self," in which he breaks new ground and essays a portrait of a sort of modern Becky Sharp. [Mr. Nichols is presently returning from Greece, where he has been writing a sensational novel round recent events in that country, and the book is to be published in the autumn under the title of "The Athenians."

One of the most interesting of recent exhibitions in London was that of Mr. Henry Lamb's paintings and drawings, last month, at the Alpine Gallery, and probably no portrait in the collection attracted more attention than did that of Mr. Lytton Strachey, which we are permitted by Messrs. Charles Chenil & Co., of the Chenil Gallery, to reproduce. Mr. Lamb is the son of Dr. Horace Lamb, the distinguished mathematician. He is a pianist and composer and a Doctor of Medicine, as well as a painter, and served in the R.A.M.C. during the war, certain pictures, in his exhibition, of scenes in

Palestine, Macedonia and elsewhere, being records of his war-time experiences.

Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, whose study of "Hamlet" we review elsewhere, is an essayist who thinks for himself, and has worked out his own philosophy of life. He holds that the world is suffering not

so much from suppressed sex, as the Freudians say ("I see little sign of suppression in that," he assures me), but from suppressed religion, and he confesses that his main interest and aim is to discover what religious people now really believe and to state it so that they may admit that they believe it. He did not take to writing professionally till he was about thirty-six, and in the eighteen years since then he has done work of high distinction as a critic of art and letters and writer of many books. He tells me he has given time to writing verse and stories which have not seemed to him worth publishing, and he

has for some while been engaged on a book on the Nature of Art which he does not expect ever to finish.

Sir Gregory Foster says he has been told that the average intelligent person knows nothing about the University of London, and that even a taxi-driver does not know where to find it. The colleges of the University are scattered about London, but the site of its central offices is in Bloomsbury, and to lighten the general darkness on these matters the University of London Press has issued as a booklet (1s. 6d.) two lectures delivered in February by Sir Gregory Foster on "The University of London: Its History, Present Resources and Future Possibilities," and supplemented these with the address delivered after the second lecture by the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. It is a most interesting



Mr. Lytton Strachey.

In his home at Hampstead.

(From the painting by Henry Lamb on exhibition last month at the Alpine Gallery.)



Mr. Jackson Gregory.

and the imaginatively poetical. In her "Child Whispers" (2s. 6d.; Saville & Co.) these two types are very deftly blended—the verses are of fairies, and flowers, and gardens, and little everyday nursery events, and are by turns delightfully fanciful and quaintly humorous. They are light, liting, happy tales told with a charming simplicity of thought and language that should give them an irresistible appeal to all young readers who have a liking for the magic of metre and rhyme.

The vogue of the open air novel continues without any sign of abatement, and Mr. Jackson Gregory's "The Everlasting Whisper" is proving one of the most widely successful stories in that kind on both sides of the Atlantic. It marks an advance in quality as well as in popularity over anything else he has written, and critics in America are describing it as "the greatest of all Californian novels." He is planning a book to be called "The Californian," in which he will depict a character embodying the "largeness of romance" springing from "the ampleness of life" of the California and Nevada country. "I feel," he says, "that I have come the closest so far to this typical figure in the man Mark King, of 'The Everlasting Whisper.' I have tried to show in this book the real Western man, free from superficial and neurotic encumbrance, the man with strength that springs from the soil. I have found myself wondering towards the close of the book if Mark King were really my favourite and whether I hadn't grown to pin a good deal of faith, and all that, on Gloria. At any rate it lies between the two."

It is not often that a successful novelist is so modest or so pessimistic about herself and her

account of what the University has done, is doing, and hopes to do.

As a teacher of children Miss Enid Blyton has learned that two types of verse appeal to them—the humorous

work as I found the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. She began by assuring me that her career has been utterly uninteresting, yet no career could have started more pleasantly or promisingly. "I began 'The

Book of Martha' in 1912," she said, "written for Dr. Johnson's reasons—I was too tired to scrub and dig." She sent six chapters to an agent and meant to write no more if he found them no good; but he disposed of them to *The Woman at Home*, and then Mr. Duckworth commissioned the book, so she finished it and it was published with immediate success. Her next book was "Joking Apart," "and," she remarks, "I was allowed to illustrate it, as I can't draw, and like doing that best." But those who know those illustrations know better. Then came "The Kaleidoscope," written on commission "in intervals of housework and all domestic horrors. I was so tired I used to fall asleep in the middle of a paragraph," but nobody who read the book would have guessed that. "Susie" and "Three Loving Ladies" were well received by the reviewers, the latter book being first published in America, where it enjoyed considerable popularity. Her new novel, "The Tactless Man," was written, says Mrs. Dowdall, "to please myself, and is not a pot-boiler, so I anticipate it will bore everybody stiff, and if so it will be the last, unless necessity drives me to it again. The critics I mind about tell me it is much better than my others, but that does not sell a book, and as I have to work at four

a.m. to do it all (that is the only free time I have) I shall write no more if they won't have it." But if the gods are good she has in mind another to be called "The Philanthropist." Mrs. Dowdall has found, as so many find, that if you get a reputation as a humorous writer it is hard to induce critics and the public to take your serious work seriously. She is thinking also of collecting a number of her newspaper and magazine articles, and as the illustrations given to them in the periodicals which have published them



The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall.



Photo by Hugh Cecil.

Mrs. E. M. Hull.



Photo by E. O. Hopfd.

Mrs. Pamela Munro.

for she spends a good deal of her time in travelling and, when at home, prefers a country life in Derbyshire, and is keen on all manner of games and sports. She wrote her first novel, "The Sheik," with no idea of publishing it, but as a means of personal distraction during the war, when she had to be very much alone. When it was finished she decided to let it try its fortune with a publisher, and its prompt and unexpected success encouraged her to write a second book, "The Shadow of the East," which was also published by Messrs. Eveleigh Nash, and proved as widely successful as the first. Mrs. Hull has almost completed a new novel, whose scene, like that of her others, is laid in Algeria. It is to be called "The Desert Healer."

Mrs. Eyre Macklin (head of the firm of Messrs. Philpot & Co.) has not taken long to show that woman (one of her anyhow) can publish books as ably as she can write them. In the short time since she established herself in Great Russell Street she has published, among other successful works, the Duke de Stacpoole's Memoirs, Mrs. Watts-Dunton's "Home Life of Swinburne," some half-dozen volumes in an admirable series of translated stories, "Les Fleurs de France," and the first three in a series of "Blue Booklets," dealing with subjects of the day, the third of which, "Moral Poison in Modern Fiction," I have spoken of elsewhere in these notes. But Mrs. Macklin need no longer feel a lone woman in the publishing world, for another has arrived.

The late Mr. Elkin Mathews's publishing business has been acquired by a private company, of which Mrs. Pamela Munro and Mr. A. W. Evans are two of the directors. Mrs.

"would make angels weep," she has an idea of illustrating that book herself.

One of the most popular of present-day novelists is Mrs. E. M. Hull, who is seldom to be met with in literary circles,

Monro has made a special study of eighteenth century literature, and some interesting books dealing with that period may be expected among the early publications of the firm. Mr. Evans was for ten years

associate editor of *The Nation* with Mr. H. W. Massingham, and afterwards edited *Everyman* and the *Review of Reviews*. His pseudonym of "Penguin" is familiar to readers of *The Observer*. Following in the footsteps of Mr. Elkin Mathews, the new firm intends to give special attention to first books that hold out promise of achievement in poetry and belles-lettres, and the house in Cork Street continues to be the literary rendezvous that it has been in the past.

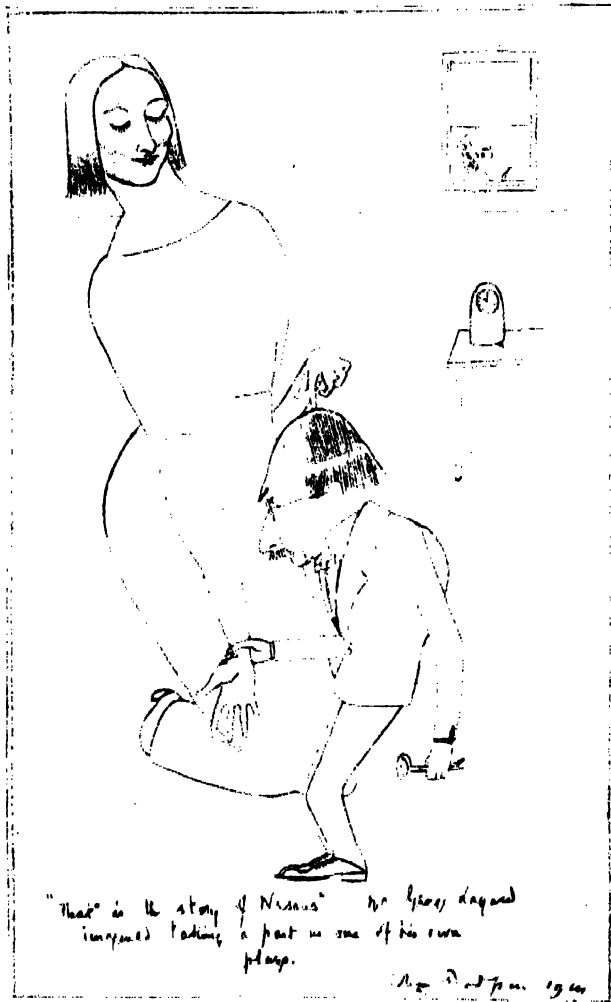
Mr. Wallace Irwin, the distinguished American author, is over on a visit to Europe. After spending some weeks in London, he has gone for a tour through France and Belgium, but will be back here later in the summer. Mr. Irwin's humorous series of "Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy" has been running in various American papers for the last fourteen years, and has rivalled Mr. Dooley in popularity. His best known novel is probably "Seed of the Sun," which was recently published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The enterprising manager of the Huddersfield Theatre Royal, Mr. Alfred Warcing, has been producing eight Shakespearean plays in the three weeks ending July 1st, by way of making a Shakespeare Festival, and publishes a special newspaper, *The (shake) Spear*, limited [to one issue, in commemoration of the event. It contains some capital burlesque articles and answers to correspondents, all more or less relating to Shakespeare or his plays, and articles of a more serious kind "On Shakespeare," by John Masefield; on "The National Importance of Shakespeare," by George Sampson; "A Glimpse," a delightfully fantastic sketch by C. E. Lawrence; "Every

**Mrs. Eyre Macklin.****Mr. Wallace Irwin.**

Man his own Hamlet," by Owen Nares; "Shakespeare's Gifts to our Daily Speech," by Sir Sidney Lee, and many another. A thoroughly entertaining budget, to say nothing of the announcement of a Shakespeare Knowledge Competition open to all scholars until September 1st, propounding for answer twenty-seven questions based on the plays Mr. Wareing has been producing.

THE BOOKMAN.



Mr. G. S. Layard.

From a caricature by John Dodgson.

The Norwich Public Library, which makes a practice of observing notable literary events, will celebrate the centenary of the death of Shelley. On July 8th Mr. M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, will deliver at the Library a lecture on the poet, and in the Reference Library there will be a Shelley exhibition consisting of engraved portraits, and copies of the first editions of Shelley's works, kindly lent by Mr. F. J. Sebley of Cambridge. With the view of stimulating the study of Shelley's life and works, the July "Readers' Guide" (post free 3d.), issued by the Library, contains an annotated reading list on Shelley.

In commemoration of the centenary of Shelley's death Messrs. Watts & Co. have reissued at a shilling their selection from Shelley's prose works in neat pocket form, with a foreword by Mr. Henry S. Salt.

A compact and well informed handbook for visitors is Mr. Frank Rutter's "Guide to Cambridge" (1s.), illustrated with over fifty excellent photographs and published by Messrs. W. Heffer.

The two first volumes issued in the Mickleham Edition of Meredith's Works (5s. each; Constable) are "The Egoist" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," two of the most brilliant of his books and two that are first favourites with all sorts of readers. Tastefully bound and well printed on good paper, this new edition will be very welcome to all Meredith lovers.

"The Great North Road"—the old mail road to Scotland—is the second volume in the new edition of Mr. Charles G. Harper's Histories of the Roads (7s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer). It is neat and handy in size, has been fully revised and brought up to date, and is illustrated with seventy-two drawings by the author and from old-time prints.

The "Selected Poems" of John Drinkwater (3s. 6d.; Sidgwick & Jackson) brings together in a delectable pocket volume the best of the lyrics and sonnets from the six books of verse Mr. Drinkwater has given us between 1914 and last year. It has a very admirable frontispiece portrait drawn by Mr. R. H. Rennington.

A new book of poems, "Even-Song," by Katharine Tynan, will be published shortly by Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford.

Among all the replies received in our "Men Limited" competition there is none that expresses dislike of the novel. The one to which we have awarded a prize for saying why it does not please the writer comes nearest to doing so. The majority have little but praise for it, and as most of the competitors are women this would seem to indicate that those who say women cannot appreciate a novel written by a man are mistaken. The two prizes of Half a Guinea each (for a statement of (1) Why I do and (2) why I do not like "Men Limited") are awarded to Miss Ella Kinninmont, of 11, Mitre Court Chambers, Temple, E.C.4, and Miss N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford, Essex, for the following:

MEN LIMITED. BY PEARSON CHOATE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Men Limited" is a man's book, but it pleased me because of its sheer impertinence, which counteracted my anger as a good feminist at its contemptuous views on women. Misogynists should revel in it, but will be disappointed in the ultimate capitulation of all its men characters but one.

ELLA KINNINMONT.

This idea is pleasing but too slight for a novel, without other complications than are here introduced. What would have happened if the men had been left entirely

undisturbed? As it stands, the problem is not conclusively worked out, owing to the invasion of the island by the womenfolk.

(Miss) N. M. BUTTERFIELD.

As representative examples, we select for printing the four replies that follow:

"Men Limited" is likeable and entertaining. One does not *read* dull speeches in books nowadays—one merely skims them. We do not want powder in our jam. A book is amusing and interesting. It may be mildly exciting. It serves its turn. "Men Limited" helps to while away a lazy afternoon. One puts it down contented and is ready for the next thing.

(MILES MARCH, 19, Lark Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool.)

"Men Limited" being a farce need not offend anybody. Women resent being left out of men's adventures altogether. Men can't go far without us. I think it is the mental, not the sex quality that differentiates: there are feminine men and masculine women; our partialities



Miss Viola Banks,
of "Shadow Show" (John Long),
reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

being childish passions, dominating reason.

(ALICE E. OLDACRE, 130, Princes Road, Stoke-on-Trent.)

The men who fought came back *knowing* that "a man's job" was the best. They hated the desk and city. Women *chiefly* stand for the city where they can "dress" and attend more social functions than the simple life affords. Mr. Pearson Choate has voiced the men's inclination well.

(P. HOOLE JACKSON, "Rosedene,"
Windlehurst Road, High Lyme,
near Stockport.)

The book appeals to me because of its complete originality. It also brings fresh light to bear on some of the post-war problems with which we are faced. There is no lack of humour in the story and the interest is skilfully maintained throughout.

(EDITH VYVYAN OLVER,

36A, Breakspears Road, Brockley,

S.E.4.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

MR. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD holds the belief that an author should never confine himself to one particular groove of writing or specialisation, and he practises what he preaches, for he is one of the most versatile of contemporary bookmen. Biography, novels, "queer" short stories, and expert dissertations on prints and book illustrations are all within his literary ambit, and he turns from one category of composition to another with equal ease and never-failing enthusiasm for the work in hand.

Mr. Layard is descended from the Huguenot family of Raymond de Lয়ারde. His great-great-grandfather, Daniel Peter Layard, was physician to Augusta, Princess of Wales, and his great-grandfather became Dean of Bristol. He is a son of the Rev. C. C. Layard (a first cousin of Sir Henry Layard, the explorer), and received his education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Layard is by profession a barrister of the Inner Temple, but he has ever preferred the pursuits of literature and art.

His first publication appeared during his 'Varsity

days, in *The Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*, his contribution taking the form of a skit on the Proctors. Later he wrote for *The Globe*, but it was not until 1890 that Mr. Layard established his literary reputation by the series of remarkable "Queer Stories," which were published in *Truth* during the next three years. Some of the stories were reprinted in

book form in two volumes entitled "His Golf Madness" (1892) and "Society Straws" (1897). It is curious that the rest of these "Queer Stories" have not been discovered by some enterprising publisher for reissue in a book, because they are in the front rank of merit as a peculiar combination of the sensational and bizarre. They can be read again and again with fresh delight in their ingenuity of action and originality of unexpected *dénouement*.

Mr. Layard entered a new field of literature by the publication of his finely-produced monograph on "Charles Keene of *Punch*" (1892). It was followed by "Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators" (1894); "George Cruikshank's Portraits of

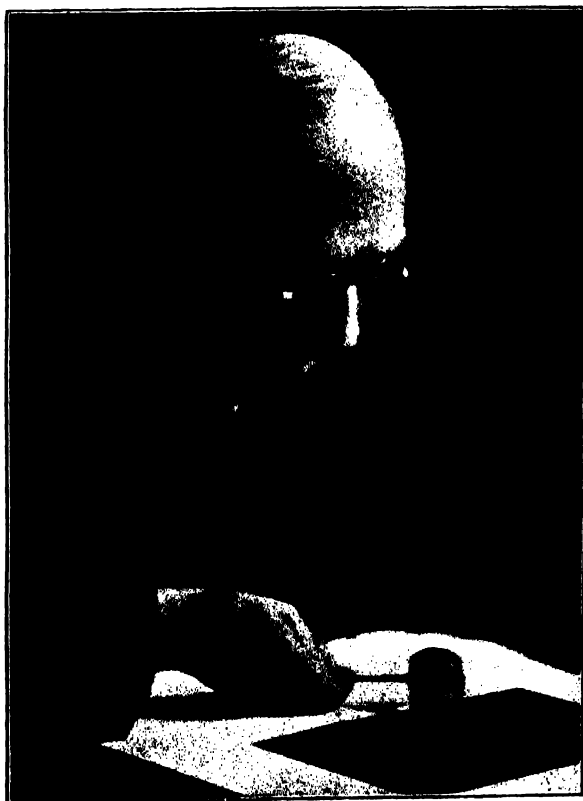


Photo by E. O. Hoppi

Mr. G. S. Layard.

Himself" (1897); "Mrs. Lynn Linton" (1901); "Dolly's Governess" (1904), a novel; "Kate Greenaway," written in collaboration with H. M. Spielmann (1905); "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag" (1906); "A Great *Punch* Editor, Shirley Brooks" (1907); "Suppressed Plates" (1907); "Wax" (1909), a most original novel with the unusual setting of Madame Tussaud's for part of its action; and "Peter Clement Layard," a memoir, with letters, of his son who was killed in the war (1919).

It will be apparent from the list of his books that Mr. Layard makes a perennial study of the work of artists, engravers and book illustrators. He is also a keen and perceptive collector of fine engravings which he loves for their beauty and archæological interest, and not merely as prizes of monetary value. His collection is not secreted in portfolios but hangs upon the walls of his pleasant house in Pelham Place. As he has truly written of prints—or any other beautiful work of art:

"Make friends of them, grow in intimacy with them, and they will never fail you. . . . Holding in deepest loathing the dry-as-dust treatment of anything on God's beautiful earth, I am wholly out of patience with the ghoul-collector who gloats over the number of his victims embalmed in portfolios and confined in solander-cases."

In connection with his zeal for print collecting, Mr. Layard tells an amusing story:

"One day at Buxton I had been introduced to a lady with whom I had a long talk on art. The next day, in the Gardens, I saw her sitting with a man whom I did not know. She bowed to me, and as I raised my hat and approached her, I cudgelled my brains for an opening gambit. 'How do you do?' I said. 'Are you very keen on prints?' Her hitherto smiling face turned to thunder, and she snapped out, 'I beg your pardon, *what* did you say?' I then explained that I had just been up the town and bought a fine mezzotint. She was then all smiles again, and it was not till the next day that I discovered that her companion's name was PRINCE!"

Mr. Layard's latest book* is concerned with prints—an exhaustive study of the variations of the engraving by Pierre Lombart of a mounted horseman, whose face, in different states of the plate, has represented, in turn, Cromwell, Louis XIV, Cromwell again, Charles I and Cromwell yet again.

Lombart, a French engraver who was in London during the last years of the reign of Charles I and most of the Commonwealth, borrowed the main details of his chameleon-like plate from the famous picture by Van Dyck, now at Windsor Castle, representing Charles I on horseback, under an archway, and attended, on foot, by the Duc d'Espérnon, who bears the king's helmet. In Lombart's engraving the figures of the king and the horse have remained much the same during its various mutations; but, as I have said, the face of the rider has been altered again and again. Lombart also converted the figure of the bearded duke into a youthful foot-page, who, however, still and ever bears the rider's helmet; and the archway in Van Dyck's picture is transformed into a view of a little castle on a hill with a cavalry combat in progress at its base.

It has hitherto been believed by the experts that

Lombart originally intended his print to portray the features of Charles I, and that he changed the face to that of Cromwell as a matter of political expediency when the regicide succeeded to the position and power he had wrested from his royal victim. Mr. Layard's theory is that Lombart from the outset, 1657, engraved the portrait of Cromwell in his picture, but that the first version of the face proved to be unsatisfactory to the artist, who then burnished or hammered out the head, and substituted another, which would account for the "halo" effect visible in the first Cromwell state of this print. Then, Mr. Layard argues, came the Restoration, when a portrait of Cromwell would naturally be an unpalatable drug in the market. Lombart erased once more the head of the regicide, and the probably unique print from the plate in this truncated state—showing the horseman actually headless—is in the British Museum.

Instead of presenting, as one would expect, a portrait of the new king, Charles II, Lombart proceeded to engrave on his plate the face of his own king, Louis XIV, and two varying states of the engraving at this stage are in existence. Now, according to Mr. Layard, the plate passed out of the possession of Lombart, who had returned to France, and the new owner-engraver once more turned the picture into a portrait of Cromwell—a curious thing to do in the reign of Charles II, and which certainly could not expect to be a profitable venture. Before seven years had passed the artist discovered this fact, and about 1666 the engraving appeared with the head of Charles I. It became a good seller, yet, marvellous to relate, within a year the beheaded king was again beheaded in his portrait and Cromwell once more reappeared—but this time in the guise of an older, weaker man.

How Mr. Layard establishes all this, how he notes and records the varying differences of detail and accessory in the succeeding stages of this Vicar of Bray-like print, and how he refutes the beliefs of the experts who preceded him in the study of the subject, must be read in his book, which is a brilliant and beautifully produced contribution to the fascinating cult of print collecting. It is by no means a dry, technical treatise. Romance, the joys and humours of hunting and successful pursuit, run through its pages. Here is one excellent story. The author was inspecting the copy of Van Dyck's picture (the same which forms the basis of his book) hanging in the Middle Temple Hall, and conversed with the custodian thus:

"There's a curious legend attaching to that picture sir," he said. "Cromwell, not content with beheading Charles the First, must needs command the Benchers of the Inn to behead his picture, too."

"Behead his picture," I said. "What a vandal!"

"No, sir," he said, correcting me, "a Van Dyck!"

"Ah, yes!" I said, rather taken aback. "I mean, what did he want to mutilate the picture for?"

"He didn't exactly want them to cut up the picture, sir. He ordered the Benchers to take it down, get the king's face obliterated, and have his own painted in its place."

The story is curiously in agreement with the history of Lombart's engraving, and Mr. Layard has probed and related that history with a thoroughness worthy of the highest praise.

S. M. ELLIS.

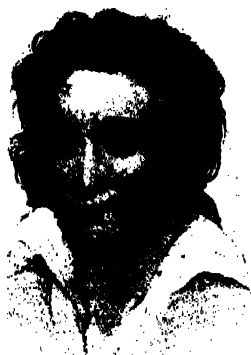
* "The Headless Horseman." Pierre Lombart's Engraving, Charles or Cromwell. By George Somes Layard, with twelve reproductions. (Philip Allan.)

THE READER.

SHELLEY THE PROPHET.

BY GILBERT THOMAS.

IT is a hundred years this month since Shelley was drowned. "He died," said Mrs. Shelley, "and the world showed no outward sign." Few of his poems enjoyed any success during his lifetime, and



Shelley.

except in a small circle of intimate friends, this most lovable and loving of all the English poets—who not merely wrote poetry, but lived it, and who emerges a more radiant figure than ever from the new Byron correspondence that was recently given to the public—was

"treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal." "Mad Shelley," "Atheist Shelley," he was called at school; and as "Mad Shelley," "Atheist Shelley" he was known to the end of his brief days. Men reproached him and cast out his name as evil. Great is his reward, "for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

It is of Shelley as prophet that we most naturally think at this time. As the divine lyrical poet of "Adonais" and the odes to "The Skylark" and "The West Wind" and "The Cloud" he has long since taken his place among the immortals; but the intellectual and the prophetic element in his work has not received the full meed of recognition it will yet inevitably win for itself. "Inevitably"—because as society grows ever more sensitively interdependent, there will ultimately be no choice before the human race but that of Utopia—or extinction; and if men are not noble or sensible enough to build the New Jerusalem voluntarily, sheer necessity will force their hands. The "idealist" is, in the long run, the only true realist, the only true practical man. The future will justify the prophets. It will crown Shelley with an even brighter crown than he wears to-day.

* Shelley's longer poems, with the exception of "The Cenci" were all attempts at describing a state of human perfection. Other poets have essayed the same task; but Shelley sang of Utopia without losing his lyrical note, as one who did not merely descry the dim outlines of the Ideal Republic upon the distant horizon, but as one who himself breathed its own native air of love and liberty. He was not merely a hundred years, he was, perhaps, many ages, before his time; but, however unattainable may seem to be the heights of idealism to which he soared with unsurpassed lyrical ecstasy, there was always reason, and a sense of balance and

of direction, in his song. Take any typical passage—necessarily brief:

" But soon I looked
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other, even as spirits do.
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gates of hell,
' All hope abandon ye who enter here ' ;
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another's lips of cold command. . . .
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak. . . .
None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes. . . .
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, passed; gentle radiant forms
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven. . . ."

There, no doubt, we have perfection beyond our reach. Yet the vision is not that of an idle dreamer, seeking through his dreams an escape from life. It is essentially the vision of one who, if he has his head in the heavens, has his feet very firmly planted upon the ground; who has a strong grasp of principles, and who is unfailingly sure of the direction in which at



Shelley at the age of 12.

From a sketch said to have been made by the Duc de Montpeissier.
By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.



Percy B. Shelley

least we must travel, if we are not to perish. And already, within the century that has passed since Shelley's death, something of what his winged spirit foresaw has come to pass. Kings have indeed been dethroned until but a constitutional few remain; labour has made important strides towards taking its due place in the commonwealth; and women have at least set their feet upon the threshold of liberty and equality. So rapid has been the rise of woman to her present status that it is difficult to realise that a hundred years ago she was still a slave—or an ornament, and that to the respectable people of his day Shelley's championship of the "female sex" must indeed have seemed wildly revolutionary and "mad."

Shelley was the implacable foe of war. But, though his pacificism was transcendently idealistic, it still had its roots in reason. He realised that war was not only bestial, but that, instead of solving or settling disputes, it merely made things worse. He appreciated the fact which those who have so glibly called him "atheist" have never themselves appreciated, that bad means cannot be justified by, and cannot indeed produce, a good end:

"Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind.
The foul cults like their parents are."

It sounds very elementary; and yet, because that simple truth has not been understood even by so-called Christians, the bones of millions of young men lie beneath

the soil, and chaos holds the world in fee. To-day even the dullest amongst us is beginning dimly to realise that, as regards war, we can no longer afford to stone the prophets. We must choose either peace or racial suicide. It would have been well for the world if it had listened to "mad" Shelley.

"Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind," sang Shelley; and, for those of an "atheist" poet, the words have a curious ring. They awaken echoes: listen!—"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" To-day, indeed, the wisest spirits everywhere are recognising that Shelley was only an "atheist" in that he was more Christian than the Christians. It was only against the conventional Deity of the established religion of his time that he fulminated. He had himself been reared in a home of narrow orthodoxy, while William Godwin, who exercised much influence over his mind in its most formative years, had been subjected as a boy to all the tortures of a super-Calvinism. When Shelley thought of "God," he thought of the Awful Judge, before Whom men quailed with servile fear; he thought of the Omnipotent Ruler—Who must be, in view of all the human suffering He allowed, an Evil Ruler; he thought of the Lord of Hosts, "the Lord mighty in battle," goading on His chosen tribe to slaughter and vengeance. From such a "God" the poet's sensitive, gentle soul recoiled with horror. But for Christ, the lowly Galilean, Who, though a rebel against the existing order, was of love all compact, Shelley had the warmest admiration, and he understood Him as few have ever done. Not only, in "Prometheus Unbound," does he, in lines lyrical with sympathy and affection, bid us gaze upon Him:

"Who made His agony
The barrier to our else all-conquering foe";

but implicit throughout that wonderful drama is much of the fundamental teaching of Christ. Shelley knew that not by might, nor by power, but through "long-suffering love," must salvation come to the world:

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory."

Shelley's conception in regarding "God" and Christ as antithetical was, of course—in part—muddled and imperfect; but, fundamentally, he was only anticipating—as he anticipated so much else—the lines along which the advanced theology of our own time is running. To-day our wisest religious leaders are realising that what the world needs is not a "Christianity" that primarily implies loyalty to ancient dogma and superstition and established authority, but a Christianity which involves the practice of love and mercy, and which truly reflects the simple and charitable and compassionate heart of its Founder. It is no longer possible to call Shelley an "atheist." To-day we think of him rather as the eternal child, set in the midst of the wise men.

MARY GODWIN IN DUNDEE.

BY A. H. MILLAR, LL.D.

THE two prolonged visits which Mary Godwin paid to the Baxters in Dundee have not received the notice from her biographers to which they were entitled. As mistakes have been made and repeated by writers on Shelley (from Professor Dowden onwards) regarding the Baxter family, a brief account of William Thomas Baxter, the friend of the poet, may be of value. He was the cousin of William Baxter of Ellangowan, who was the father of Sir David Baxter of Kilmarnock, Bart., the founder of the famous firm of Baxter Brothers, now represented by Sir George W. Baxter of Inverclyde, Bart. Though Dundee was his business centre, he had a large connection in London; and while there he was introduced by his son-in-law, David Booth, to William Godwin, for whom both had profound esteem. Baxter and Booth were members of the small sect called Glassites (so named from the founder, the Rev. John Glass of Dundee), and though they were of disproportionate age, Baxter, who was seven years younger than his son-in-law, had given his eldest daughter Margaret to Booth as his first wife. After the death of Margaret, the enterprising Booth defied both the law of the land and the custom of his Church by marrying Isabella Baxter, his deceased wife's sister. It was for this reason, and no other, that Baxter the father and Booth the husband were expelled from the Glassite congregation, a fact unknown to Dr. Dowden.

David Booth was a notable man even at that exceptional period. He was born at Kinnettles, Forfarshire, of humble parentage, in 1766, and was self-educated. Beginning active life as a brewer at Newburgh in Fife, he was unsuccessful, and then became schoolmaster at Newburgh; but he was too ambitious and too gifted to remain in this occupation. His admiration for Godwin and his enthusiasm for the principles of that author led him to make Godwin's acquaintance, and also that of Shelley. Dr. Robert Blakey, Professor of Logic at Queen's College, Belfast (born 1795, died 1878), described Booth as "one of the most extraordinary personages I have met for some time"; and Dowden prints in full Shelley's letter to W. T. Baxter, December 30th, 1817, in which the poet refers to Booth as "a man of great intellectual

acuteness and consummate skill in the exercise of logic." Booth edited a number of books—his own and others—for the Society of Useful Knowledge; and Charles Lamb wrote to Godwin in 1822: "Pray return my recognition to Mr. Booth, from whose excellent 'Tables of Interest' I daily receive inexpressible official facilities." Though himself a transgressor of the law, Booth became indignant at the elopement of Shelley with Mary Godwin, and positively commanded Isabella Baxter, his wife, not to accompany Shelley and Mary to Italy, or to have any communication with them. He survived till 1845, and is embalmed in the pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Baxter met Shelley at Godwin's house in 1809, and their mutual regard continued at least till 1817, despite Booth's embargo upon Isabella Baxter. In one of his letters written in 1816 the poet speaks of the Baxters having "lost all their fortune," but this was not the case, though the Napoleonic wars had paralysed trade for some time, for Baxter's two sons, Robert and John Cowley Baxter, carried on the business after the death of their father. Baxter had married young, was twice married and had a family of two sons and five daughters, Margaret being the eldest of the family and Isabella (the second Mrs. Booth) being the youngest. The house which the Baxters inhabited, and where Mary Godwin spent nearly two years of happy girlhood, had some historical interest attached to it. The mansion, called "The Cottage," had been erected about 1780 as the jointure-house of the Dowager Countess of Strathmore, after Castle Lyon (now Castle Huntly) in the Carse of Gowrie had passed from that noble family. It stood to the east of Dundee, on the Broughty Ferry road, and remained till about 1890, when it was removed to form the present Baffin Street. The elevation shows the southern frontage of the house. There is a plan of Dundee, dated 1793, which indicates its location at the time when Mary Godwin was there. The chimneys of the glass works (in that plan) show where the pier was from which Mary Godwin set out on March 20th, 1814, for London before her eventful meeting with Shelley. In her preface to "Frankenstein" Mary tells how she



Photo by W. S. Campbell.

Shelley Monument at Christchurch.

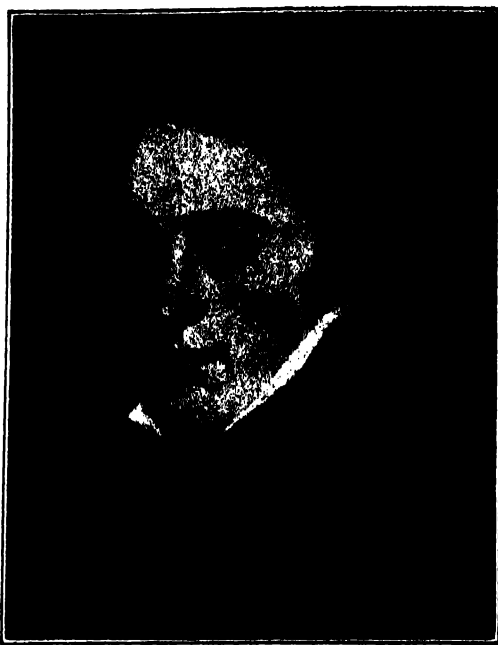
Monument in Christchurch Priory, Hants.
To Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.
Designed by H. Weeks, A.R.A., 1854.

By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen, from his edition of "The Letters of Shelley" now reissued, without illustrations, by Messrs. Bell in Bohn's Library.

had frequently sat amid "a romantic group of pinetrees looking on the water" while she was pondering on her novel, completed some years after.

Among the Baxter girls Mary's favourite was Christian (Christy) Baxter, and next to her came Isabella. Christy first made Mary's acquaintance when Baxter and his daughter visited Godwin at London; and it was soon afterwards that Godwin consented to let Mary spend a holiday in Scotland. Some confusion has arisen among the biographers regarding the date of the first visit to Dundee, but this is quite unnecessary. On June 8th, 1812, Godwin wrote from Skinner Street to Baxter in these terms: "My dear Sir; I have shipped off to you by yesterday's packet, the *Osnaburgh*, Captain Wishart, my only daughter. I attended her to the wharf and remained an hour on board till the vessel got under way." From June till October 10th—according to Professor Dowden—or November 10th, as given in Mrs. Julian Marshall's life of Mary Godwin—the holiday was spent with the Baxters at The Cottage; and when Mary returned to London she took Christy Baxter with her, who remained at Skinner Street till the following summer. On her second visit to Dundee in June, 1813, Mary took Christy Baxter home to Dundee; and Mary remained at The Cottage till March 20th, 1814. The date and length of this visit has afforded food for fiery discussion by Dowden, T. J. Hogg and J. Cordy Jeaffreson, but the matter is conclusively settled by the following extracts from the private journal of Christy Baxter, copied from the manuscript by the present writer:

"Sunday, July 4th, 1813.—Went to the Meeting in the afternoon, and then to The Cottage,—they were just finishing dinner—stayed till tea—there is a Miss Godwin and a Miss Hopwood both from London staying with them just now,—the latter is a teacher of drawing."



Shelley.

From the portrait by William E. West in the possession of Mrs. John Dunn.
Reproduced as frontispiece to H. S. Salt's selection from "The Prose Works of Shelley," just released by Messrs. Watts.

and was wearing "a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time." This is said to have been the first time that Shelley had noticed Mary, yet in that month he addressed to her the poem, "Mine eyes are dim with tears unshed." On July 28, 1814, Mary Godwin eloped with Shelley.

Christy Baxter, whose name appears in all the biographies of Shelley and of Mary Godwin, survived all her family, dying at Mid Street, Dundee, in 1886, aged ninety-three years, and in very reduced circumstances. In 1882 the late Mr. A. C. Haden

(son of Sir F. Seymour Haden, the famous etcher) was resident in Dundee and visited Christy Baxter, communicating the result to the present writer. She was rather hurt at the idea that her sister Isabella (Mrs. D. Booth) had been represented as the chief friend of Mary Godwin, as she claimed that she was



The Cottage.

where Mary Godwin stayed, in Broughly Ferry Road, Dundee, as it was in 1813-14.
Drawn by David Small.

in closer intimacy, and had met many distinguished literary men at Skinner Street while on her long visit to William Godwin. Her brother, Robert Baxter, was acquainted with Charles Clairmont while that youth was in Constable's printing office in Edinburgh, thus affording another link with the Shelley circle and Dundee.

SHELLEY IN LONDON.

BY RÖGER ING PEN.

THE pleasant, social side of London life in the reign of George III, which attracted Byron, Rogers, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, did not interest Shelley. Although he was drawn to London from time to time for the sake of meeting his friends he never desired to live there for any love of the town, and his association was chiefly that of a visitor. In "Peter Bell the Third" he satirises with grim humour the corrupt side of London life, and declares that :

"Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown and still less pity. . . ."

It is true to say that Shelley while in London, and especially during the winter of 1814, saw much of the sordid side of London life. He suffered poverty in obscure lodgings and was in constant dread of arrest for debt, and was in touch with moneylenders and lawyers. London therefore probably suggested no very pleasant thoughts to him when he was in Italy. His earlier impressions may have been pleasanter.

Shelley's father when in London used to put up at Miller's Hotel, Westminster Bridge, in order to be near the House of Commons, and probably it was there that Bysshe stayed during his earliest visits to London. When at Eton he used to come up to London to see his friend Edward Fergus Graham, who lived at 29, Vine Street, Piccadilly, and we read of a visit planned to his cousins, the Groves, at their house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Shelley's sisters, Mary and Hellen, were at Miss Fenning's school—Church House—which stood on the north side of Clapham Common, near the "Old Town," directly facing Trinity Church. The site is now occupied by Nelson Terrace. It was there that Shelley first met Harriet Westbrook, his future wife, a beautiful school-girl with a complexion of "brilliant pink and white and hair quite like a poet's dream and Bysshe's peculiar admiration." One of Shelley's most memorable stays in London was immediately after he and Hogg were expelled from Oxford. On the day following that event, March 26th, those two young philosophers took places on the outside of the coach for London. Lodgings for the night were obtained at a coffee-shop in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, and the evening was spent with Shelley's cousins, the Groves, at their house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The next day Shelley and Hogg went in search of lodgings, which were not easily found to Bysshe's satisfaction. At one place he objected to the street cries, at another to the appearance of the landlady or her maid, but at length they came to Poland Street, off the Oxford Road. The name had a pleasing sound to Shelley's ears, as it reminded him "of Jane Porter's novel, 'Thaddeus Warsaw,' and liberty." The sitting-room on the first floor specially attracted Shelley, though somewhat dark and quiet, for its walls were covered with a gay paper of "trellises, vine-leaves with their tendrils, and huge clusters of grapes, green and purple, all represented in lively

colours." Shelley was delighted and declared that they should live there for ever. His bedroom opened out of the sitting-room, which had the same paper on the walls, and while touching them he wanted to know if grapes really grew in that manner anywhere. Hogg, however, who never despised creature comforts, ordered a fire. The house in Poland Street is still standing, and until recently it remained much in the same condition as in Shelley's time. To-day it presents a greatly altered appearance. Hogg has given us a very lively and detailed account of his stay in London with Shelley at this time, but it was only of brief duration, as on April 16th he was sent to the north of England by his friends. After Hogg's departure Shelley remained alone at the lodgings for a month, until about May 15th, when he returned to the paternal roof, Field Place. Towards the end of his stay at Poland Street he was restless and lonely. His father in a letter described him as "woefully melancholy," but he was anxious that Shelley should be left alone as a punishment for having been expelled from Oxford. Shelley's solitude, however, drove him for companionship to the Westbrooks' house—23, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square. The house was long ago demolished with the rest of the street, which was rebuilt as Aldford Street. After his visit to Field Place, Shelley went to see his cousins, the Groves, at their place in Wales. From there he



15, Poland Street, Soho.

Drawing by F. Clementson.

This and our other two drawings of Shelley's London homes are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen from his edition of "The Letters of Shelley" (Pitmans), now reissued, without illustrations, in Messrs. Bells' Bohn's Library series.



23, Chapel Street.

Drawing by D. Collins.

By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.

wrote to Hogg early in August that in consequence of the persecution of Harriet Westbrook by her father he was coming to London to carry her off. Shelley asked for letters to be directed to him at his friend Graham's (who apparently had moved)—18, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. He seems to have been at the Groves' during this visit, but I cannot say whether it is known where he stayed. However, it was from the house in Chapel Street late in August, 1811, probably Saturday, August 24th, that Harriet Westbrook went forth to

elope with Shelley, who was waiting with a hackney coach outside a small coffee-house in Mount Street, near her father's house.

Shelley's next visit to London was in November, 1812, where he stayed at Lewis's Hotel, St. James's Street. On April 5th, 1813, he was in town, apparently with the object of seeing "Queen Mab" through the press. Hogg says that the Shelleys "remained a few days at a hotel in Dover Street [Cook's Hotel, which probably ran through from Albemarle Street to Dover Street], and then Harriet took lodgings in Half Moon Street, accounting the situation fashionable"; they stayed there several months, and then went to Pimlico to be near the Boinvilles, which was esteemed very desirable; and there I think Ianthe was born. In the August following Shelley came of age. There was a little projecting window in Half Moon Street in which Shelley might be seen from the street all day long, book in hand, with lively gestures and bright eyes; so that Mrs. Newton said "he wanted only a pan of clear water and a fresh turf to look like some lady's lark hanging outside for air or song." I believe that the house in Half Moon Street in which Shelley lived has not been identified. It has probably been pulled down. Nor can anything be said about the house in Pimlico where his first child was born.

Shelley eloped with Mary Godwin, then but a girl of sixteen, on July 28th, 1814. She left her father's shop in Skinner Street, Holborn, and a few steps brought her to the corner of Hatton Garden, where Shelley was waiting with a post-chaise. Skinner Street was completely destroyed in order to erect Holborn Viaduct, and with it Godwin's shop, which was largely associated with Shelley. Shelley and Mary returned to London on September 13th, 1814, and lodged at 56, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. They then occupied lodgings in various houses during that winter of poverty in London. On March 29th, 1816, Shelley wrote from 26, Marchmont Street, Russell Square. It was a lodging-house (and is still standing), which was patronised on more than one occasion by Shelley, and that address is mentioned in his will.

In March, 1818, when Shelley was preparing for what proved to be his final departure from England, he lodged at Great Russell Street—the number has not been identified. Here he saw his friends and here he took leave of them; he sailed from Dover on March 12th.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original four-line epigram on any recent novel.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of *THE BOOKMAN* will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for *THE BOOKMAN* Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to H. I. Strand, of Knoyle, Seaton, Devon, for the following :

THE HAMLETS.

Not to have known you!—O hamlets of England
Held in the shade of the old English trees ;
You with the gentle eyes seen in your doorways
Where the blue cottage-smoke curls to the breeze.

Not to have known you!—and these your enchantments,
Little dim thatches all fragrant of peat ;
Here a grey belfry, and there a brown brooklet,
Plashing its way by a cobble-stoned street.

Not to have known you!—O hamlets of England,
That were misfortune too fell to be told ;
I who have known in the light of Life's morning,
Pray to return to you when I am old.

Though I should fare to the bounds of the oceans—
Even the isles of the uttermost seas—
I must come home to you, hamlets of England,
Held in the shade of your wardens the trees.

We also select for printing :

THE LOST COUNTRY.

Where now are the tall spires with the sunshine on their
vanes ?

Where the magic mountains beyond the rainbow plains ?
The glamour of wind-tossed fountains, the brooks that
leapt and sang,

And the wild, sweet voice of promise wherewith the whole
world rang ?

I walk in a haunted city where pale ghosts turn to me
With eyes of a wistful longing that once was ecstasy ;
I listen for songs and laughter, but only the sound of
tears

And the silence that follows after drifts down the vanished
years.

Never again, my soul, in sunshine or in rain ;
Hands have shattered the bowl, drought has withered the
grain.

Never again, O Youth, the feet that naught can tire,
The joy of the whirlwind's swift pursuit, the height, the
cloud, the fire !

(G. Laurence Groom, 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's
Park, N.W.1.)

A GARDEN OF DREAMS.

The wind played over my face,
It murmured and sang in my ears ;
But the winds of memory surged and sang
Across the years.

I heard the flutter of wings
As the birds flew past my hair ;
But the winds of memory stirred my heart
In the garden fair.

Cherry-bloom white as snow,
And a sky of cloudless blue.
But the garden I saw was a Garden of Dreams,
Where you passed through.

(Evelina San Garde, Gaulkthorne House,
Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent by Olive
R. Bridgman (Cape Province, South Africa), J. O.
Dwyer (Lichfield), B. M. Danby (Scarborough), Nancy
Pollock (Glasgow), Margaret Huggins (Exmouth),

Rudolf Robert (Bristol), Constance I. Davies (Hamilton,
Ontario), Dorothy O. Trollope (East Ham), Phyllis
Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Edith Allen (Bristol),
R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), Margaret Ormiston
(London, S.W.), Hilda de Fleury (Tadworth), Maud
Slessor (Rottingdean), C. W. Prosser (Ramsgate),
E. Gwen Mountford (Leytonstone), Renney Rowlett
(Manchester), Clara M. Wayland (Lilac, Saskatchewan),
Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Dorothy Cutts (Aberdeen),
F. N. Jellicoe (Southwold), Arthur Powell (London,
S.W.), J. N. Maciver (Bushey), C. E. Askew (Tipton),
C. B. Hardmore (Canterbury), Doris Amy Ibbotson
(Newport, Isle of Wight), Margaret Skelton (Carlisle),
M. A. Ruck (Bubbenhall), F. M. Barnett (Tile-
hurst), Eva Dobell (Malvern), John A. Belchambers
(Highgate Hill), H. Preiss (Cape Province, South Africa),
Rosamond Pratt (Muswell Hill), Montague Hayward
Potter (Rome), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian),
Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Lilian Holmes (Pinner),
Annie L. Vale (Bridgwater), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-
on-Trent), W. G. Stone (Leytonstone), D. A. R. G.
(Bridgwater), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill),
D. Phyllis Flowerdew (Llanelly), Julia Wickham
Greenwood (Gibraltar), Enid Blyton (Beckenham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quota-
tion is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown,
of 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells, for
the following :

MONEY AND CREDIT. BY C. J. MELROSE.
(Collins.)

"How happy could I be with either."

GAY, *The Beggar's Opera*.



26, Marchmont Street,

where Shelley lodged in London.

Drawing by D. Collins.

By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.



Mr. E. R. Eddison,
author of "The Worm Ouroboros," recently
published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

"I'll marry one lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley,
Kent.)

SOME THINGS THAT MATTER. BY LORD RIDDELL.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!"

R. BROWNING, *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

(Ada F. Strike, 38, Harrow Road, Worthing.)

REVOLUTION. BY J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins.)

"And liberty plucks justice by the nose."

SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, Act I, Sc. 4.

(Florence M. Campbell, Y.W.C.A., Post Office Road,
Bournemouth.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best passage from English literature in praise of the Gardener is divided, and Two Books each awarded to Mabel Westby-Nunn, of 6, Painswick Lawn, Cheltenham Spa, and K. I. Noble, of 9, Forest Rise, E.17, for the following:

"To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God. . . . It is work for a God."—CARLYLE.

MABEL WESTBY-NUNN.

"You shall see the blessings of God on your labours while you live, and leave behind you to heire's and successors such a worke, that many ages after your death shall record your love to your country."—WILLIAM LAWSON.

K. I. NOBLE.

We select for special commendation the replies from Mrs. M. H. Snow (Margate), Marcella Whitaker (Carlton), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), G. Hill (Mill Hill), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Cecil W. Hull (Hazelwood), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), A. U. Brickenden (Wexford), Miles March (Liverpool), Flora Bigham (Tillington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Kathleen Rice, of "The Warren," Devonshire Road, Harpenden, Herts, for the following:

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN.

BY MAY SINCLAIR. (Collins.)

Miss Sinclair has achieved a rather wonderful piece of work in this book. In less than two hundred pages she has vividly portrayed the life, mind and thoughts of a real woman. The story is a quiet tragedy; and all the more arrestingly tragic because of its commonplace. Harriett Frean, her early life eclipsed by the intensity of her love for her parents, so unconsciously repressed her natural instincts that, as she grew older, she became incapable of

We also select for printing:

A GREAT SURPRISE. BY NAT GOULD.

(John Long.)

"This house 'is to be let."

FRANCIS QUARLES, *Epigrams*.

(N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)

MANY ALTARS.

BY MAUD I. NISBET.
(John Long.)

anything beyond mechanical action and thought. The story is one of the finest psychological studies that Miss Sinclair has written.

We also select for printing:

TITLE CLEAR.

BY SARA JEAN-NETTE DUNCAN.

(MRS. EVERARD COTES).

(Hutchinson.)



Mr. William Gerhardt,
whose striking novel of Russian life, "Futility,"
Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing.

This book is a treasure in these triangle-plot days. It is clean and gay, with the freshness of scarcely dried ink about it, the characters breathe, the dialogue is good and humorous. The scene is laid in a tiny Perthshire village, and the book with its two delightful heroines will appeal both to Scotch and English readers. It stands a big test: it can be read aloud; it is a book to buy and to lend. "Title Clear" deserves a wide public, and no one who cares for modern Scotch literature must miss it. Mrs. Cotes has excelled herself.

(A. A. A., 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.)

THE THINGS WE ARE.

BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable.)

There is a limpid, flowing rhythm about this very introspective book. It relates the gradual unfolding of Mr. Boston's inner self, his many-sided relations with acquaintances and his curious misgivings and reticences. We see the innumerable contradictory forces that draw people into closest affinity and divide them across measureless space. There are passages—particularly the one about the garden at Hampstead and Keats's house—which stir with an odd sense as of some half-recaptured wonder—like the dim memory of an old dream. The whole book has an air of strange beauty.

(Joyce McGown Clark, "The Kieve," Sunninghill, Berks.)

PAULINA. BY MAX PEMBERTON. (Cassell.)

Max Pemberton's new book relates the story of the last days of the Venetian Republic and of the futile effort of Paulina, the Doge's daughter, and her English lover to save the city. Paulina's adventures with sea-rovers, her honourable captivity in Paris and her successful attempt at gaining the acquittal of her lover from a charge of murder, form an excellent and entertaining plot. Add to this the author's well-known talent for "costume" writing and vivid description, and the result is in every way a fine piece of work.

(H. A. Bush, 3, Crawford Avenue, Bolton, Lancs.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews sent by Enid Blyton (Beckenham), B. Noel Saxelby (Buxton), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), V. Narayanan (Madras), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), B. C. Hardy (Kensington), James A. Richards (Tenby), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Vivien Ford (Kensington).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Oliver Martin Warner, of 68, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

MR. HARDY'S NEW POEMS.*

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THE "late lyrics" in this volume form about half of the contents, and show that with Mr. Hardy at any rate the poet's fire does not "get faint and low" with advancing years. The rest of the pieces are poems left over from preceding collections, or overlooked and newly found.

One of the impressions strongly remaining after reading these pages is the deep affection for the art of music that constantly finds direct or indirect expression. It is not a vague "panting for the music which is divine," nor the abstract enthusiasm of the concert haunter, so much as a natural love, deepened and engrained by long associations, for music itself and perhaps

still more for all that music represents in the traditional life of the countryside—the life-sweetening moments, the gay release from labour—mingled with affectionate memories of the musicians themselves, young and old; memories of dance-tunes and those who played

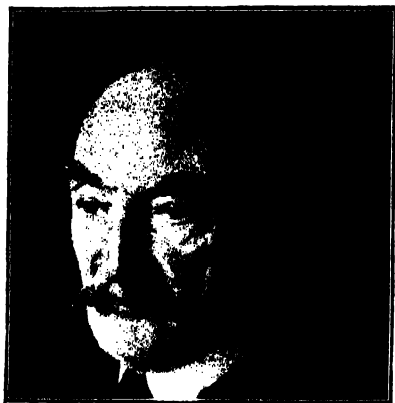


Photo by
E. O. Hoppl.

Mr. Thomas
Hardy.

them and those who danced to them; of village choirs and bell-ringers; an affection flowing out even to the well-worn instruments themselves, lending them each life and personality. We are reminded of scenes in the Wessex novels like the opening chapters of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and remember the vein of true artist feeling and understanding that shows itself unconsciously and delightfully in certain of the homely-natured villagers.

Most poets apparently have little comprehension or appreciation of music. Swinburne, it is said, did not know "God Save the Queen" when he heard it. Browning was an exception; but though capable of very musical verse, he cannot be called a melodious poet. Nor is Mr. Hardy a melodious poet, though he too, it is obvious, could write delightful melody if he chose. Indeed he does sometimes so choose. Witness some of the songs in this book. Here is one:

"If grief come early
Joy comes late,
If joy come early
Grief will wait;
Aye, my dear and tender!

"Wise ones joy them early
While the cheeks are red,
Banish grief till surly
Time has dulled their dread.

* "Late Lyrics and Earlier: With many other verses."
By Thomas Hardy. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

"And joy being ours
Ere youth has flown,
The later hours
May find us gone;
Aye, my dear and tender!"

But the theme needs to be simple—a jet of emotion—for the melody to come unchecked. If a poet aims at verbal melody he must reckon to sacrifice weight and precision of meaning to a certain degree. And two qualities of Mr. Hardy's gift prevent his speech from obeying more than occasionally the pure singing impulse. One of these is the activity of his thought, his ever-present consciousness of the problems of existence; the other is his passion for what in a painter would be called good drawing; his structural definition, his scrupulous aversion from easy smoothness, from vagueness and from merely emotional or decorative colour. Perhaps the novelist's pursuit of close detail in description has strengthened a natural bent; and though even in prose Mr. Hardy's descriptions are essentially poetic, with their constant awareness of the invisible energies at work behind motionless surfaces, still we feel that as a poet he shows a defect when he rejects or fails to find the word which, by sound rather than sense, is emotionally significant and therefore right. His verse but rarely carries a bloom on it. He coins words, or invents new uses for words, as boldly as Shakespeare; but he has not (who has?) Shakespeare's uncanny felicity.

Whether deliberately or no, Mr. Hardy seems to have founded his lyric art on those forms of song which the genius of a people discovers by instinct for itself; simple forms which yet, as we know from many an anonymous song and ballad that has come down to us, imply a fundamental sense of beauty and expressive power. Economised narrative; dramatic speech; varied repetition of a lilting refrain; the compressed intensity we find in "The Two Corbies" and "Edward, Edward" or "Clerk Saunders"—these are Mr. Hardy's chosen aims and chosen modes. But into the forms and manners of old tradition he imparts the colour of his peculiar imagination and all the curiosity of a modern, probing mind. He varies the measures too; always tending, it would seem, to prefer the technically more difficult metre, as if he courted resistance in his material and delighted in an obstacle ingeniously overcome. Still, the fundamental plan of his lyrics is that of folk-song and ballad; hence a definiteness of outline and a solidity for which in these days we are grateful.

The ironies of circumstance still have their old fascination for Mr. Hardy, not only as the thoughtful spectator of life, but as the dramatic artist intent on the crucial situation when the souls of men and women are shown naked. A master of compressed narrative, he varies here on familiar themes. But he wins us more with other pieces, such as "The Whitewashed Wall":

"Why does she turn in that shy, soft way
Whenever she stirs the fire,
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall
As if entranced to admire
Its whitewashed bareness? . . ."

A friend had once outlined the shadow of her son's head on the wall, thrown by the firelight, and the silhouette had a "lifelike semblance." Then the whitewasher came and whitewashed the wall and covered the face from view:

"But she knows he's there. And when she yearns
For him, deep in the labouring night,
She sees him as close at hand, and turns
To him under his sheet of white."

Who but Hardy could have written that, with its tender unexpectedness? (Must we also add, with the forced accents of its metre?) Or the "Fallow Deer at the Lonely House":

"One without looks in to-night
Through the curtain-chink
From the sheet of glistening white;
One without looks in to-night
As we sit and think
By the fender-brink.

"We do not discern those eyes
Watching in the snow;
Lit by lamps of rosy dyes
We do not discern those eyes
Wondering, aglow,
Four-footed, tiptoe."

I wish I had more space to quote, especially the beautiful poem which closes the book—"Survivor." But this, I doubt not, will soon be familiar to all lovers of poetry.

The volume is prefaced by an "Apology," which is mainly a repudiation of the author's alleged "pessimism," and goes on to suggest that we are threatened with a new Dark Age, owing to "the barbarising of taste in the younger minds by the dark madness of the late war" and "the unabashed cultivation of selfishness in all classes"; and concludes with an affirmation of the

necessity of religion "unless the world is to perish," and a "forlorn hope" of its alliance with complete rationality. Here is plenty of matter for discussion, but I have little space left. Mr. Hardy contends that "pessimism" misnames what are only "obstinate questionings" in face of the mysteries of the universe; and he quotes an old line of his own:

"If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst."

Pessimism is truly a word of sloven usage nowadays; and all honest thinkers are liable to incur the charge. But I think Mr. Hardy may forget that he has sometimes seemed to assume a positive malice in the Unseen Power; it is things like the concluding sentence of "Tess" which stick in the mind, and give some excuse to the criticisms he complains of. Nevertheless he is right; no true pessimist would still be singing at eighty, with a glorious record of creativeness behind him. And after all it is not by a writer's expressed philosophy of life that we judge him; it is by the contact with his spirit and all that this means in the enriching of our own lives. And we think of the men and women that people the Wessex novels, and remember how, entwined with the energy that created them, is a deep, if never obtruded, faith in human courage and human goodness.

Mr. Hardy speaks, not without some bitterness, of the rough handling he has had from critics, and has some justly trenchant words on the tendency of average criticism to "scrutinise the tool-marks and be blind to the building." But he must know that, if late in finding full appreciation, his work has won the victory over all the stupidity of detraction, though he does not perhaps realise how numerous are the "troops of friends" who honour him in his greatness and his old age.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY MARKET.

BY G. H. GRUBB.

TO achieve the "best selling" stage in America is more than something attempted and something done. It is, literally, a very big accomplishment. And it means, not a 20,000 sale, as Mr. Frankau recently stated to be the line of the "best seller" in England, but anything from 100,000 to 500,000 or more. Probably the largest circulation in recent years belongs

to Harold Bell Wright whose earlier books sold to an enormous extent—more than the half-million. Latterly he has not reached so prodigious a sale. Then another top notcher, as they say, is Gene Stratton-Porter, whose numbers

increase rather than diminish. And, interestingly enough, she has tens of thousands of readers in England. But, of course, the most notable success of recent times is that of Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." Like "The Rosary," it is an English novel which first got going in America, the furioso of its popularity carrying its contagion to Great Britain. And "If Winter Comes" made its way by sheer merit. The American publishers gave it no special publicity at first. It just captured the imagination of the people and, we dare say, by this it is reaching the half-million mark. Mr. Hutchinson does not understand it. He is so naturally and refreshingly modest, that those of us who know him are not surprised at his reaction to this, to most people, stupefying success. He has but come into his own—long overdue. There are half a dozen other English novels securing big sales in America, the most prominent being Mrs. Hull's "The Sheikh." I believe an impression is printed each week! Then there is Mr. Paris's "Kimono." Both of these have all the popular elements in them which make a best seller. But it is good news to note the



Photo by
E. O. Hopfl.

Mr. G. H. Grubb.

immediate success of Mr. Keable's relentless romance, "Simon called Peter"—so badly misunderstood in England—although it has had many printings. "Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini, too, has intrigued a large number of American readers, while, of course, Miss Dell repeats her "imperial" success both with her latest long novel, "The Obstacle Race," and her spring volume, "The Odds, and other Stories," and Mr. Bennett's "Mr. Prohack" is said to be doing well. It is intellectually satisfying to observe that Michael Sadleir's "Privilege" is making its way with the thinking novel reader on the other side of the Atlantic, as was the case here, and now news reaches us that Miss Larminie's very penetrating study in psychology, "Search," is being approved. In the light of the preceding notes, it cannot be said that America is neglecting the new school of British novelists. We are only touching upon current happenings. There are many other tried and famous writers whose following in the United States is considerable. But, apart from all this, America has its own writers of novels, and their importance and numbers are growing yearly. It says much for their mental energy and broadness of view that, in addition to their new intense and convincing colony of novelists, they are able to absorb and digest so many English authors. On this there is scope for an exhaustive and analytical chapter. It is, in passing, worth while checking off those American novelists who have recently found favour in the eye of the American public. "Main Street" of course; there has been a fine race for supremacy between it and "If Winter Comes"—and I think Mr. Hutchinson will win. That is odd, because Mr. Lewis has given us a remarkable picture of a very real phase of a certain aspect of American life. Here it has, in comparison with its success yonder, lamentably failed. A pity; for it just misses greatness. We must not forget Hergesheimer's "Cythera," Norris's "Brass"—still in activity—Herbert Quick's "Vandemarks Folly," a good story; Mrs. Atherton's "Sleeping Fires," Sydnor Harrison's "Saint Terasa"—a fine romance—that novel teeming with life behind the beyond, "The Flaming Forest," by James Curwood, and Dorothy Canfield's novel, which has been running well for some months now, "The Brimming Cup." One other novel, immense in its restless realism, but a pioneer in the new school of American fiction, which apparently Mr. Walpole has not yet found in England, but which is published here, is Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn," over which there has been much writing and more conversations than over any other first American novel for years past. Mr. Hecht is a Chicago newspaper man, and he has given us a picture extraordinary in its colouring and fascinating in its scheme. Just what his next novel, which he is busily completing, will be like, it is difficult to say, but judging by its title, which he tells us is "Gargoyles," we may expect a story which will cause us to scratch our intellects. And what of the "best sellers" in America in general literature? Again an Englishman holds pride of place—Mr. Duster, with his "Mirror" books, although there are those who say that "The Mirrors of Washington" has broken the tape with him. Word has just come to hand that the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" has written another book. This time it will not be a series of character

studies, but a general cross-section of political life and tendencies at Washington, with sidelights on the "great," and others of the capital. But these four volumes have been chased pretty closely by that burlesque of Southern Sea literature, "The Cruise of the *Kawa*," by Captain Traprock, who, by the way, is said to be planning a "trip" to Africa or the North Pole, or somewhere else! In non-fiction Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" holds sway, but it will probably soon be pushed aside by Professor Thomson's "Outline of Science." We must not forget Lord Frederic Hamilton's delightful volumes of reminiscences, especially "Here, There, and Everywhere," the sales of which are going up in leaps and bounds; or Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria," which has probably reached 50,000 by this. Sir Philip Gibbs always makes countless friends, with his frank and honest books, in America, and his "More That Must be Told," is no exception, while of course Mrs. Asquith's book is read almost as feverishly as ever. On the whole, she did very well on her recent lecture tour, and her volume of impressions, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth will publish here, should be sure of a great sale. These are the English general books doing exceptionally well in America. The most successful American book in this category, or rather books, are Mr. Bok's "Americanization," and "The Story of Mankind," by H. W. Van Loon. Both most entertaining. Others are: "Outwitting Our Nerves," a very good selling title, by Jackson & Salisbury, Mr. Tumulty's book on Mr. Wilson, "What Next in Europe," by Mr. Vanderlip, Harold Stearn's "Civilization in the United States," Basil King's "Conquest of Fear," and Julian Street's "Mysterious Japan." I suppose most of the books to which we have referred are, or will be, published in England.

Three British dramatists have lately met with success in America: Lord Dunsany with "If"—to be shortly produced in New York—Temple Thurston with "The Wandering Jew," and Mr. Milne with "The Truth About Blayds." "If" and Mr. Thurston's play have been published in book form, and Mr. Milne's "Truth About Blayds," and probably one, if not others of his plays will be out in the near future. Mr. Milne has done well in America. "Mr. Pim" is going strong, while his "Red House Mystery" has scored an immediate success. It is already in its third impression, while his delicious and delectable "If I May" and "Not that it Matters" have been printed many times.

Messrs. Doran have discovered Dorothy Spears. She has got to be known in England—and she will be appreciated. Until recently she was an undergraduate at college, training for the operatic stage. Last year she wrote a novel, "Dancers in the Dark"—and it is succeeding. She is worth watching: she is young, penetrating, analytical, charming. She has many books at the back of her visions, and she will write them, and they will be good, with a background and atmosphere which will appeal to most of us.

Last month that far too infrequent writer, Edgar Guest, published "Making the House a Home." Too infrequent because of his allurements, although I dare say he writes as much as most men. Nobody, excepting himself and his fortunate publishers,

knows just how many thousands of copies his books sell, and it surprises us that he has not any great field here.

A new Stevenson? Some are saying so. Anyhow, Mr. Robert Gordon Anderson's "The Isle of the Seven Moons" is of "Treasure Island" kind, and the writing is not unreminiscent. He brings back the old thrills with a novel of sizzling adventure, brave men, arch villains, love and romance. He gets you down, by various breathless machinations, to a real mystic isle somewhere off the chart, and your blood pumps, and your heart sighs, and you realise that it's all good stuff in good style. Mr. Anderson wrote a great little

book on Roosevelt—"Leader of Men," as he so aptly called it.

Out there came, on the heels of the Conference at Washington, "The Great Adventure at Washington," by Mark Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan's various articles are syndicated to more than seventy daily papers throughout the United States, and they are read in every state in the Union. If only Mr. Balfour—it is difficult to call him Earl—would give us his book. It would outshine (and that is not disrespect) Mr. Wells's, and Mr. Sullivan's, and others to come. If the Earl ever writes his memoirs, Washington must figure very largely in them—or, at least, it should.

New Books.

THE DAY'S RATION.*

It is worthy of notice that within a few weeks of each other came the present moral restorative from J. M. Barrie and the final disappearance from public life of a source of moral infection. The terrible question that arises is whether the poison has gone beyond the power of any antidote. Matthew Arnold was fond of telling us that conduct is three-fourths of life. We need not dispute over the fraction: the fact is indisputable, and it applies to public as well as to private life. The last few terrible years, years of war and of peace, have seen something like a complete abdication of moral leadership here. No one wants a reign of cant, but we all long for a restoration of character. At present we are in the grip of material things. The material has us all in thrall, and success is measured by the champagne glass. On the very day when I write these lines the papers are printing in large head-lines full details of a great Society race-meeting, giving the numbers of dozens of champagne waiting on ice, the probable cost of the female garments worn, the huge prices paid for transport or accommodation, and so forth. The same papers, voicing the deep convictions of this chicken-fed, silk-clad, pleasure-hunting multitude, assure us that we are nationally bankrupt, too poor to pay for feeding our half-starved school children, and much too poor to pay for teachers to educate them. Education can't be measured by the champagne glass.

Let us turn for a change to the last lines of Barrie's address:

"Mighty are the Universities of Scotland, and they will prevail. But even in your highest exultations never forget that they are not four but five. The greatest of them is the poor, proud homes you come out of, which said so long ago, 'There shall be education in this land.' She, not St. Andrews, is the oldest University in Scotland."

His theme was Courage—an immaterial thing, you see; not Success, not Attainment, but just Going-On; and I set beside it for your consideration the theme of another, a Member of Parliament, who in public meeting declared, "What is the use of giving everybody a good education? There can only be one Lord Chancellor."

Barrie's address was just the sort of speech we needed during the war, when we were all being disgraced by the nired claptrap of rascals. It is the sort of thing we need even more at the present moment; for our leadership needs Character and Courage, which is the expression of Character.

The address was delivered to the young, and to the young at a Scottish University. A young man may well learn Courage at a Scottish University; at an English University he seems more eager to learn Correctness. Correctness is a very good thing, but Courage is a better. When Mr. Valiant-for-Truth went down into the water that bounded his course in this world, he cried, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" No doubt there

'Courage.' By J. M. Barrie. 2s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

were some on the banks who observed that a decent silence would have suited the occasion better, and that singing in the water simply wasn't done. Bunyan of course couldn't know that, for he was poor, and an Englishman. But of Mr. Valiant it is written, "So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Well, the Rectorial eulogy of Courage is delivered, and it is dead, unless it lives in some young hearts. What are they going to do about it? Are they going to let us, their "betters," continue our spoiling of the world? Are they going to harden, too, into "betters," spending liberally on guns and poison gas and champagne and race-gowns, while the soldiers' children go bare and hungry and untaught? If we are poor, the more need for Courage. If a wretched world is to be put straight, it must be the courageous young who do it; and they will have to be very courageous indeed if they are to set stern faces against the clever ones who, by the Mercy of Allah, have profited. Still, what is there that Youth and Courage cannot do?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

BOOKS AND CHARACTERS.*

Most of these essays of Mr. Strachey's show him experimenting with the method which he brought to perfection in "Queen Victoria." It shows a lamentable poverty of memory, or of culture, in the ordinary reading public that Mr. Strachey's reconstructions of famous figures in social and literary history should have been greeted as an astonishing novelty. He simply adapted to his time and illuminated with his own individual irony the methods of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold. Indeed, to mention these two names is to realise how thin a great deal of Mr. Strachey's criticism is. Sainte-Beuve and Arnold each had prejudices; but they avoided the cheaper score which Mr. Strachey did not disdain in the essay on Manning, in certain passages of "Gordon" and in much of "Queen Victoria." In this volume will be found some of his best and least malicious writing. His natural affinity with Voltaire makes the essays on that great man particularly good; and in the paper on Blake Mr. Strachey shows a surprising aptitude for an imaginative insight into a character which gives him no legitimate opportunities for satire or ridicule. There are absurd judgments in the essay—for instance, the sentence, "there is an even more serious objection to Blake's mysticism—and indeed to all mysticism: its lack of humanity"—which shows that Mr. Strachey is temperamentally incapable of understanding much of the most essential things in Blake's character or work; but the essay is invaluable as providing a sort of wordly-man's key to the poetry which is of all English poetry the most remote from the world of common sense and common use. Beside that fact, it is comparatively unimportant that Mr. Strachey cannot distinguish between the vehement

* "Books and Characters." By Lytton Strachey. 12s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Books and Habits." By Lafcadio Hearn. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

humanity of all true mysticism, including Blake's, but apparently confuses it with the false mysticism of such poets as Shelley and Whitman. Blake properly read is as human in his ecstasy as is Charles Dickens in his.

The truth is that there are certain aspects of poetry with which Mr. Strachey cannot cope. The elaborate essay on "Shakespeare's Final Period" is little more than a long essay in misunderstanding of "The Tempest." To concentrate on Caliban as giving the meaning of "The Tempest" is as perverse, more perverse indeed, than it would be to find the meaning of "The Ring and the Book" in Guido rather than in Pompilia. It is just because that, in spite of Caliban, "The Tempest" leaves the reader with a sense of achieved resignation that we feel Shakespeare has not found something in life which he had not found when he wrote "Measure for Measure" or "Hamlet" or "King Lear":

"It is difficult to resist the conclusion that he was getting bored himself. Bored with people, bored with real life, bored with drama, bored, in fact, with everything except poetry and poetical dreams. He is no longer interested, one often feels, in what happens, or in who says what, so long as he can find place for a faultless lyric, or a new, unimagined rhythmical effect, or a grand and mystic speech. . . . Is it not thus, then, that we should imagine him in the last years of his life? Half enchanted by visions of beauty and loveliness, and half bored to death; on the one side inspired by a soaring fancy to the singing of ethereal songs, and on the other urged by a general disgust to burst occasionally through his torpor into bitter and violent speech? If we are to learn anything of his mind from his last works, it is surely this."

So Mr. Strachey sees Shakespeare, and I am sure that he will remain alone in his vision. It seems to me to have nothing to recommend it except a perverse ingenuity which is dissatisfied with any sharing of a too-popular opinion.

After the essays on Voltaire, the best are those on Racine, Rousseau and Sir Thomas Browne. The estimate of this last great author is full of fine and enthusiastic things finely said—the manner only occasionally spoiled by such phrases as "Methuselah . . . the remote, almost infinite, almost ridiculous patriarch." Mr. Strachey endeavours with a gallantry that I can only admire to revive the memory of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Beddoes is one of those witty authors who are obscure enough to intrigue one in youth, and who on investigation prove to be almost everything except readable. Evidently Mr. Strachey has read him, and very significant things he finds in him; but I cannot believe that he will find many who will agree with him that these lines "evoke sensations of pure loveliness":

"So fair a creature! of such charms compact
As nature stints elsewhere; which you may find
Under the tender eyelid of a serpent,
Or in the gurge of a kiss-coloured rose,
By drops and sparks; but when she moves, you see
Like water from a crystal overfilled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and lave
Her fair sides to the ground."

How ugly are the hard "c" sounds in the first line! How unpleasant the "gurge" of the rose! how Cockney and Leigh Hunt-ish the "kiss-coloured"!

Most of the essays were written before 1914—some as long ago as 1905 or 1906; and oddly enough the two latest—notes on Mr. Creevey and Lady Hester Stanhope—which belong to 1919, are failures, almost parodies of Mr. Strachey's method. He would do well to return to the earlier mood of the papers on Voltaire and Racine, when he showed himself to be, if not reverent, at any rate respectful.

"Books and Habits" consists in the main of essays reprinted from larger volumes. The essays are those which Hearn delivered as lecturer at Tokyo and are full of sympathy for the literature he is analysing and of understanding of the audience which he is addressing. Hearn had as genuine a love of beauty in words as had Addington Symonds, and he had much of Symonds's generous enthusiasm and power of imparting and explaining his own zest. He had, too, a very happy capacity for finding the real merits in minor authors. The essays on Cory's "Ionica" and on "Amis and Anisla" are models of interpretation.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

You will remember the story of the English visitor to a Calcutta jail who inquired why a certain prisoner was so sullen and morose, when all the others were civil and

comparatively cheerful. "Oh, that man, sir," replied the head native warder, "is to be hanged to-morrow for murder. And he is innocent. And it makes him very peevish!"

Well, I have just been reading two books by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, and they have made me very peevish indeed. I am annoyed with Mr. Fletcher be-



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher.

cause he makes irritating blunders, and yet contrives to make his books so interesting that I have to read them from the first page to the last to see what really happens. For instance, in that clever story, "In the Mayor's Parlour,"* he remarks that the town of Hathelsborough has a population of about 7,000. Later on he says that the local newspaper, which is credited with a sale of about five thousand copies, doubles and then trebles its circulation. Presumably the populace became so excited by the murder and its consequences that men, women and children purchased at least two copies each *per diem*. Yet Hathelsborough was an old-fashioned place.

Again, in his book "In the Middle of Things,"† he allows important events to hang on the discovery that a piece of writing paper bears the *watermark* of a small local stationer. Unless the small local stationer was in the habit of ordering his paper by the ton, I should very much like to know how his name appeared on it as a watermark! These are instances: to them may be added a carelessness of phrasing and punctuation which makes one wish that the author would read his proofs more carefully.

It may be suggested that such small matters are unimportant if the story be good, but that is not really so. In the first place, as mere craftsmanship, if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. In the second place, a story which depends—as crime stories do—on its accuracy of detail should be written with meticulous care. And Mr. Fletcher's stories are worthy of such care, for he has a singular facility for devising not only clever plots but ingenious side-issues which can pleasantly bewilder even the most blasé novel reader. It may not seem important that a caretaker is referred to once as "sergeant-major" and in another place as "sergeant"; yet if the reader is to be impressed by the grave importance of details, he will not expect to find even such a trifling confusion unless it has a definite meaning.

I hope that the author, should he read my criticisms, will not regard them as cheap attempts to pick holes in his work. It is because I am impressed by his ingenuity and his power of sustaining the interest right through his stories that I should like to see him give those stories just that little extra revision in proof which is so wearisome to a tired writer, but which makes all the difference to the finished article.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

BUCHAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.‡

No history of the war in our language can for a moment compare with Mr. Buchan's magnificent synthesis and—with certain limitations—marvellously penetrative analysis of the greatest struggle ever recorded of mankind.

* "In the Mayor's Parlour." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

† "In the Middle of Things." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

‡ "A History of the Great War." By John Buchan. In four vols., each 25s. net. Vol. III. (Nelson.)

If it is those limitations which most forcibly strike the careful reader of this third volume, it is an instinctive tribute to Mr. Buchan's potentialities. They are not limitations consequent upon incapacity. They are deliberate abstentions on his part, in certain respects, from that constructive criticism which alone makes history valuable and which the public has a right to expect from a historian of his genius. They are all the more glaring by contrast with his masterly handling of all those phases of the war in which the responsibility of the British High Command by land and sea is not involved.

Mr. Buchan stated in his opening volume that he wrote his history primarily for the English-speaking peoples. This does not imply that the English-speaking peoples should now be lulled with those assurances that all was perfect in the best of possible worlds which were expedient while the struggle was in progress. It is of the highest and most immediate importance that the British Commonwealth of Nations shall rightly learn the lessons of the war. And there is no one more competent than Mr. Buchan, with his acute penetration of the problems of war, his powerful grasp of its basic principles and wide inter-reactions, his vivid and dignified narrative style, to bring them home to the consciousness of our race. They cannot be brought home if the tender susceptibilities of the Admiralty and the War Office are to be preferred to the education of the people.

This volume covers the period from the beginning of 1916 to October, 1917—a period in which the real brunt of the war fell upon Great Britain and which comprises the vital events of the Battle of Jutland, the Battle of the Somme and the Third Battle of Ypres. It is precisely in the handling of these events, and particularly in the two first, that Mr. Buchan has been less than true to himself. Where in this volume he is describing the operations of the French, the Italians, the Russians, or the Rumanians, he is at once the most acute, unbiased, candid and valuable of historians.

But his story of the Battle of Jutland is a piece of misty camouflage from which nothing emerges except a suspicion that it was written with an eye upon the goodwill of the Admiralty. The uncritical reader is left with the impression that at Jutland British sea-power performed all that was legitimately to be expected of it. Whereas it is a fact, notoriously well known in every country but our own, that at Jutland the British Navy, led by a commander too faithful to Admiralty instructions conceived in the spirit of Byng and Calder rather than of Nelson, missed the supreme opportunity of the war. The authorities furtively recognised this when they awarded Beatty double the grant received by his superior, Jellicoe, but they have been careful not to accentuate the significance of this to the public. If the new generation is to be brought up in the belief that Jutland was a satisfactory performance, that preservation of one's own forces takes precedence over the duty of annihilating the enemy, then, no matter what battle-monsters our technicians build for us, the day of our sea power is ended.

His treatment of the Battle of the Somme is similarly uncandid. He bolsters up the zealously propagated contemporary legend that the Somme was a victory achieved according to plan. It was nothing of the kind. After

the initial failure of July 1st the British High Command felt its prestige so seriously involved that it continued the attack at all costs, regardless of the strategic scheme originally contemplated. Both French and British Governments were so dissatisfied that at the end of 1916 Haig's tenure of his command was in jeopardy. There are many lessons to be learned from the conduct of the Battle of the Somme. The English-speaking peoples purchased them with the flower of their manhood. They have now a right to know them.

Of the Passchendaele Battle Mr. Buchan gives a mere sketchy summary, again minimising the hopes with which it was fought, but he does admit that it was a costly failure.

Jutland, the Somme and Passchendaele—these are the three things that matter chiefly to us in the whole war, for it is on rightly interpreted failures that future successes are built—but for them Mr. Buchan's work is valueless, if not by its implications positively harmful. Those were the moments when the fighting *skill*—valour is not in dispute—of the British race was put to the supreme test, and nothing can eclipse their importance for us. For a general comprehension of the whole mighty drama of the war Mr. Buchan's history is still, as it has always been, *facile princeps*.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.*

The title of Mr. Salmon's itinerary may be taken as representative of the south-west region of England treated in the three books that lie before me. Each of them is a survey of certain portions of the West Country; between them they link up that wide tract starting from the gateway of the west, approximately a line running round from Bristol by way of Marlborough, Newbury, Basingstoke, Alton and Winchester to Southampton, and stretching ultimately to Land's End and the Scillies.

Mr. Salmon and Mr. Holmes approach their subjects from a different standpoint. While the latter sticks to

* "The Heart of the West." A Book of the West Country from Bristol to Land's End. By Arthur L. Salmon. With illustrations by Fred. Adcock. 8s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott).—"Wanderings in Wessex." An Exploration of the Southern Realm from Ichen to Otter. By Edric Holmes. With drawings by M. M. Vigers and illustrations by the author. 8s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott).—"Thomas Hardy's Dorset." By R. Thurston Hopkins. With illustrations by E. Harries and from photographs. 12s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)



Birthplace of Thomas Hardy, Upper Bockhampton

From "Thomas Hardy's Dorset" Cecil Palmer.

**Dorchester.**

From "Wanderings in Wessex" (Robert Scott).
Drawn by M. M. Vigers.

castle and made more of Phillpotts's Dartmoor. His picturesque descriptive powers are shown at their best when he lingers in sentimental mood around dreamy cathedral closes like those of Bristol and Wells, in sleepy little villages or amid the brooding silence of moors. Specially commendable is his peroration on the strange neighbourhood of Land's End. Mr. Fred Adcock's illustrations contribute in no small degree to the entrancement of a well-considered topographical tour through "the Heart of the West."

In the company of Mr. Holmes we feel we go wayfaring with a traveller whose main pursuits are history, archaeology and architecture. Of the atmosphere of place his record takes less account than Mr. Salmon's chronicle. The method, while useful, produces a sense of monotony in the long run. This want of liveliness is occasionally relieved by such full and intriguing passages as those dealing with Stonehenge and Salisbury Plain. Here Mr. Holmes, though examining the various interpretations of the Stonehenge temple with assiduous care, invests his survey with a certain amount of sentiment which is lacking elsewhere in the book. Now and then the author has managed to give an old-world fragrance to his pages, with a goodly sprinkling of quaint epitaphs and inscriptions. The drawings and illustrations, with the addition of helpful plans of Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals, of Corfe Castle and Stonehenge, are all that could be desired. I should like to draw the author's attention to a minor slip. On page 127 Stainsford should be Stinsford. Both books are well provided with adequate maps and copious indexes.

Than Hardy's Dorset, or "Dorset" according to local pronunciation, no region perhaps has been more exhaustively recorded. Personally, I can well understand the fascination it affords the explorer, as not long ago I made more than one fairly extensive jaunt through the Hardy country. Mr. Hopkins comes along as the latest chronicler of Dorset. Frankly one cannot pronounce the outcome of his peregrinations a completely successful piece of literary topography. Everything has been observed more from the author's personal angle than in relation to the Wessex novels. Hardy and his works serve but as a mere framework for Mr. Hopkins's somewhat inconsequent and haphazard method. Overlooking the ill-assorted arrangement, however, the volume supplies much wealth of material about dialect, customs, rustic character and habits of thought, the famous Dorchester ale and the equally noted Dorset inns.

Before taking stock of his qualities, it is necessary to point out Mr. Hopkins's shortcomings. First of all there are some regrettable slips, apparently due either to printer's

facts — historical, architectural and antiquarian — and has something to say about the most out-of-the-way villages, the former dwells upon only those places that call out his sympathetic understanding or provide sufficient reason for his poetic chronicles of their past. Mr. Salmon brings out the literary associations of the West Country with an attractive skill and judgment, though he might have mentioned the relation of Hardy's work with Bos-

errors or insufficient attention to proof-correcting. Wolverton should read Wolfeton; for Sir John Gage read Sir John Gale; for Thoreycombe Wood read Thorncombe Wood; for Strumminster read Sturminster; for Hamworth read Hamworthy; and for Card Junction read Chard Junction. It is unfortunate to find a topographer's work suffer from occasional inaccuracies. I have caught Mr. Hopkins napping in one or two places. He is wrong in

identifying one of the thatched cottages in Stinsford village as the house where lived Mop Ollamoor (not Ollamore, by the way), "the Fiddler of the Reels" in "Life's Little Ironies." Hardy's fictitious name of "Mellstock" includes several villages, hamlets and houses in the parish of Stinsford. Lower Bockhampton is one of them. The novelist clearly states that Mop's house was in "Lower Mellstock" (which has been accepted as approximately Lower Bockhampton), and that when Mop played the fiddle on his doorstep, Carline Aspent, bewitched by the strains, paused on the Bockhampton bridge, "and languidly leaned over the parapet." No such bridge with a parapet exists at Stinsford. Having learnt that this was Ollamoor's supposed abode, I remember going expressly to see the long, low house, which also serves to represent the home of Farmer Shiner in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Again, Mr. Hopkins refers to the popular belief that the novelist is "of the same blood as Nelson's Hardy." But surely in a book of this importance such an interesting historical point might have been made clearer. In this connexion perhaps I may be allowed to quote the words of Mr. Samuel C. Chew in his recent study of Thomas Hardy, wherein he writes: "The statement, still often met with, that Nelson's flag captain was an ancestor of the novelist, is incorrect; Captain Hardy belonged to another branch of the same stock."

The space allotted by the author to an indefensible trespass into Devon, beyond the strict confines of his subject, would have been better used in repairing some unaccountable and grievous omissions. Why should an all-important town like Sherborne, with an abbey that can claim distinction as the finest architectural pile in all Dorset, have been left unexplored? Mr. Hopkins has nothing whatever to relate about Rainbarrow, a tumulus which figures prominently in "The Return of the Native"; of Bhompston Farm, or "Blooms-End," the Yeobright's home; of Affpuddle Church, in which Clym and Eustacia were supposed to have been married; or of West Stafford Church, where Tess and Clare, we may take it, joined in wedlock. Kingston Maurward House is not mentioned, nor Frampton Church with its numerous memorials of the Sheridan family, of Sir Colquhoun Grant and Motley, nor yet the interesting manor, now farm-house, of Woodsford.

These defects notwithstanding, Mr. Hopkins has provided a delightful book. His itinerary is the result more of a desultory ramble than of a methodical track in the wake of the Wessex novels. I corroborate his impression of Bindon Abbey, with its effect of sinister gloom; it is just the place for grisly ghost stories. His account of the "Greyhound" Inn at Corfe is likewise vivid and true. A more charming village and inn it would be difficult to find in Dorset—or elsewhere.

**Clovelly.**

From "The Heart of the West" (Robert Scott).
Drawn by Fredk. Adcock.

If anyone thinks of going on a first visit down Dorset way he would doubtless find this book useful as an introduction to that region. Should a second edition be called for, it ought to be furnished with the necessary appendages of index and map. The chronicle has warmed the heart of one reader, at any rate, and brought back happy recollections of an ever-memorable sojourn in "Dorset Dear."

W. M. PARKER.

AN UNCOMMON LOT.*

There are several good craftsmen in literature who work without any vital inspiration, and Mr. Charles Marriott is one of them. If technique could make a masterpiece Marriott would be a classic. It is ungracious to demand from an able writer what he has not got; and it is pleasant to be able to say that Marriott's "An Order To View" is a much finer performance than its predecessor, "The Grave Impertinence." The central theme of it is the beautiful old house, Moorend. Exquisite, siren-like Beatrice Woodruff and her musician brother, Martin, are on the verge of exile from it, when James Wedmore, the successful architect, calls in with "an order to view." Wedmore's future father-in-law, Sir John Pumphrey, intends the house as a wedding gift for his daughter, Hilda.

Marriott conveys admirably the charm of the house and the appealing beauty of Beatrice, but he does not succeed—perhaps does not want to succeed—in making his book's predominant figure, Wedmore, attractive. The large-limbed, confident Hilda takes one by storm—as she took Martin Woodruff by storm while Wedmore was sublimely unconscious of losing his fiancée's love. Marriott, again, employs very subtle art in suggesting how Beatrice Woodruff obsesses Wedmore's heart and soul. One of the most successful figures in the book is breezy, vulgar, swaggering, good-natured Sir John Pumphrey who, Philistine though he is, enthusiastically backs Martin Woodruff's ambitious symphony composed around the bells of St. Michael's—which is the sub-motive of the book. Hilda elopes with Martin because she has a need for protecting him; and clumsy Wedmore annexes the evasive Beatrice in the most matter-of-fact way in the world. Perhaps the most dramatic chapter in the book is that in which Pumphrey is beaten in his bid for Moorend; the old house is a genuine creation, full of character.

It took Mr. Compton Mackenzie a long time to get out of "Sinister Street," but he has left it entirely behind in "The Altar Steps." A fair number of novels have been written about Ritualism and the High Church party. It has been left to Compton Mackenzie to write a novel which is all ritualism, and it is questionable whether the book will interest others than the clergy of the Church of England and Anglo-Catholic devotees. The book at any rate will create controversy. It is difficult for such a novelist to entirely eliminate worldly interests. There are fragments of the unregenerate Mackenzie in the story of Mark Lidderdale's childhood and its hark-back to the marriage of his ascetic father, the Reverend James Lidderdale, to a handsome, passionate Cornish woman. The Reverend James, however, was celibate in soul, and eventually left his wife and child to die a martyr's death on a foreign mission. There is another hint of the early Mackenzie in a curiously melodramatic scene between a wicked squire, Will Scarlett, and a girl friend of Mark Lidderdale, Esther Ogilvie, destined for a nunnery, in which episode the blasphemous lover comes to almost ludicrous destruction.

The whole intention of the book is to reveal the progress of the soul of a boy towards the religious life. Practically all the characters in the book are curates, vicars, rectors, quasi-monks and bishops. The delineations are so well

done that they resemble life; but the author declares there is only one genuine portrait in the book—a boisterous, spiritual priest, who is evidently the late Father Dolling of Portsmouth and Holborn. "The Altar Steps" is also announced as a prelude to "The Parson's Progress"—which is quite obviously towards Rome.

There is a promise of optimism and gaiety in Johan Bojer's simply-written novel, "Life," which is by no means fulfilled. It would seem that the shadow of Ibsen lingers over Scandinavia and that Norway and Sweden are peopled by disappointed professors, blasé sportsmen and introspective women. At the same time one has to thank a great novelist for his sparkling pictures of the externals of life in a country whose climate has the sting of perfect health. When the story begins there is an indication that Dr. Holth, one of the unfortunate men who have just failed to become professors, is its central figure, but the interest quickly switches round to Reidar Bang, the well-to-do son of a wealthy general. Holth, however, has his use—as a foil to Reidar. Both men—the married, harassed, poverty-stricken doctor and the robust, sporting bachelor—have a passion for the same girl, golden-haired Astrid Riis, the only daughter of an embittered captain, who has grave reason for hatred of Reidar's father. The chapters dealing with snow sports in the mountains have a superficial joy, but one feels that the Snow Queen is Fata Morgana. Astrid, much against her will, is attracted strongly by Reidar, and finds a more peaceful companion in Dr. Holth. Her life, with occasional interludes, is one of dire poverty and the tyranny of a selfish father. For a time Reidar fears to approach her. She thinks of him when she is with Holth and exchanges one image for the other. In such a state of self-illusion she permits Holth to possess her, and discovers her terrible mistake immediately afterwards. She dismisses Holth from her life and Reidar comes into it again. He carries her to his father's home and marries her off-hand. Astrid dares not tell him what has happened to her. Her mother had been guilty of an infidelity and had died of it. She feels that death is the only way out of her sin, and sails out to the deep sea. For sheer narrative this is the best thing Johan Bojer has done. The book, one may add, has minor intrigues. Perhaps its most tragic figure is not Astrid, but her shabby old father, Captain Riis.

Mr. Beverley Nichols has been good enough to give his public in Oxford and elsewhere a slight variant of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; but he has made his Nancy descend to depths which Thackeray only hinted at with his Becky. Miss Nancy Worth is a thoroughly vicious and unprincipled heroine, living flagrantly up to her "shock of red hair, her pale and remarkably intelligent face, and large green eyes." We are introduced to her on leaving the Misses Perrings' Seminary for Young Ladies, along with her Amelia-like friend, Helen Travers. Previous to becoming a teacher at that respectable establishment Nancy had seen the scabrous side of London, mainly at the Café Racine, with an unvenerable father. After the Perrings Miss Nancy found her first harbourage as governess to the uninteresting children of the Reverend and Mrs. Malcolm Jackson. She had a comfortable time and was much liked by the unsuspecting couple, especially by the Reverend Malcolm, who loved beauty and the pleasures of the table. She blackmailed the unlucky cleric and went into a Bayswater boarding-house. Tired of its gentility she harked back to the Café Racine and had a red-hot love affair with a disreputable person called Bill James. Then she decided on marriage with Helen's brother Walter, and achieved it. On armistice night she went wrong again, breaking away from Walter and happening upon Bill. She also stole a pearl necklace from a lady in the crowd. Walter suspected nothing when she got home. Nancy's downfall was brought about by her inordinate love for jewels and a compromising visit to a millionaire connoisseur, Otto Kraft. Her exposure was hastened by letters from the Reverend Malcolm. Mr. Nichols attempts a scene like unto the famous one between Rawdon Crawley and his Becky after Waterloo. Then Nancy goes back

* "An Order To View." By Charles Marriott. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Altar Steps." By Compton Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"Life." By Johan Bojer. 7s. 6d. (Gylden-dal.)—"Self." By Beverley Nichols. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

to her congenial mate, Bill James, with whom she is likely to be unhappy—but not ever afterwards, for Nancy is just as callous as Bill.

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

A LEGAL ADVISER.

It is something of a portent to find a lawyer overstepping the six-and-eightpenny limit and scattering wholesome advice broadcast. To be sure, in the book before us, it



Lord Riddell.

is the man and not the lawyer who writes. Yet Lord Riddell* cannot quite lay aside his legal bias when he turns from his clients to the general public and sets forth his views on the more or less intellectual aspects of life. Long training in dealing with affairs from a professional stand-

point inevitably leaves its mark on the attitude adopted towards things that matter. So we are not surprised to find a certain precision and definiteness in these pages even when the author is dealing with subjects of wide generality and popular appeal. There is a pleasing air of freedom from conventionality, but the hard facts of logic are never far from the surface, and give firmness and coherence to the whole.

The book falls comfortably into two parts of rather unequal general interest. The first appeals to the plain man, the man in the market place, the man with wide general interests. In the second part the author betrays his legal training, and gently glides into a treatment of legal thinking and the laws of evidence, ending with a definite treatment of certain legal principles. This introduction of the special into the general is no doubt justified by the legal fiction that we all know the law of the land. If we do not, then Lord Riddell may reasonably argue that there is all the more need for his final chapters. But he does not rely entirely upon the intrinsic value of the legal knowledge he communicates. He believes that an examination of the methods used in the courts forms in itself a highly educative exercise. It is here that he comes up against the doctrine of "formal training" that used to command respect among educational people, but has now fallen upon evil days. Yet there is enough truth left in the discredited theory to warrant our author in following Lord Morley in maintaining that a man trained in the methods of the courts has acquired a power of clear thinking that may be applied to the ordinary affairs of life. In any case the legal subject-matter of this book is of value in itself and is used with consummate skill as illustrative material.

The early chapters fully justify the title of the book; they deal with things that really matter. Concentration, observation and interest are at the root of all forms of success. Some people are inclined to object that these three are the data of the problem and cannot be modified by any advice to be found in a book, however brilliantly written. But it will not be denied that the more we know about our data the more likely we are to use them wisely, and this book both by direct exposition and by remarkably copious and attractive illustration adds materially to our knowledge. About observation, for example, there are many fallacies, none more dangerous than that which regards it as a sort of gaping, a process by which the

subject tries to keep all his senses on the alert at the same time, so as to take in all the impressions that demand admission to the soul. Lord Riddell realises this danger and makes it clear that observation necessarily implies certain restrictions of the area of attention. The successful observer is he who knows which avenues to close and which to leave open.

When the book deals with reading there is a refreshing novelty about the recommendations. As a concession to what is expected in works of this kind there is a list of books that ought to be read. It will probably please nobody, since in a list of this size it is impossible to get in enough books to meet all the idiosyncrasies of individual readers. It is evident that Lord Riddell does not himself attach too much importance to typical lists of this kind, for he gives a remarkable little list of his own as the one that suggested itself to him when he first considered the matter. It reads almost like a desert-island reading catalogue: "The first chapter of Anson on 'Contracts' and Pollock on 'Torts,' the first sixty-three pages of Best on 'Evidence,' Shakespeare, and an anthology of English verse." It is not originality that is lacking in Lord Riddell's make-up.

Professional teachers will endorse what is here said about rapid reading, but they will hardly agree with the recommendation of "books about books." The tendency in schools is all the other way. We are more and more directing pupils to the big authors themselves, and away from expository books about them. Lord Riddell's notes on public speaking are excellent and rouse a sympathetic chord; the reader fervently prays that they may come under the notice of certain public speakers that stand desperately in need of them. Readers will approve the Chatham recommendation of acquiring fluency by translation at sight, but teachers at any rate will hardly agree with Archbishop Magee when he recommends paraphrasing English writers to attain this end.

Two admirable chapters are "The Use of the Dictionary" and "How to Find Things Out." The latter is of first-rate importance as indicating the attitude we should adopt with regard to premises. What makes logic intensely unpopular with the plain man is the contemptuous aloofness it assumes towards the duty of providing *material* for thought. "Give me the premises," it says, "and I shall grind out unerring conclusions," but the practical man is mainly concerned with how to *find* suitable premises. This intensely interesting and stimulating volume recognises throughout the value of subject-matter. Lord Riddell carries his readers enthusiastically with him in his lusty tally ho! in the hunt for logical premises.

JOHN ADAMS.

PAST AND PRESENT.*

Forsaking (one hopes only temporarily) his familiar Dartmoor, Mr. Eden Phillpotts has in his newest book, "Pan and the Twins," broken entirely fresh ground. This time his scenes are laid amid the slopes of the Alban Hills, where nightingales sing and Pan and his horned and hooved comrades rustle among the cypress and myrtle. The action is cast in the distant period bounded by Julian and Theodosius, and thus revolves round the Roman Empire in decay.

The world was young then, and strange things occurred. Yet, there are little incident and no breathless shocks to move the reader, for, and as is his custom, Mr. Phillpotts rates character drawing and description higher than mere happenings. His Twins, Arcadius and Hilarion, are a pleasant plutocrat (perilously near what would now be dubbed a "profiteer") and an unconscious pagan who endeavours to be a hermit. As this latter is utterly unsuited to such a career (which demands special qualities of its practitioners) the effort is not a successful one. The

* "Some Things That Matter." By Lord Riddell. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* "Pan and the Twins." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"The Lonely Unicorn." By Alec Waugh. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

trouble is, Hilarion has an analytical mind and a gift of synthesis. This sort of thing is fatal to real efficiency as a professional anchorite. Still, all ends well, for—thanks to the good offices of his fellow Twin, assisted by Pan himself—he eventually finds the bonds of matrimony preferable to self-imposed solitude. Woman exercises her immemorial appeal; and the young Hilarion—following the example of the worldly Arcadius—succumbs to the snare. He seems, however, to be a willing enough victim.

The book is in no sense a deep one. On the contrary, it is a light and pleasant satire, with some shrewd hits at accepted conventions, and written with all Mr. Phillpotts's care for good English and feeling for style. The author probably enjoyed writing it.

Mr. Alec Waugh, although still a very young man, is rapidly amassing a substantial list of volumes to his name. "The Lonely Unicorn" is his sixth book and his third novel. Incidentally, it is the best of them, so far as go technique and power of expression. It is vivid and tense and quick moving, and peopled with characters that suggest human beings.

All novels—particularly those of young writers—are more or less autobiographical. The oddly named "Lonely Unicorn" appears to be rather more so than otherwise, and markedly in the earlier portions which centre round public school life. This of course is Mr. Waugh's special subject; and, as might be expected, he has some severe tilts at the "system." Since these school scenes are laid in Dorsetshire, it is not difficult to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of the suppositious "Fernhurst." When the action shifts to the realms of commerce the author is less sure of his ground. Certainly, a business conducted on the remarkable lines of Marston & Co. would very soon be in the unsympathetic hands of a receiver for the debenture holders.

Ronald Whately, the protagonist—it is impossible to call him the "hero"—of Mr. Waugh's tale would be dubbed a "waster" by the ordinary healthy-minded individual. Calling him a "Lonely Unicorn" does not invest him with agreeable qualities. Thus, after being to all intents and purposes expelled from school for precocious love-making and generally squandering his time and abilities, he embarks upon a mingled career of cricket and commerce. While thus engaged, he callously jilts a girl who is a great deal too good for him, and, after an interval of philandering with various lights o' love in Brussels, ends up by marrying his employer's daughter. Thereupon, his employer, who conveniently happens to be a cricketering enthusiast, is so delighted that he promptly takes him into partnership.

All this is told with some power of description, and, for the most part, in good English. Mr. Waugh, however, would do well to remember that there is a shorter and better word than "anacoluthon."

By the way, the publisher's "jacket" strikes a new note. It rather suggests the design of a Futurist not yet fully recovered from jazz-shock.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

MORE TRIVIA.*

A little book made up of brilliant exclamations about life, mingled with humorous pictures of our social existence in this ridiculous world. Mr. Pearsall Smith is numbered among the wistful company of those who find it hard to come to terms with Reality. Says one of his characters:

"I can never catch the moment as it passes. I am always far ahead, or far away behind, and always somewhere else. . . . And why should I go to the party? I shouldn't be there, either, if I went."

In Sloane Street, walking—"I begin to see moon-faces more alluring than any I see in that thoroughfare." "My clothes"—there is a sigh elsewhere—"keep my various selves buttoned up together." On the other hand our author often gives way to a joyous *naïveté*:

"I was late for my breakfast this morning, for I had been delayed in my heavenly hot bath by the thought of all the other

Earnest Thinkers, who at that very moment—I had good reason to believe it—were blissfully soaking the time away in hot baths all over London."

We like much the people we meet in these brief essays. Here is a group at the country garden party:

"Now that fat lady over there in purple—do you see her? Mrs. Turnbull—she believes in Hell, believes in Eternal Torment. And that old gentleman with whiskers and white spats—Colonel Bosco—is convinced that England is tottering on the very brink of the Abyss. And that pie-face lady he is talking to, Miss Stuart-Jones, was, she says, Mary Queen of Scots in a previous existence."

What makes the book significant is not its airy smartness, its cunning nonsense. It is more than smart, more than amusing. It lays bare some of the myriad strands that make up a sensitive and artistic soul. Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith speaks of this frankly in the fragment headed "The Concerto":

"Immediately I found myself again in the dock; and again the trial began, that ever-recurring criminal Action in which I am both Judge and culprit, all the jury, and the advocate on either side."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.*

It seems inevitable in these days that every person who has taken some part in recent public affairs should write his memoirs. The epidemic has raged as furiously in Germany as in this country, and the politicians and generals there, having stated their cases, are now followed by the ex-Crown Prince. It may be granted at once that he presents a very successful apologia. No one during the war was such a victim of malignant and unworthy misrepresentation as he. He was the main target of the hysterical propagandists who with a beautiful unity pictured him at one and the same time as an abnormal decadent, a seducer of women, a thief ever in search of loot, and "the Laughing Murderer of Verdun" in his capacity of a commanding officer. To sane minds these accusations were out of all proportion to the importance of their object, for the Crown Prince was never of much importance, and he was ignored by the ruling men in Germany, as his own book shows.

The Crown Prince of Germany had many faults, as he himself demonstrates. He was egotistical, frivolous and lacking in the sense of dignity due to his high position. But on the other hand he was genial and accessible to all, a very good sportsman (in both the actual and temperamental sense of the word), a loving husband and father, and his soldiers were devoted to him to the bitter end, according to his own account, which there seems no reason to doubt. Also his relations with his mother were fine and beautiful. He says:

"As far back as I can remember, the centre of our existence has been our dearly-loved mother. She has radiated a love which has warmed and comforted us. Whatever joy or sorrow moved us, she always had understanding and sympathy for it. . . . In many a difficulty that has arisen in the course of years between my father and myself, she has mediated with a calming, smoothing and adjusting hand. . . ."

Between the Kaiser and his sons there was of course never this same affection and confidence:

"He was always friendly and, in his way, loving towards us; but by the nature of things, he had none too much time to devote to us. As a consequence, in reviewing our early childhood, I can discover scarcely a scene in which he joins in our childish games with unconstrained mirth or happy abandon. . . . It seems to me as though he were unable so to divest himself of the dignity and superiority of the mature adult man as to enable him to be properly young with us little fellows. Hence, in his presence, we always retained a certain embarrassment, and the occasional laxity of tone and expression adopted in moments of good-humour, with the manifest purpose of gaining our confidence, rather tended to abash us."

The Crown Prince is critical of his father on many points, and the two were not in accord on personal questions of ceremony. The son advances the theory that under the

* "Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany." 21s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

(* "More Trivia." By Logan Pearsall Smith. 6s. (Constable.)

mask of monarchy the Kaiser was by nature simple in his character, and that he was the victim of his inheritance. He also protests his belief in the moral purity of his father in a passing reference to the Eulenburg scandals of 1907. In the same year came the great storm in the Reichstag concerning the famous "interview" with the Kaiser which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*. (This was not "written up," as stated in the book, by Mr. Harold Spender.) From this date the Kaiser's character changed. For twenty years he had imagined himself an ideal ruler and the idol of his people. His eyes were now opened, and he realised he had become the object of amazing suspicions and that his imperial ways found no approval. His deistic telegrams ceased to flutter the Chancellories of Europe, and the mailed fist remained quiescent with the rest of the shining armour. He became reserved and vacillating. The latter failing is well illustrated in one of the most vivid pictures in the Crown Prince's book—the last scene at Spa when, with grey and twitching face, the Kaiser was faced with the demand for his abdication from Berlin. At first he vowed he would only resign the Imperial dignity and that he would ever remain King of Prussia and stay with his army. But "swearing he would ne'er consent, consented"—and the Kaiser fled to Holland. The Crown Prince does not approve of his father's action at this juncture, but he felt constrained to follow the same road two days later. Whether they were right or wrong does not much matter now. For the sake of their historical reputations it would have been more gallant to have stayed with their brave and sorely stricken troops—the victims of Imperialism—and faced capture and, possibly, death; but no doubt the residue of life has a stronger call in such emergencies than posthumous glory.

Many other scenes of interest occur in the Crown Prince's book. He draws a very acute and accurate portrait study of his grand-uncle, King Edward VII. He is critical of the German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, whom he frankly disliked, and to General von Moltke he ascribes the loss of the Battle of the Marne. Finally, he is not without a saving sense of humour, for in his miserable and lonely exile, amid the storms and mists of the island of Wieringen, he can write of his visit to the dentist on the mainland:

"I could never have believed it possible for anyone to enjoy so much the modest little pleasures a dentist can provide with all his small instruments of torture. I felt thoroughly comfortable as I leaned back in his swivel chair—a rather different kind of furniture from our Wieringen appointments."

This book will certainly conduce to a more favourable appreciation of the Prince's nature and character.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE LIFE FORCE.*

It is really a great feat for Mr. Page to have set forth in about 15,000 words what his publisher declares to be

"that synthesis and explanation of the universe for which the intelligent moderns have been earnestly seeking for the last ten years." "This synthesis," he continues, "is a religion, because by it those intelligent moderns can direct their activities and regulate and broaden their



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. Mr. R. Edison Page.

lives." And again: "it does not go one step beyond human

* "The Religion of the Life Force." By R. Edison Page. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

knowledge and human experience, spiritual and practical, as they stand to-day."

Matter, says Mr. Page, is force-filled space. All that man knows or has ever known is the forces. Man, the Life Force at its highest and most powerful, is obtaining the mastery of the other forces more and more quickly, and the end will be complete freedom for all the forces. This seems slightly contradictory, but satisfying.

The Life Force is the greatest of all the forces, and man is the finest vehicle the Life Force has up to now created for itself. Mr. Page does not, unfortunately for the inquiring reader, supply any definite definition of the Life Force, which leaves something a little blurred in his statement of this religion. To say that "the Life Force is the maker of the world we know; and we are the Life Force," really gets us nowhere. Then we are told that "you must realise that your body is the vehicle of that vortex of the Life Force which is yourself," i.e. you must be clearly and constantly aware of it. And how do we realise? Realisation comes of affirmation. "Affirm in thought; affirm in word." Stand in front of a mirror in the morning and at night and as often as you can during the day, look yourself in the eyes, and talk to yourself firmly and clearly and aloud about the things you desire . . . and you will presently find that you are getting your desire.

This is simply "what I tell myself three times is true." Now there is notoriously a great deal of value in self-suggestion, and it is the basis of many modern theories and schemes and systems of training people to be successful, to be healthy, and so on. But frankly this little book contains too little clear statement, too much loose thinking and too much assumption to be regarded as adding anything solid or practical to what is already current of the same kind.

F. M. A.

GENERALLY CONVENTIONAL.*

The Victorian novel, as the Victorian age, must have been more prodigious than many of the wise little people of nowadays appear to think, for its progeny are innumerable. Not many institutions, human or otherwise, could have such frequent and vigorous offspring and not have been something fine. Here are proofs positive. Two of these three novels are as like as two peas to the habitual fiction of a generation ago.

Mr. Maxwell, a child of that age, has provided the exception, for in "Spinster of this Parish" he trumpets a challenge, rather more boldly than would have been acceptable to the period that wore mutton-chops and mutches, as his heroine successfully braves the demnition of the limited and goes frankly to her man, although and because he has the disadvantage of suffering a mad wife, shut away as incurably insane, and is through the folly and narrowness of our laws not to be divorced. The first part of his story is stirring and in its ironical suggestion delicious, inasmuch as Emmeline Verinder, the staid spinster, the recluse of a maisonnette, with her pussy and her parrot, and everything as prim and tidy as a new pin, is in fact not only a successfully revolted daughter, but has marched through the primitive tracks of the Andes and killed a man in fight. Until the end of that escapade the story marches with such zest that the rest of the novel is somewhat anticlimactic, for although Emmeline is still the true mate of Anthony Dyke, the explorer, and living to help and champion him, she is stay-at-home, and the interest of the story becomes stay-at-home too.

We pass to novels built on the established model. This is not to be regarded as necessarily uncomplimentary, at least in the case of Mr. Warwick Deeping's "Orchards"; for, judged in the light of modern partialities, he has done a brave thing in writing a romance of the Great Rebellion, and certainly an admirable thing by doing it so artistically.

* "Spinster of this Parish." By W. B. Maxwell. 7s. 6d. (Butterworth.)—"Orchards." By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"Many Altars." By Maud I. Nisbet. 7s. (Long.)

Except that the diction is unduly modern—an infinitely better fault than the Halidom and Gadzooks tripe—he paints his period with consistency and truth enough. Sir Richard Falconer belongs to the outwardly poor, inwardly splendid pattern. Through a tangle the lame little man comes to marry Rachel Charney, who is pretty well as wild a vixen as ever grew up in a masculine environment. Richard takes her to his home, and though loving her with brooding devotion gives himself no chance of winning her through his merely distant attentions; with the result that after a while she returns to her father's house and becomes the noticeable mistress of Nigel Windebank. Of course such sacrifice is not to be for ever. The rebellion breaks out. Falconer becomes a loyalist officer and proves himself a man and warrior of success and heart; whereas his supplanter, in the stress of affairs, is shown to be selfish, a poltroon, a traitor. So Richard wins back Rachel; but, unfortunately for the appeal of the story, the reader cannot feel the necessary sympathy for the lady, because she was so blind to the character of the scoundrel to whom she gave herself. Windebank was too mean and sorry a creature for the sweet intimacy of any woman worth while. In truth, "Orchards" deserves success, and I hope it will find it. It is refreshing to discover such conscience and art in a form of fiction more often than not worn to rags and drivel by the incompetent.

"Many Altars" is old-fashioned. To think of it! back in the aftermath of the Transvaal War, with Boers, kraals, doppers, kopjes, sjamboks, stoeps, and everything else which was almost second literary nature to those of us who read and reviewed many books in that stale and venerable period. Miss Nisbet has qualities. She is lucid, she tells a story; and although her plot—yes, in this case we can use that word—is mechanical, it moves on wheels well oiled along the ordered ways, and should interest the unsophisticated who do not know too familiarly the fiction of the yesteryears. Lo, the artist hero, struck down and blinded by a highway robber on the illimitable veldt for the sake of the secret of a gold-digging, is taken into the home of the misdoer and nursed to new happiness by Myra, the uglier of two sisters. Maurice Vernor is the sort of artist who believes that the good must be beautiful, so therefore, when his sight is restored and he sees that Myra, whom meanwhile he has married, is physically ugly, he turns from her to philander with Aura, her beautiful sister; but we need not recapitulate the deftly elaborate plot. Miss Nisbet knows South Africa and uses her local colour well—sometimes too well, as on the journey to the gold-mine she delays the action in order to describe.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN.*

The world owes these volumes to the devotion of Professor Emory Holloway, of America, to the memory of the "good gray poet," though that virile genius would have regarded their emergence with uncomfortable feelings. It will be remembered that toward the end of his life, and under the haunting memory of a long and painful literary apprenticeship, Whitman prepared those editions of "Leaves of Grass" and "Prose" which he expressly labelled "Complete." The inference is plain enough. And Mr. Holloway, at the last, would seem to have sensed as it were a turning in the grave at Camden, for he prefixes to the collection, by way of motto, Whitman's own word for it as "A vast batch left to oblivion." Old John Marston's pathetic apostrophe comes unbidden to the mind, "Hungry Oblivion, devour me quick!"—but nowadays the monster is not as hungry as it was, or is not as quick in snapping up its prey, or its fangs are become loose in the sockets.

It is not to be gainsaid that these volumes have a value of their own. And I will dare even to suppose that medical

* "The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman." 2 vols. 30s net. (Heinemann.)

science a century ago *did* in some way profit from the nefarious doings of the Resurrection-men. These books at any rate are valuable as documents, and whenever Literature has to do with a genius of Whitman's calibre and ranging influence, its professors cannot be documented too generously. Yet documents, as such, are notoriously of limited appeal, and the reader who reads for the sheer pleasure of reading, and not because he is a specialist, is more than likely to remain unaware of Mr. Holloway's wonderful achievement. For it is a wonderful achievement. The industry and patience and zealous care that has gone to the salvaging a score of poems and many score of prose pieces contributed to defunct and forgotten newspapers, is something to wonder at. The introductory essays, biographical and critical, are scholarly and revealing, and the notes and index would probably have satisfied Dr. Birkbeck Hill—there can be no higher praise. Whitman's every passing allusion, seemingly, has been noted, even where identity has foiled research. Yet none of these excellences will weigh with lovers of the real Whitman, nor lessen their thankfulness that it is now too late in the day for accident or indiscretion to jeopardise his title to fame—for these books are of the kind that need to be *lived down*. Walt somewhere exclaims, with suitable earnestness, "Let him who is without my poems be assassinated." One may judge with what energy he would have varied the malison to meet new cases—that of the dragging forth of "a vast batch left to oblivion," for instance.

The poems here garnered are all of them quite negligible, and without interest, excepting a few experimental versions of familiar passages. Of the prose, one can only say that much of it is interesting as being Whitman's, that more of it is inferior provincial journalism, and that all of it is amateurish and uninspired. It is the bread-and-cheese work of a young, hard-driven journalist, and it is unfair to lay it at this date publicly to the charge of the great writer who bequeathed to America and the world the noble legacy of those two volumes of 1892.

A considerable part of the second volume is given up to the egregious "Franklin Evans; or The Inebriate"—a piece of temperance propaganda of the yellowest description, which winds up with a threat of more if the story "meets with that favour which writers are perhaps too fond of relying on." However, the gods were kind! "Brooklyniana," a series of thirty-nine articles dealing with the history and traditions of Brooklyn and its neighbourhood, is full of local lore and gossip put down "for the benefit of future readers (if we ever get them)." As for the youthful Whitman's critical quality, it may be gauged from his dismissal of Cowper as a preacher of the divine right of kings; his verdict on Bryant as "one of the best poets in the world"; on Martin Farquhar Tupper as "one of the rare men of the time"; and on Doctor Johnson, that he was "a burly aristocrat," and "a sour, malicious, egotistical man . . . a sycophant of power and rank . . . his soul was a bad one." Alas, Great Cham! All the more then must be accounted to him for righteousness his opinion that "'Biographia Literaria' will reach the deepest thoughts of the choice few among readers who can appreciate the fascinating subtleties of Coleridge"; and his vigorous defence of Dickens against a rancorous attack by the *Washington Globe* at the time of the English novelist's first visit to America. And, coming to the extracts which the editor gives us from Whitman's reviews of Carlyle's "Heroes," "French Revolution," and "Past and Present," one is almost aggrieved at the smallness of the tonic dose, and is fain to take down from the shelf the "Specimen Days" and be moved once again by that splendid éloge of February 10th, 1881:

"The planet Venus, an hour high in the west, with all her volume and lustre recovered (she has been shorn and languid for nearly a year), including an additional sentiment I never noticed before—not merely voluptuous, Paphian, stupor-fascinating—now with calm commanding seriousness and hauteur—the Milo Venus now. Upward to the zenith, Jupiter, Saturn, and the moon past her quarter, trailing in perspective

with the Pleiades following, and the constellation Taurus, and red Aldebaran. Not a cloud in heaven. Orion strode through the south-east, with his glittering belt—and a trifle below hung the sun of the night, Sirius. Every star dilated, more vitreous, nearer than usual. . . . Berenice's hair showing every gem, and new ones. To the north-east and north the Sickle, the Goat and kids, Cassiopea, Castor and Pollux, and the two Dippers. While through the whole of this silent indescribable show, inclosing and bathing my whole receptivity, ran the thought of Carlyle dying."

F. C. OWLETT.

MR. MENCKEN ALMOST POLITE.*

For those who have reason to dislike the prospect of Mr. Mencken's prestige extending to England, his two volumes of "Prejudices," being unorthodox in style as well as in outlook, gave an excellent opening for sneers and belittlement. Naturally the very most was made of his off-moments, especially when it was discovered that at one point Mr. Bernard Shaw is called an Irishman where Celt is intended—plainly by a slip of the pen, though this was studiously ignored. Indeed, whole columns of denunciation were based on that single inconsistency!

A recent philological study of his has shown that Mr. Mencken is after all something of a scholar, and it is followed by "A Book of Prefaces" in which, by comparison with "Prejudices," he is almost polite! What attitude his antagonists will now be forced into by the pressure of ordinary decent opinion (a certain result of this new volume) I, for one, shall be interested to discover, especially as Mr. Mencken intends to take a personal trip into the enemy camp during the coming summer. By then, however, a third series of "Prejudices" may be out, and as the author himself assures me that it is sure to be a return to the manner of the earlier books, the critical intelligentsia of England will probably copy the uncritical intelligentsia of Arkansas and petition Parliament to have him deported from the country! How far personal fear will go can never be estimated beforehand.

Comparatively immune though the new volume is from the particular features which caused such pain in the body academic, its nature is just as stimulating; and, let it be added, just as aggravating in its relative politeness, for although English critics do not hesitate to say adverse things themselves about our leading authors they are sure to resent one whom they regard as an outsider talking about "the hysterical splutterings and battle-cries of the Kiplings and Chestertons, the booming pedagogics of the Wellses and Shaws and the smirking at keyholes of the Bennetts. . . ." And they will doubtless begin to splutter when they learn that this island possesses the best *second-rate* novelists in the world:

"Nowhere else is the general level of novel-writing so high; nowhere else is there a corps of journeyman novelists comparable to . . . Walpole, Beresford, George, Galsworthy, . . . Miss Sinclair, Hewlett, and company. Even the least of them is a more competent artisan than, say, Dickens. . . . But the literary *grande passion* is simply not in them. They get nowhere with their suave and interminable volumes. Their view of the world and its wonders is narrow and superficial. They are, at bottom, no more than clever mechanicians."

Yes, it may as well be admitted frankly, Mr. Mencken cannot resist laying about him with bladder and slapstick. "A Book of Prefaces" is a collection of four longish studies dealing with Mr. Conrad, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, the late James Huneker, and Puritanism as a Literary Force. At least these are ostensibly his subjects, though not even in the beautiful tribute to his old colleague Huneker does he restrict himself to appreciation; and yet whenever he launches out it is simply to accentuate a serious conclusion reached in what is generally as restrained an argument as the most circumspect reader could wish for. There is hardly need to draw attention to Mr. Mencken as

* "A Book of Prefaces." By H. L. Mencken. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

an essayist in constructive appreciation; even among his least polite negatives may be discovered many a generous and enthusiastic passage of praise. Some folk still refuse to admit in him the possession of critical insight. The following passage from the essay on Conrad may help them at least to qualify that refusal:

"'Youth': a tale of the spirit's triumph, of youth besting destiny? I do not see it so. To me its significance, like that of 'The Shadow Line,' is all subjective; it is an ageing man's elegy upon the hope and high resolution that the years have blown away, a sentimental reminiscence of what the enigmatical gods have had their jest with, leaving only its gallant memory behind. The whole Conradean system sums itself up in the title of 'Victory,' an incomparable piece of irony."

When James Huneker died he was just beginning to be known and appreciated (though not by all who knew him) in this country. Those who found pleasure in the work of a very lovable fellow will be glad of Mr. Mencken's full-length portrait of him, "picturesque and rakish, a believer in joy and beauty, a sworn friend of all honest purpose and earnest striving." That Huneker spent a good deal of his energy on the trail of "those pious mountebanks who clutter the market-places with their booths, mischievous half-art and tubs of tripe and soft soap" is information which Mr. Mencken naturally does not fail to add while he is about it. How could he, being so worthy a traveller along that same trail, and incidentally doing quite a lot of blazing in his turn?

THOMAS MOULT.

THE MYSTERY SHIPS.*

One of the most valuable additions to the library of real war literature which I have read is the book entitled

* "Q-Ships and Their Story." By E. Keble Chatterton. 12s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)



H.I.M. ALEXANDRA

(Given to the Author at Tsarskoe Selo, Spring, 1907)

From "The Real Tsaritsa." By Madame Lili Dehn (Thornton Butterworth).
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"Q-Ships and Their Story," by Lieutenant-Commander E. Keble Chatterton, R.N.V.R.

Even Naval men in general knew little of the doings of these mystery ships, and others less still. Commander Chatterton has taken enormous pains to gather accurate information and has presented the result of his inquiries in a plain, understandable manner, without the use of more technicalities than is legitimate.

When Germany began to realise the possibilities of the submarine and to play havoc with the mercantile shipping of the world, she introduced a new factor into naval warfare. She presented to the British Admiralty a problem which it would be idle to pretend was not extremely difficult of solution. Various methods of offence and defence were tried, and it is one of these that Chatterton describes.

The "Q-ship" was, briefly, a decoy ship. Every effort was made to give her the appearance of a harmless trading or fishing vessel; her guns were cleverly concealed; her crew were not only disguised, but were trained to behave as would the average sailor when suddenly confronted with grave peril of a kind not included in the ordinary experience of those who go down to the sea in ships. The object of this, of course, was to induce the unsuspecting submarine commander to bring his craft near enough to the decoy ship to enable the crew of the latter to open suddenly a devastating fire on the enemy.

Naturally, the enemy were not slow to become suspicious of apparently innocent vessels, and there ensued an extraordinarily interesting battle of wits. The designers and the commanders of the Q-ships resorted to all kinds of clever devices for the deception of the enemy, and their skill was handsomely rewarded.

But skill, though important, would have been useless had it not been backed by amazing coolness and courage. Those of us who belonged to the junior Service can imagine something of the bravery of men who could lie concealed on their little vessels, calmly enduring long-range shelling from a hostile submarine, knowing that the odds against their ever seeing a home port again were desperately heavy—yet waiting (for perhaps an hour) in immobility for the moment when their commander would break the awful tension with the eagerly-awaited order: "Action!" which meant the hoisting of the White Ensign, the removal of the gun-concealments, and the opening of a hot fire on the enemy.

Commander Chatterton's book is at once a stirring narrative and a painstaking record of actual events. He is to be congratulated, for he has eschewed sob-stuff and has described actions of great gallantry with a simplicity that is in consonance with the traditions of a Service in which deeds are accounted more righteous than many words.

F. D. G.

BALZAC'S SHORT STORIES.*

To think of Balzac, herculean labourer in the field of fiction, as a writer of *short* stories is to evoke a sense of incongruity; his effects demanded such building up from detail, his approaches were so prolonged, that unless we are familiar with his skill we do not "see" him in the briefer form at all. Yet, though he can hardly be termed a master of the short story, some of his short stories are masterpieces, and five of them are here republished, with an illuminating introductory essay presumably by Mr. Tilley himself.

The five are "Le Curé de Tours," "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," "Le Chef-d'Œuvre Inconnu," "L'Auberge Rouge" and "La Messe de L'Athée." As a matter of personal taste, I prefer the third, with the magnificent outbursts of the old Trenchhofer and the subtle climax; but "Le Curé de Tours" has, one might colloquially say, "more in it." Even in his famous portraits he has rarely given a more vivid impression of evil personality than his Mlle. Gamard, the landlady of poor Abbé Birotteau, a

* "Balzac: Five Short Stories." Edited by Arthur Tilley, M.A. 5s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

woman shrivelled of soul, meagre and mean of body. True, Birotteau was a weakling, with whose meekness under persecution we somehow can find little sympathy in spite of scriptural precepts; but he is just as Balzac desired him to be. And the cunning Abbé Troubert, double-faced, ambitious, scheming constantly for power and preferment, is no less a triumph. It seems that Balzac, even in these quickly-written stories, could not refrain from his favourite method; again and again we find him filling in, with the precision of an etching, the detailed descriptions which shall complete a definite picture of person or of place before getting on with the story. Take, for example, the care with which he gives a ground-plan of the inn on the banks of the Rhine, in "L'Auberge Rouge"; the picture of Desplein, the surgeon and atheist, in "La Messe de L'Athée"; the many extraordinarily clean-cut impressions in the wonderful little plotless tale of provincial Tours. Every one of them lives; every one betrays the hand of Balzac. "In future years," wrote Henry James, "if people find his tales, on the whole, too rugged and charmless, let them take one up occasionally and, turning the leaves, read simply the portraits." And of this last story in particular he said, "'Le Curé de Tours,' for all its brevity, will be read when 'Le Député d'Arcis' lies unopened."

The occasionally puzzling words used by Balzac, which even a good reader of the language may not understand, are annotated by the editor; apart from these infrequent terms, Balzac's language is flowing and easy, and above all direct and definite. It has been a pleasure to re-read these stories in so well-produced an edition, and our thanks are due to Mr. Tilley for his admirable explanatory and semi-biographical introduction, which will considerably help the reader who is not familiar with this phase of Balzac's monumental work.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Novel Notes.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH. By Hilaire Belloc. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Belloc has made a mistake by hampering himself with the Eastern machinery of this story. To an author such as James Monier the Eastern manners and atmosphere were so well known that their use added to his satire. Mr. Belloc is not familiar with the East nor, we should say, with Islam either in its strength or its weakness, and the reader's appreciation of his irony is continually disturbed by improprieties of diction or behaviour. Yet how admirable much of the satire is! Mr. Belloc is tilting at his old enemies, the men who get on, who get on regardless of their fellow-creatures' rights, comforts or interests. Mahmoud, who will not give his nephews anything else, is ready with advice; and he can think of no better method of advising them than by telling the story of how he has got on. In fourteen chapters he describes his career of roguery—a career occasionally upset by others' roguery, of a kind not provided for in business, but generally successful and admired. Here is a specimen of Mahmoud's suave style:

"It is my custom, when I am in need of recreation from the cares of commerce, to frequent the criminal courts and to attend the sentences passed upon those brought before them, as well as to be a spectator of the ensuing executions. No pastime affords greater relief from the dull everyday round of buying and selling; while the contrast between one's own pleasant position and that of the pauper who is to be beheaded, adds a zest which I recommend to all men of affairs."

Mr. Belloc has a very happy way of describing legal functions, reducing them to nonsense by a careful, even reverent description of every detail of procedure. The suit of Mahmoud in defence of his charter is an excellent piece of comedy; and we can only regret that there is no chapter describing his trial on a capital charge.

THE McBRIDES. By John Sillars. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

If this is the first story Mr. John Sillars has written, then he must have been born with all the tricks of romance at his finger ends as those fortunate in other ways are said to have been born with a silver spoon in the mouth. His scenes are among the hills and along the rocky shores of Arran; his people belong to a time that is little more than a century gone, but in those wild parts they are almost as primeval in their hates and passionate loves as the men and women of the Stone Age. There is smuggling, and fighting and love-making, and the very colour and atmosphere of romance are over it all. The right hero for such a glamorous tale is Dan McBride, "strong as a mountain ash, and with the cruel arrogant pride of a long-bred race behind him, his own will his only law, and the queer twist of tenderness for old stories and old songs and his love for all nature—a stark man, who would reach out and take what he desires." And after Dan has fled abroad, thinking he has murdered a man who tried to betray him, his son Bryde is born and grows to manhood, with all his father's fatal fascination for women, but more than his father's power of self-control, and is loved by Helen and Margaret (surely one of the most charming heroines that ever lived in fiction), and gives his heart to one, and it is the other who sacrifices her life for him just after she had married the staid Hugh, knowing Bryde was not for her. But it is impossible to summarise such a story and give any idea of the cunning and the lure of it. Read it; for it is worth reading; and the fact that it is already in its third impression is proof that many are finding it so.

MR. AMBROSE. By E. Lawrence. 6s. (Daniel O'Connor.)

Refreshing—that is the word for it. When you are getting a little tired of reading the more or less orthodox novel of ordinary love and marriage, or love without marriage, open "Mr. Ambrose," and it is like arriving at an oasis in the desert. Mr. Coulten is a publisher, a simple, good-natured man, living a respectable suburban life with his two daughters at Clapham. But when the strange Gabriel Ambrose comes from nobody knows where, and in the quietest, most graciously masterful manner imposes himself on the family as an unpaying guest, the placid flow of the publisher's existence begins to be broken up, even his respectability is put in jeopardy, and Clapham and other parts of the country are shocked and startled in the most sensational manner. For Gabriel is no common stranger come to town; he is not even mortal except in appearance, and he comes to remind the world that Love is the soul of Life, "the power most needed upon earth," and his mere insistence on this brings him into difficulties not only with everyday people but with the churches that preach but do not practise the old doctrine. He gets a little involved in an earthly love—but you shall go to the book for details; it is worth your while. Mr. Lawrence is an idealist and has found a theme perfectly suited to the Puck-like humour and delicate fantasy that are his especial gift.

THE GANG. By Joseph Anthony. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

It must long have been the ambition of many a western writer to make a record of street life in New York as its youngsters know it, and especially those of the Jewish and the Irish quarters. Mr. Anthony has done it now and done it well, in a most diverting story. If anything, the book suffers from a title that seems to threaten realism, or rather terrorism of the type we get from Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser and the late Frank Norris. Here the title is cast in the more-than-half humorous vein of the book; and the author gives to his heroes the name they give themselves. There is a senior gang and a junior, and their scuffles with rival crews and the police have all the tempestuousness to be expected of lads born among the "concentration camps" of overgrown modern cities. There is, however, a serious side to the story. Mr. Anthony's

juveniles, for all their ash-can battles and their scarifying language, have that keen zest for education which marks the chosen race. Harold, the last of the Hoodlums, one might call him, is therefore a strange compound of the urban dare-devil, the class prodigy and the horror of the school superintendent, for he explodes all discipline with a sudden burst of impudence worthy of Huckleberry or the great Tom Sawyer himself. On the whole, Mr. Anthony has done much better than his predecessors in this field by keeping the note and the tone true to life. That is to say, he has given due gravity to the intense importance of boy-life unto itself, its fears and risks, its hawk-like alertness for the new sensation, and its engulging misery when injuries are undeserved or things go wrong. The faculty of humour Mr. Anthony possesses in an eminent degree, and when he has only learned to make allowance for the duller apprehensions of an older world in matters like western dialect and metaphor, he will surprise and conquer us.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Joseph Anthony.**

THE DARK HOUSE. By I. A. R. Wylie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

From the very beginning of this brilliant novel, Robert Stonehouse impresses one with a sense of poignant reality. He is presented as a strange, wild, sad little boy, the son of a shiftless doctor who is cursed with a maniacal temper. Robert has something of his father's temper, plenty of grit, ambition, and an armour of swagger and bluster. Life pressing hard upon him engenders a hard streak in the boy's nature, and the story tells how this quality of hardness, embittered by the teachings of an atheistic schoolmaster, comes near to ruining his chance of happiness with Frances Wilmot, a girl who, like himself, aspires to a brass plate in Harley Street. A fine, thoughtful novel, "The Dark House" reveals the talented author at her best.

GENTLE JULIA. By Booth Tarkington. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Booth Tarkington has achieved a delightful farcical comedy in this study of a flirt, her family and her countless admirers. Julia can't help being a flirt—she's made that way; soft glances, meaning tones—that in reality don't mean anything—and all the charming artificialities of her shallow beauty, are as natural to her as the colour of her eyes. Her relations (a swarm of them, all living in the same street) spy on her love affairs with scandalised relish; her father fills the rôle of stern parent, her young cousin Florence is a pert flapper and an incorrigible eavesdropper, and between them they give us an irresistibly funny yarn.

THE MEASURE OF YOUTH. By Emmeline Morrison. 7s. (John Long.)

Cecil Challoner "knew the worst too young." He had a good education, but drifted in London to vicious circles. Without money, he proposed to the charming, pure-minded Helen Tomkins, a great heiress, who believed passionately in him and knew not that he took drugs. The book concerns itself with the miserable marriage of these two—the reproaches, the attempts to improve, the fallings back, of Cecil. Eventually he does reform, "for these two life began again, as in the beech-wood long ago." A readable story, told in an easy, conversational style.

THE BRACEGIRDLE. By Burris Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net. (Lippincott.)

From the history of Anne Bracegirdle, the famous seventeenth century actress, Dr. Burris Jenkins has selected a number of facts and incidents and weaved them into a thrilling, vivid story. It is a capital tale and one that will send the lover of historical London a-search for the place where Anne lodged—a street off the Strand. The tale is supposed to be told by Richard Lovell, and the troublous adventures he goes through for Anne's sake win our sympathy and interest from the first. Anne makes a fascinating heroine of romance. Of course the mystery of her sudden disappearance from the stage has to be cleared up by supposition, but the explanation given by Dr. Burris Jenkins is plausible and good enough. In the course of the story we get glimpses of many famous people, such as Dryden, Congreve, Lord Halifax, and King William the Third. The author has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the times he is writing about, and the result is a delightful and absorbing story.

THE HAPPY FOOL. By John Palmer. 7s. 6d. (Christophers.)

A clever and subtly revealing study in two characters. Guy Reval, reckless, selfish, with no thought of the morrow, strikes a contrast to his more cautious brother who, never trusting to luck, never has any. Guy is blessed with the love of the girl that Theodore covets, yet throws it aside for the more primitive devotions of one in a different status of life, whom he marries and, in spite of constant friction, cares for with all the depth of his being. He comes happily through imprudence and disaster, lives "carelessly upon the edge of tragedy"; wins easily that for which his brother toils in vain, and we leave him at length finding peace, while his brother envies him even the things he has lost. It is an excellent piece of work, an exquisite delineation of temperament; an artistic achievement that amply fulfils what Mr. Palmer's earlier work led us to expect of him.

AN IMAGINARY MARRIAGE. By Henry St. John Cooper. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Entirely under the dominance of her aunt is pretty, timid little Marjorie, who merely weeps and pleads when told she must marry to please her aunt's choice or be denied her fortune for six long years. Luckily her aunt's choice falls on a man who is noble-minded and generous of heart and, although he loves where his love is not wanted, is willing to sacrifice himself for the happiness of the girl he cares for. Thus the daring idea of the imaginary marriage comes into being. They agree that he shall persuade the aunt he is already married so that she cannot hope to impose him on the reluctant Marjorie and, her hopes dashed, shall give in to her niece's wishes. The plan works favourably, except for one unfortunate slip—he is obliged to give a name to his fictitious wife, and the name he selects happens to belong to a girl who really exists and is known to the aunt. Mr. Cooper has certainly hit on a new theme, and to add that the story has already won great popularity as a *Daily Mirror* serial will recommend it at once to all lovers of light fiction.

THE DIARY OF A BABY. By Barry Pain. 1s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Barry Pain is as diverting as ever in these chronicles (recently revised) of the unconscious thought of Rosalys Ysolde Smith, aged one year. We have all met Rosalys with her wise solemn eyes and her inseparable doll "Miss Pobling," and while thinking of Rosalys we have often wondered what Rosalys was thinking of us, not to mention her papa and mamma, her nurse and fellow-babies. Well, here you have it pat, and straight from the baby shoulder. Here, for example, is one for Uncle Templeton Pratt: "Last year," records Rosalys, "he gave me a silver cup and other articles to the value of five or six

pounds perhaps. This year he gave me a hygienic wool ball and a rotten cheap musical-box—not four shillings the lot at the fancy-toy repository. I suppose next year he'll give me nothing; and the year after, if I'm fool enough to get left alone in a room with him, he'll try to sneak my coral necklace. Well, I shall make a bit of a fight for it." Behind all the nonsense in this little book there is much shrewd and delightful observation, and here and there even a tear.

THE RETURN. By Walter de la Mare. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

How difficult it is to keep up appearances! And how most of us would go to pieces if once appearances were definitely let go! We know people by their mannerisms, by their faces and figures, even by their clothes. When Arthur Lawford, after his injudicious sleep in the little churchyard by the tomb of old Sabathier, goes home, his wife does not recognise him. Suddenly Sabathier has begun to take possession of him, has returned; and Lawford has another man's appearance—to keep up, or rather to live down. Mr. de la Mare's story was first published ten years ago; it was given a prize, it was admired by a few and then went out of print. In France it might have sold in tens of thousands. It is beautifully written. It has an imaginative truth which is very rare in modern fiction, and it never takes the easy ways of allegory or satire. Lawford's slow recovery, his return, his spiritual experience with Herbert and Grisel, are indicated with astonishing patience and affection. All the book has a rare beauty; perhaps most beautiful are the passages which tell us about Lawford and his daughter Alice. It is a difficult thing to get on to paper the intimate, yet shy, love between a father and a daughter; and this Mr. de la Mare most admirably does. "The Return" is a remarkable book, full of compositive wisdom and the humility which is the source of all knowledge.

THE NEW DECAMERON. The Third Volume. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

Many distinguished authors are represented in this the third volume of tales told to divert the participants in Turpin's Temperamental Tours. There are tales to suit all comers—a tale of undraped passion by Storm Jameson, a priestly tale by Robert Keable, a whimsical *poltergeist* fable by J. D. Beresford, and a characteristically clever and disturbing tale by D. H. Lawrence. Compton Mackenzie's piquant storiette of the hunchback of Sirene is a memorable pendant to "Life's Little Ironies." Michael Sadleir, Norman Davey, Desmond Coke, V. Sackville West, and Bill Nobbs complete the list of contributors to a volume that more than fulfils the expectations raised by its predecessors.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By Louis Hemon. Translated by W. H. Blake. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A crystal simplicity broods over this tale of life in the wilds. There is something severe and pure about it. Even when we read of the deadly struggle that the French Canadian woodmen have to go through when freeing the land from the trees that choke it, we feel still a sense of unruffled peace. The plot is artless. Maria, child of solitude, has an almost voiceless courtship with the man she loves. "You will be here still . . . next spring?" "Yes." And after the simple question and simpler answer they fell silent and so long remained, wordless and grave, for they had exchanged their vows. The lover is lost in the snow, and broken-hearted Maria has two other offers—one from a townsman who can carry her away from her lonely surroundings, one from a neighbouring farmer. She almost decides to go to the town, then the illness of her gallant mother makes it impossible. After her mother's death the girl sees that her duty is to remain near her people, so she accepts the farmer. The story ends on this pensive note.

DORMANT FIRES. By Gertrude Atherton. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

A picture of San Francisco society in the sixties, faithfully drawn. "In this quiet city we are a class apart, above. No loose fish enters our quiet bay," exclaims one of the great Southern ladies whose approval our conventional heroine longs to win. Madeleine is a sweet creature, but her husband denies her companionship and even interferes with her love for books. She meets the artistic Langdon Masters who, living in the same hotel, gradually influences her more and more. Their secret meetings and hesitations are described in a dramatic way that grips the reader. The husband, informed by a watching lady, intervenes. Langdon is obliged to throw up an excellent appointment and to leave the place. News comes to Madeleine that he is drinking. She, too timid to run away, also tries to escape life by means of drink. Happily she pulls up, the husband by and by divorces her for desertion, and she goes to seek Masters and finds him just in time for matters to end hopefully. The book is a characteristic Atherton, with no fumbling about the plot and no padding.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WOMAN IN THE LITTLE HOUSE. By M. L. Eyles. 4s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Those who have read "Margaret Protests" and "Captivity" will not need to be told that Mrs. Eyles is a novelist with a purpose, and a purpose that she takes very seriously to heart. She really knows how the poor live, for she has herself been one of them and shared the hardness, the bitterness, the deprivations of the man and woman who have to live with their children in "the little house." And here she puts all pretence of fiction aside and in a series of vivid, plain-spoken chapters unfolds the true annals of the poor, which poets and novelists are apt to sentimentalise until they seem so much less grim and sorry than in reality they are. A passionate sympathy for the mothers and the children in particular is the keynote here as in "Margaret Protests." She lays bare the hidden mysteries of our cities, fearlessly exposes the social evils that must be righted, and offers plain warnings of what must come if they are not. If the woman at home is underfed, overburdened with work and worry, this reacts upon her menfolk, and, says Mrs. Eyles, "I believe that the political revolutions that end in bombs and massacres begin with the tired, neurotic women in the little houses." To find the seeds of revolution you must look into those squalid little homes—"it isn't the law-breaking, Bolshevik section of the community that is dangerous." All who are any way engaged in work for social reform should read this revealing, powerfully written book; it will show them unequivocally the real nature of the problems they are up against.

THE ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By A. R. Brown. 40s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Devotees of Frazer's famous "Totemism and Exogamy" will find a wealth of cognate information in Mr. Brown's interesting and conscientious survey of the customs, beliefs and culture of the little-known Andaman Islanders. Mr. Brown lived with and conducted his researches among this curious race, who, broadly speaking, constitute the third division of the Negrito family (of which the other branches people the Philippines and the middle belt of the Malayan Peninsula), from 1906 to 1908. Much to his disappointment, his inquiries had to be confined mainly to the tribes of Great Andaman, the language difficulty proving at the time insuperable for proper research among the tribes of Little Andaman and the other islands of the group. The social institutions of the islanders have been profoundly modified in the last generation, largely by

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virtue of the intercourse of the tribes with the immigrant Indians attached to the penal settlement at Port Blair. The war is partly blamed for the delay in publication, and even if ethnologists have been kept waiting for the results of Mr. Brown's work it is as well that he accomplished this when he did, such data as he acquired being increasingly difficult of collection. Mr. Brown's facts are extremely interesting in themselves, though his fashion of presenting them is perhaps a little pedantic and dry, albeit there are indications of the human touch in the steadfast persistence with which he criticises the conclusions of a predecessor in the same field, Mr. E. H. Man. There are twenty remarkably good illustrations from photographs, a couple of maps, and a number of cuts in the text illustrative of the technical culture of the islanders.

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By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. School edition in Six Parts, 3s. net each. (Batsford.)

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MICHAEL FIELD. By Mary Sturgeon. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

How many who read this paragraph will have read much of Michael Field's work? Yet by-famous poets and critics Michael Field has been claimed as in the true line of great English poets. And now, thanks to Miss Mary Sturgeon, some part of the life and work of Michael Field has been rescued from the oblivion into which it was falling, and presented to the public. One of the most amazing things about Michael Field is that he (or rather, she) was actually two persons "with but a single voice." "The collaboration was so close, so completely were the poets at one in the imaginative effort, that frequently they could not themselves decide (except by reference to the handwriting on the original sheet of manuscript) who had composed a given passage," writes Miss Sturgeon. Michael Field was two women—Katharine Bradley and Edith Cooper, who were aunt and niece. The story of their lives, their friendship, their work, and their deaths, is sympathetically told by Miss Sturgeon in her fascinating and deeply interesting book.

PASTEUR AND HIS WORK. By L. Descour. Translated by A. F. and B. H. Wedd, M.D. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Those who attribute the present *entente cordiale*, chequered as it is, to the initiative of the late King Edward or the mutual overtures of the London and Paris Chambers of Commerce, do a real injustice to science. Whatever we may say of the utilitarianism of trade or diplomacy or the sense of self-preservation taught us by distrust of Germany, it is only fair to remember that the friendly emulation of our scientists had already gone

ahead in the direction of improving Anglo-French relations. The present centenary of Pasteur's birth gives occasion to recall that he valued none of his many honours and degrees more than the tribute of Lord Lister declaring in a letter that it was the French savant's germ investigations which had given us the antiseptic system and the wholesale life-saving and pain-alleviation which has followed it. This book shows with a charm and clarity that is well preserved in the translation how these investigations were far more various in results and range than the world generally supposes, and even then formed only part of a life's work dedicated to a steady warfare against false reasoning and the shallow or prescriptive view. In other words it is a double translation, not only from French to English, but from high science to the plain language of the people. It reveals a man who beneath all his profundity and intense application was a singularly human and winning character. He had no advantages at the start, and was condemned at college for his "mediocre" papers. But once his faculty for mastering the minutiae of observation had shown him how truth had escaped others, he saw his vocation, and his seniors in the same field soon divided themselves into those who welcomed and those who opposed him. What he did in the routing of anthrax, cholera, diphtheria and rabies is a familiar story nowadays, but this record of his researches in many fields deserves to be studied as showing unmistakably that his real victory was not in mere results but in the establishment of a safe and conscientious method.

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MASKS. By Bertram C. Arkwright. 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Arkwright's "Masks," if a first book, is interesting as an indication of the present reaction towards formal verse. Here and there the author shows too the danger of subjection to verse forms which must be used as tools if they are to yield the sweet essence of poetry. In sonnet writing especially Mr. Arkwright is apt to be mesmerised by the beat of the pentameter and to forget that a sonnet must be dramatically charged with meaning. "Boxers" is a good example of the author in a mood of observant contemplation, taking objects from the stray leaves of life and putting a poetic content into them. He has reported, quite simply and in admirably chosen metre, his reflections as a spectator of a boxing match. There is the heat of imagination in "The Familiar." It is a pity to quote only the first stanza:

"Ah, tawny Love-of-life! Gripped by what fear,
Like some great forest cat,
Eyes veiled by quivering eyelids, ears laid flat,
Licking my dusty feet, and whimpering, crouch you here?"

A lighter, half cynical mood inspires many of the *triolet*s, *rondeaux* and lyric measures in the book, a few of them reminiscent of Dowson. "Masks," however, is not at all a book of echoes; Mr. Arkwright stands on his own legs, even when occasionally his measures limp. His next book ought to show less artificial fantasy and more freedom of imagination.

A DIFFICULT FRONTIER. By Henry Baerlein. 6s.
(Leonard Parsons.)

Probably the region of Europe about which the average Britisher knows least is that chaotic, rugged country which the maps of our school-days named Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro and Albania. The story of these various states, some of which had and have still no definitely settled frontier line, exists very vaguely in our minds, and even the magic words "Yugo-Slavia" fails to create any clear image. In this compact book Mr. Henry Baerlein puts the case for Albania, Serbia and the mixed nationalities inhabiting their districts very effectively. The Albanians are "not a people, but tribes," writes one student of the Near Eastern problem who is "absolutely convinced that there could be no greater misfortune than if, in its present state, Albania were given independence." "To pretend that the Albanian has earned the freedom of his country by his glorious exploits in the war is an absurdity," says Mr. Baerlein. "He is a mediæval fellow, much more anxious to have a head to bash than to ascertain whom it belongs to." He indulges in "blood feuds," and after reading the author's vivid sketch of the people we are no longer surprised that one of the most frequently recurring newspaper head-lines used to be "Trouble in the Balkans." There is always trouble with these wild children of nature who are half spoiled, half mended by the superficial approaches of civilisation as represented by Italy and other nations intimately concerned. There we must leave him; pugnacious, lacking in refinement, but with the making of a fine man in him. Mr. Baerlein's careful volume does much to enable us to understand the difficult situation.

IN NATURE'S GARDEN. By C. H. Donald, F.Z.S. 7s. 6d.
(The Bodley Head.)

Men who know and have known days of sport in India will settle down comfortably to a perusal of this delightful set of sketches by a great *shikaree*. Mr. Donald has a most observant eye, and records many of the interesting things that he has himself discovered. The book is well illustrated by photographs. (By the way, there is an extremely good snapshot of a tawny eagle.) Most of the writing is good and vivid, perhaps the best paper of all is that entitled "Turning Tables," which describes the visit of a panther to the author's bungalow. Within eighteen hours the hunter and his friend had secured also a bear, a sambar, and two four-horned antelopes. Young people, as well as old, will enjoy the account of the bear supposed to be written by the bear himself, telling of mistakes often made by sportsmen.

ROVERING TO SUCCESS. By Sir Robert Baden Powell. 2s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

We rejoice that, for half a crown, youth can possess itself of this thoroughly manly, straightforward piece of advice on "How to Live." Sir Robert disarms criticism by his modest good sense, which is shot through by a fiery enthusiasm that will attract the boy of all ages. For his subjects he has taken rocks that lie in the path of all young men—Horses, Wine, Women and Irreligion. Constantly his own experience comes in—"When I was in Africa. . . . When I was in Japan. . . ." His hope is cheering. "I believe in the rising generation of young citizens!" The good stories in this little volume are many, including one on smoking, which the American frontiersmen told him was apt to play Old Harry with eyesight and wind. By the way, the sex instruction given here, with clear diagrams, is most simple and valuable.

THE BOOK OF CRICKET. By P. F. Warner. Revised edition. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

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Music.

SIR LANDON RONALD.

By J. P. COLLINS.

TO say that a man has the secret of perpetual youth divides your audience into two camps. One half doubts if the compliment is genuine; the other goes away envious. To cite Sir Landon Ronald is to dispose of both classes of objectors. He satisfies the first by establishing the truth of the remark; he disposes of the second by disarming ill-nature. In point of fact it would be hard to say if his cheerfulness is the occasion of his popularity or the effect of it; possibly both, for they are qualities that react upon each other. There is a sparkle in his temperament which must be rather valuable to the principal of a great institution like the Guildhall School of Music. He has ruled its destinies, in fact, since he reached the age of thirty-six, and there is no doubt how much of its success in the interval is due to his fire and energy. For one thing he is a Londoner by birth, with all the Londoner's patriotism and none of his insularity. He was educated in or near the metropolis and, save for his tours of the world as a conductor, as well as his hard work up and down the provinces, he has been linked with London and its fortunes ever since.

It was Sir Augustus Harris who recognised the talents of Landon Ronald and engaged him as conductor at Covent Garden at the experimental age of eighteen. By the time he came of age the young virtuoso was conducting grand opera there. In the same year he was acting as conductor to Melba in America, and acquiring stories which have made him a raconteur ever since. Royal "command" performances are not always indicative, but they make a landmark now and then in the progress of national taste, and in Sir Landon's case they were incidental to a career of amazing pace and development. As a conductor of many important series of performances, triumphs came crowding thick and fast—the Albert Hall Sunday Concerts, the New Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Society, the Promenades at Birmingham, the Hallés at Manchester, the Philharmonics at

Liverpool, and orchestral tours right and left. In 1908 and 1909 he toured Europe as conductor and led the chief orchestras of the world. From this time forward he has presided over the Guildhall School and the orchestra of the Royal Albert Hall. He has written a couple of hundred songs, many of them familiar in our ears as household words. The list of his orchestral works is more imposing still and hardly needs category. Most of us remember "Britannia's Realm," the Coronation ballet at the Alhambra; the dramatic scena from Shelley's "Adonais"; the ballet entitled "The Entente Cordiale" (1904); his incidental music to "The Garden of Allah"; and that dramatic scena for baritone and orchestra in the Oriental vein, suffused with so much of the wonder and fragrance of Asian romance, "The Lament of Shah Jehan." Some of us said at the time that it was indeed a distillation from marble into music of the grace and passionate purity of the Taj Mahal.

I have often wondered what a philosophic visitor thinks when he saunters through the by-ways of central London and catches sounds and scents so much at variance with the grim surroundings, especially if he strays out of the quiet of the Temple into the cellared roar of the rotary presses in the busy avenues towards Blackfriars. It must move him strangely to hear in John Carpenter Street snatches of song and scraps of harmony pouring from the windows of the Guildhall School; and then to turn out of its singing corridors into the august and ordered calm of the Principal's sanctum. Sir Landon evidently loves a clean score, a desk with all the virtues of neatness and accessibility, a place for everything, and the rigour of the game. To one who has hardly seen him except at the conductor's rostrum, or presiding at a club "smoker" and swaying the storm of rapture with an easy beat, it was disconcerting, to say the least—this *vis-à-vis* encounter with a *maestro* wrapped in a new vesture of authority and an atmosphere of unaccustomed



Photo by Swaine.

Sir Landon Ronald.

silence. But there were the same lustrous sparkle in the eye, the same cordiality, the same alertness of ideas, the same warmth of temperament. We expect temperament with our musicians as we expect cream and sugar with our berries; but it is new to find an instance where the brain is in control, and not the temperament tyrannising over the man.

Sir Landon preferred, at the outset, to avoid discussions of the past. I touched on the fact that his neighbour, the Dean, and a few other patriotic worthies, had been wrangling lately about the merits and demerits of the great Victorian era. Presently Sir Landon, tempted back in spite of himself, was disposed to skip lightly over the shortcomings of that celebrated period so far as native music was concerned. Sixty and seventy years ago, he said, everything here was Italian—Italian singers, instrumentalists, music, opera, everything. One has only to turn over an old cupboard in a music-room to see the fronts of sheet-music of that period bespread with crinolined goddesses rejoicing in polysyllabled diminuendo names and crowds of adoring devotees, all listening to shrill *roulades* and *floritura* in a language they rarely understood. A change, or rather a fashion, came over the spirit of the crowd, and the land was invaded by our pseudo-friends, the Germans. Throat-gurgling gentry of a monumental build stood rooted on a stage augmented by an equally stolid chorus (and extra joists beneath) while the house paid its money to be deafened nightly with the "high-worthy" thunders of the late Richard Wagner. It was a tremendous time, and undoubtedly prepared us for the hubbub of the recent war; but it was hardly satisfying to the souls of those who wanted something other than a minimum of inspiration to a maximum of sound. It passed for Victorian, of course, and the label will remain, but like so much else that was alien and overpraised, it has had to yield the victory up to a less turgid and more natural school, where native talent gets a hearing and foreign compositions find their right proportion in a better and broader scheme of things. And it was the contemplation of this improvement that moved Sir Landon to enthusiasm.

"One can only regard English musical progress in the last decade or two as something phenomenal," he said. "The way in which the younger generation have developed is nothing short of amazing. An essential part of the credit for this is doubtless due to our three great schools of music—the Royal Academy, the Royal College and the Guildhall School; for their influence has been simply dynamic in every way. It will be difficult for future historians of the English musical revival to determine what these institutions have and have not done in promoting the vast improvement that has taken place in this country. But even these sources of the higher education in music fail to account altogether for the change I have in mind.

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can vie with any on the Continent and hold their own ; whereas that would have been practically impossible to say in the mid-Victorian era.

"As for creative artists, I don't want to go harping on the same familiar names, but we have composers of the highest rank whose work evokes the warmest enthusiasm right round the world. I need only mention the greatest of them all—Sir Edward Elgar. But there are others of immense talent and influence, both old and young—Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Villiers Stanford, Sir Frederic Cowen, all of them brilliant examples of the era of creative art that supervened upon the Victorian and quite eclipsed it. As for the younger men, they are almost legion. I need only mention Dr. Vaughan Williams, Cyril Scott, Roger Quilter, Arnold Bax, Eugène Goossens, and there are many others. This is only to mention half or less of the names that spring to the mind of all good judges when they look around the horizons of English music."

"And the future?"

"Personally," said Sir Landon, "I am an absolute optimist about the state of the profession and its prospects. I have expressed myself in this vein until my audiences must be tired. But I want to utter a word of warning in the midst of all this sanguine speculation. We are finding, in music as in so much else, that the national genius has been distressingly neglected, and while the metropolis has spent many decades under foreign influences, certain of the provincial schools of music are still, if anything, disposed to be too insular. For instance, Yorkshire and Lancashire have always maintained a healthy emulation in respect of choral music, and are justly proud of having kept an extremely high standard of which no district and no country need ever be ashamed. We find this out whenever occasion arrives for close comparisons, and here it would seem that these two regions have conformed to natural laws."

"In other words, centres of modest dimensions removed by distance from one another, but populated by a class with a certain self-respecting social instinct and animated by a strong local patriotism, have cultivated their souls through music, especially in the long winter evenings, just as the Russians and the Poles have done. But this has had its drawbacks, because the higher orchestral music has been comparatively neglected and, with the exception of leading provincial cities like Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bradford, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, it is hard to find the best orchestral work in a flourishing condition. The verdict must be that in this respect at least there is a certain amount of headway to be made up. And I need not add that those who say this with authority say it, not in a spirit of blame, but of encouragement."

"But in all this," I put in, "there is the same reassuring evidence of a love of music innate in the people."

"Yes," was the ready answer. "This must always be gratifying to anyone who has the cause of national music at heart. As for the note of warning I wanted to express, it is this: in future we must try and steer between the two extremes of a narrow nationalism and an infatuation with the imported and exotic. In a little book which Hodder & Stoughton are to publish for me in the autumn, called 'Variations on a Personal

Theme,' I have written a chapter on certain phases of music, especially its spread and education and improvement, and I am afraid I have struck this note of warning with a rather wearisome reiteration. But as one concrete instance is often worth a deal of abstract precept, let me say that three years ago when I was asked to conduct the famous Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris, I could not help admiring pretty nearly everything connected with it, except one."

"The programmes consisted of nothing but French music, and this was not an exceptional instance by any means. I thought it, and I think so still, a case of misplaced patriotism, and one which is bound to have a certain marked reaction, not always for good. It narrows and depreciates taste because it ignores the standards of comparison. In this and in all other matters of art we must stand for the open mind. As I have sufficiently shown, I think, I believe that the music being produced in this country to-day will compare more than favourably with the best that is being written anywhere, with the sole exception of opera, perhaps. Here the reason is due in some degree to the absence of incentive, because the foreign influences we have been discussing are more tenacious and persistent in the operatic world than any other. But I believe that we are steadily approaching a state of things where even this is being remedied, and the future of British music is assured on the threefold base of scholarship, catholicity and inspiration."

SONGS.

In his two new songs, published by Messrs. Augener, Mr. Peter Warlock turns from the Early English and Elizabethan poems which he recently treated with such audacious and convincing modernism, to verses by Massfield and J. C. Squire. "Captain Stratton's Fancy," by the former, has been set before and will doubtless be set again, for it is vivid, singable and refreshingly lusty, and the picture of the "old, bold mate of Henry Morgan" is as ripe as that worthy's nose. "Mr. Belloc's Fancy," which opens Mr. Squire's priceless book of parodies, "Tricks of the Trade," has amused so many that the wonder is that no one has set it before. It is a suitably solemn skit upon the Belloc of "The Path to Rome" and Songs of Sussex:

"At Martinmas when I was born,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, do,
There came a cow with a crumpled horn,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do.
She stood agape and said, 'My dear,
You're a very fine child for this time of year,
And I think you'll have a taste in beer.'
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Ho, do, do, da,
Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do."

Both poems are such jolly things to sing, and really humorous songs are so regrettably rare, that one is all the more annoyed by Mr. Warlock's giving them settings which are grateful to comparatively few singers. Both require male voices, and sturdy ones at that, and the obviously wise thing would have been to fit the vocal lines to basses and the heavier sort of baritone. As it is, "Captain Stratton's Fancy," with a compass of C to F and a fairly high lie, will suit only high baritones, and would have a greater chance of success published in *Eb*. The fault in vocal technique in the other is so much more pronounced that it is difficult to say what voice it will suit. Even given that rare thing, a tenor publicly addicted to humour, he would object to the first parts of the verses, which are purely baritone; while not one baritone is

twenty would be happy on the G in the first verse or the A or optional G at the end of the last. Mr. Warlock has such a catholic taste in words and so neat a gift for catching the spirit of his discoveries that it will be a pity if, through deficient consideration of the instrument for which he writes, he consigns himself to the company of composers who are rather admired than performed.

The same firm now issues separately three songs from John Ireland's "Land of Lost Content," settings of poems from "The Shropshire Lad" (recently reviewed in this journal), "Goal and Wicket," "Ladslove," and "The Lent Lily," each published in two keys suitable to tenor and baritone voices.

In "At Morning," one of "Songs of Springtime" (Enoch), words by Temple Thurston, Sir Landon Ronald proves once again his skill in dressing the obvious in delusively attractive garb. He has written better and more ambitious songs; but this is dexterous enough for the vast band of singers who yearn in suburban drawing-rooms to express unutterable things to a richly sentimental—and incidentally easy—accompaniment. The words suit either sex and the three keys all voices. If Mr. Warlock could learn some of these tricks of the trade without becoming less Mr. Warlock!

Another brand of sentimentality, less insidious because more obvious, is purveyed by Mr. T. C. Sterndale Bennett, that merry humorist at the piano, in "I Fell in Love with Her Years Ago" and "Jacqueline," each published by Messrs. Cary in two keys. The first is apparently an attempt to repeat the success of "There's another Little Girl I'm Fond Of," for the formula is the same—a love song to a lady who turns out to be, in the first verse, his mother, and in the second his daughter. It should succeed. To performers who, like the composer, leaven their humour with simple sentiment, and to concert-party singers who warble to seaside sentimentalists on summer nights, these songs are strongly to be recommended, if only because they do not take themselves too seriously. The words have a neat patter of accumulated rime and Mr. Bennett has an engaging way of just steering clear of the honey pot, a whimsical air of saying "This is touching, I know, but—we can smile." For which he is to be thanked.

"Dusk of Dreams," the contralto solo from "The Mountebanks" (Enoch), now issued separately in keys suitable for all female voices, is less interesting than the soprano and tenor songs from the same cycle; but Miss Helen Taylor's pleasant verses, the lullaby-like refrain and Mr. Easthope Martin's characteristically graceful accompaniment will recommend it to numerous singers.

RODNEY BENNETT.

THE FAIRYLAND OF MUSIC. By Ernest Austin. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Larway.)

"The Fairyland of Music" is a most original kind of book for children, and the publisher's claim that it will "create and stimulate a child's love for music better than endless music lessons" should undoubtedly prove to be the truth. The theme of the book is the power of music "not only to enchant, but to promote whimsical, fantastic and delightful invention." It is told in story form, interspersed with pages (or sometimes just a few bars) of music. The three characters in the story are Margaret, her Daddy and Dawn (the little girl who lives next door). It all begins with Margaret trying to get out of her piano practice because she and Dawn are trying to think of something impossible to do. "We thought we'd do something that seemed impossible, something that had never been done before, something that no one else had ever thought of, not even in a story book. If only you would do my practice for me, I'm sure we should be able to think of it," she says to the Daddy. "Oh well! if you think that, I'll do your practice for you. Shall I practise as long as you ought, or as long as you

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generally do?" says the Daddy. He goes away to practise, and presently the two little girls hear strange tunes coming from the music-room. The Daddy is a wonderfully clever player, and he puts into music all sorts of stories, and everyday occurrences; and as the tale proceeds the children are shown how to "hear what you hear" and "see what you see." The book is written in a bright, vivacious style, with much skill, sympathy and imagination.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

SARABANDE, GAVOTTE, AND MUSETTE. By Isador Epstein. (Augener.)

A trio of very short, very charming little pieces for the piano.

SUITE IN THREE MOVEMENTS. By Cyril Bradley Rootham. (Chester.)

For flute and piano duettists this suite should prove most acceptable. It includes a rhythmic Saraband Dance and a lively Jig.

PUNCHINELLO. By Victor Herbert. (Feldman.)

A gay, sparkling, rollicking song, with a touch of mischief in it.

THREE SONGS. By Lord Berners. (Chester.)

There is a spirited, salt-sea atmosphere about these songs. The settings suit well the words. The second of the songs, "Theodore, or The Pirate King," has words by John Masefield.

TWILIGHT. BY THE STREAM. By B. Burrows. (Augener.)

"Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood." That is the inspiration for the very charming tone picture, "Twilight." The dainty cameo, "By the Stream," claims Tennyson's lines as its source:

"And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

ASTERISKS. By Leonard Butler. (Augener.)

A melodious Chanson Poetique, a crisp Capriccietto, a graceful and dreamy waltz, and a haunting Berceuse are contained in this slim book by Leonard Butler.

ROYAL EMPRESS TANGO. By Harry Wood. (Feldman.)

This catchy Tango dance tune won the Festival Trophy Prize Dance of 1922. Particulars of steps, arranged to this tune by H. A. Clifton, are given on the inside of cover.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

J & W. CHESTER.—"Homage à Debussy." For Piano. By Eugène Goossens.—"Homenaje." Arranged for Piano. By Manuel de Falla.

ELKIN & Co.—"Little Preludes," for Piano. By H. V. Jervis-Read.—"Silverprints." Four pieces for Piano. By William Baines—"Inclination à la Dance," for Piano. By Cyril Scott.—"Songs of Love and Life" (4). Words by Rabindranath Tagore. Music by Eric Fogg.—"Soliloquy." Words by Christian Rossetti. Music by George Oldroyd.

ENOCH & SONS.—"Four Indian Songs." Words by Sarogini Naidu. Music by Paul Edmonds.—"Spindrift." Five songs. Words by Ethel Tindal-Atkinson and Madge Dickson. Music by May H. Brahe.

LENGNICK & Co.—"Silhouettes," for Piano. By George Hay.

NOVELLO.—"Hear my voice, O, God." Anthem. Composed by Joseph Holbrooke.

W. PAXTON & Co.—"Tales from Fairyland." Six Musical Stories for Young Pianists. By Aylmer Ward.—"Nocturne No. 3." By F. Liszt. (Anthology of Violin Music.)—Five Short Variations of a Scots Air ("Gala Water"). By J. Stuart Archer.

The Drama.

THE CRITICS' HAMLET.*

A writes a book on Hamlet. So does B. C writes an essay on A + B. Lastly comes D with a fourth book, and says what he thinks about the three of them, each to each. If you haven't read A, B or C (one gathers they are not worth reading), and if D bores you . . . It remains for some unenterprising publisher to collect all four into one volume ABCD and issue it as "Sows' Ears: a Progressive Course of Pedantry, for Those who have Never Seen Hamlet."

This reads rather like Euclid; but then so does Mr. Clutton Brock, the D of the story. His is a wise book about a foolish subject. He is at pains to prove the obvious, and his method is a *reductio ad absurdum* of theories already sufficiently absurd. Setting aside the question of whether such theories are ever worth a critic's powder and shot, one may ask whether Mr. Brock's particular skittles could not have been bowled over in much brisker fashion—say in an article of five hundred words? In the long run he is concerned with only two questions: (1) Why did Hamlet delay? (2) How far have Kyd and his school a hand in the matter? Common sense has long since countered these questions, quite simply and satisfactorily, by two others: (1) Has Hamlet's delay ever seemed unnatural to any unbiased, un-critic-ridden spectator? And if not, why worry? (2) If Hamlet cannot be understood without knowledge of Kyd and Co., can he be understood without knowledge of other external factors—political, social, antiquarian and so forth? I.e. should he be witnessed at all but by a pit of historians? Time has solved both questions. Failures, even "artistic" failures (solemn word!) do not outlive three centuries. Mr. Brock makes this point with promptness and accuracy. The tedium lies in his remaking it, at great length, for about 123 pages after his book is really finished.

This is not to say that Mr. Brock is not well worth reading. Whenever he allows himself to wander, even by a hair's breadth, from his set theme he is immediately interesting. Witty, too, if not always ingenuous. There is a little two-line sketch of Voltaire, "who kept all his sense of propriety for the arts"; of Beatrice, "too much alive compared with every one else in 'Much Ado' except Benedick"; of Ophelia, who is "trying to do her duty by every one and does not know what her duty to Hamlet may be"; and there is the neatly sarcastic dismissal of a certain critic's view of Chapman as "a kind of affable, familiar ghost who went about inserting irrelevant scenes in other men's plays." Curiously enough, these flashes themselves are always slightly irrelevant, as though Mr. Brock were writing on Hamlet from a grim sense of duty, but could not prevent his own taste and interests breaking in. It would be nice if he would write another book, full of irrelevancies (like Chapman). There would not be a dull line in it from start to finish. Meanwhile, let us be grateful for such irrelevancies as we are allowed in the present volume. As for the Hamlet problem, we have at any rate the wrapper's assurance that "Hamlet is neither a failure nor an accident, but a very great work of art." And that's always something.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

* "Shakespeare's Hamlet." By A. Clutton-Brock. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

THROUGH THE FOURTH WALL.*

I wonder how many dramatic critics have the heart (or the cheek) to cut out of the newspapers, with which they are in correspondence, and preserve their notices of new plays and occasional essays on the drama! Certainly there are very few whose work would stand the test to which Mr. J. A. Darlington has put the essays in criticism contributed by him to the *Daily Telegraph* during the past two years. "Through the Fourth Wall" is a book to be proud of—not because it presents any strikingly original views on the drama; but because it is a testimony to the unremitting zeal of a sound critic. Of course here is only a selection from Mr. Darlington's essays, but it is representative.

Some of the chapters in the book have that interest for me, and only another because I too saw the plays he refers to, and am helped to recreate my own impressions of them. For the criticism is not always of a character fundamental enough to give it an abiding value in the literature of the stage.

But this is by no means true of the bulk of the book. The essays of Shylock and Moscovitch and on "The Three Old Women" (done at the Little Theatre) are instances of criticism of particular performances which have a larger significance. And throughout there is manifested a lively liking for the stage, a power of keen analysis, and a nicely balanced judgment.

Yet it is those of Mr. Darlington's essays which are devoted to a general consideration of dramatic values that I like the best. He stands aloof from all the cults; he has a popular taste yet a delicate palate, and so his discussion of the problem of the fourth wall, of the meaning of form in drama, of the need for more sunshine in the modern stage-play, is quite unprejudiced. Peculiarly apposite are his remarks on form. The tendency nowadays is for a play to have moments of farce, of comedy, and of tragedy, and to be decorated with some monstrous hyphenated label, such as "farical-comedy" or "comedy-drama"!

I am glad, too, to find so intelligent a critic attacking the "intellectual" drama. He thinks, as I do, that the Pass has been sold by the highbrows, so that nowadays the common man is convinced that intellectual drama must be dull.

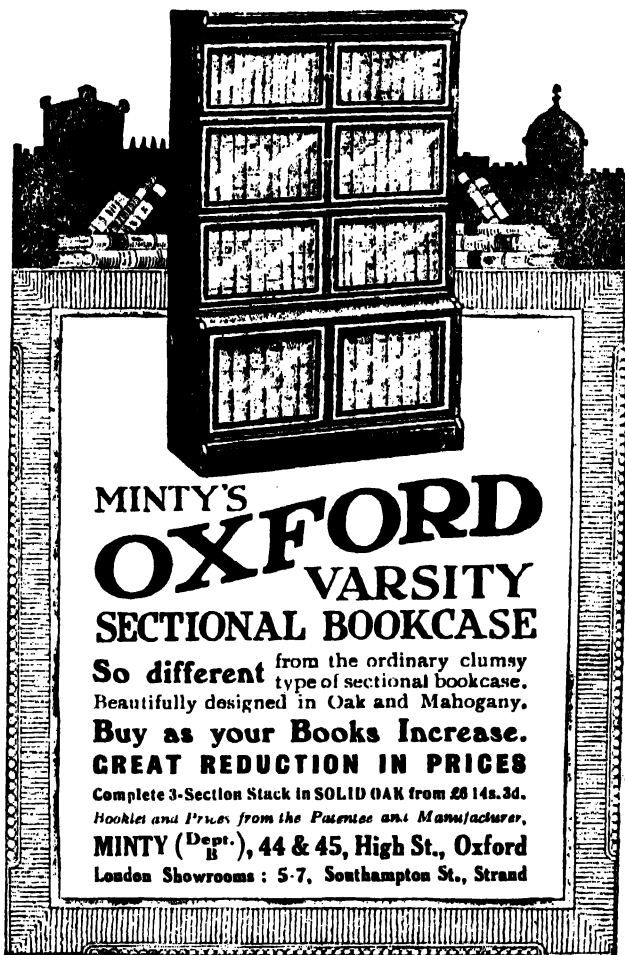
Here and there I note a tendency to attribute spiritual effects to mechanical causes. Modern drama is not what it is because of the invention of the formal frame. There is a connection, doubtless, between the phenomena. But I would rather say that the failure of the heroic impulse in English drama made the invention of the proscenium a necessity.

It is true that Mr. Darlington gives a spiritual reason for the death of the heroic drama, namely, that people are no longer interested in the lives of kings and queens, and that in the everyday life which the stage now mirrors you don't find the basis for heroic (or tragic) plays. Does Mr. Darlington really believe that if England were in the religious and æsthetic mood which created Shakespeare, an indifference to the lives of kings and queens (*pace* the picture papers!) would prevent the recreation of the heroic drama?

But I think it is true that you must stage great drama at one remove from the contemporary life of the common man.

I have said that Mr. Darlington is unprejudiced. And that is my one profound quarrel with him; his judgments are so confoundingly normal. A critic ought to love the stage; and he cannot love all types of stage-plays with an equal fervour. In fact prejudice in criticism is only another name for a point of view. But, since Mr. Darlington does love the stage, I conclude he has his prejudices, only he thinks it is bad form to let them loose.

* "Through the Fourth Wall." By J. A. Darlington. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)



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Don't be afraid of your prejudices, Mr. Darlington. Remember the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw—the most prejudiced of modern critics, and the best!

W. R. TITTERTON.

THE STAGE LIFE OF MRS. STIRLING.*

Mrs. Stirling belongs now to history. An actress who was born in 1813, who did her best work between 1830 and 1860, who retired for eleven years in 1868, and who re-appeared merely to play elderly parts till 1886, can be remembered as she was in her prime by nonagenarians only. Her lovely voice, her beautiful and expressive eyes, her irresistible smile and laugh, must be taken on trust by the playgoer of to-day, who has to visualise her with the aid of a few photographs and with the recollection that she was the original Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces," the first English exponent of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," a famous Mrs. Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep," the Olivia of her day in "The Vicar of Wakefield," a favourite heroine in the comedies of Congreve and Sheridan, and Cordelia and Desdemona respectively to the Lear and Othello of Macready. She was the most prominent English actress of her time in the forties and fifties of the last century, that barren period in the history of our stage literature in which almost every farce, comedy and drama produced was an adaptation from the French; and it is one of the conspicuous merits of the biography of her which her grandson has recently published that it succeeds to admiration in rendering perspicuous and even interesting those previously unilluminated decades. Some of the most interesting pages in Mr. Allen's book are those which reproduce examples of the very personal criticism to which actresses were subject in Victorian days. Thus the *Dramatic Magazine* in one of its numbers for 1837 complains that Mrs. Stirling's "foot and ankle were fabricated for a larger structure and do not exactly assimilate with other adjacent beauties"; while the *Modern Drama* of 1862 allows that, "unless we except a somewhat inelegant walk, she embraces every qualification to produce a matchless embodiment of the piquant, the high-bred, the witty heroines of the old drama." Mrs. Stirling seems, however, to have atoned for the success of her public career by the failure of her private life. She separated from her first husband, Edward Stirling, whom she married when she was very young, after two or three years of wedded life; while we are told that the marriage which her beloved daughter Fanny contracted in 1863 "entailed a complete and permanent breach of relations between mother and daughter who, after the separation, met no more nor were ever reconciled." Those who enjoy reading theatrical biographies will find "The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling" particularly enjoyable. But they must not believe Mr. Allen when he says that Charles Reade, who seems to have been in love with the famous actress, was Vice-Chancellor of Magdalen! Charles Reade was Vice-President of Magdalen.

L. B.

J. M. BARRIE AND THE THEATRE. By H. M. Walbrook. 3s. 6d. (F. V. White.)

If you are still inclined to regret that the stage has taken Barrie the novelist away from us, you have only to consider his unique contribution to latter-day drama, and how poorer the modern theatre would have been without him, to be reconciled to the loss. Mr. Walbrook tells in this volume the story of Barrie's career as a dramatist, from its beginning, with the Ibsen burlesque, "Ibsen's Ghost," in 1891, down to date, and tells it in an entertainingly discursive, anecdotal style that makes delightfully good reading. It is a well-informed chronicle that gives the Barrie lover, who is legion, all he wants to know about

* "The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling." With some sketches of the Nineteenth Century Theatre. By Percy Allen, her grandson. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

all the plays and their production. The delicate, fanciful illustrations by W. W. Lendon add very considerably to the charm of the book.

LOYALTIES. By John Galsworthy. 3s. (Duckworth.)

A play of manifold and absorbing interest. When I first saw it acted I thought it would prove the pinnacle of Mr. Galsworthy's achievement, no less in the study than on the stage. Here it is in print; and who runs (to the expenditure of three shillings) may read and decide for himself. Do you love Galsworthian impartiality? He was never more impartial. Do you appreciate dramatic craftsmanship? Here it is. Do you demand ideas and yet feel that on former occasions the author's insistence on ideas has sometimes blunted the keen edge of his plots? The piece brims with ideas, interpreted without seeming effort by a plot as enthralling as that of any mask-and-bullet crook play. Lastly, do you like realism? The detail is as faithful as ever, and includes more humour than Mr. Galsworthy has taught us to expect. It is impossible to read "Loyalties" without feeling how well served the author has been, in all these respects, by the producer and cast at the St. Martin's. Too often, reading a play that one has seen, one must make readjustments. The two images are different, because the ideas stated in the text are not quite coincident with their human interpretation; and the more strongly ideas predominate in it, the more likely is any play to be distorted when transferred to the stage. Galsworthy plays have suffered thus ere now. "Loyalties" does not, because for once the characters, not the ideas, have run away with the author. There is no idealised figure, no cause to champion, no issue by which the æsthetic sense is (shamefully enough!) a little less thrilled than conscience seems to demand. This gives the cast an opportunity which they have used so brilliantly that, to many eyes, they eclipse the light from which their own flame is kindled. "Loyalties" may have struck you as the best-acted play in London. Read the book: and the other cause of its success will be obvious.

E. G. S.

TRILBY. At the Apollo.

Revivals are always interesting, especially to actors—because acting is so much a question of tradition, of infinite experiment, of remembering fondly or sceptically how old So-and-so used to play the part. Not that much acting is demanded (nor supplied) in "Trilby"; Little Billee, Taffy, The Laird, given reasonable resemblance to Du Maurier's drawings, may safely trust the play's sentimentality to act itself. The most curious point about Miss Neilson-Terry's production is her adherence to Tree's version, in which there was never the stuff of a star part for Trilby herself—nor even for a Trilby fortified by real song. One felt this, seeing her play it on tour; not all her charm and beauty, not even the wonderful humanity with which she endowed the part, could save the play from a certain thinness and distortion of outline. Now, by her wisdom in securing a Svengali of at least equal reputation, she has restored the balance; and her own part as well as Svengali's gains by the change. What of the play, so often mocked in its old age? It is not true to life; but it is true to romance, and for stage purposes that is sometimes better. People who know Bohemia only by report may take it for gospel. To us others, artists and actors above all, the play is full of ghosts—ghosts of life, love and art as we once thought they would be, before we found them different. What artist was not Little Billee once? What actor has not played in "Trilby"? Old comrades flit across the Apollo stage. Some are dead, some famous; most have just vanished, haunting what bars of Paradise to-day—or maybe of Manchester still, or Dublin quayside, or draughty refreshment-rooms of Carlisle or Crewe? Dear ghosts! I wish you well.

E. G. S.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We regret very much that the publication of the August BOOKMAN has had to be postponed until so late in the month. The delay (for which we offer apologies to our readers) has unfortunately been consequent on the strike in the printing trade which started in the third week of July and was not settled until the 17th August.

With a few exceptions—such as Martin Tupper, or Robert Montgomery; and what they wrote was not exactly poetry—minor poets never make so much money as minor novelists do, but they stand a very much better chance of immortality. There are far more anthologies of poetry than of prose, and, though minor novelists seldom get into the latter, a large number of minor poets are permanently at home in the former, and, in fact, have nowhere else to live, their own books being dead.

They sit down between the same covers with Shakespeare and Milton, and once they have found places in two or three such compilations their positions are secure, for, apart from other considerations, subsequent anthologists are afraid of what the critics might say if they omitted them.

Moreover, most of those who are so rescued from oblivion have some real title to the modest glory that is allotted to them; their complete works may sleep in half a dozen dusty volumes, and nobody can wake them; but bedded in that inert mass are one or two little vivid things—an ode, a sonnet, a lyric or so—that were not made for death, and, transplanted into anthologies, these live on there for ever, so that the author of hundreds of dull, laborious pages may become quietly famous at last for one page that is not without beauty. And if you look through almost any good anthology that comes to hand you will realise how poorer our poetical literature would be if no patient editor had ever found those waifs and strays of genius, and set them to shine like jewels in the garlands of the Muses.

It is perhaps rather hard that so little in this way can be done for minor prose writers, for minor



Mr. Robert Stuart Christie,

whose successful novel, "The House of the
"autful Hope," was published recently by
Mr. Cecil Palmer.

novelists in particular. There are mid-Victorian novelists buried in the British Museum who wrote cleverer, more interesting novels than many written in these latter years that are popular to-day (Geraldine Jewsbury, for instance, the friend of

Mrs. Carlyle), but it seems to be worth nobody's while to reissue their books, and novels do not lend themselves so well to the lapidary art of the anthologist as do the miscellanies of poets who here and there in a wilderness of drivel left one or two magical poems.

Even the minor poets who had such happier moments have not all been rescued from the waste, and it is a reproach to anthologists who have preceded him that Mr. Iolo A. Williams should have been able to collect enough forgotten and half-forgotten verse to make so delightful a volume as "Byways Round Helicon" (7s. 6d.; Heinemann) by dredging in the minor poetry of the eighteenth century alone. It were easy to name small bards of the period he has overlooked, but he does not pretend to have finished his task, and holds out hopes one would like to see him fulfil of continuing his researches and discoveries. He tells you that "a pretty lyric picked out of the sixpenny box, four lines of reality in the midst of a wilderness of fustian, or anything, almost, that is wonderfully out of keeping with its context, is a joy to me greater, in some odd way, than Grecian Urns and Skylarks." Most of us have that feeling at times, but Mr. Williams seems to have it all the time; he finds a greater thrill in coming upon "some beauty,

tist,
Ghost, quaintness, or pleasant
tainingly deceit in an unexpected
good reading, where I have
the Barrie love

a-fishing all by my-
in sharing with a
the Nineteenth Century
12s. 6d. net. (Fisher &

million other folk the patent universal loveliness of the great poets," and that blameless, bookish vanity has resulted in this collection of gems and rough diamonds from the lost property of certain poets who were not great.

Perhaps Mr. Williams goes somewhat outside his programme when he includes Shenstone and Gay; they are well known by comparison with Dyer, Garth, Soames Jenyns, and others whom he omits. Nor can Armstrong, Somerville, or even Langhorne and Charlotte Smith, to whom he devotes considerable space, be reckoned among the quite forgotten. But who knows more of Christopher Smart's poems than the immortal "Song to David"? The others are not especially worth knowing, except for the sparkle of occasional lines, but Mr. Williams has a way with him, and whatever he touches he makes interesting. If, indeed, on the whole, he has resuscitated more quaint, pretty or pleasing verse than fine poetry, there is enough of finer

quality to justify his labours, and his own gossip, whimsical criticisms and comments on his finds make a ramble in his company through these literary by-ways that have delighted him no less delightful to his readers. He presents, as Mr. J. C. Squire says in an introduction, "many charming verses by minor poets, some of whom have probably never been quoted since the death of Pitt." You will be grateful to him for introducing you to odd, pungent, humorous things out of the secular poems of Samuel Wesley, the brother of John and Charles; to a rattling good song by John Cunningham; a more than respectable elegy by Richard Gifford, and, to say nothing of other obscure, or unknown eighteenth century bards, to some charming songs



Mr. Holloway Horn,

whose new novel, "Tyranny," has just been
published by Messrs. Collins.



Mrs. Marion St. John Webb,

whose new book, "The House with the Twisting Passage,"
illustrated by Mrs. Doris Palmer, has just been published
by Messrs. Harrap.

by Samuel Boyce, whom I had forgotten or never heard of—if I had read, without being aware who was its author, his "Song to Winifreda," with this closing verse:

"And when with envy
Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us
of our joys,
You'll in your girls
again be courted,
And I go wooing in
my boys,"

I should have ascribed it to Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is so exactly in the style and spirit of the genial Autocrat.

That Gay is, as I have suggested, a moderate Triton among these minnows will be sufficiently evident if you consider that his collected poems were recently added to the Muses' Library; that his

"Beggar's Opera," no doubt because of its long and brilliant success on the stage at Hammersmith, was published with all its lyrics last year by Mr. Heinemann in a handsome volume, illustrated by Lovat Fraser; that Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who, a few months ago, published a Life of Gay, by Lewis Melville, issued in July his opera, "Polly" (6s.), the second part of the "Beggar's Opera," and has now published the most vital and distinctive of Gay's poems, "Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London" (£2 2s.) in a beautifully produced folio, with an introduction and copious and interesting notes by W. H. Williams. Rarely has any poet, great or small, been presented more artistically. In a handsome binding of white and gold, with a reproduction of the original title page, and printed in type and on paper reminiscent of the eighteenth century, a portrait and fifteen illustrations from old prints and the drawings of Hogarth, this is an ideal edition of a unique poem that appeals to the antiquary and to the lover of London, no less than to the student of poetry; and the poet who can appear to-day so exquisitely clad is not to be



Photo by Dorothy Hickling,
117, Ebury Street, S.W.

Mrs. Aomabel Williams-Ellis,

whose "Anatomy of Poetry" (Blackwell) is reviewed in this Number.
Mrs. Williams-Ellis is the daughter of the editor of *The Spectator*.

counted, without protest, among the flotsam and jetsam that Mr. Iolo Williams has fished out of the sixpenny box.

A minor poet of an earlier century who has been lost among the wrack of time is Charles Cotton. If he is known, it is for his excellent translation of Montaigne. Lamb, quoting his poem of "The New Year," called it "hearty and cheerful," and said it smacked "of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein;" and you will find these same qualities, with touches of neatness, daintiness and sly humour, in the sheaf of his poems that the Poetry Bookshop has issued, at the charge of five

shillings, beautified with some four score of Lovat Fraser's exquisite, characteristically quaint drawings. The hearty cheerfulness that pleased Lamb is in the "Morning Quatrains":

"The Cock has crowed an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego. . . .
Now doors and windows are unbar'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about Good-morrows fly,
As if Day taught Humanity. . . ."

His cheerfulness is always breaking through, yet he has his moods, and can sing with a pleasant pensiveness:

"Chloris, whilst thou and I were free,
Wedded to naught but Liberty,
How sweetly happy did we live? . . ."

I can believe that Cotton was a poet after Lovat Fraser's own heart. He transcribed the poems collected here in a notebook, adding decorations from time to time between other work, and I think if Cotton could revisit the glimpses and have sight of this dainty volume he would feel that it was worth while to sleep in the dust for three centuries, to re-emerge in such delectable fashion at last.



Mr. Ronald Blaker,

whose new book, "The Voice in the Wilderness," was recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, whose new book of stories for children, "The House with the Twisted Passage," with illustrations by Mrs. Doris Palmer (wife of Mr. Cecil Palmer, the well-known publisher) has just been published by Messrs. Harrap, is the author of some four other books in verse and prose for children and slightly older readers, the most successful of which has been "The Littlest One," a volume of charming serious-humorous verses, that, going through several editions, has been selling steadily here and in America since its first appearance a few years ago, and is now in its thirtieth thousand. Mrs. Webb is the wife of Mr. Sidney Hastings Webb, who has done much good work in the magazines, and has lately completed his second humorous novel, "Deedles," which is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

As a portrait and landscape painter, Mr. R. H. Sauter, whose "Songs in Captivity" (3s. 6d.) was recently published by Messrs. Heinemann, has already attracted considerable attention—his painting, "The Ghost Hill," is hung in this year's Royal Academy. He is the son of a distinguished painter, and a nephew of Mr. John Galsworthy, so the fact that he is both artist and poet is perhaps explained by heredity.

His sensitive illustrations to Mr. Galsworthy's "Awakening" showed him as a book-illustrator of finely imaginative gifts. Mr. Sauter's "Songs in Captivity" express with a singular freshness and poignancy the moods and fancies of a caged spirit. Through the sadness of his poems there runs, as one of his critics has phrased it, "a faith in beauty, and a felicitous capacity for expressing that faith in vivid and beautiful images." He puts pictures and atmosphere into his lines with the swift, subtle touch of the painter, but this picturesque impressionism is only the stage and scenery for a tragedy of the spirit, and I have felt in reading his poems that he is always writing of actual experiences, of sufferings personally endured, of wrongs resented with a passionate sincerity.

That Prize Competitions may be the means of discovering novelists of exceptional ability is exemplified in the case of Margaret Peterson (Mrs.

Fisher). She started her career in London as a journalist, filling a small post on the staff of the late lamented *Morning Leader*. In 1913 she went in for Mr. Andrew Melrose's First Novel Competition and, with "The Lure of the Little Drum," won the prize and felt, as she confesses, that her feet were at last "on the ladder that leads to the stars." Her three next books were published by Mr. Melrose, then one or two were issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett; her new novel, "Ninon," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell, and she has made good progress with the writing of another. For the last three or four years Mrs. Fisher has been living in Central Africa, where her husband is stationed, and her later books have reflected much of the life she lives there.

A correspondent has sent us a photograph, which we here reproduce, of the grave in Rhodesia of Gertrude Page (Mrs. Dobbin). Like that of Cecil Rhodes, it is on a granite crest, and hewn in the solid rock. The slab used to cover it, which is shown in the photograph, lying on rollers alongside the grave, is simply inscribed: "Gertrude Page, Rhodesia, April 1904-April 1922," the dates being those of her arrival in Rhodesia, and of her death.

THE BOOKMAN.



Mr. R. H. Sauter,

author of "Captivity" (Heinemann).

From a painting by himself.

"The King's Pilgrimage" (2s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is the story of the King's recent visit to the graves of British soldiers who fell in the war, and lie buried in France and Belgium. There are many stories of the stately Progresses made by our Kings and Queens, in earlier days, through their own realm, but none so impressive in its simplicity, none so poignant in the purpose of its errand, as this record of our King's journey to those corners of foreign lands that are for ever England. The details of that journey are illustrated in numerous excellently reproduced photographs, and the book is prefaced with a poem of "The King's Pilgrimage," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The profits from the sale are to be distributed, by the King's desire, among those organisations that are assisting relatives of the dead to visit the cemeteries abroad.

The John Newbery medal, which is to be given annually by the Children's Librarians' Section of



**Margaret Peterson
(Mrs. Fisher)**

and her small son, Peter John, among the natives on the Belgian Congo border, Central Africa.

the American Library Association for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children produced within the preceding year, has been awarded to Mr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, for "The Story of Mankind," which is now being published in this country by Messrs. Harrap.

A new edition (the seventh) of "An Illustrated History of Furniture," by Frederick Litchfield, will be published in September by Truslove & Hanson. In this new edition the author has added considerably both to the text and the number of illustrations.

"The Liar," a comedy, translated by Grace Lovat Fraser, will be published immediately by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. The book will contain an Introduction by Gordon Craig, and illustrations by C. Lovat Fraser.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. Newnes have published the first volume of "The Outline of Science," edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, the issue of which in fortnightly parts is now nearing completion. The book is meant, as the editor says, "for the general reader who lacks both time and opportunity for special study, and yet would take an intelligent interest in the progress of science which is making the world always new." To this end, stories of the triumphs of science in its various fields are told simply, interestingly, in ways that can easily be "understood of the people." This volume deals largely with the romance of astronomy, with natural history, and evolution, and

has a revealing chapter on the new psychology.* The numerous illustrations in colour and black-and-white are excellently reproduced.

An anthology of Shelley's poems, carefully chosen and well arranged, has been compiled by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson (8s. 6d. net) and is published by Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson.

A second series of "Poems of the Day" (3s. 6d.) has been issued by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Some of our older living poets are represented, and a few that have died since the beginning of the century, but most of the selections are from the writings of the younger poets of the hour. Perhaps the finest things in the collection are poems that have arisen out of the war; apart from these, our younger poets seem rather limited in range; there is a tendency to sameness in their themes, which is, however, redeemed by no little beauty of thought and felicity of phrase.

The Yale Series of younger American poets (Oxford Press; 6s. 6d. net each) has more than justified itself in the volumes hitherto published, and the two latest additions, "Dreams and a Sword," by Medora C. Addison, and "White April," by Harold Vinal, are worthy to rank with the best of their predecessors. Readers (and there are such) who have an idea that the new American poets are all apostles of the New Poetry and writing the wildest of free verse, should correct that impression by reading some of the very charming lyrics in these two volumes. They have beauty of form as well as of thought, and that touch of emotion that is the life of the lyric and is too often lacking in latter-day verse.

The sixth (1921) volume of "Wheels," edited by Edith Sitwell (Daniel; 3s. 6d.), maintains the character of its predecessors. It represents certain of the apostles of the new poetry at their crudest and most puerile. The verse is the sort of thing that amused one in the amateur magazines of one's youth and passed as the first poetic staggerings of the immature. Now we are asked to take it seriously as the finished product of adult and daring minds that are in revolt against convention. It is really



The grave of Gertrude Page in Rhodesia.
From a photograph taken just after her funeral.

a solemn reversion to schoolday amusements and belongs to the literature that includes schoolboy howlers and the unconsciously funny essays of children. As such, the two bucolic poems and "Subjective Odyssey" and "The Death of Mercury":

"Dullness, the Deity, in conclave sat
With Mediocrity, whose pork pie hat
Now flaunts——"

may be read with a sympathetic smile. So may any of the others, for all these bards seem to flaunt that pork pie hat.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

ON November 10, 1909, I found myself in the pit of the Lyceum Theatre, winding up a day of authorised sightseeing with a fair companion too self-reliant and humorous to be easily scared. The play we happened to see contains an occult transformation scene requiring a sudden darkness in which players and audience are both temporarily engulfed. During the dramatic darkness—so much more cunning than fog—of that November night I felt my right hand tightly clasped as though by some imperilled landling catching at a boatman's hand after the third rising. As I mutely assured slender fingers that nothing less drastic than amputation should render me insensitive to their appeal, I meditated on the complexity of art and the cleverness of Mr. McCarthy. At the moment when he dramatised the awful transition of a wicked prince to the state of a court fool, at what I may call the desperate moment when he was trying to deepen by black to angry archangelic profundity the voice of Mr. Harvey Braban the actor, he was striking matches in a hundred cardiac caves.

Any artistic effect that vitally stays in an average memory for a decade announces that the artist is superior to the ordinary "professional," and it is impossible to read a catalogue of Mr. McCarthy's achievements without knowing that he is, to say the least, a big literary personality. The son of Justin McCarthy, the famous historian, politician and author of "Dear Lady Disdain," etc., he acquired a great deal more than the learning and experience necessary to become a successful *littérateur*. He was a full-blown poet, bound like Swinburne, in 1883. He was an M.P. in the time of the "Uncrowned King" of the Irish. He learned Persian; he did homage to Sardou in French prose. He was at an early age, and perhaps not altogether comfortably, a storehouse of our literary inheritance, and in "A London Legend" (a charming novel) one feels a certain impatience of the culture that quotes away the freshness of 7 o'clock a.m. When one considers his life merely as one of the public it seems to tell us about half what is meant by tasting the world. He has seen a great deal of it, geographically speaking, and he has tried to live in it when and where Joan of Arc was clairaudient, the Borgias were a-borging, Villon was rhyming, Queen Elizabeth was ruling, Dante was loving Beatrice. No wonder that, in the period when he was the playfellow of my two elder sisters, he rebelled against being called "Tiny":

"It was difficult to avoid it" [writes Miss Elfrida Chasson to me], "and at last we were told that we should be fined one farthing every time we said 'Tiny' instead of 'Justin.' This he informed us (that is, Constance and me) one day when we had been invited to spend the

afternoon [at the McCartlys' residence at Doddington Grove, Clapham]. In the course of our play in the garden I said 'Tiny' so often that I had contracted the vast debt of threepence ha'penny, and I was feeling rather blue about it towards the end of the day when Justin generously forgave me the whole amount."

Before completing my studies for this article I asked Mr. McCarthy certain questions which elicited the following replies:

(1) "Speaking broadly, I should say that Alexandre Dumas the First and Victor Hugo were perhaps the greatest influences on my artistic production. (Of course I do not mention the obvious Great Ones; these must be taken for granted.) (2) I am, first of all, a dramatist, and have experienced the most pleasure in play-writing."

My sister Elfrida recalls that as a boy Mr. McCarthy showed the trend of his genius by his choice of games:

"They were very dramatic [she writes] and involved a great deal of fighting, but nobody ever got hurt. One of us, perhaps Charlotte [his sister] or Cotty [my second eldest sister], would be an imprisoned lady, and we had to fight to set her free. Or Justin was Robin Hood and the rest of us his followers [bravo Imagination!]. After a time he made up plays in which he and Charlotte only took part while Cotty and I were the audience. . . . He always had a toy pistol which the hero or the villain of his play fired. . . . He used to write his plays and he and Charlotte learned their parts."

One hazards that these childish efforts at dramatic creation and performance were in Mr. McCarthy's mind when he wrote the second chapter of "The Illustrious O'Hagan."

I asked Mr. McCarthy what six works he would name if a critic pressed for time was desirous of forming a just opinion of his best achievements. His reply was: "I would put first my play, 'If I were King,' which is embodied in the novel founded upon it; then, in any order, 'Pretty Maids all in a Row,' 'The Illustrious O'Hagan,' 'Henry Elizabeth' and 'In Spacious Times.' To these I would add my experiment in fiction dealing with my own times, 'Fool of April.' I should have inserted in this list an early book of verses called 'Serapion,' but it is long since out of print."

With the courteous assistance of the eminent publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, William Heinemann, Hodder & Stoughton, Hurst & Blackett and Methuen & Co., I have obtained such a view of the McCarthy pleasaunce as justifies, I think, the following remarks.

Mr. McCarthy is a great writer who has given the public a remarkable series of illusions both for the theatre and the fireside. A master hand at situations and "curtains," he addresses himself not to the cynic who superimposes Wardour Street on every gallant scene that an artist's sense of the past presents to his

audience or readers ; neither does he address himself to those who, having perchance read "Salammbô" or (forgive abruptness of transition) "The Tower of London," insist on all historical fiction being an epoch of civilisation in miniature. He addresses himself to those who like to recede from the present, not to get sensations of truth coming to light, of history disincumbered from tedious details, but to enjoy sensations of sheathed and unsheathable flames, of conflicting valours, of relief from over-organised safety and the arid altruism of modern law.

I called him a great writer, and this adjective may sound queer to those whose opinions of writing are their opinions of "plots" and markets. Sensational, melodramatic, improbable, cheap are adjectives with which an adroitly violent hand can seem to knock a literary reputation "tail-over-tip" into the waste-paper basket, yet a great writer may deserve them all. One may almost tell a great writer by phrases, let alone sentences and pages. For instance, such a phrase as that accusing the angel :

" who breaks
With pitiless hands to-day
from yesterday,"

informed whosoever read it with understanding in 1883 that Mr. McCarthy was at least not a small writer, though not a deep or intense thinker. One may indeed take up "Serapion and Other Poems" and observe or conjecture influences of Swinburne, Keats, Præd ; but, there is no mistaking the fact that the soloist is a master, that his relation to life, truth and joy approaches the filial and that he knows there were wines more exquisite than drunkenness at the feasts of religious pagans. If Mr. McCarthy had stuck to poetry he would doubtless have surpassed Stephen Phillips in poetico-dramatic success, but he was wise to bring his creativeness to prose, as the melody of long-sustained verse, especially when distributed among characters, is not an adequate compensation for metrical fetters. Furthermore, the path of the poetry of the future is the path of philosophy, and philosophy goes patiently and resolutely past the sensually distinguishable and objective into the unseen and formless. When one feels certain almost passionate regrets for impersonal objective loss, as at almond blossom blown on to the pavement, one is usually in the throes of ignorance and, if hurried thereby into verse, stands out definitely as a minor poet—a sorrier object than a naked almond tree. Poetry astray from philosophy has, in fact, a terrible tendency to identify a fine singer with feeble thought, while it is unfortunately true that though poetry is but little read the only possible way of reading it is—attentively.



Photo by E. O. Hopff. **Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy.**

Mr. McCarthy has, however, written such successful prose novels and plays that Fame has left his verse to bibliophiles while trumpeting the merits of his fiction to the crowd for whom the novel and the play are mechanisms for their own reincarnation, rather than feats of composition and language. There was a time when he had the imprudence to write a tale that "began miserably and ended miserabler," the reference being to "Lily Lass," a tale of the Young Irelanders (1889), but though he is Irish and a historian of Ireland (*vide*

his useful "Outline of Irish History"), his imagination does not live in the mist of tears with the artistic felicity of, say, Miss Julia Crotty, author of "The Lost Land." His pen delights in the romance resulting from masquerading and sudden glorification. Villon turned into the Grand Constable of France (*vide* "If I were King"), the bank's third cashier turned into affluent gentleman (*vide* "Fool of April"), the shop-girl turned into the nobleman's darling granddaughter (*vide* "The Golden Shoe")—these instances suffice to show his penchant for what I may call a rationalised fairy tale. Perhaps in "Henry Elizabeth," regarded as a complete work in itself, we see at its best such faculty as he has for presenting to us a finality of sorrow ;

it is assuredly a mature, ingenious and fascinating work. As a rule, however, critics who favour realism will not be found thumping drums in front of Mr. McCarthy's successes. Now I am not going to say that the swordsmanship of Lagadere in "The Duke's Motto" is realistic ; I will even assert that the novelist's art has not made it convincing. There is such a person as Mr. Two Arms, however fondly we believe in Briareus. But I am entirely with Mr. McCarthy in his addiction to exhibiting the effects of an almost miraculous change for the better in fortune and environment, for in a large number of cases right thinking implies mental transplanting.

Irishmen are addicted to rhetoric, and it becomes sometimes a malady in their style. Mr. McCarthy is happily able to command magnificent brevities and the implied rhetoric of those "situations" which appeal without words. Moreover, he understands pathos, tenderness, and knows how to be droll and humorous.

If it be true, as his Omar Khayyâm asserts, that "No man has ever passed a step outside himself," it is true that the mind of Justin Huntly McCarthy is populous with the gay, the gallant and the beautiful.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE READER.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT, R.N.

By S. M. ELLIS.

ONE would not venture to say at this late date, in view of Mr. Conrad, that Marryat retains his old position as the greatest novelist of the sea: it is more correct now to term the earlier writer the greatest novelist of life in the Royal Navy. That designation Marryat can still claim, despite the fact that the conditions of service afloat have entirely changed in the hundred years and more that have elapsed since he gained the experiences he so faithfully and realistically reflected in his naval romances. Heredity, too, contributed its quota to his particular literary qualifications, for the sea and adventure in far countries were in his blood by reason of the lives of his immediate forbears.

Like most families, the Marryats believed they were descended from knightly ancestors, but it will suffice here to note that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they were of the middle-class in England, several of them doctors, with a partiality for Christian names of biblical origin. Obadiah, Zachariah, Zephaniah, Hephzibah, Josiah, Elyas, Samuel, Benjamin, Joseph, Hannah are of frequent occurrence in the pedigree. The novelist's great-grandfather, Zephaniah Marryat, D.D., author of theological works, lived in Southwark, and as his son Joseph was married in St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1744, to Penelope Reid, the families were presumably of some civic importance.

Zephaniah's fourth son, Thomas Marryat, M.D., born in 1730 (the grandfather of Captain Marryat), was an interesting person. As a youth he acted as lay preacher at Wymondham. He became ordained in 1754 and moved to Southwold, on the coast of Suffolk. He married Sarah, daughter of John Davy of that town, a relative presumably of the artist of the same name who, some sixty years later, published a series of engraved views of Southwold. The two eldest children—one of them destined to be the novelist's father—of Thomas Marryat's marriage were born at Southwold. A few years later, in 1760, he resigned the ministry and went to Edinburgh to study medicine. Later he travelled on the Continent and in America. Returning to England, he practised as a doctor at Shrewsbury and in Ireland, where he was defied by his patients, although he is described as an ugly, morose man, aping the ill manners of Johnson—"a perfect hedgehog to strangers and those whom he disliked." He finally settled at Bristol, where he died in 1792.

His book, "Therapeutics, or the Art of Healing," became famous, and ran into thirty-seven editions.

His eldest son Joseph (the novelist's father), born in 1757, after spending his early years in Southwold, was trained for a mercantile career and then sent to Grenada. In 1788 he visited the United States, where he became acquainted with the family of Frederick von Geyer of Boston, a German originally from Frankfort. Marryat married the second daughter, Charlotte von Geyer, and returning to England the following year—1789—he commenced a prosperous career as a merchant in London.

It has hitherto been erroneously stated in memoirs and articles that his second and famous son, Frederick Marryat, the naval novelist, was born in Great George Street, Westminster; but the researches of the late Mr. Cecil Davis, of Wandsworth, have conclusively established the fact that the future author was born on July 10th, 1792, in Catherine Court (near the Tower of London), in the parish of All Hallows, Barking. Catherine Court, which connected Trinity Square with Seething Lane, was unfortunately demolished a few years ago in connection with the



Captain Marryat.

the painting by John Simpson in the National Portrait Gallery.

new buildings of the Port of London Authority; but it is appropriate to remember that the sea novelist was born in that nautical part of London, near the great river and the wharves of merchandise, and within sight of Trinity House and the old Navy Office—the original Admiralty—and Seething Lane, with its memories of Pepys. Later his parents removed to New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and here, still near the Thames, Frederick Marryat spent his early boyhood.

Joseph Marryat's prosperity continued to increase. He became head of the banking house of Marryat, Kaye, Price & Co.; Chairman of the Committee at Lloyds; and Colonial Agent for the islands of Grenada and Trinidad. He was elected M.P. for Horsham (1808-10) and Sandwich (1812-24), and spoke frequently and with authority in the House on colonial and commercial matters. In 1815 he removed from the City, as a resident, to Wimbledon Park House, but he died very suddenly at his bank office in Mansion House Street in 1824. His widow continued to reside at Wimbledon Park House for thirty years, until her death in 1854; she greatly improved and developed the gardens there, planting many rare trees and shrubs. She was elected a Fellow of the Horticultural Society.

**Wimbledon Park House.**

From an engraving taken when Mrs. Joseph Marryat resided there, 1813-54.

Despite his father's wealth (and that of his childless uncle, Samuel Marryat, K.C., of 41, Russell Square, who left £300,000 at his death), Frederick Marryat was not favoured with a good education. He was merely sent to a private school kept by a man named Freeman, at Ponders End, where he proved to be an idle and troublesome pupil. Babbage was his contemporary here for a time. Much of Marryat's home and school life was reflected in his subsequent novels, and it would seem he was not very happy as a boy. Three times he ran away to sea and was as many times brought back to home or school (and caning). At last, his father, realising that the Navy was the right life for such an exuberant, restless spirit as his second son, secured for the boy a nomination as midshipman. In September, 1806, at the age of fourteen, Frederick Marryat joined the frigate *Impérieuse*, under Captain Lord Cochrane (later Dundonald), and sailed for the Mediterranean.

It was a splendid period of the British Navy. Trafalgar was but a year ago, and Cochrane second only to Nelson in distinction and integrity. His influence upon the youthful Marryat was great. Rugged, fearless, violent in temper, he was the beau-ideal, the model of a frigate captain, and as such he is depicted in "The Naval Officer," or "Frank Mildmay," as Captain Savage in "Peter Simple" and as Captain M. in "The King's Own." In his own private log Marryat spoke of his first captain's solicitude for his men: "I never knew anyone so

careful of the lives of his ship's company as Lord Cochrane, or anyone who calculated so closely the risks attending any expedition."

When only fifteen Marryat took part in a sanguinary little battle off Corsica with a Maltese privateer, when seventeen men were killed on the ship and fifteen killed and wounded on the *Impérieuse*. In 1808 the frigate had an eventful cruise along the Spanish coast, bombarding forts and ports, these events being related later in at least three of Marryat's books. Next his ship was engaged in frequent attacks on the French transport services which were endeavouring to reach Barcelona; and the defence of Rosas, where Marryat received a bayonet wound, is well described in "The Naval Officer." Marryat was engaged in the Walcheren expedition, and next served on the *Centaure*, the flagship of Sir Samuel Hood, in the Mediterranean. He

**Sussex House (Back View),
Hammersmith,**

where Marryat lived 1830-4.

From a photograph in the possession of Mr. S. Martin.

was for a short time on the *Namur*, and then, joining the *Æolus*, he went to the West Indies, which provided scenes for many of his subsequent books. After a further period on the *Spartan* and *Indian* he returned home in 1812 and received his commission as lieutenant.

In 1813 he was appointed to the sloop *L'Espiegle*, and cruised along the coast of South America. The next two years provided a variety of naval experiences.

The Peace of 1815 found Marryat at the age of twenty-three a Commander. He visited the Continent, and in 1819 married Catharine, daughter of Sir Stephen Shairp, Consul-General in Russia, by whom he had seven children, the best known being his youngest daughter Florence, who became prominent as a novelist and investigator of spiritualistic phenomena. Mrs. Marryat survived her husband for thirty-five years.

When in command of the *Beaver* sloop Marryat saw the end of Napoleon. An English warship was always kept cruising off St. Helena to prevent the escape of the fallen Emperor. Marryat's ship was the last to fulfil this duty; and he himself made a sketch of Napoleon on his deathbed, for Marryat

**Gothic Lodge, Wimbledon.**

Marryat lived here in 1840.

Photograph by Mr. G. C. Druce, sent by Miss M. Grant.



The Manor Cottage, Langham, Norfolk
where Marryat died in 1848.
From a view lent by Mr. T. Davis.

was a skilful artist in addition to his literary capabilities.

Being in ill-health, he exchanged to the *Rosario*, and it fell to him to bring to Spithead the dispatches announcing the Emperor's death. Soon after—1821—the *Rosario* was ordered to Harwich to form part of the naval escort which attended the body of Queen Caroline (wife of George IV) to Stade, *en route* for interment at Brunswick. The following year Marryat was engaged in hunting down smugglers, and in 1823 he was appointed to the *Larne*, which proceeded to India and took part in the invasion of Burma. Marryat saw a good deal of active service there, and his health was further affected by the climate and the salt food which formed the diet of the Navy. He was rewarded by the Companionship of the Bath, the thanks of the Indian Government and the command of the *Ariadne* (28 guns). This was his last ship. He resigned in 1830, and he never applied again for a command except once, perhaps, at the end of his life.

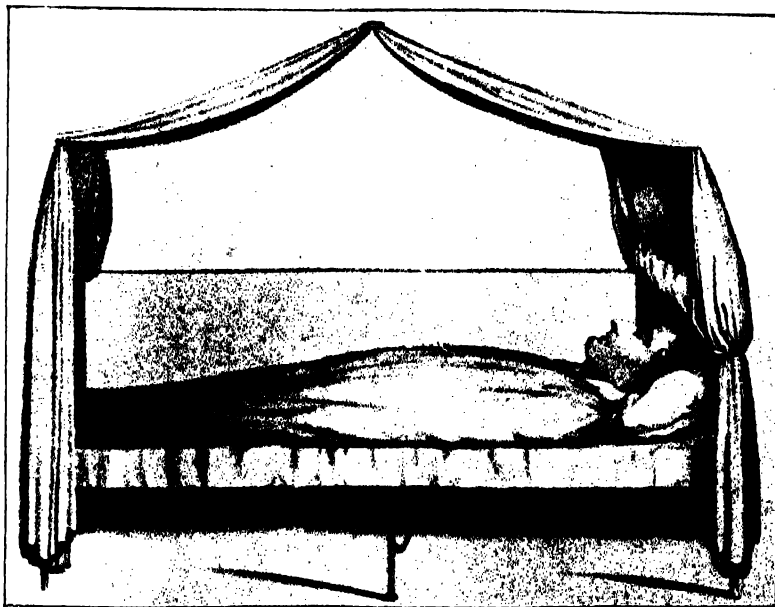
Marryat had now reached the second phase of his career. He was a post-captain and C.B. at thirty-eight, and he resolved henceforth to devote himself to his family (from whom he had been absent continually on service) and a literary career, for which he had long possessed an inclination. As far back as 1817 he had published "A Code of Signals for the Use of Vessels Employed in the Merchant Service," and in 1822 "Suggestion for the Abolition of the Present System of Impressment in the Naval Service." His first novel, "The Naval Officer, or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay," appeared in March, 1829, and, as he stated later, it is largely autobiographical as regards the sea adventures, though he disclaimed the "vices" of the hero. "The King's Own" was published in April, 1830, and, like its predecessor, was anonymous. Nevertheless it achieved immediate success, for six days after its appearance we find Harrison Ainsworth writing to his friend Crossley: "'The King's Own' is excellent, excepting always the catastrophe, which is forced,

unnatural and revolting; but there are some spirited descriptive scenes, much acute remark and much caricature sketching. It will amuse you. I know of nothing else." The character of Willie in this book was drawn from Marryat's little boy of the same name who had died in 1826 at the age of seven.

Marryat returned to London at the close of 1830. He had been appointed Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, one of the fatuous younger brothers of the King (William IV). The Duke lived at Kensington Palace and, presumably in order to be near his duties, Marryat purchased from him Sussex House, Hammersmith, which stood with its large garden on the east side of what is now Fulham Palace Road.* Here, for the first two years, Marryat led a life of continuous social gaiety and extravagance, entertaining people he met at Kensington Palace, mixed with a few literary men, such as Captain Chamier (whose best naval novel, "Ben Brace," was written a few years later—1836) and Theodore Hook, who would delight the assembled company with his ventriloquial and imitative extravagances.

Marryat said he ran through three fortunes at this period—his shares of the estates of his father, his brother Samuel, and his wealthy uncle Samuel, the K.C., of Russell Square. "The smiles of Princes proving evanescent," Marryat resumed literary work in earnest. He contributed to *The Metropolitan Magazine* at the rate of sixteen pounds a sheet, and became editor of this periodical in 1832. "Newton Forster" was written in 1831. Marryat's industry became amazing. "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful" (the author's favourite book), and parts of "The Pacha of Many Tales" all belong to 1833-4. There was no doubt financial necessity to meet the expenses of his lavish hospitality and his unsuccessful attempt to enter the

* A previous occupant of the house in 1812-17 was Mrs. Billington, the famous opera singer: it was then described as in "Fulham Fields." Marryat owned for a time 5, Cleveland Row, St. James's, about 1821.



Sketch of Napoleon on his death bed at St. Helena.

Drawn on the spot by Captain Frederick Marryat in 1821.

House of Commons as Member for Tower Hamlets. His elder brother, Joseph, author of "Pottery and Porcelain," had been M.P. for their father's old constituency of Sandwich since 1826.

At this period of rash living, Marryat one night, after dinner and copious champagne, foolishly exchanged Sussex House, Hammersmith, for a smaller dwelling with a thousand acres at Langham, in Norfolk, which proved to be the cause of further financial troubles, for he was quite ignorant about how to manage farm land. In 1834 Marryat removed to Brighton, where he lived in the house at the south-western corner of Hampton Place and Western Road. Here he wrote "Japhet in Search of a Father," and probably "The Pirate" and "The Three Cutters" and the early portions of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" (which was published in 1836). In 1835 the novelist and his family went off post-haste to the Continent, probably for monetary reasons, and led a gay life at Brussels. Charles Lever and G. P. R. James, with their respective families, did the same. By the time he got to Spa he found it well to live more quietly. He wrote to Lady Blessington in the summer of 1836:

"I was tired of bustle, and noise, and excitement, and here there is room for meditation. . . . I write very little, just enough to amuse me, and make memorandums and think. . . . I never thought that I should feel a pleasure in idleness; but I do now. I had done too much and I required repose, or *rather repose to some portions of my brain*. . . . I believe that this is the first epoch of real quiet that I have had in my stormy life. . . . I walk about and pick early flowers with the children, sit on a bench in the beautiful *allées vertes* which we have here, smoke my cigar, and meditate till long after the moon is in the zenith."

Only for a short time was this quiet, idle life to last, for in 1837 Marryat left for America, and that same year his "Snarleyow, or The Dog Fiend" was published, though it was really written in the previous year. "The Phantom Ship" also belongs to 1837, though it was not issued in book form until two years later. Both these works—though a new departure in style—are among Marryat's best seven books. He successfully presented the supernatural, no easy thing to do, and in the case of "The Phantom Ship" vividly revived the old legends of Vanderdecken and the Werewolf.

He had an eventful two years in America. He visited Canada and took part in the fighting against the rebellious French population in 1838. His experiences were recorded in "A Diary in America," published in 1839. He returned home in the spring of that year and went to live at 8, Duke Street, St. James's. But,

ever restless, a year later found him at his mother's home, Wimbledon Park House. Then he took for a short time Gothic Lodge, Wimbledon, which had a previous literary association in the person of Lady Anne Barnard, author of "Auld Robin Gray." Next Marryat occupied chambers at 120, Piccadilly, and thence removed to No. 3, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, where he once more entertained a good deal, his guests now being chiefly literary people, including Dickens, Forster, Bulwer, Ainsworth, D'Orsay, and Lady Blessington. But he was soon in financial difficulties again; and beginning to weary of incessant literary work, and, perhaps longing a little for the old life at sea of his youth, he wrote on one occasion: "If I were not rather in want of money, I certainly would not write any more, for I am rather tired of it. I should like to disengage myself from the fraternity of authors, and be known in future only in my profession as a good officer and seaman."

Yet he had of necessity to write as hard as ever, and "Poor Jack," the excellent "Masterman Ready," "Joseph Rushbrook, or The Poacher," "Percival Keene," and

"Monsieur Violet" followed in rapid succession.

Then suddenly, in 1843, Marryat cut himself adrift from all his friends, left London and settled at Langham, near Holt, the house he had acquired from its builder, Copland, in exchange for Sussex House, Hammersmith (which would have proved a valuable possession for his heirs to-day in view of the building development of the site). The thousand acres in Norfolk he had endeavoured to farm on his own account, with very grave financial loss—over £1,000 in 1842 alone. He hoped to improve matters by living on the spot, though he was worn out in health and his eyesight failing.

The loss on the land at Langham was not so excessive after he came to reside there, and the Manor Cottage was a picturesque thatched house, covered with roses and ivy, built in imitation of The Cottage, the favourite residence of George IV in Windsor Great Park. Here Marryat adopted the life and appearance in dress of the farmer; he shed the attributes of the literary man and the naval officer—even growing a beard, which would have been an impossible solecism in his service days. He rose at five a.m. and acted as his own farm bailiff, riding round his land on his pony called "Dumpling." At other times he found pleasure in walking the lanes, watching the buds develop in the spring, and the birds and nature in all aspects. In the evenings he would play Blind Man's Buff with his children, and romp and dance with them, as he was wont to do in earlier years. Forster records how



Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N.

portrait in the possession of Mrs. Belcher, and photographed by courtesy of Mr. H. W. Belcher.

Marryat "had a frantic delight in dancing, especially with children, of whom and whose enjoyments he was as fond as it became so thoroughly good-hearted a man to be. . . . He was among the first in Dickens's liking."

Apparently Marryat had no regrets for the social life and all the good friends he had voluntarily abandoned in London. Forster and others wrote to beg him to come up and meet them again in festive symposium, but in vain. He was content with his rural solitude, and perhaps aware of the Shadow of Death. The books he wrote in his last phase are in no way comparable with his early work. They comprise "The Settlers in Canada," "The Mission; or Scenes in Africa," "The Children of the New Forest," "The Little Savage," and "Valerie," which he was too ill to finish. "The Privateersman" (1846) was only partly written by Marryat. The earlier portion was the actual autobiography of Captain Robinson Elsdale, and it was sent to Marryat by Harrison Ainsworth with a request to edit it, and enlarge the narrative for *The New Monthly Magazine*, which was duly done. An earlier novel, "Rattlin the Reefer" (1836), generally attributed to Marryat, was in fact written by Edward Howard, who acted as sub-editor, under Marryat, of *The Metropolitan Magazine*.

In 1847 Marryat suffered further severe financial loss by the failure of his property in West India. He made an effort to re-enter the Navy, but he applied for employment in vain. These worries caused a return of a physical trouble which he had suffered from intermittently since his youth, despite his muscular appearance. It caused the rupture of blood-vessels. During his last year Marryat went to Wimbledon, to Hastings, to Brighton, in the hope that a milder climate might

restore his health. But a final blow of fate rendered every effort vain, when his eldest son, Lieutenant Frederick Marryat, was drowned in the wreck of the naval steamer *Avenger*, in December, 1847. That was the end for the father too. He had no desire to live, and when his doctors in London, at a final consultation, gave him six months more before the end would come, he announced the sentence to his children with an "undisturbed and half-smiling countenance."

He returned to Langham and waited for death during the summer months:

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

To prevent the rupture of blood-vessels, all food diet was given up and he was only kept alive by lemonade. All through the long summer days he lay in the drawing-room at Langham, while his daughters read aloud to him. Flowers delighted him to the end until consciousness failed. The terrible weakness brought on delirium. Morphine became necessary, and it was at the close of a long period of unconsciousness that final rest and peace came, mercifully, at dawn on August 9th, 1848.

Mr. Conrad has written of Marryat and his work and character:

"He is the enslaver of youth . . . by the heroic quality of his own unique temperament. . . . His novels are not the outcome of his art, but of his character, like the deeds that make up his record of service. . . . He has created a priceless legend. . . ."

That is a fine tribute from a great writer to a great predecessor.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. AUGUST, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short quotation from English verse in praise of a holiday on the open road.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. C. Comfort, of "Roe-wood," Woodville Road, New Barnet, Herts, for the following:

THE FAILURE.

They say you are a failure. In the race
For wealth and power, you amidst your kin
Must take the lowest place.

A failure! Have they ever seen your face
When some one weak or helpless sought your aid?
A failure! Have they ever been with you
When, on some peerless morn in early Spring,
A lark has risen from the waking earth,
And spilled its sweetness in the arc of blue?
Have they been with you when the grey buds cling
Like feathered nestlings to the willow bough,
And seen you touch them as a bride might touch
The orange-blossoms wreathed for her brow?

You have the ears that hear, the eyes that see
The shy, wild things in hedgerow and in tree;
You love the fresh-turned earth, the smell of trees,
The healthful heather, and the moorland breeze.
You love to tramp in search of shady nook,
Your pocket sagging with some oft-read book.
You see the colours in the London streets,
You know its busy spots, its quiet retreats.

Not mine the pen to show you as I would,
But knowing you I know that life is good.
Teach me your secret, help me, O my friend,
To find the good in all that fate may send.
Help me to win contentment, mental health,
To yield to others in the race for wealth.
Help me to keep my sense of values true,
Help me to fail as splendidly as you.

We also select for printing:

BATTLES LONG AGO.

Down through the centuries,
Treading relentlessly,
Hear we the fighting men
Marching to war!
Fearful the venture is,
Where, like a hurricane,
Death o'er the battle-field
Rageeth afar!

Roman and Saracen
Pass in their panoply;
Bowmen of Parthia,
Mongol and Mede;
Heroes of Marathon,
Patriots, warriors:
Still they go marching by,
Fated to bleed!

Vanity, vanity!
Captives and conquerors
Gone to the silences—
Piteous the pain
Man's inhumanity
Bringeth to man—and yet
Lo! where the Star of Hope
Riseth again!

Margaret Ormiston, 83, Coleherne Court, S.W.5.)

DUST IN THE WIND.

The wind has a sound of tears,
And the dust is whirled by
Like the ancient tale of the years
Turned to a cloud and a cry.

Scholar and king and priest,
And a queen who was kind,
Now out of their toils released,
Become a dust in the wind.

Beauty and power and sweet breath
Fallen at length to this!
And are *they* in the wind's cold death?
Not they, but their sorrow is!

Scholar, and king with his train,
Whirled as the dust goes by!
Their glory is earth again,
And their sorrow, the wind's cry.

(Vera I. Arlett, 5, Forest Road, Broadwater, Worthing.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by
Roland Sutton (Cirencester), Dorothy Hope (South-
wold), Frank Williams (Middleton), V. Dayrell (Hamp-
stead), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), C.
Douberg (Ceylon), Leonard Donaldson (London, W.C.),
Thomas E. Kinna, Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Una
Malleon (London, W.), Ella Rivers Noble (Forest Rise),
A. M. Balean (Cooksbridge), B. B. Horton (Wester-
ham), Winnifred Tasker (Middleham), May McCready

(Stockton-on-Tees), E. MacBean (Bristol), E. Marguerite
Goode (West Croydon), P. Chambers (Bristol), Mary E.
McDonough (Liverpool), Arthur Portars (Woodford
Green), Elsie B. Granville (Bournemouth), B. Newton
(Brighton), T. Duggan (Manchester), Arthur C. Inman
(Boston, Mass.), Mrs. Loxton (Earl's Court), W. Ran-
dolph (London, W.C.), F. Stewart (Chelsea), Sadie C.
Clay (Tingley), H. M. S. (Kilmartin), C. W. Anderson
(Bhamo, Upper Burma), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best
quotation is awarded to A. Eleanor Pinning-
ton, of 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter, for the
following:

SOME NEW EVIDENCE FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.
BY REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS. (Collins.)

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

We also select for printing:

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER. BY JACKSON GREGORY.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

THOMAS MORTON, *Speed the Plough*, Act. I, Sc. 1.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

THE HAPPY FOOL. BY JOHN PALMER.
(Christophers.)

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

R. SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim.*

(Hansen Caine, Tuxlythe, Milland, Liphook, Hants.)



The Tomb of Captain Marryat in
Langham Churchyard, Norfolk.

Photograph by Jarrold, sent by M^r. N. J. Rippingall and the
Rev. J. H. Toy.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, Norwich.

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four-line epigram on any recent novel is awarded to Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Brimfield, Herefordshire, for the following :

THE JUDGE. BY REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson.)

One solitary excellence exalts
This critic-novelist : was never known
A Judge so merciless to others' faults,
So lenient to her own.

Many of the epigrams are disappointing, but we commend those by Charles H. Cuddy (Birkdale), Bernard Lennon (Barrow-in-Furness), S. S. Wright (Bromley), Vivien Ford (Baldock), John D. Hayward (Holt), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to Enid Blyton, of 34, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent, for the following :

THE PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION.

BY C. HARRY BROOKS. (Allen & Unwin.)

For those who wish to study auto-suggestion for themselves and who find Professor Baudouin's excellent treatise a little beyond them, this book on Dr. Coué's methods and teaching is much to be welcomed. The exposition is admirably clear and interesting. There is a descriptive account of the Coué clinic at Nancy, and an easily grasped explanation of the ideas underlying auto-suggestion. These, together with clear instructions in its successful practice, combine to make up a valuable handbook for those who wish to study the power and the value of auto-

suggestion as advocated and practised by the now famous Dr. Coué.

We also select for printing :

POEMS. BY ISAAC ROSENBERG.
(Heinemann.)

Apart from one inferior poem published in "Georgian Poetry, 1916-17," the work of Isaac Rosenberg is practically unknown to the public. Yet when, at the age of twenty-seven, he was killed in action at the front, he left behind him work not only important in itself but very much more so in its promise. The introductory memoir by Laurence Binyon is well written, sympathetic and informative. Gordon Bottomley's selection of the poems shows clearly Rosenberg's artistic tendencies, the evolution of his style and his accomplishment. There are lyrics here that no anthologist of the period can justifiably overlook.

(Geoffrey H. Wells, 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.)

We specially commend the reviews by R. May (Chelsea), B. C. Hardy (Kensington), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), E. J. Pocock (Highbury), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), B. Noel Saxelby (Buxton), R. M. Hillier (Highbury), J. A. Jenkins (Burleigh), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Mrs. Percy Smith (Newton Abbot), G. Ralton Barnard (York), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Sophie Trevor (Bolton), T. A. Clough (Minchhead).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to B. H. Board, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD AND HIS WORK.

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

MANY authors, having produced a book which by its special theme or manner appeals suddenly to the public, continue to devise other works in the same vein for the remainder of their career, or until the vein grows too weak to be profitably exploited. Sir Rider Haggard, however, avoided this temptation, strong though it must once have been. His interests were world-wide, and more serious affairs, in which he has done great and recognised service to the British Dominions, claimed his attention year after year. Since the war, for instance, he visited all the Overseas Dominions as representative of the Royal Colonial Institute in connection with the after-war settlement scheme for ex-Service men. Yet beneath all his more solid work—to treat which would need a whole issue of this paper—the thread of romance seems never to be lost. Every now and then it gives a tug, reminds him of its existence, and the result is another fantasy, another tale of mystery and adventure, the most recent example being "The Virgin of the Sun" (Cassell ; 7s. 6d.).

After reading this, I was tempted to turn back to a favourite of many years ago—"Cleopatra"—and to wonder whether or not it had lost its charm. And by the time I had reached that great speech of the high priest to Harmachis, the young hero, the spell of the romance was upon me again :

"He who would serve the Gods, Harmachis, must put aside the failings of the flesh. Taunts must not

move him, nor any lusts of man. Thine is a high mission, but this thou must learn. If thou learn it not, thou shalt fail therein ; and then, my curse be on thee ! and the curse of Egypt, and the curse of Egypt's broken Gods ! For know thou this, that even the Gods, who are immortal, may, in the interwoven scheme of things, lean upon the man who is their instrument, as a warrior on his sword. And woe be to the sword that snaps in the hour of battle, for it shall be thrown aside to rust, or perchance be melted with fire. Therefore make thy heart pure and high and strong ; for thine is no common lot, and thine no mortal meed. Triumph, Harmachis, and in glory thou shalt go—in glory here and hereafter ! Fail, and woe—woe be on thee !"

Here, once again, was the "atmosphere," cleverly suggested by the turn of phrase ; but there is more than cleverness in it. There is distinctly power—a suggestion of beauty and dread and fate, not to be attained by mere imitation of old-time phraseology. And the parallel between "Cleopatra" of 1889 and "The Virgin of the Sun" of 1922 is significant. We have again the ancient manuscript—this time it is a pile of parchments discovered in an old chest lying among the antiques of a curio-shop ; the characters in an unknown language, this time deciphered by experts at great expense ; and the story itself, which of course was contained in that dull and half decayed parchment script. But though the production of a romance by these imagined aids seems reducible to a formula or recipe, there is all the difference in the world between

doing it badly and doing it well—as there is between a dish prepared by a skilled *chef* and the dish from the same recipe prepared by a “cook-general.” Sir Rider Haggard is a past master in the art; and who will complain that the dish has been served before, when the result is so alluring?

The setting of this story is at first Hastings of olden days, then London, and finally the empire of Peru before the Spanish invasion—about the time of Richard II of England. Hubert of Hastings is a young gallant who, through a French raid on the town, during which he shows his courage in the rescue of a fair lady, is compelled to seek London, where in due time he becomes the wealthy proprietor of his uncle's business in Cheap-side. Further adventures, however, are in store for him; he saves a bewildered, distinguished-looking foreigner from a hustling at the docks, and this man, Kari, becomes his servant. Then, having killed his wife's lover of high degree, he flies from England with Kari, on board one of his own ships, and after weeks of running before terrible gales they find themselves in the tropics, apparently off the coast of Central America. Here the real, breathless story begins, which I shall not spoil by attempting to describe, only permitting myself to say that Kari is of royal blood, and an awkward friend to have when his desires are crossed.

With the poignant memories of his boyhood and youth and frustrated early love always sounding an undertone amid the fierce happenings of exotic wars and intrigues, Hubert finds his fate with the wonderful Quilla, the “Virgin of the Sun,” after thrilling years and manifold escapes from death, and the book ends upon a note of triumphant union.

I note one point about this exciting romance with pleasure—the absence of the “magical” element, upon which so much of the effect of certain other books was built, “Cleopatra” in particular. It is rather late in the day for incantations and invocations in fiction; we have to recognise that a hard-headed, disillusioned and incredulous generation has to scramble for a living now in an utterly practical manner, and although its members turn eagerly for relief to romance, they want to feel that it “might really have happened.” Magnificently though the long scene is sustained in which Harmachis and Cleopatra rifle the gems from the royal mummy in the mysterious heart of the Pyramid (even to-day I feel a creepy shudder at the flitting to and fro of the bat which was the revengeful soul of an age-long dead Pharaoh), and vividly as the occult powers and visions of Harmachis are treated, readers now

are less inclined to surrender their reason even temporarily to the acceptance of this class of event. Instead of creating an illusion, magic (as apart from mystery) is apt to destroy it. There are but faint hints of the supernatural in Sir Rider Haggard's latest novel, and the utterances of a golden image—a sacred oracle—are suspect, for, says Hubert, “nor did I ever learn whether Rimac the Speaker was a spirit or but a lump of metal through which some priest talked.” Totally on another plane, we perceive, from that of the Egyptians! So the book is satisfying to the critical, practical taste of

modern readers, while still conveying a curious thrill of a kind which no other author, so far as I know, can inspire.

“King Solomon's Mines” was published in 1885—the firstfruit of its author's African travels; he was then twenty-nine years of age, and had already formed close associations with that continent, having been secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, in 1875; on the staff of Sir T. Shepstone, Special Commissioner to the Transvaal, in 1877; and in the same year with General Brooke, R.E., when the British flag was formally hoisted over the South African Republic at Pretoria on Queen Victoria's birthday. Two years later he was a lieutenant and adjutant in the Pretoria Horse; and the rest of the acts of Sir Rider Haggard,



Sir H. Rider Haggard.

From a painting by W. Strang.

and nearly all that he did, are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of letters? All the time he has been observant; and not only of “foreign” affairs—for “Beatrice,” which appeared in 1890, is concerned entirely with the eternal triangle, husband, wife, and the Other Woman. I do not know what the critics of thirty years ago said about this novel, but it is an appealing, emotional and sad little story of happiness just missed, and, with “Jess,” it proved that its author was in sympathy with real life as ordinary English people have to live it, as well as in touch with past centuries and dead dynasties.

So we bridge the years, and I have not space to elaborate my sketch of Sir Rider Haggard's work. His “work,” moreover, is a national asset if we include his voyage round the world, dated with beautiful and spacious vagueness “1912-1917,” as a member of the Dominions Royal Commission. Our only wonder is that in the pleasant meshes of such varied engagements he has found time to free himself once more to respond to that subtle demand for romance which is never quite silenced within him. That his hand has never lost a whit of its cunning his latest tale of far-off days amply proves.

TOLSTOY'S MISTAKE.

BY AYLMER MAUDE.

TOLSTOY disapproved of copyright, which he regarded as a device for unduly enriching writers and publishers at the expense of readers. He thought no one should write for pay; for the world is already full of bad books written for money, which is an evil in itself. During his last thirty years, when he was the most prominent literary man alive, he accepted not a penny for what he wrote, and publicly repudiated all legal rights in his works, which everybody might publish and republish as, and when, and where, and how, they pleased. Not desiring pay, and disapproving of legal restraints, it is not to be wondered at that he took up this position.

Even a man of Macaulay's practical common sense said (in his famous speeches on Copyright in the House of Commons) that "Copyright is monopoly and produces all the effects that the general voice of mankind attributes to monopoly . . . it makes things dear." The only advantage Macaulay attributed to it was that it secured payment for authors; which was precisely what Tolstoy did not desire. His aim was to satisfy his conscience by working without payment, to render his works accessible and cheap, and to avoid the friction and ill-will which, he thought, was attached to the exercise of legal restraint—such as the enforcement of copyright—on one's fellow-men.

The works of Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan and Dickens are readily procurable at moderate prices without copyright, and no one regrets that the descendants of David cannot claim a royalty on each copy that is sold of the Psalms. Then why should books written to-day not be treated in the same way?

Tolstoy believed in his principle and acted upon it; but he loved truth, and would have approved of our learning from the results of his sincere and unselfish experiment.

The lesson we may learn from it is, that the legal enactment of copyright confers benefits not on authors and publishers alone, but also on readers; and the chief of these benefits is the definiteness it gives to what would otherwise be a perplexing, speculative and quarrelsome affair. Its effect is not to increase strife, but to lessen it.

An analogy between the publication of literary works of long established reputation and the publication of new books the demand for which is still a matter of speculation, is misleading. There is, for instance, a steady and a known demand for Dickens, which enables a publisher to produce editions of his works with a certainty that he will sell a good many copies and that the demand will not suddenly dry up. Moreover, certain firms have established a good-will in the works of certain great writers, and their experience guides them as to the size of the editions they can produce without undue risk. With a new work the case is different; and without copyright many admirable works would remain unpublished to the detriment of their would-be readers, as well as of the writers.

To take a case in point, Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God is Within You," written in 1893, was announced

for publication by Heinemann, but Walter Scott Ltd. unexpectedly brought out a rival edition at the same time. Such incidents throw a publisher's calculations into confusion and disincline him, and others, from handling books involving such unpleasant risks. So when, a few years later, Tolstoy wrote his popular novel, "Resurrection," not a single well-established English publisher could be found to make any offer for it. It did not, it is true, remain unpublished, but its production had eventually to be privately financed. Then several hundred thousand copies of a cheap edition sold rapidly, and in this country it had much the largest sale of any of Tolstoy's works.

I have summed up the lesson which, as I understand it, is taught by Tolstoy's experiment, but I can here give only the briefest outline of the curious course of events that lead me to that conclusion.

In Russia the effects of Tolstoy's renunciation were, at first, not very disastrous; for the Countess realised that some one had to take matters in hand and that she was in the best position to do so, both because her prestige as Tolstoy's wife gave her an advantage over competitors, and because she could get earliest access to his manuscripts and so forestall anyone else who wished to publish them. Some trouble was caused by people who published catchpenny editions of the "Kreutzer Sonata" and certain other works, but the Countess succeeded in producing a uniform and reliable edition of all that Tolstoy wished to have published and that the censor would pass.

In other countries matters did not go so smoothly. There need, for instance, have been no problem at all in England. Russia had no literary convention with us, and Tolstoy had therefore no copyright in this country. He expressed an emphatic and repeated preference for the versions of his works made by my wife and myself, and to secure the production of a reliable and standard edition it would only have been necessary to let matters take their normal course.

But the proverb says, "Save us from our friends!" Among Tolstoy's followers was V. Tchertkoff, who settled in England, set up a printing and publishing establishment specially for the production of Tolstoy's later didactic writings, and produced them in small paper-covered booklets, at prices ranging from one penny to one shilling each. Tchertkoff was not a good man of business and his venture was not very successful; but he succeeded in interesting Tolstoy in his undertaking. He announced that, sharing Tolstoy's views, he felt a moral repugnance to availing himself of copyright. As there existed here no copyright in the Russian originals, as Tchertkoff did not himself make the translations, and as he did not even secure the copyrights of works he produced, he was in fact announcing that he would give away something he did not possess! But so great was the confusion existing in relation to the publication of Tolstoy's works (at which no less than forty-nine English and American publishers have tried their hands) that nobody noticed this anomaly; especially as no one cared to avail

himself of the invitation to produce rival editions of versions, often of inferior quality, of didactic works Tchertkoff had already issued at a low price.

Tolstoy, however, absorbed in his own work in Russia, approved of Tchertkoff's plan, and signed a declaration which was duly printed on all Tchertkoff's booklets, saying, "I warmly sympathise with the announcement on your translations that no rights are reserved. Being well aware of all the extra sacrifices and practical difficulties that this involves for a publishing concern at the present day, I particularly desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to those . . . who in generous compliance with my objection to copyright of any kind, thus help to render your English version of my writings absolutely free to all who may wish to make use of it." Tolstoy out of gratitude also promised to send to Tchertkoff in advance any fresh work he might write. By so doing he enabled him to forestall anyone else, and effectually discouraged any English publisher from undertaking a complete edition of his works.

After a few years Tchertkoff returned to Russia. His English publishing venture came to an end, but the evil that it did lives after it; and, though the Oxford University Press is now issuing my wife's and my

versions of Tolstoy's works in the World's Classics pocket edition, no satisfactory or even approximately complete set of his works has as yet appeared in a library edition; though negotiations are now afoot with American and English publishers for a Centenary Edition, which should at long last supply the need concerning which Bernard Shaw and a hundred other eminent novelists, dramatists, actors, critics, essayists and Anglo-Russians recently issued an appeal.

After Tchertkoff's return to Russia, fierce strife flared up between him and the Countess as to which of them was to have first publication in Russian of Tolstoy's new works. On the occasion of one of my last visits to Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy told me that before he renounced copyright the publication of each of his new works afforded him pleasure, but that since his renunciation publication had always been a torture to him, because of the friction it occasioned and the number of requests he had to refuse.

This result was natural, for his announcement had produced uncertainty as to who was in control; which naturally created confusion, raised hopes that could not be satisfied, and formed a fruitful soil for the growth of just such strife and ill-will as he had hoped to eliminate by his condemnation of copyright.

New Books.

THIS FREEDOM.*

In the immense success of "If Winter Comes," Mr. Hutchinson gave a hostage to fortune that no author could easily redeem. He set a high standard for himself,



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

and his hundreds of thousands of readers are asking whether he can live up to it. He is very much in the position of a conjuror who has thrilled an audience by producing a pigeon from his hat; he may do the same trick again as deftly as at first, but they won't be thrilled a second time, unless he produces an eagle.

And Mr. Hutchinson has done that with "This Freedom." He has taken a larger theme, one that in these days makes an almost universal appeal, and has developed it with all the narrative skill, the insight and sympathetic understanding of what is great and what is little in human nature that give reality and a compelling interest to "If Winter Comes." There are not many Mark Sabres, but Rosalie Aubyn, the central figure of "This Freedom," is Everywoman. She is essentially the modern Everywoman, who, in revolt against the traditional limitations imposed upon her sex, is competing with man on his own ground, bent on widening her horizon, living a larger, freer life, or, at least, dreams of doing so. It is safe to say that any woman reading these pages will at one stage or another see herself in Rosalie, share her thoughts and feelings, even if she has never gone the length of putting her ideals into practice.

* "This Freedom." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

At the outset, you find Rosalie at home in her father's rectory, too much younger than her sisters and brothers to share in their games, a rather lonely little creature, happy enough in looking on at what happens around her and interpreting it in her own shrewd, quaint fashion. Her father has been a failure, and is rather embittered by it, but what impresses Rosalie is the mastery with which he rules his household, the deference his women-folk pay to him. She notices that her mother is "always doing something in the house—for somebody else . . . anxiously doing one thing while anxiously thinking of another thing waiting to be done. She had a driven and a hunted look." On the other hand, her father, kind but assertive, "had a driving and a hunting look." When she is a few years older Rosalie learns, by chance and with a pang of pity, that as a girl her mother had been a gifted miniature painter, but had abandoned her ambitions, first to look after her father when he was left a widower, then, when she married, to look after her husband and children. She had readily acquiesced in the old doctrine that woman's place is in the home, her only destiny to shoulder the household cares and leave the lord of creation free to do the great work of the world.

These, and suchlike early recollections, notably the tragic death of her plain, thwarted sister Anna, who had "nothing to look forward to," root themselves in her mind and influence her potently. Her kindly, snobbish Aunt Pyke presently adopts her, takes her to live in London, sends her to a school for young ladies, where her experience of the teachers, one of them in particular, confirms her in her hardening philosophy, and she matures "with the belief, no longer that men were magicians having the world for their washpot and women for their footstool, but unquestionably that they 'had a better time' than women and that they secured this 'better time' by virtue of their independence." Wherefore she more and more resolves that she too will achieve independence and be as fortunate.

Briefly, she will not be a teacher, but, leaving school goes into business, proves her capacity, is increasingly successful, quits her aunt's house to live in lodgings by herself, is absorbingly interested in her work and happy in her freedom. All goes well till love takes her unawares,

and so far subdues her that she modifies her programme and marries. Even then all is well, for her husband, a prosperous barrister, wholly sympathises with her outlook; the house is run by good servants; when children come, a careful nurse and capable governess look after them, and she and her husband go out daily, each to his and her own work; she is satisfied and all seems as it should be.

I shall not attempt to show how, under the surface, all was not so, nor to tell how her persistence in so living her own life in her own way brought disaster and death to some she loved, nor how among the utter ruin of her hopes she surrendered and accepted what passes for the natural lot of woman, as her mother had accepted it. These things cannot be adequately summarised; they are unfolded so gradually and with such subtle detail in the story that their inevitability becomes convincing. You are made to see the whole thing through Rosalie's eyes; she holds your sympathy from the first, and when her independence is completely broken at last and she submits to what seems an iron law of necessity, you still feel there is something wrong with a world in which, for such a woman, there was no other way. The conclusion will stir resentment in some, but given the circumstances that led to it and the characters involved, I do not see what other end was possible. Those many and varied characters are drawn intimately and with delightful touches of humour and irony. "This Freedom" fulfils the first thing needful in all novels by being unfailingly interesting, and its great problem is handled poignantly, powerfully and with vision.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

A PISGAH GLANCE AT EDUCATION.

The historians of education fall good-naturedly into three classes: those who base their work on theories and are fond of "isms"; those who love to deal with persons and revel in Great Educators; those whose interest is in the schools and what actually took place within them. The groups are typified in the persons of Paul Monroe, R. H. Quick and J. W. Adamson. There are, to be sure, the usual irritating individuals that defy classification, and play the exasperating part of the *ornithorhynchus anatinus*, that disagreeable creature that has apparently legitimate claims to rank in three different natural orders. One expects retired educational officials who seek to free their souls by frank speech after a lifetime of repression to be particularly troublesome to classify, but Dr. Beatty* falls quietly and comfortably into the middle group. For not only is he "not austere in shunning biographical details of great educationists," but he dedicates his book to the memory of a great educationist, Matthew Arnold, whom he sets upon a pedestal, and whose influence is manifest throughout the volume. Besides, the personal note is conspicuous: the book in fact is the personal reaction of Dr. Beatty to education.

Brevity is not the usual characteristic of historians of education, so the experienced reviewer approaches a really short history with diffidence and the expectation of being bored by an over-condensed block of facts. He is agreeably disappointed to find that he can gallop through these pages with genuine interest. It is not that the author slurs his work; he is faithful to historical canons; he plays the game with his readers, presenting to them all the points essential to an intelligent understanding of the whole position. But he exercises his discretion in the details selected and in the emphasis laid upon them. The result is that the reader goes away with a very definite view of the subject as a whole, even if he has to go elsewhere to get more facts—if he feels that more facts will help him in any way.

Dr. Beatty realises that there is no clear and direct line of evolution in the history of education; but that there are various series of evolutions. He has no inclination to

* "A Brief History of Education." By H. M. Beatty. 4s. 6d. (Watts.)

imitate the facile Letourneau as a general thing, but now and again he hits upon a generalisation that is arresting. Weary professors of education will welcome the challenge implied in the statement that at the best educational period of Athens there were three forces in a state of practical equilibrium that never, at any period between then and the present day, again reached that state. These are the metaphysical, the sociological and the psychological: an alluring dictum. We can fancy the professors girding up their loins for the fray, and inwardly thanking Dr. Beatty for the material for several stimulating lectures.

Next to the personal reaction the most characteristic feature of the book is the vigorous anti-obscurantist attitude. Remarks like the following are common: "A measure so wise and beneficent was, of course, opposed by the clergy and the mob." Whenever he has to refer to ecclesiastical or political darkeners of wisdom he has a grim use of "naturally," or "of course," or "therefore." Very effective is the comment: "The school boards therefore were rewarded for their invidious efficiency by being suppressed." Dr. Beatty is uncompromising in the restrained contempt he shows for those who prevented the wider educational activity of his hero, Matthew Arnold. Most of us are inclined to regard Matthew as the worthy son of an even more worthy father; but our author reverses this judgment when he says: "Probably Thomas Arnold's greatest service to education was to produce his son Matthew." It would be interesting to hear a full dress debate at the Head Masters' Conference on this heterodox view.

A pleasing feature of this history is the rational way in which the matter of origins is dealt with. The author admits, as we all must, that Plato and Aristotle anticipated more of our newer theories than we moderns care to admit. But he might make some allowance for the fact that they were first in the field. There was cream at the top in those old days, and we poor moderns have to do the best we can with the skimmed milk that is our portion. But a phrase occurs once or twice in these pages that indicates the attitude we should adopt towards our educational reformers: this runs "absorbed into the commonplaces of the craft." Admirers of Quintilian must be content to recognise that his doctrines are no longer striking, and enthusiastic Herbartians ought to be pleased that their master's principles "have been absorbed into the life of everyday pedagogy."

Dr. Beatty is wise in ending his book with a critical account of three national systems of education, and he has made a good choice in France, Germany and England. To include America would have spoilt the proportion of the book, and the reader will probably agree that the United States naturally find themselves represented, so far as principles are concerned, in the English scheme. It is a matter of politics rather than of educational principles that distinguishes the systems on the two sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Beatty is not enamoured of the "democratic high road *beaten smooth* from the elementary school to the university." He seems to prefer the educational ladder "which demands some exertion," and so long as no one is denied opportunity, there is certainly nothing wrong with insisting on energy and hard work.

JOHN ADAMS.

MUSIC AND ECHO.*

Reading Mr. Blunden's second book of verse prompts the wish that one could go on reading his happy pastorals for ever, as though no other kind of poetry mattered. His is a remarkable achievement. With two compact volumes he has linked himself to the poets whose work has given our tongue a national distinction—with Chaucer

* "The Shepherd, and Other Poems of Peace and War." By Edmund Blunden. 6s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)—"Poems." By Muriel Stuart. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Spirit of Love." By Hugh l'Anson Fausset. 5s. (Methuen.)

and Spenser, and more conspicuously with those eighteenth-century poets whose work is slowly being redeemed from misunderstanding and the obloquy shed on them when the romantics arose. It is not a fault but a great virtue in him to give us assured reminders of the unconscious makers of a great tradition. His own voice, moreover, sounds clear amid the echoes of an earlier time. From such apparently simple and easy themes as shepherd and reaping he creates, or evokes, a powerful and intimate vision of precious things, intertangled with memories and associations not less precious. And for another gift his readers must be thankful, for the happiness radiating from his "rural felicities." There is neither temperamental nor philosophic gloom, and on the other hand there is not the least hint of thoughtlessness:

"But shepherd goes to warm him in his chair,
And in the blaze his dog growls at his dreams,
And on the hearth the leaping firelight gleams
That makes him think of one with ruddy hair
Who kept the sheep in ancient Bethlehem.
With trusting tears he takes his Bible, reads
Once more of still green banks and glittering meads
Where storms are not, nor ever floods to stem;
Where the kind shepherd never takes them wrong,
And gently leads the yokes that are with young."

Technically his verse is interesting beyond that of most young poets. He has discovered anew the opportunities of monosyllabic verse:

"Then in warm swoon
The sun hushed all but the cool orchard plots,
We crept in the tall grass and slept till noon, . . ."

though he has not yet fully realised the infinite capacities of rhythmic modulation in monosyllabic verse. Of the war poems in this volume I have no room to speak, and can only add that Mr. Blunden's muse is a truthful, youthful spirit, touched with an imaginative energy so pure that it is hard to say what may *not* be expected from this poet.

The poems of Miss Muriel Stuart cannot be quite so easily noticed. Her best note is singularly moving:

FOR FASTING DAYS.

"Are you, my songs, importunate of praise?
Be still, remember for your comforting
That sweeter birds have had less need to sing
Before men piped them from their lonely ways.
"Greener leaves than yours are lost in every spring,
Rubies far redder thrust their eager rays
Into the blindfold dark for many days
Before men chose them for a finger-ring.
"Sing as you dare, not as men choose, receive not
The passing fashion's cries, for dole or due—
Men's summer-sweet unrecognition—grieve not;
Oh, stoop not to them! Better far that you
Should go unsung than sing as you believe not,
Should go uncrowned than to yourselves untrue."

No one can complain that all her verse does not give so clearly the measure of her ability, but even a long admiration of Swinburne will not prevent a regret that Miss Stuart's poems give so many reminders of "Poems and Ballads." It is echo rather than imitation that prompts the regret, but the regret persists because it is her own voice that readers will miss:

"It was not lust delivered me to you;
I gave my wandering mouth for pity's sake,
For your strange, sighing lips I did but break
Many times this bread, and poured this wine anew.
My body's woven sweetness and kindling hair . . ."

and so on; lines that do not greatly please us now, coming from a poet whose native song is so much more human and delightful. Her best poems here are such as "The Seed Shop"—"In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams"—and "Boys Bathing," and certain others in which an elegiac note is sustained with grave sincerity. Even in these last there is a touch at which it is impossible not to cavil—the somewhat too ready use of images drawn (for example) from the Passion and death of Jesus Christ; images never indecently used, yet used too unsparingly and with too easy a sensibility. Miss Stuart has music in abundance, power and variety of expression; and if one

hazards that it is power and variety of imaginative experience that is chiefly wanting, it is to be remembered that time assuredly brings this experience to those capable of it, and that her elegies alone are sufficient to prove her capacity.

In "The Spirit of Love" Mr. Hugh Fausset is as remote from Miss Stuart as from Mr. Blunden. The mind so eagerly and shyly revealed by his sequence of seventy-five sonnets is a philosophic mind, occupied (as the publisher says) with "embodying in the incidents of a human passion the universal idea of Love," yet more concerned with that grand Universal than with any expressible incidents. In this he is akin to Shelley, the philosophic not the passionate Shelley. Philosophic poetry is rarer now than it has been for many years, and since Mr. Fausset has nothing in common with innovating and vehement realists it is easily possible for his promise to be overlooked. There is distinct promise in many of his individual sonnets, as well as in his attitude, and while one may hope that his subject in another volume will be less abstract, it is not to be concluded that the volume before us deals vaguely with abstractions. A freer impulse, a fine frenzy (if it visit him with brief, blissful agony) will find him prepared with an obedient craft, and this is but to say that another subject than the present is needed for the due use and development of the instrument which is plainly at his command. Like Miss Stuart, his ear is vexed with echoes, not of Swinburne but of Shakespeare, and he too is at his best when echoes are silent:

"I've lain where bracken through the heather strays,
Russet and green, where the bees' talking fills
The humming hives of the abounding hills."

And better, being more characteristic:

"And what in boast of godlike scope do we
But shake courageous fists at antique laws?—
Raise up on earth a finer deity
Than that dim figure of unwitting cause
Which man's uncertain consciousness first made,
When, girt about with dark, he grew afraid."

As noticeable in another kind is:

"I am bewildered at our pure delight.
For Orpheus haunts the dusk, a hungry shade,
And widowed Psyche chides us with her tears,
Dante's grim lips our comradeship upbraid,
And Sidney calls in vain on Stella's ears."

Though "The Spirit of Love" is mainly significant for what it points to in the future, it is not negligible for itself.

JOHN FREEMAN.

LAWN TENNIS AND GOLF.*

Every year seems to give golf and lawn tennis a greater popularity and a wider appeal. More and more people take to them, and more and more people who do not actually play become familiar with names and performances and interested in accounts of matches and tournaments. Golf is of course a game that practically anyone can play at any age, though where Londoners are concerned the question of cost is becoming an urgent one, for a day's golf now



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Miss Cecil Leitch.

* "Lawn Tennis: the World Game of To-day." By F. R. Burrow. 16s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Golf." By Cecil Leitch. 10s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"Golf From Two Sides." By Roger and Joyce Wethered. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

means the expenditure of quite a handful of silver. The two golfing books [under review] will be eagerly read by the playing public, to whom the names of the authors are household words. Roger Wethered is famous for his championship performances, just as he won praise for his sound work for the game at Oxford; and his sister, Miss Joyce Wethered, is of course among the greatest of all women golfers, and has to her credit two championships wrested from the redoubtable, formidable and charming Miss Cecil Leitch, the author of our second golf book. The Wethered book deals chiefly with the game itself, giving advice, descriptions of various shots and how they should be played; it includes an agreeable chapter on golf in America, chapters, for which Miss Joyce Wethered is presumably responsible, on golf from the ladies' side of the game, and does *not* include an index. The technical chapters, which give directions how to use the various clubs, descriptions of shots, advice on the points of the game, and the like, are of the greatest imaginable value, and have the immense merit of not being over pontifical. The instructor tells you what is the proved best, but also points out that every player has his own instinctive individuality, and if he can do better in some fashion invented by himself, or natural to himself, he must not discard it in favour of some orthodoxy that might well prove a handicap.

Miss Leitch gives us a good deal of advice and instruction also, which from such a wise and experienced authority should be of the utmost value to players, especially to women players. Her remarks on iron-play should be the breviary of all women who go down to the links, for is she not a real marvellous mistress of the straight-faced and every other iron? Although, curiously enough, she will have none of the creak! The personal side of Miss Leitch's book is far from the least interesting; she gives a record of her own remarkable career from the days when she and her sisters taught themselves golf at Silloth, beginning, it would appear, when Miss Leitch had ripened into her ninth year! In her first championship she made her way into the semi-final, losing to Miss Titterton, who won the championship. Miss Leitch won in 1914, in 1920 and 1921, and every one will remember the sensational match of 1922 in which she lost to Miss Joyce Wethered. She gives an account of most of her important matches, including her famous games with some of the best men players, also her visits to France, Canada and the United States. Miss Leitch shows herself a complete sportsman, full of delight in the game, zealous to win, jealous for the honour of her opponents, steady in success or in defeat, eager for the advancement of golf present and to come. Her neat, crisp, well-filled style is no little help towards making her book what it is—a real possession and a record of a great period in golfing history.

Mr. Burrow calls lawn-tennis "the world-game of to-day"; he is thoroughly justified in doing so. Wimbledon is still the tennis Mecca; a score of nations were worthily represented in this year's championships, and last year the last sixteen players left in the men's singles were five Englishmen, a Japanese, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Dutchman, an American, an Indian, an Irishman, two South Africans, an Anglo-Indian, and a Canadian.

Mr. Burrow is of course a great authority on the game, and accordingly his advice as to the technical points of play are strongly to be recommended for study. And everything he enjoins or suggests is explained and made clear by no fewer than eighty-one photographs of the best modern players, exemplifying all the important movements and strokes in the game. In knowledge and authority, and for its splendid illustrations, this is a first-rate book.

F. M. A.

CANADA.*

Enthusiasm rings through these pages, sounds and sounds again. "The difference between England and

* "The Boys' Book of Canada." By Denis Crane. 7s. 6d. Wells Gardner.)

Canada is the difference between sixty and sixteen. Everybody in Canada is young. . . ." The Canadian school-boy is said by his masters and professors to be eager and industrious to a degree which would amaze those whose experience is confined to the schools in our tight little island. "Every little log store looks forward to becoming a great emporium. . . ." The immigrant who arrived landless seven years ago, now owns a square mile. . . ." Mr. Crane is fully aware of the prejudice against the Colonies afloat in many stubborn British minds. "In the old sense," he explains, "the West is no longer 'wild'—no longer 'woolly.' Even 'roughing it' is a comparative term, limited to pioneering. . . ." Why, I have often seen a homesteader's supper-table equipped with silver fish-knives and heard the leisure on a prairie farm beguiled with strains from Bach and Chopin." The writer knows also the attitude of the schoolboy to the new country, for he has taken his own son, a Leysian fourth former, on a trip to Canada and has noticed what struck the lad especially. Hence we have a good hearty chapter on "In Camp and Playground," and no less than a hundred pages devoted to the all-important question of choosing a career. "In Canada," says our author, "manual work is not held to be degrading. The wheat belt would shake with laughter at such a proposition." We hear an encouraging tale of a skilled labourer who had put by in two years five hundred pounds. There is a big chance for the lawyer in Canada, and a constant call for dentists, as no country in the world takes better care of its teeth. "The Boys' Book of Canada" is both spirited and inspiring. But to thrive there a fellow's got to have grit.

MR. BARING'S IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE.*

It appears to be coming quite usual for men of some experience of life to write their reminiscences in middle age. It is perhaps better so, for they write while their recollections are fresh and their powers undimmed, and when it is not incumbent on them to use the fretful porcupine pen dipped in the ink of gall—which the didactic septuagenarian so often employs when he sits down to write his memoirs *laudator temporis acti*. Mr. Maurice Baring is only forty-eight years of age, but in that space of time he has lived a very full life and seen many interesting people and things of which the record fills 438 closely-printed pages.

This is really an autobiography; it records every incident and impression of the writer's childhood and youth which he rightly regards as of importance in forming his character and personality. The mass of minute detail in the earlier part of the book may militate against its popularity with the ordinary, superficial reader, but it forms an invaluable picture of a child's dawning consciousness of all the joy and interest and beauty of life. Incidentally it furnishes, too, a picture of the social life of London then, so vastly different from that of to-day. As he says, what he describes is

"the delightful epoch of the eighties, when the shop windows were full of photographs of the professional beauties, and bands played tunes from the new Gilbert and Sullivan in the early morning in the streets, and people rode in Rotten Row in the evening, and Chérie used to rush us across the road to get a glimpse of Mrs. Langtry or the Princess of Wales."

Mr. Baring passes on to his school life at Eton and his student days in Germany. Next comes his life as a diplomat in Paris, Copenhagen, Rome, and as a newspaper correspondent in Manchuria, Russia and the Balkans. Throughout, his records display the same vivid powers of observation and description, and he can paint in a few words exquisite little pictures of scenery and conditions which have emotionally influenced him.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Puppet Show of Memory." By Maurice Baring. 2rs. net. (Heinemann.)

THE REAL BURNS.*

Robert Burns has had many biographers. Dr. Currie, though a contemporary of Burns and a native of Dumfriesshire, never spoke with the poet, and only saw him once. Currie's biography grossly misrepresents—perhaps unintentionally—the biggest man sprung from the bosom of the common people in Scotland. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe declared after reading Currie's account of the bard: "When authors die, what *lies* people who *might* have seen and known them tell! I never read anything about Burns without thinking he hath been peculiarly unlucky [in his biography]." Most of the biographers have accepted Currie as the ultimate, and have continued to repeat his errors and misrepresentations. Gilfillan's "Life" is a sheer travesty, and (for a clergyman) pitifully lacking in the charity that thinketh no evil! In Heron's pamphlet of 1797, the poet is painted in black enough colours, poor Heron having harboured a grudge against Burns because of the humorous references to his own failings in the "Epistle to Dr. Blacklock." Henley's sneers stink in the nostrils of every true Burnsian. Lockhart's is perhaps the best all-round record of the poet's life and work, though Lockhart too exhibits serious faults and prejudices. Robert Chambers's four volumes (re-edited by Dr. William Wallace) contain a mass of valuable information put together with painstakingness and sympathy. Professor Blackie's slight sketch is readable and amusing. Scott Douglas's work is admirable, but it is not a biography. Hamilton Paul's brief memoir is simple and natural, if somewhat apologetic from the standpoint of contemporary practices.

There was room, therefore, for a further expiscation of the Burns problem and for a fresh characterisation of the man himself in the face of much new material which passing years have brought to light. Only one person seemed marked out for such a task in Dr. Duncan McNaught, a lifelong and indefatigable student of Burns—beyond doubt the greatest living authority on all matters pertaining to the poet. Dr. McNaught is the historian of Kilmaurs, in Ayrshire, and of that parish he is now the schoolmaster-emeritus. He is editor of the *Burns Chronicle*, an annual in its thirtieth year, and he has had unusual facilities for the compilation of a work of which one is perfectly justified in saying that it is positively the last word on Robert Burns.

This is not a biography on the customary lines, however. It is more a setting to rights of much that has been taken for granted—of much which has been written and spoken in detriment to Burns. Burns was no saint, as he himself confesses. But he was a better man than the majority have been apt to judge him, and a fair, unbiased study of Dr. McNaught's five chapters ought to convince the more reasonable of that majority that Burns has been more sinned against than sinning. Dr. McNaught has honestly tried to realise Burns as he was. He has sought to unravel the secret which governed the mind and spirit of that extraordinarily eager-souled, and passionate, and humane, and repentant, and truly religious being who walked the fields of Ayr and roamed by glorious Nithside a long century since. There is accordingly a good deal that is new in this welcome elucidation of a personality so curiously attractive and elusive. Can anything actually new be said of Burns? Has not every avenue of research been amply explored years ago? Within the last half-century or so certain unassailable facts have been unearthed which completely establish Dr. McNaught's contention that the poet of his country and of the world has been strangely misunderstood and even villainously maligned by some of his biographers as well as by a multitude of the "unco guid"—the hypercritical and the supersensitive of all classes. Take, for example, the Highland Mary episode. Dr. McNaught shows that the Mary Campbell of Burns's incomparable verse was something more than a mere spiritual conception of maidenly modesty and beauty, as

* "The Truth About Burns." By D. McNaught, LL.D. 7s. 6d. (MacLehose.)

has been asserted by some of the critics. Mary Campbell's parentage has been traced, and the place of her birth substantiated beyond all question. Burns would have married her had she lived. She was Burns's ideal at his best and highest hours, and it is not difficult to picture the kind of life he would have lived had Mary become his wife. Another Mary Campbell has been confounded with her Highland namesake—a Mary whose history is not so pure or exalted. Dr. McNaught produces the fullest evidence that this second Mary (alleged by others to be the only Mary Campbell associated with Burns) was alive more than a year after Highland Mary was laid in her grave at Greenock, and he states the occasion—a discipline case before the Kirk-Session at Dundonald, in which the partner of her guilt—a local farmer—made a full confession. Burns's relations with Jean Armour have been carefully sifted and set in their proper perspective. Fault was on Jean's side no less than on Burns's. Jean's parents treated the poet in an abominably contemptuous fashion; if they had let Burns alone there would have been no desertion, and none of that misery which filled the lovers' hearts for years. Burns's social habits come fairly well out of this well-balanced *apologia*. He was his own worst friend, but he was not so bad as his biographers make him out, and there is good proof that hard drinking was not the chief cause of his premature death.

Dr. McNaught must be congratulated on having carried out with remarkable success and impartiality the intention of a most excellent essay, "to discount error and establish truth, and in doing so to extenuate nothing nor set down aught in malice." It will be mightily difficult for any future writer to say something new on the subject. On the "miracle called Burns"—Lord Rosebery's expressive and happy phrase—this is surely the final word.

W. S. CROCKETT.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

These two volumes see the close of this fine work on the history of American literature, the preceding volumes of which appeared in 1919 and 1918 respectively. Of the twenty-seven writers of the articles in these concluding volumes twenty are new contributors. The preponderating number of the articles is the work of professors in the various universities of the United States as was the case with the other volumes of the series. The delay in the publication of the volumes under consideration has been due, the editors state in the preface, not only to the unsettled conditions of the time, but also to the realisation, as the work advanced, that the number of pioneer tasks still to be undertaken in the study of American literature was larger than could be entirely foreseen. They do not claim that they have accomplished all or nearly all of them, but they express the belief that the work as a whole furnishes a new and important basis for the understanding of American life and culture. It would appear to us that they have more than laid the foundations; they have erected a stately building which will endure, which though it may require additions in this or that direction is yet made of permanent materials.

The period dealt with extends from the middle of the last century to its end, with a slight overlapping into the present one. The number of authors to whom separate chapters are allotted is few. They are Mark Twain, Henry James and Abraham Lincoln. The latter, though not strictly speaking an author, is perforce included on account of the quality of his orations, some of which, such as the great address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg and the first Inaugural Address,

* "A History of American Literature." Edited by William Peterfield Trent, M.A., LL.D., Professor of English Literature in Columbia University; John Erskine, Ph.D., Professor of English in Columbia University; Stuart P. Sherman, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Illinois; Carl Van Doren, Ph.D., Literary Editor of *The Nation*. Vols. III and IV. 30s. net each vol. (Cambridge University Press and Putnam's.)

are famous and as likely to live as any other of the great literary productions of America and other countries.

The other articles, general in character, are devoted to Minor Humorists, Later Poets, The Later Novel, Later Essayists, Travellers and Explorers, Later Historians, Later Theology, Later Philosophy, The Drama, Later Magazines, Newspapers since 1860, Political Writings since 1850, Education, Economists, Scholars, Patriotic Songs and Hymns, Oral Literature, Popular Bibles, Book Publishers and Publishing, the English Language in America, Non-English Writings (German, French and Yiddish and Aboriginal.)

The essay on Mark Twain is written by Professor Sherman, who contributed the article on Franklin in the first volume and is also one of the editors of the work. The importance of Mark Twain rests on the fact that he was an innovator, "the notes of this innovation being: First, the disillusioned treatment of history; second, the fearless exploitation of the 'natural man' or, the next thing to it, 'the free-born American'; and the last, a certain strain of naturalistic pessimism." Some of Mark Twain's stories used to be as popular in this country as in that of their birth. Who that have read "Tom Sawyer" and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" are likely to forget them? In the latter story there is that most delightful picaresque character who informs his companions that he is the late Dauphin of France: "Yes, my friend, it is too true—your eyes is lookin' at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette. . . . Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of France." Some readers may have wondered why Mark Twain should make one of his characters put forward such a claim, only to be told that there had died in America some years previously a man, the Rev. Eleazor Williams, who asserted that he was in fact the lost Dauphin. Even at the present time the fate of the son of Louis XVI is still an unsolved problem. A book on this subject has been written by M. George Lenôtre, the French historian, and will shortly be published.

Professor Stephenson writes charmingly the article on Lincoln. In fact, in our opinion, it and the one on Henry James stand out as the features of these concluding volumes. The style is more heightened than that of most of the other chapters, but that is probably because their subjects lend themselves more to such treatment. Similar praise may be given to Professor Foerster's article on the "Later Poets," which contains a most attractive account of Miss Emily Dickinson and her poetry—minor though it is declared to be.

Professor Beach sums up Henry James's characteristics and compares his style to that of Walter Pater in the following admirable fashion, which is as illuminating as it is exquisitely expressed: "The stories of James tend to be records of seeing rather than of doing. The characters are more like patients than agents; their business seems to be to register impressions; to receive illumination rather than to make up their minds and set about deeds. But this is a way of conceiving our human business by no means confined to these novels; is it not more or less characteristic of the whole period in which James wrote? One passes by insensible degrees from the world of Renan to that of Pater and Swinburne, and thence to that of Oscar Wilde and of writers yet living, in whom the cult of impressions has been carried to lengths yet more extreme. Among all these names the most significant here seems to be that of Walter Pater, whose style and tone of writing—corresponding to his intellectual quality and bias—more nearly anticipate the style of James than do those of any other writer, English or French. It does not matter that Pater's subject is the art of the past and James's the life of the present. No two writers were ever more concerned with mere 'impressions,' and impressions mean for them discriminations, intimate impressions, subtle and finely sympathetic interpretations. None ever found it necessary, in order to render the special

quality of their impressions, to try them in so many different lights, to accompany their statements with so many qualifications and reservations: impulses giving rise to sentences more curiously complex and of longer breath than were ever penned by writers of like pith and moment. They were both of them averse to that raising of the voice, that vehement or emphatic manner characteristic of the Earlier Victorians and supposed to be associated with strong feelings and firm principles. These reasonable and well-bred writers, if they ever had strong feelings or firm principles, could be trusted to dissimulate them under a tone of quiet urbanity. They abhorred abrupt transitions and violent attitudes. They proceed ever in their discourse smoothly, and without marked inflection, softly, as among tea-tables, or like persons with weak hearts who must guard themselves against excitement. [What a delightful sentence that is.] There is a kind of hieratic gentleness and fastidiousness—and yet withal a kind of breathless awe, of restrained enthusiasm—in the manner in which they celebrate the mysteries of their religion of culture, their religion of art.

"This, we say of James, is anything but American, indigenous; this is the *Zietgeist*; this is the spirit of England, in the "Aesthetic Nineties," reacting against the spirit of England in the time of Carlyle. But then we think of the "passionate pilgrimage" of Isabel Archer and the others; we think of James's "Middle Years"; we think, it may be, of ourselves and eastward prostrations of our own. And we realise that what the romancer has conjured up is a world not strange to our experiences. His genius is not the less American for presenting us, before all things, the vision of a bride rushing into the arms of her bridegroom: vision of the mystic marriage (shall we say?) of new-world faith and old-world culture."

In one minor instance editorial supervision seems to have been relaxed, for on p. 311 the writer states that *Scribner's Magazine* must always be distinguished from *Scribner's Monthly*, whereas on p. 73 this injunction has been disregarded.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.*

It is nearly eleven years ago since Richard Barham Middleton, journalist, poet and man of letters, committed suicide at Brussels. In the years 1912 and 1913 his devoted friend and literary executor, Henry Savage, edited and had published five volumes of Middleton's work—"The Ghost Ship and Other Stories," "Poems and Songs," "The Day Before Yesterday," "Poems and Songs: Second Series," and "Monologues." They attained for their author a fame which he had not gained in his brief life of twenty-nine years.

Now at last we have his biography, from the pen of the same faithful friend—"Richard Middleton: The Man and His Work." Mr. Savage has fulfilled his task in a manner altogether admirable. The biography ranks among the fine achievements of literature, and its sterling merit is its truth and simplicity. The volume is an appreciation in its completest sense; it appreciates not only qualities, but the defects of them.

The fate of Middleton has been compared with justice to that of Chatterton and John Davidson—though Davidson did secure his laurels long before the terrible end came. This biographical study of a man of inherent genius will appeal to all those who love the fine things of literature; it will have a wider appeal to all those who are touched with "the sense of tears in mortal things," although the record is by no means one of joylessness.

I met Middleton and Savage in 1905, when they joined the New Bohemians, and I welcomed them in as secretary. From the night of their first meeting they were drawn to

* "Richard Middleton: the Man and His Work." By Henry Savage. 12s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

one another, as they had many things in common, including the desire to take London with poetry. It is a splendid proof of Savage's belief in the gifts of his friend that Middleton has become a legend in literary Bohemia and that the legend has been successfully enshrined in this fascinating, critical study of a brilliant but evasive character.

Leaving an insurance office to take the great risks of the stony Street, Middleton had the good luck to plunge right into accepted journalism as a free lance. Later Frank Harris and Austin Harrison took a practical interest in this strange figure of a big, bearded, careless poet in his early twenties. Arthur Machen and Edgar Jepson also gave Middleton much useful encouragement and advice in his career as a writer.

Middleton was at his happiest when the New Bohemians assembled at the "Prince's Head." In one of his letters to Savage he wrote :

"I think my heaven would be a judicious combination of a Thursday night at the Prince's Head and a fine afternoon at the Oval (Hayward and Hayes batting), with a library in one corner and a playground full of children in the other. . . . The perfect state of happiness in this world would be to be a professional cricketer attached to the Surrey club, with a gift for writing minor verse. What a life!"

There is no shadow of the grim future here, no forebodings of a time when wilted ambitions and fallen hopes would make this lover of tavern jollity, of children and cricket and verse, despair of a world in which he had done much for fame, but had no longer the high heart that seizes success as its own.

Very different is the tone of a letter from fatal Brussels when he came near the desolate end, written also to his biographer :

"I have met an American fiddler here whom you would love. . . . A queer company of us sat down in an underground kitchen and talked politics and women for hours. This new society will help me to endure my punishment, perhaps."

I do not know, and Savage does not reveal, what Middleton meant by his "punishment." It was probably a passing utterance of a morbidity caused by some hapless love affairs and the drowning of that grief in strong liquors. Not that, as Savage points out, Middleton was ever enslaved by intoxicants. He was the kind of man who got wildly hilarious over half a pint of coffee or on the exhalation of a poem.

It was a thousand pities that Middleton cut himself adrift in Brussels from the men who cared for him in London. I am convinced that if he had not warned Savage off by sending him letters which spelt safety, he would have been rescued from his dolour, but Middleton preferred to "dree his weird" alone, and that stoic choice killed him.

The biographer laments that Middleton is known for his famous short story, "The Ghost Ship," alone. He has remedied that in this finely conceived and finely written volume, a model for all those who desire to present their subjects life-size, but lower than the hypothetical angels.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

BUTLER BUTTLES.*

In an old and forgotten musical comedy it was necessary for Mr. G. P. Huntley to be disguised as somebody's butler. The proposal delighted him. "I should love to buttle," he exclaimed; "I've always wanted to try buttling." One gathers that Samuel Butler loved to buttle, and was never so happy as when he was Buttling. Buttling, for him, was what Bunburying was for Algy Moncrieff.

* "The Authoress of the Odyssey: Where and When She Wrote, Who She Was, the Use She Made of the Iliad, and How the Poem Grew under Her Hands." By Samuel Butler. 7s. 6d. net. (Cape.)—"The Odyssey Rendered into English Prose for the Use of Those Who Cannot Read the Original." By Samuel Butler. 7s. 6d. net. (Cape.)

Now one of the defects of Buttling is that we are never quite sure when it is done in jest, and when it is done in earnest. Samuel Butler Buttled very delightfully when he applied the arguments of Darwin to machinery, and exposed the hypocrisy of churches under the similitude of the Musical Banks. He Buttled very cleverly (though far from delightfully) when he invented John Pickard Owen, and made him attack the doctrine of the Resurrection under the pretence of defending it. Observe the difference. Butler's Buttling about the machines was a perfect piece of leg-pulling; his Buttling about the Banks was a perfect piece of face-pulling; and his Buttling about the Resurrection was an elaborate piece of both. In the first case he was trying to exhibit the failure of an argument; in the second the failure of a conclusion; in the third the tragic success of a misconception. When, therefore, towards the end of his life Butler wrote a careful and elaborate volume to prove (1) that the Odyssey was written by the young princess, Nausicaa, and (2) that it was entirely Sicilian in origin and local colour, those who had been Buttled before began to ask warily what kind of Buttling was being tried upon them now. The tragic-comedy of the situation was that Butler was quite serious, and no one would take him seriously. The men of science had ignored his essays on evolution; the classical scholars now ignored his Homeric discovery. He had Buttled too often. Nevertheless he was hurt, and not without reason. "The Authoress of the Odyssey" has been before the public for twenty-five years. It has been neither accepted nor refuted. It may be right or it may be wrong: it is certainly too big to be ignored.

It has now been reset, and comes before us in "a new and corrected edition" (in which we have noted three misprints). The admirable Mr. Festing Jones contributes one of his delightful prefaces, explaining how the book came to be written, and incidentally explaining how Butler came to be disliked. Among the elaborate "Notes" made by Butler occurs this one, not included in the "Note-Books," and now first printed in Mr. Festing Jones's Preface:

"Charles Lamb was like Mr. Darwin, 'a master of happy simplicity.' Sometimes, of course, he says very good things, at any rate some very good things have been ascribed to him; but more commonly he is forced, faint, full of false sentiment and prolix. I believe that he and his sister hated one another, as only very near relations can hate. He made capital out of his supposed admirable treatment of her. Aunt Sarah likes him, so do most old maids who were told what they ought to like about fifty-five years ago, but I never find men whom I think well of admire him. As for Ainger's 'Life,' well, my sisters like it."

Now Butler knew so little of Lamb that he had never read the "Letters," and was not even aware at the time that Lamb had written "The Adventures of Ulysses"; nevertheless he penned this deliberately spiteful and utterly malicious Note with immense satisfaction. Can't you hear him chuckling at his own devilish cleverness? Yet there is not a single statement in it that is not glaringly false. There is not even room for a difference of opinion. There is no more need to prove Butler wrong about Lamb, than to prove a man wrong who says that the sun is a pentagonal body that gives a red light at night. Originality is a great quality; but there is a point at which idiosyncrasy becomes entitled to a shorter name.

The trouble with Butler was that he wanted to have things both ways. He wanted to be "the *enfant terrible* of science and literature," and he wanted to be liked as well. He wanted to fly in the face of the experts and be admired for his flights. All through "The Authoress" there is an implicit and sometimes an explicit suggestion that the classical scholars are all fools. "I made this discovery" (he says in effect) "as soon as I began to read 'The Odyssey' independently; you have been reading 'The Odyssey' all these years and haven't discovered it yet." Well, the classical scholars' reply was to let him alone. I think they were wrong; but I think that he asked for it.

I am not a classical scholar and can offer no more than the ordinary reader's view. It seems to me that Butler's topographical case is much stronger than his authorship case. I don't see how the misadventures of Ulysses can possibly be located in the neighbourhood of the actual Ithaca in the Ionian Islands. There is at least strong negative evidence in favour of Butler's case. His theory, here carefully set forth after personal exploration, is that the poem originated in what is now Trapani (N.W. Sicily); that the local colour was all taken by the untravelled author from scenes near Trapani; that Marettimo did duty for Ithaca (in the distance—the actual descriptions being taken from Trapani); that Ustica is the island of Æolus, Cefalù the abode of the Læstrygonians, Favognana the island where Ulysses hunted the goats, the caves on Mt. Eryx the cave of Polyphemus, Salina the island of the Sirens, and Pantelleria the island of Calypso. We all know where Scylla and Charybdis are. The wanderings of Ulysses amount, then, to nothing more than a circumnavigation of Sicily from Trapani back to Trapani again. The case seems quite strong, and could not be answered by any but a well-travelled scholar. The argument for female authorship is fascinating but less convincing. I must warn readers not to be led away by the innocent *naïveté* of Butler's translation. Butler at his most innocent bears a strong resemblance to Greeks bringing gifts.

I hope nothing here said will put anyone off reading both volumes. They are fascinating. Butler was really a wonderful writer. Here is an elaborate and technical volume of classical scholarship, that, by all the rules, should be as dull as an American thesis. It is actually so delightful that you won't want to put it down if you once begin it. I doubt if a finer piece of large-scale constructive criticism has been written in our time. Like all great criticism it answers this test: it drives you back with fresh and eager delight to the original poems. So have no fear. Though your Greek be less than Shakespeare's you will enjoy Butler as he Butties among the classics.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK.*

This is beyond question one of the very best books about dogs that have ever been written. Major Dawson knows dogs, loves dogs and respects dogs as dogs, as well as in their relations to human beings. A dog is a friend as well as a possession, and one is sure that Major Dawson feels as strongly as his reviewer that the longer one lives and the more one sees, the stronger grows the conviction that there are large numbers of persons of both sexes who should be absolutely forbidden to own dogs. Major Dawson offers excellent advice as to choosing a dog, all the more excellent because it is directed not to explaining the "points" that are to be looked for in each breed, but to reminding the prospective owner that he is really selecting a friend who is to be a familiar inmate of his family for anything up to twelve or fifteen years. Breed, points, physical characteristics are all of importance, but what Major Dawson insists on is the relations that are to be established, the duties and delights of the position of owner, the best methods to obtain the best return from a friend who is all eagerness to please, to help, to conform to the wishes of his human friend.

There are of course chapters dealing with the proper feeding of dogs, their care in health and in illness, how to set about starting a kennel of your own if you wish to become a breeder, or even if you want to have a line of descendants from some valued dog pal. One excellent, sensible chapter deals with the showing of dogs. Chapters on the war work and police training of dogs are full of fascination, and Major Dawson puts forward a very cogent plea in favour of allowing dogs to take their share in actual work, because work gives them interest and keeps them happy.

* "Everybody's Dog Book." By Major A. J. Dawson. 6s. 6d. (Collins.)

Besides the chapters on dogs and their relations with their owners, the book contains a good deal of technical information as to points, etc., of various breeds, in highly compressed form. And there are a number of anecdotes and three superb dog stories, all from the Alaskan and Yukon trails, one of them fit to take its place with Jack London's "Call of the Wild." This is the tale of a team leader, ill, dying in agony, who still refused to give up, but insisted on leading his team and disciplining it until the journey's end, and then, once out of harness, he could only die! A most moving story. Once more let us repeat that Major Dawson has given us one of the best books of the kind in existence, full of wisdom and delight.

F. M. A.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS.*

One of the worst faults of English criticism is a refusal to recognise the existence of uneven country. You do not, in art or in nature, get rid of an obstacle by steadily walling round it, looking through it, or otherwise endeavouring to ignore it: and the most foolish exercise in the world is to pretend that all is flat and fertile when the ground is full of large rocks and excessively uneven. Mr. Brimley Johnson suffers from this fault. It would be difficult for a Frenchman to read this book and not come to the conclusion that Mr. W. L. George, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, Mr. J. Buchan and Mr. J. D. Beresford were not all equally important novelists; and that there was no difference worth mentioning between the imaginative power of Mr. Gilbert Cannan and Mr. D. H. Lawrence—conclusions as absurd as would be an endeavour to draw a parallel between Dumas, Dostoevsky and Anatole France. It is true that Mr. Brimley Johnson does not claim that his disconnected essays have any particular coherency or unity, except vaguely one of time; but he cannot be acquitted of confusing the issue by first writing of his selected authors as men who "present the prevailing thoughts and chief literary vigour of our generation," and then discussing with equal seriousness Mr. Swinnerton, Mr. Neil Lyons and Mr. George.

Unfortunately his fault in general attitude is scarcely atoned for by any precise and valuable criticism in detail. Mr. Johnson is too much given in this book to mere rhetorical praise. It is no help to the student, anxious to know what is happening to the English novel, to read of Mr. Swinnerton:

"He has not the godlike immensity of George Meredith; neither the wealth of phrase nor the Olympian laughter of that giant genius, long and deeply matured to all the profundities of human nature. He has not the sixth nature-sense of Thomas Hardy, reading the riddle of Mother Earth. He has not the fine-spun subtlety of Henry James, that great citizen of the world. But he has spoken for eternal youth, and is the greatest artist among his immediate contemporaries."

What we want is a more careful examination of what separates Mr. Swinnerton from Mr. Beresford, and some idea as to why Mr. Johnson thinks him a greater artist than James Joyce, or Norman Douglas, or James Stephens or St. John Ervine—none of whom he includes, or even mentions, in his survey.

Again, it is puzzling to find so much space given to Mr. Buchan—whose first book was published in 1894—and no space at all to Mr. Charles Marriott, whose influence can be seen in all the men Mr. Johnson praises most highly, and whose first novel was published in 1900. Five at least of Mr. Johnson's authors have less claim to inclusion than has Mr. de la Mare, whose eminence as a poet should not hide from a critic the singular and individual beauty of such astonishing novels as "The Return" and "The Memoirs of a Midget." I believe the truth is Mr. Johnson is really uneasy when he has to deal with fiction that is youthful in spirit as well as in time. He is at home and sound on such good romantic story-tellers as Mr. Snaith and Mr. Buchan; he is not at a loss before the old-fashioned realism of such work as Mr. George's, and he is respectful towards the newer realism of Mr. Forster, Mr. Beresford and Mr. Swinnerton. But when he has to write of Mr. D. H. Lawrence—the only real modernist he includes

* "Contemporary Novelists (Men)." By R. Brimley Johnson. 6s. (Parsons.)

—he is disturbed and distressed. It is not that his distress is merely what any critic might feel at the more difficult aspects of Mr. Lawrence's work—it is that he is aware in it of a spirit, seen in different forms in a few stories of Mr. Beresford's and one book of Mr. Forster's, which is really the spirit of youth, or of this generation. That spirit is the spirit of unreason—whether it derive from Bergson or Coué, whether it evokes Pan or turns table, it will have nothing to do with an ordered, securely governed world. If the heart has its own reasons, the imagination has its own laws and fancy its own facts. It is the something odd, the something unexpected and unaccounted for . . . None of the moderns, except Miss Katherine Mansfield and Mr. de la Mare, does anything perfect with it; some have made tremendous efforts. It has led Mr. Lawrence to a wild, sensational rhetoric which seems at times almost insane; and it has led Mr. Marriott into a calm and ruthless reticence which perhaps is not quite sane either. It is the most characteristic thing in modern fiction, making men look for new forms and strange methods. When Mr. Johnson suspects the presence of this spirit, he either ignores the author who exhibits it or else makes so grotesque a blunder as in labelling Mr. D. H. Lawrence's work as distinguished by an aggressive realism which "drags through deeper and blacker mud than the most morbidly decadent of 'problem' protests that Victorianism ever evoked."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

HANDBOOKS TO PARNASSUS.*

A fortunate chance brings these two books at the same time to the same reviewer. It is appropriate that they



Mr. Robert Graves.

should be noticed together, for not only have they a common theme, but that theme is regarded from a similar standpoint, and with identical sympathies. Although the books are published at the like moment, it is very obvious that Mrs. Williams-Ellis has read, marked and inwardly digested Mr. Graves' critical study. She makes no secret of the matter, but says

frankly that she is in fundamental, and almost detailed, agreement with "On English Poetry." Indeed the obligation is implicit, as well as explicit, through much of her book.

Mr. Graves' volume "On English Poetry" must be regarded as a collection of notes and of unrelated chapters, rather than as a sustained essay. Within its borders, and subject to evident limitations, it is of deep interest to a sympathetic reader. The immitigable humour of the writer carries him lightly over places where it would be easy enough to be dull. Mr. Graves has, in common with Mrs. Williams-Ellis—and for that matter with many another modern writer—an abiding love of abstract proposition and of airy theory. My own passion is more restrained. "It is, alas, so fatally easy to construct a self-supporting æsthetic theory which turns out to bear no relation whatever to the facts." This rainbow road is not to be preferred to the concrete and macadamized highway built over morass and shifting sand by the devoted labourers of the past. Mr. Graves enunciates views concerning Wordsworth's "Daffodils" which are dubious; he applies theories derived from Frazer's "Golden Bough" to rhythm and stress and rhyme, which, if possibly accurate, are certainly far-fetched; but he

disarms criticism by an infectious good humour which admits that his highly controversial reflections are only offered as being based on the rules which regulate his own work at the moment, for many of which he claims no universal application, and has promised no lasting regard.

It is important to notice that the sub-title to "On English Poetry" describes that work as "an irregular approach to the Psychology of this art from evidence mainly subjective." It is a good thing when a poet of the distinction of Mr. Robert Graves takes us into his confidence, and discourses intimately concerning his art. The most delightful chapters of a stimulating book are those which give away the secrets of a poet's workshop. I find them also the most valuable. Mr. Graves winds into his subject by way of Keats' "La Belle Dame sans Merci." In a brilliant passage he traces the genesis and development of that ballad, the reading, the obscure mental processes, the sickness of body and mind, in a word, the psychology, that went to its making. Then throwing aside speculation, he takes his own verses, "The General Elliott," and patiently unravels the tangled skein of conflicting emotions reconciled in that poem. It is enormously interesting, even though it turn out to be an example "of false rationalization long after the event." Of more immediate profit to the student, and particularly to any young writer who cherishes the delusion that inspiration is the only thing essential to his verses, is the chapter entitled Surface Faults, an Illustration. Mr. Graves selects four lines of his "Cynics and Romantics," and prints the repeated verbal alterations incident to the conscious process of getting a poem in order. It is a counsel of perfection to the artist, and incidentally explains the delight Mr. Graves' poetry justly affords to any fitting audience.

I have said already that Mrs. Williams-Ellis's "An Anatomy of Poetry" may be considered as an exposition of some prominent theses in "On English Poetry." This obligation, however, can easily be overstressed. The authoress is a trained and highly competent critic, and from the point of view of the general reader hers is likely to prove the more helpful and informing handbook. The one is addressed to the elect, but the other to all sorts and conditions of men—and children. Mrs. Williams-Ellis has divided her primer into sections, entitled For All, For Philosophers, For Missionaries, For Critics, and For Readers. It is probable that the last section will be the most generally popular, for its hundred pages include short studies of many of the most distinguished poets of the day. These chapters are written with evident leaning towards the advance guard of modern verse. Mr. Noyes, for instance, is mentioned with something approaching scorn; Mr. Squire sorrowfully rebuked for an excessive deference to tradition; whilst Miss Edith and Messrs. Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell obviously awaken the ardent interest of their expositor. Such criticism may be disputable, but at least it is informed; and the same observation may be applied to the most challenging section of the volume, that For Missionaries. It is needless to say that the missionaries referred to are not those who go in peril of the heathen. They go rather in peril of their own countrymen, by reason of an excessive zeal for the propagation of verse. The teaching of such hot gospellers is dangerous indeed. Young girls are to be induced to read "The Everlasting Mercy," heedless of the extended vocabulary which may be consequent on its perusal. Even worse, instructions are given on the composition of poetry, the writer evidently forgetting Mr. Graves' dictum that "Poetry is essentially spontaneous in origin, and very little of it can therefore be taught on a black-board." Poor poets, indeed, should not be encouraged, for in a sad world there is always a sufficiency of bad verse. The only use of those who love poetry and write verse, is that they form the mulch in which one day will flourish the perfect rose.

It only remains to add that the publisher of "An Anatomy of Poetry" has provided an excellent and

* "On English Poetry." By Robert Graves. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.) "An Anatomy of Poetry." By A. Williams-Ellis. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

useful index. The proof sheets of the book, however, have been read very indifferently, and in a second edition many irritating misprints should be amended.

EUGENE MASON.

TRAVELLERS' JOY.*

A critic who set himself the other day the task of saying as many nice things as possible about Georgian literature took particular comfort from the fact (which he held it to be) that our travel books are so much better now than were their forerunners of the Victorian epoch. It would be nice to think that he was right. But—are they? A few, perhaps. They seem to follow so closely on each other's heels that a percentage are bound to be downright bad. Some are middling good. The fact of the matter is that as with every other sort of book there are travel books *and* travel books.

Here is a South Sea book, and honestly one would have thought that Mr. St.-Johnston was exactly the man for this job. For years his lines have been cast in these pleasant places. He has been the Lord Tom Noddy, the Great Panjandrum, of whole archipelagos. No prentice writer, he has three or four other South Sea books already to his credit. But the painful suspicion is forced upon one that these "reminiscences" are merely scattered crumbs. It shows a careful mind to garner them with a scoop, but they are a poor substitute for a square meal. And the real yeast is over and done with, all lucked away presumably between those earlier covers. I don't happen to know those earlier books of Mr. St.-Johnston's, and reserve my judgment of their author in consequence, but I enjoyed reading about his comic prison, and have relished every description of a "natural aquarium" that has come my way since Ballantyne's "Coral Island."

So I come to another book that sounds as if it ought to be fascinating.—Mr. R. D. Paine's "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." In a way it is so. So far as research work goes, Mr. Paine has not shirked his task, and has delved industriously in chronicles of bygone voyagers, mostly of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He retells for us the story of the *Bounty* mutineers and many another historic epic, while breaking fresh ground in half a score of authentic narratives, romantic or gruesome, not even sparing us the flesh-creeping details of more than one horrid tale of cannibalism. His pen has not quite the transfiguring touch. But his facts are here in plenty, data enough for a score of future Conrads and Stacpools to build upon should ever the springs of their own experience run dry.

That leaves me with the most modest and unassuming volume of my pile, Prince William of Sweden's "Between Two Continents," the record of a journey along the Central American coasts, with certain divagations into the interior on the score of archaeological research, undertaken two years ago by the Prince and a handful of associates. In parts this journal is so naïve as to disarm criticism, in parts well written and interesting enough to command more than praise.

But this is still a long way from being a perfect travel book. That (would that there were more of them) has no need of illustrations. Guide-books are not what we want, nor any really useful information. We ask for pictures, pictures drawn with such art as to convince us that whoever strung these words together on the page actually saw what is described, and saw it so vividly that every sharp detail of the scene will spring into its place when memory whistles up the moment, it may be long years afterwards. We (I am spokesman now for the great untravelled) cherish a sneaking regard for the "purple patch." Not the splotch of aniline, *ersatz*,

iridescent pigment which the special correspondent distills at midnight with the aid of black coffee and Roget's "Thesaurus," but a generous gobbet of the right Tyrrhenian, words brimful of colour as you like in themselves but which mean exactly what they say. For there are things in nature which move the onlooker to rhapsody, rightly considered a natural emotional condition. A state of ecstasy. If you have the proper degree of skill you can induce it in other people. Your readers. We like it, honestly. Tell us exactly what you saw and tell it as well as you know how. You need not tell us what you thought, or what other people who were there thought, or might have thought. Show us something that we have never seen and know that we never shall see with these mortal eyes of ours. Leave politics to politicians, caste marks, tribal customs, staple industries, any reference to the fact that "East is East and West is West," land laws, and polyandry (so much more intriguing than polygamy though it be) to museum-grubbers and those who profess to be really interested in them. But for Heaven's sake tell us what these places you have been lucky enough to see are really like. Pictures are what we want. Coloured ones, not plain. We have imaginations, and they will do the rest.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

FACT AND FANTASY.*

"Red Dusk and the Morrow: Adventures and Investigations in Soviet Russia" is the record of first-hand observation in the most mysterious country in the world by a man of affairs who might well be a poet. "The Puppet Show" is the prose work of a poet turned fabulist.

If literature is life translated into language, Sir Paul Dukes's book is literature. He has at his command a wealth of interesting facts and an imaginative pen skilful enough to bring the melodrama of the revolution to every reader. If this were the year 1902 instead of 1922, "Red Dusk" could be read by any boyish Henty enthusiast for its thrill of adventure alone. No fiction writer could invent scenes of terror, despair and hope, fugitive hide-and-seek with a tyrannous government, perilous and courageous escapes more startling than the events chronicled here by a former chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia. "In Soviet Russia." There is the pity of it. Besides an enthralling narrative, Sir Paul Dukes gives food for thought to every thinking person. He shared the common hopes we nursed for Russia when the Revolution at last broke like a storm cloud; and he tells in an admirably direct style, constantly illuminated by flashes of imagination, how he lived perilously through his disillusionment. When the first revolutionary regiments broke into arsenals and prisons and the Tsarist police had been scattered in the Nevsky Prospect on the evening of March 11th, 1917, he was one of the crowd from which "there rose a mighty murmur, whispered in awe on a million lips: 'Revolution!'" His story damns the Soviet Government of Russia as surely as Mrs. Philip Snowden's evidence damned it as the seat of a conscienceless tyranny, but the author concludes his record with the sane warning that we cannot hope to abolish the Communist Government of Russia without reducing the country to still worse chaos. He reminds us that many valuable workers in scientific and industrial spheres, utterly opposed in principle to the government, have been absorbed by force of circumstances into the administration, and that the salvation of Russia can only be accomplished by piecemeal changes. There is in this story of Russia so striking a resemblance to the French Revolution that one turns to the English poets among the crowd of world-spectators and asks: "Who to-day will be influenced by the Russian Revolution as Wordsworth,

* "South Sea Reminiscences." By T. R. St.-Johnston. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." By R. D. Paine. 15s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Between Two Continents." By Prince William of Sweden. 15s. (Nash & Grayson.)

* "Red Dusk and the Morrow." By Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E. 15s. (Williams & Norgate.)—"The Puppet Show." By Martin Armstrong. 6s. 6d. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

Southey and Shelley were influenced by the French Revolution?" We remember the meteoric indignation of Shelley, the distrustful conservatism of Southey, the gradual reaction of Wordsworth; but who except Robert Nichols among living English poets promises a memorable comment upon the tragic politics of Europe?

One does not escape such questioning when one opens Martin Armstrong's entertaining "Puppet Show." There is a surprising detachment, amounting at times almost to flippancy, in these satiric tales. The writing is of the quality to be expected from Martin Armstrong the poet. Is it that the world's tragedy to-day is too vast and poignant for imaginative comprehension yet, so that our poets are driven to find refuge in literary juggling? I do not mean to say that there is no humanity in this *tour de force* of fable-telling. "The Schoolmaster," "The Quarrel," "The Labyrinth," "The Emigrants" suggest amazingly that this book is the recreation not simply of a lyric poet but of a writer of the finest fiction. But the fantastic inconsequence of "The Uncomfortable Experience of Mr. Perkins and Mr. Johnson," or of "The Worcester Bowl," seems to strike the true key-note of the volume, and the impression is enhanced by the allegorical story, "The Author and the Critics." Seven old gentlemen constitute a literary society of Aleppo. They discuss at great length a story read out by the President, and when all their conflicting versions of the meaning have been delivered, "the talented author" is requested to indicate the correct one.

"They are all correct," replied the talented author.

"This unexpected reply somewhat nonplussed the assembly, but happily the President rose to the occasion. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'I should rather have asked you which of the interpretations you yourself had in mind when composing the story.'

"None of them," replied the talented author."

So if you are not content with the rich entertainment offered you in "The Puppet Show," Mr. Martin Armstrong will just shrug his shoulders.

R. L. MEGROZ.

AN AGREEABLE DISAPPOINTMENT.*

Gifts of long ago by her family from Jane Austen's little orchard had almost convinced the lovers of her delicious fruits that there was nothing more worth having. The "Lady Susan" apple, which the producer herself had withheld from market, had been found rather unpleasantly bitter, and the results of two incomplete experiments to which she had given no name, and for whose appearance also she was in no way responsible, certainly did not justify any better hopes. But the idea that the supply of attractive novelties was exhausted has now been falsified, and we have here some fresh gleanings of very early production which are not only pleasant in themselves but, if I may vary the metaphor in leaving it, will help to "bring out" the full taste of what may justly be called the authorised fruit.

In Mr. G. K. Chesterton's clear and discerning preface nothing is better said than this:

"There is, therefore, in considering even her crudest early experiments, the interest of looking at a mind and not at a mirror. She may not be conscious of being herself; but she is not, like so many more cultivated imitators, conscious of being somebody else."

No one else, indeed, could have composed the richly ironical skits on the romantic novels of the eighteenth century which are the chief of these present discoveries. They are written in the then popular form of letters from girl to girl, a form which Balzac was to turn to good account in later times. These maidens and brides, "rather above" (or below) "the middle size," whose sensibility, "too tremblingly alive to every affliction" of their friends,

but more particularly of their own, is their "only fault, if a fault it can be called," who faint on a sofa at every alarm, and who, in the opinion of their lovers, are above the need of such indelicacy as eating and drinking while they have for sustenance "the pleasing pangs of love"—abounded, in scarcely less absurd forms, in the favourite wares of the circulating libraries. These young and noble-hearted men, who scorn to obey their fathers or to attempt the payment of their debts, are their natural partners in elopement and distress. No extract will afford a just idea of the quality of "Love and Freindship," but none perhaps will give a better suggestion than this bit of the description, in a letter from Laura to Marianne, of the manner in which Janetta was persuaded that her youthful affections were bestowed elsewhere than on Graham, to whom she was about to be married:

"We had no difficulty to convince her that it was impossible she could love Graham; . . . the only thing at which she rather seemed to hesitate was our assertion that she must be attached to some other Person. For some time, she persevered in declaring that she knew no other young man for whom she had the smallest Affection; but upon explaining the impossibility of such a thing she said that she beleived she *did like* Captain M'Kenrie better than anyone she knew besides. This confession satisfied us and . . . we desired to know whether he had ever in any wise declared his affection to her. . . .

"Did he never gaze on you with admiration—tenderly press your hand—drop an involuntary tear—and leave the room abruptly?" "Never (replied she) that I remember—he has always left the room indeed when his visit has been ended, but has never gone away particularly abruptly or without making a bow." "Indeed, my Love (said I), you must be mistaken—for it is absolutely impossible that he should ever have left you but with Confusion, Despair, and Precipitation."

While "Northanger Abbey" is the maturer novel of Jane Austen with which the satirical intention of "Love and Freindship" has some affinity, "Sense and Sensibility" offers us, in Marianne Dashwood, a "heroine" who might have been welcomed with effusion by the earlier Marianne of this diverting epistolary story, and her friends, Laura, Sophia and Janetta.

"Lesley Castle," the unfinished burlesque novel, also in the form of letters, which fills the second place in this new book, shows more invention, and also pokes so much fun at the cynicism which is so marked in "Lady Susan," that in future it will be hard to regard that picture of feminine wiles as a serious work in any respect.

Yet other imaginary letters will be found towards the end, one of the liveliest whereof is a mother's account of the *entrée* of her "sweet girls" of seventeen and sixteen into Life, on the occasion of their "drinking tea with Mrs. Cope and her Daughter." A haughty and inquisitive Lady Greville is the twin sister of Lady Catherine de Bourgh; it is difficult not to regard her as the very aunt of Darcy.

"The History of England From The Reign of Henry the 4th to The Death of Charles The 1st, By a Partial, Prejudiced, and Ignorant Historian," might be taken, though not in its literary style, for a satirical attack on that warm admirer of Jane Austen's work—Macaulay, but for the fact that it was written years before he was born. It takes the line that the Yorkists were always right and the Lancastrians always wrong, that Mary Stuart was spotless, and Elizabeth a wicked woman, the author's "principal reason for undertaking" her history "being to prove the innocence of the Queen of Scotland." A fair sample of its style and method is the opening of the paragraph on Henry the Sixth, which runs: "I cannot say much for this Monarch's sense. Nor would I if I could, for he was a Lancastrian."

Coloured medallion "portraits" of the kings and queens, by the author's sister, and a facsimile page from the author's MS., serve as illustrations to a little volume which, while it can only be properly appreciated by readers intimately and affectionately acquainted with the author's inimitable masterpieces, will be highly relished by the majority of those happy people.

* "Love and Freindship and other Early Works, now first printed from the original MS." By Jane Austen. With a preface by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net (Chatto & Windus.)

THE AUTHOR OF "JURGEN" AND AN ENGLISH RIVAL.*

It has been said, and oftentimes repeated, that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. The time is come for the statement of a not very obvious corollary: that romance withered in the hearts of present-day novelists at the first chill breath of actuality. Probably a somewhat feeble romance, one adds; for actuality has its kindly airs no less than those which carry the blight. The romanticist's outlook is at least as true, as near to reality, as is the actualist's, despite that the apostles of actualism appear to spend a good deal of energy howling their derision in the ears of a romanticist's success.

The romanticist may therefore be defined for our purpose as a man whose vision is a rainbow flame which refused to be snuffed out at the hint of an icicle. The ruder the east wind became, indeed, the more that flame was fanned, so that a time comes when even those who pride themselves on being at the other extreme of the novelist's zone are compelled to take note of its brilliance. It would be redundant at this stage of Mr. James Branch Cabell's persistence as a romantic writer to enumerate his triumphs. Until quite recently he possessed one of those American reputations which some contrary fairy has prevented from crossing water, but two of his works, "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth," are now issued in an English edition. About "Jurgen" opinions have differed; and "Figures of Earth" is romance sufficiently uncompromising to make its acceptance here a matter for surprise, that is if Cabell's literary skill were not in itself so superb that the critics will be obliged to accept the book on the strength of that alone. The mellowness, the mischievous twists and economy of phrasing are extraordinary; such pains have been taken to achieve the highest standard possible in this kind of writing that the English novel cannot fail to profit by contact with it. We may even hope that, in a short while, if a page should be read aloud from the work of our most eulogised novelists side by side with another from the *Family Herald*, it will be possible to gather, without external aid, which page comes from the novel and which from the novelette.

"Figures of Earth" is a story of the quest of Manuel the swineherd, beginning with his attempt to rescue the Count of Arnay's daughter, who had been captured by a wizard living in mythic splendour at the top of a grey mountain where he contrived all manner of illusions and, in particular, designed the dreams of men. "I shall not ever return to you, my pigs," cried Manuel as he set out:

"I shall not ever return to you because, at worst, to die valorously is better than to sleep out one's youth in the sun. A man has but one life. It is his all. Therefore I now depart from you, my pigs, to win me a fine wife and much wealth and leisure wherein to discharge my geas (bond). And when my geas is lifted I shall not come back to you, my pigs, but I shall travel everywhither, and into the last limits of earth, so that I may see the ends of this world, and may judge them while my life endures. For after that, they say, I judge not, but am judged, and a man whose life has gone out of him, my pigs, is not even good bacon."

"Figures of Earth," like "Jurgen," is in more senses than one not a book for the circulating libraries. For those who read it will wish intensely that they might keep it on their own shelves for a second, a third reading. It is one of the splendid intimations that romance is resuming its place of importance in our literature.

"The Worm Ouroboros," by Mr. E. R. Eddison, is another of these intimations, no less splendid. That Mr. Eddison is an Englishman makes it possible that his book will be overlooked by the patrons of Mr. Cabell in this country; but that will be their loss, not his, for "The Worm Ouroboros" is itself a gesture of superb independence which must have taken years of loving concentration to prepare, years of lingering over before the finishing touches were completed. Critics are of little account in an affair

like that, and Mr. Eddison has consequently been unafraid to have horns growing out of his heroic warriors' heads or to take the planet Mercury for his setting. He cannot help being human, all the same. These folk of Witchland and Demonland, these goblins and pixies, are delightfully English; early on there is a "wrestling match," a terrific meeting between a king and a military captain, the great naked frame of the latter showing such excellent proportions that "each part was wedded to each as in the body of a god." The adventures which succeed it are full of excitement and told with a cunning beauty of craftsmanship. Readers must not be repelled by the title of this novel nor by its quality of closely printed pages. "The Worm Ouroboros" may be a first book—the author's name is new to us—but we do not regard it as any mere tentative experiment. It is an achievement, and if Mr. Eddison has his due he will find no less favour among his contemporaries than they are bestowing right and left, if tardily, on Mr. Cabell.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE PACIFIC PROBLEM.*

From the standpoint of the most industrious supporters of the circulating libraries the publication of this work is not, perhaps, a matter of absorbing interest; but one apprehends that it will be pretty closely studied by politicians and statesmen and diplomats, especially in the United States, Japan, Russia, China, Australasia, the Philippines; in London, Paris and, *natürlich*, in Berlin. It certainly ought to be so studied. The book is really extremely valuable; not alone because the subject is one of vital moment, having the most direct sort of bearing upon the immediate future of civilisation and the world's peace; not alone because its author (the three naval chapters contributed by Admiral Bubnov form a very serviceable addition to his work) has possessed himself of a possibly unique mass of first-hand knowledge of his theme during the past twenty crucial years; but, and perhaps primarily, because it is a lucid, emotionless and excellently professional piece of work, as void of prejudice and as free from special pleading as any such writing well could be. The factors which give crucial importance for civilisation to the twentieth century problem of the Pacific are far too numerous and complex even for mere mention in this place; but readers may be reminded that they include the possibilities of war between Japan and the United States, the material and political future of China (and possibly of Australasia), the rehabilitation of Russia, the immediate destiny of the Philippines and, in the view of some hundreds of thousands of highly intelligent and keen people, the whole future of the Japanese race and nation. It is estimated that during the present century, and possibly during the coming half-century, the Japanese population will double itself. The Japanese Archipelago certainly cannot maintain such an increase. Where are the surplus tens of millions to be accommodated? (In considering the question it is well to have a Mercator's Projection at hand.) The Washington Conference has serviceably defined the outlines of the Pacific problem. Has it accomplished any more than that? The author of this book clearly holds that no amount of conferring would remove the material factors now making for ultimate war, and that unless they are removed by the nations concerned (and chief among them is the matter of Japanese migration) the only possible form of insurance against war is reversion to the old policy of the Balance of Power. The United States must sincerely strive for the regeneration of China and Russia, he holds, if anything approaching a strategical balance is to be restored; it being held (a) that the world war left Japan mistress of the Far East; and (b) that the United States alone could not defeat Japan.

* "Figures of Earth." By James Branch Cabell. 8s. 6d. (The Bodley Head).—"The Worm Ouroboros." By E. R. Eddison. With illustrations by Keith Henderson. 15s. (Jonathan Cape.)

* "The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century." By General N. Golovin, in collaboration with Admiral A. D. Bubnov. Translated by Constantine Nabokoff. With a Preface by Harold Williams. With Six Maps. 10s. 6d. (Gyldendal.)

With the chosen methods and the indubitable qualifications of General Golovin in and for his task as author of this book, no reasonable critic can quarrel. Whether or not one shares his conclusions, his work is most emphatically worthy of the closest study and attention.

A. J. DAWSON.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.*

There is a lot of easy nonsense written about men being too old when they have lived more than a certain number of years. But man is a spirit, and the spirit of man is no more subservient to the order of the calendar than sun and rain are to the forecasts of weather-charts. Often the most promising youths die young; or they begin early and well, but have reached the limit of their powers and fallen into the background among the undistinguished long before they are old. Their brilliance has been such a flash in the pan that they were merely touched by glory and passed by. Nature is very undisciplined; human minds do not all mature at the same rate like soldiers marching in step, and it is not safe to say that any man has done developing until he is visibly and demonstrably dead.

Dickens died at fifty-eight, and if William De Morgan had died at that age nobody would have suspected that he had any literary gift; he would have gone to the grave a mute, inglorious novelist. When he wrote his first book he was nearly ten years older than Dickens had been when he left his last unfinished. In the days when "Alice-for-Short" was adding to the fame De Morgan had won with "Joseph Vance" I happened to be talking with Theodore Watts-Dunton, and our conversation veered to the new novelist. "I knew him years ago. I used to meet him at Rossetti's," said Watts-Dunton, "and when I heard he had published a novel I was surprised, for he had never impressed me as a man who could do anything of that sort. But when I read 'Joseph Vance' I found there was nothing surprising in his latest development—it was the most natural thing in the world; it was all written so exactly as he used to talk that all the while I read I could hear him speaking. I have known him, when there were many present, sit silent all the evening; but on other occasions—in smaller, more familiar company—something would set him going and he would talk as he writes now in his novels, playing with some quaint theory fantastically, spinning an anecdote out, rambling round and round it, dropping the shrewdest observations by the way and keeping you continually amused with his droll, piquant humour. In his books he is simply himself, talking with his pen instead of with his tongue. He is just natural—that is all his art."

He himself told me once, as he told everybody, that he owed everything to Dickens, and no doubt Dickens greatly influenced him. But though a writing master taught him how to form his letters, his signature was distinctively characteristic of himself. The charm of his novels is the charm of his own personality, and to get to know him intimately, as one may in Mrs. Stirling's delightful biography, enables one to read his books with a fuller understanding and enjoyment. Mrs. Stirling has combined with the long and many-sided story of William De Morgan a record of the life and career of his gifted wife, Evelyn De Morgan, and the illustrations include many photographs of her masterly paintings and sculptures, as well as photographs of some of her husband's pottery and a number of his whimsical black-and-white drawings. I shall not attempt to outline these two biographies so deftly woven into one. Both De Morgan and his wife were so attractive, so interesting in themselves that it was only necessary to present their characters adequately and tell all that can be told about them to make an attractive and interesting book, and this Mrs. Stirling has done. I

* "William De Morgan and His Wife." By A. M. W. Stirling. With Introduction by Sir W. Richmond, R.A. Illustrated. 25s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

notice that certain art critics are resenting that De Morgan's fame as a writer of fiction should overshadow his other achievements, and they predict that when his novels are forgotten he will be remembered as the greatest ceramic artist England ever produced. This may be so; we shall see, if we live long enough; but however it is, Mrs. Stirling has done due justice to him in each capacity, and this ample, handsomely illustrated volume, piecing out its vivid character-sketches with extracts from letters and a wealth of anecdote, will certainly take its place in biographical literature as a fitting and permanent memorial of a very remarkable man and his no less remarkable wife who were, as Sir Edward Poynter called them, "two of the rarest spirits of the age."

F. H. L.

Novel Notes.

THE AMAZING QUEST OF MR. ERNEST BLISS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is an adept in the art of distilling the pulse-stirring magic of adventure out of the most unlikely-looking material, and the scheme of this novel provides a fitting laboratory for his peculiar wizardry. It is the story of a year in the life of Ernest Bliss, a young millionaire wastrel, who is suffering from a surfeit of everything but work, and who is goaded into a strange wager by the taunts of a Harley Street physician. Under the wager Ernest Bliss undertakes to "disappear" into the labour market with only five pounds in his pocket and to keep himself for twelve months solely on his earnings. If he fails he is to pay twenty-five thousand pounds to a hospital; success, on the other hand, means that Bliss will gain a shake of the hand and an apology from the physician. As may be imagined, a man of Bliss's upbringing has anything but a soft time of it. Adventure dogs his steps, and every job he manages to secure is invariably as short-lived as it is thrilling. Even the rôle of light porter to a benevolent old gentleman in a top-floor office is fraught with peril and excitement. For the kindly old gentleman, who dotes on canaries and bullfinches and is writing a book about birds, proves to be a blackmailer of the creepiest and most sinister sort. Whatever post Bliss fills—chauffeur, commercial traveller, greengrocer's assistant—he emerges the richer not only by a thrilling experience, but by a growing sympathy with the hopes and fears of his fellow-workers. The novel is an excellent example of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's inventive genius in its liveliest and most plausible guise.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS. By William Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Where circumstances permit it is safe to prophesy that this thrilling mystery novel will be read at a sitting. It is impossible to put it down till the explanation of the whispers that haunt the aristocratic apartment house in New York is revealed, and Spalding Nelson extricated from the tangle into which poverty and love have flung him. A poor clerk, with hopes of his great-uncle eventually raising him from penury, he undertakes to mind his great-uncle's apartment while uncle and aunt go for a holiday. Both secretly warn him of the whispers and ask him to try to discover the cause in their absence. So he enters into his new quarters with two problems to unravel—for he is already involved in one concerning a beautiful girl and a couple of despicable blackmailers. He finds himself in the thick of adventure, the recipient of strange notes, strangely delivered, the victim of a daring robbery, the confidant of the girl who is trying to save her sister from ruin, and finally a catspaw in a vicious murder plot and in imminent peril of the "chair." It is a rattling good yarn and so ingeniously constructed that the absorbed reader will be kept guessing till the dramatic climax is reached.

LOVE. By Baroness Léonie Aminoff. (Dent.)

This is the second volume of her "Torchlight" series of novels in which Mme. Aminoff has planned to present a dramatic picture of the period of the French Revolution and the time of Napoleon in France. In the first volume we were chiefly concerned with Terézia Cabarrus, who became Madame Tallien, and all kinds of important persons came within her orbit. In this volume we have Madame Tallien still as a central figure, but we have now Madame Josephine Beauharnais occupying no little space, and her lover Barras, and that strange little Corsican officer, lanky and starving, who worships at her shrine and finally in the last pages becomes her husband. Madame Aminoff gives us a kind of inversion of the Revolutionary history, takes us into the penetralia of the lives of the persons who bulk large in that history, shows us their littlenesses, their scheming, intriguing, meannesses, vices, nastinesses, and the like. It is a deliberate method, recreating the period as though by a kind of gossiping "yellow press" paragraphing, a sort of reaction against the heroic solemnities of the ordinary official history books. There is no doubt as to the liveliness of the rendering, though it is questionable whether this kind of history may not easily go too far in the direction of euhemerising. The book suggests an inevitable parallel between France of the Revolution and Russia of to-day, and read with a little reserve and a little remembering of facts and circumstances that Madame Aminoff leaves out of her scheme, is of great interest and some real value. It is good to be reminded of just what Paris and France actually were from the point of view of the people who had to live through those years.

THE PASSING STORM. By Violet Tweedale. 7s. (John Long.)

We feel obliged to lodge a protest with Mrs. Tweedale about the first chapter of her new novel, "The Passing Storm." In this first chapter she gives away too much, and when we had read it we knew exactly how the plot was going to unfold and who Quentin Gerard would prove to be. It is a pretty love story, but altogether too obvious: even the title of the book tells us how the dramatic quarrel between Gerard and Roseanne (the heroine of the tale) will end. Mrs. Tweedale tells the story in her usual charming and easy style and introduces us to many picturesque characters in this pleasant, romantic but provoking book.

MY DAUGHTER HELEN. By Allan Monkhouse. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

The central theme of this exceptionally appealing story is a father's love for his daughter—the mother being dead. It is not an easy subject to express and elaborate sympathetically, but the author succeeds; he succeeds, in fact, on every page, for with great economy and restraint he resists all temptations to the sentimental superfluities which would have been so easy and gives us, through the eyes of the anxious father, a clear picture of what might be real life. The girlhood of Helen brings two suitors, and, with the irresistible spell of nature upon her, the weaker wins her love. He is a poor creature, unfit for business, unable to concentrate upon earning even the little necessary to support her and the family which soon begins to arrive; half a genius, but not sufficiently so to do anything great—the most pathetic type of manhood. He goes wrong, is arrested, and imprisoned; and there, baldly, is the whole plot. It is in the delicate revelation of the three or four chief personalities concerned that the charm of the book consists; it is a short book, yet the reader has a definite sense of parting with known friends when it is finished. The author also has a gift of convincing truth in the expression of ideas. "Between intelligent people," says the father, who tells the story himself, "the straight talk hasn't much virtue. They know all there is to say, and to project the words at one another may

roughen up the nerves without touching the reason." That is good, and here and there we can see the philosopher at work not less surely. "My Daughter Helen" is a worthy addition to the "Novels of To-day" series.

UNCLE MOSES. By Sholom Asch. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The sordid lives of Polish Jews in America dominated by one of their own race who, as master tailor, sweats them and grinds them down to perpetual wretchedness, are shown with relentless realism in "Uncle Moses." The theme of the story is that of a man, hard, unscrupulous, a king in his small, frowzy way, who is overthrown, reduced to abject misery, through his love for a young girl. A strong theme, cleverly worked out, yet one feels there is a certain lack of balance in the construction—an excess of detail in the earlier part, a brevity that creates an almost jerky effect towards the end. Unquestionably, so far as character-drawing goes, "Uncle Moses" is a giant among pigmies. Mr. Sholom Asch has succeeded in making him live, his personality colours the whole book. To be sure it is a disagreeable personality and fouls all it touches, but it is vitally, horribly convincing.

SABINE AND SABINA. By W. E. Norris. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A suave and leisurely book. Nothing swift or amazing here. Just the quiet, chatty impressions of an old bachelor godfather, who discourses about his godchild, Sabina. He tells the story of her marriage with that somewhat obtuse business man, Charles Hutton. Sabina was happy enough at first, but after the baby died, a great discontent and restlessness came over her. Charles took her out to Spain; hoping to distract her. But there her friendship with the sympathetic artist, Leslie Roxford, grew and flourished. When she returned to England, Roxford haunted her, and they had a great Platonic affair. Oddly enough, Roxford flirted with the sister of Sabina as well. All very puzzling and disconcerting for the godfather. He surprised Sabina and Leslie one day on the Embankment, in earnest discourse; "but they did not jump—I don't believe that the young folks of to-day can be taken aback, no matter when or where one may bounce on them." After a faint romance between Charles and a Spanish lady, we pass on to the close. The way in which Sabina comes back to her husband is admirably natural and likely.

OUT OF TUNE. By Frank Stayton. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)

This amusing comedy by Mr. Frank Stayton has much in common with "Threads," published in 1921. There is the same ironical humour, the conversation too sparkles with wit and epigram, and it would probably dramatisé equally well—the climax would make a breathless finish. But it begins heavily. The author has loaded his early chapters with tiresome descriptions of people who scarcely count. With the introduction of Paul Faggett, however, the story springs to life. Paul is a musical genius who travels Surrey on a ramshackle bicycle, tuning pianos in order that he may eat. He is clean, hardworking, cheerful and uncomplaining. Zoe, a rich and pretty widow, with a passionate desire to patronise the arts, marries him and launches him successfully as Paul Faggotti into the musical world. Very soon, though, Paul tires of the absurd lionising of Zoe and her snobbish circle. He plays truant and falls in love with honest Joyce, who understands the man if not his art, and who lives an ideal life alone in her Guildford cottage. Of course the number of solutions to this triangular puzzle is very limited, but the author keeps his secret intact and holds the reader's interest unabated to the last page. Mr. Stayton must be an ideal camping companion; he describes domestic routine accurately and with much zest.

ESCAPE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

Mr. Jeffery's heroine, Emily, vaguely reminds us of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Carol of "Main Street." Both are girls who long to break away from the dull levels of middle-class womanhood. But Carol is more subtly, more enthusiastically drawn than Emily who, with all her longings for a finer, gayer life, is always rather stilted; rather dry. Yet her commonplace marriage, her fortunate widowhood, her entry into business, are well described. And the details of the business are quite entertaining. Emily became a sort of Universal Aunt, even contriving by a judicious accident to reconcile a nephew with a rich old uncle. By and by she has her second romance, with a married man called George, only to find that she does not really care for him. We leave her married to the unconventional and charming Barty Scammell, who explains his theory of life to her: "I believe in the will to help, and the determination not to hinder progress." "Escape" has many original touches and many very readable pages.

THE TASTE OF EVE'S APPLE. By Elnith Bevan. 8s. 6d. (Daniel O'Connor.)

Our impression, when we had finished Part I of this book, was "What an unusual and brilliant story!" When we finished Part II we were still under the spell of the author's genius for drawing realistically the unusual in life. But Part III, despite its frequent flashes, reminded us somewhat of a fire that is smouldering compared with the living flames, the sparkle and light of the first parts of the book. The work gives the feeling of being planned and written entirely to suit its author's fancy (and that in itself should stamp a book as original nowadays). Thus it is a book full of surprises, the author himself (or herself) unexpectedly appearing in the Second Part of the book only to drop completely out of Part III, but to appear again for a brief moment in the postscript. Not one of the characters goes all through the story; it gives a queer, detached, irregular tone to the book, and yet each character, however slightly portrayed, is vital and compelling. Elnith Bevan should undoubtedly be a power to reckon with in the near future, and we shall look forward with great interest to the next work from the author of "The Taste of Eve's Apple."

"HIS GRACE." By Alice Clayton Greene. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

For a young man, a theatrical manager on the brink of ruin, to learn he is monarch of a Southern State of Europe would be a sufficient adventure in itself to last most men a lifetime. But with Carlos Anderson it is only the beginning of adventures. Around this situation Miss Alice Clayton Greene has woven an enjoyable story, fresh and sparkling, full of light and laughter. The irresponsible Carlos makes a delightful hero and, plunged into complications, an inherent impudence carries him through to triumph at last. Something quite new and pleasant in the way of fiction is "His Grace"—a relief from the sombre, fussy, psychological novels that beset us in these days.

DIANA STEPS DOWN. By Susan Redgrave. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

"Diana Steps Down" has an unusual plot which is handled in a masterly style. To make the heroine, a lady of wealth and high degree, fall in love with and marry a gipsy sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale; but though Miss Redgrave's story begins like this, it is no fairy tale; it is so well done—so realistic—that it is entirely convincing. The character-drawing throughout is excellent and the plot is developed in a way that is consistent with the natures of the three people in the story. There is plenty of romance, plenty of passion and there are plenty of exciting incidents in the book; and with its fresh, open-air gipsy scenes, in strong contrast to the scenes in Diana's ancestral home, it is the sort of tale that should tempt film producers to snap it up.

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TYRANNY. By Holloway Horn. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

This is a very skilful study of a beautiful Irish girl of strong character. Gwenda's guiding principle is "to be true to her faith." She is a Catholic, and though that fact is not unduly stressed until the crisis, one feels it is a force that has hold of Gwenda and will not let her go. But it seems a kindly force in the person of Father Blore, to whom the girl confides even her love troubles. As a stenographer and chauffeuse Gwenda has many lovers, but Dr. Luttrell alone finds her responsive. Dr. Luttrell has married a woman he does not love. After much suffering he gets a divorce and comes to Gwenda a free man. Gwenda bows her head and heart to the ruling of her church on divorce, and sends Luttrell away. Here, we presume, is where Mr. Horn, very calmly and judiciously, would show us the tyranny of the Roman Church. He might be more convincing. After a time Gwenda seems fairly content to marry Dr. O'Brien, a thoroughly good sort, who has loved her in vain for years. Dr. Luttrell, the other victim, merely reaps the reward of his own folly. All the characters are very real and there is a balance and sanity throughout the book.

THE GOLDEN BAY. By J. Weare-Giffard. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

If you are for romance, here you have it and of the best. Mr. Weare-Giffard has laid his scenes along the Devonshire coast, by Bideford, in the good old days when we were at war with the French and the Government had no ships to spare for the adequate protection of our coasts against privateers and pirates who descended upon them at unlooked-for intervals and looted the stores of peaceful tradesmen almost with impunity. There was a particular gang of pirates that used Lundy Island as a base of operations, and to the rooting out of these pests John Tyrrell, son of the Squire of Westacott, devoted himself, not only in the interests of law and order, but because a certain rascally French marquis among the motley crew had killed his brother in a duel and John was bent on avenging him. There was something of mystery surrounding the duel between his brother Dick and the Marquis, but John penetrates this and is able to befriend Dick's secret wife, who had been the innocent cause of it. And through all the story of that enterprise against the pirates runs the chequered story of John's own love for the charming Nancy Ravenscroft. A stirring, exciting, well-written romance, full of colour and character and touched with a pleasant humour.

The Bookman's Table.

THE MUCH CHOSEN RACE. By Sydney A. Moseley. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

The Jew has had so many harsh things said about him that by now he must be getting used to it. After all he is as human and therefore as open to attack as the rest of us, but his faults are probably no worse than ours, they are only different—and not always that. Mr. Moseley, though he is of the same race, makes out some strong indictments; one suspects he is a little too scornful of Mr. Zangwill, and perhaps in other cases he is hypercritical in dealing with certain Jewish characteristics. Many of the qualities he condemns in the Jew—his jealousy, vanity, lack of clannishness, sycophancy, absurd adherence to obsolete customs—could as justly be condemned in most other races. But he makes his points shrewdly and amusingly, and if he has no mercy for the weaknesses of his people he is as outspoken in his praise of what is fine and admirable in them. It is a ruthlessly candid and revealing study of the Jew and his racial traits, written crisply, pungently, with a humour that is alternately bitter and genial and an evident inside knowledge of the subject. An interesting book and one that will provoke resentment in some quarters, and is likely to arouse considerable discussion.

POEMS FROM PUNCH: 1909-1920. With an Introductory Essay by W. B. Drayton Henderson. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

A first selection of "Poems from *Punch*" was made many years ago by Sir Francis Burnand; a second was made in 1909 by Mr. Arthur Waugh, who called it "Later Poems from *Punch*" and so left Mr. Henderson no choice but to name his "Latest" or revert to the original title, and he has done the latter. In the main the collection is of course humorous, but *Punch* has never been afraid to be serious on occasion. "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in the first selection, and in this volume "In Flanders Fields" is not the only memorable poem that is poignantly reminiscent of the war. On the serious side there are also Sir Owen Seaman's fine memorial verses on Swinburne, Meredith and William Booth. For the rest, the best of our writers of light verse gravitate to *Punch* and some of their best work is included in this very representative miscellany.

THE CALL OF THE WILDFLOWER. By Henry S. Salt. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

We had not read far into this delightful volume before we felt, creeping surely and warily over us, a happy glow of remembrance. Immersed in indoor labours, we had forgotten for the moment that wonderful world of wild flowers not far away. Roused to new enthusiasm by Mr. Salt's devout admirations, we made fresh holiday schemes. It was not till late in life, while wandering in Welsh mountain scenery, that the scales fell from our author's eyes and, looking on the beauty of the saxifrages, he realised what glories he had missed. Ever afterwards he has been given over to tramps and journeys in quest of wild flowers; here he records his finds by ditch and dyke, his hopes on Sussex shingles, his days in Derbyshire dales. A fascinating and informative book which must infect many with the zest for flower-seeking.

IRISH AND OTHER MEMORIES. By the Duke de Stacpoole. 15s. (Philpot.)

Anyone who would read a book of reminiscences written by a man who has known many capitals and made acquaintance with all kinds of men and women should pick up the Duke de Stacpoole's "Irish and Other Memories." Books of this kind are bound to be at least intermittently interesting; but what makes the Duke's book particularly interesting is its lack of pretentiousness and of partisanship, its geniality, tolerance and fairmindedness. Certainly the author is fair in the Johnsonian sense. ("The Irish are a *fair people*; they never speak well of one another.") He tells us that the only thing which the late Marquess of Clanricarde ever gave freely away was an opinion on china or on curios. He informs us that the peasant of his native country views the approach of death to one of his relatives with a serenity indistinguishable from callousness. And he describes an eccentric landlord examining portraits of Beethoven and Wagner and complacently accepting the elder composer as a breeder of polo-ponies and the younger as a breeder of hunters. He is too good an Irishman, however, not to be proud of his nation. He relates with complacency how *The Hawk* was practically run by Irishmen, he himself being a director, Augustus Moore editor, Justin Huntly McCarthy leader-writer, and George Moore contributor. (Florence St. John, strangely enough, was one of the chief shareholders.) While he frankly confesses the joy which he felt at discovering a Cork man, a former servant of his father's, who was a town councillor of Meodling, near Vienna, and six Cork girls who were governesses in one small town in the south of Russia. The Duke, indeed, seems able to make himself at home anywhere. His pictures of society in London, Paris, Rome and Constantinople are no less vivacious and intimate than his sketches of his countrymen in Galway.

MARGARET FULLER: A PSYCHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Katharine Anthony. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

In the attractive, orange-coloured news sheet, *Now and Then*, issued quarterly from Eleven, Gower Street, Mr. Jonathan Cape chats with the public who read his books. One of the paragraphs in a recent number is a note on Margaret Fuller. "Who is she? Is she or was she?" This reviewer connects her, a trifle dimly, with Emerson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and (more clearly) with an hour spent recently among the bookshelves of a country house attic, when Julia Ward Howe's Memoir was among the treasures found. It is reassuring to learn from Mr. Cape that our ignorance is shared, and that the name is "quite unfamiliar" on this side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Anthony's book should help to make it known. The study is ably written and is of more than passing interest to those who wish to know what part America took in the pioneer work of the feminist movement. Due importance is given to "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" (1844), a book "whose only predecessor was Mary Wollstonecraft's 'Vindication of the Rights of Woman,' published fifty years before." Mrs. Anthony has not altogether avoided the danger of glorifying the feminist to the detriment of the woman. What did Margaret say? you find yourself asking. Not what did she say in print, in her articles to the *Tribune*, in her descriptions, as a war-correspondent, of the life of revolutionary Rome, but at other times, in the undress moments, when what she said would have been a revelation of the inner self. The ordinary reader may be pardoned if he enjoys most the by-ways of the book, the couple of pages that tell of Margaret's visit to the Carlyles at Chelsea, when Carlyle harangued sagely on the value of poetry and Mrs. Carlyle sat by in silence, or the short description of the meeting with George Sand.

MY SENTIMENTAL SELF. By Mrs. Aria. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mrs. Aria happily confesses that she has "gone proudly friendled," and in her lively volume we have many entertaining glimpses of famous actors and authors. There is a great deal about Sir Henry Irving, to whom Mrs. Aria was reverentially devoted. Once noticing his failing strength, she said: "Supposing you were told that you would live ten years if you would rest, and only two if you would continue to act, what would you do?" Not a moment's hesitation went to the answer: "I should act." Of Frank Danby, Mrs. Aria's sister, we hear much. This is the characteristic, plucky letter written on her death-bed: "Dearest, I miss you beyond words, yet desire you to do everything your alarming physician orders; I find 'Twilight' depressing; how could I have done it? Do you think you could see me through another?" With the amiability native to her, Mrs. Aria prints letters from well-known personages who refused to write her preface. Arnold Bennett wrote: "Your Memoirs will be so amusing, malicious and first-rate that they will require no aid. Excuse me." W. L. George assured her that she was "so ideally fit to introduce herself." From Wells came the message: "No prefaces, darling. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." It is interesting to hear of the haphazard arrival of Mrs. Aria in the world of journalism. With her sister she was in the office of the *Gentlewoman*. Mrs. Frankau was talking to the editor, but the manager was struck with her companion. "Don't you know anything to write about?" he inquired. The swift reply came: "Dress and drama, with drivel sauce." And so the successful career began. A kindly, chatty book, somewhat lacking in discrimination.

EPITAPHS. By Lady Margaret Sackville. (Edinburgh: William Brown.)

Lady Margaret Sackville has always displayed vigorous versatility, and *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*, but hitherto her chief claim to fame has rested on her lyrics, which

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have had charm, spontaneity and melodiousness. Her faults perhaps have been over-luxuriance, an excessive delight in beautiful phrases simply for their own sake and a wayward indifference to architectonics. Now, in face of these virtues and vices, she has actually achieved a little volume of epitaphs—almost the last thing one should have expected from her pen. Epitaphs permit no abandon: they must be brief and austere. Epitaphs allow luxuriance as little as a grave-mound; they must be clipped like yews and rounded like funeral wreaths. They must be as clearly drawn as a miniature on enamel, as clearly cut as a cameo on an onyx, as an intaglio in an agate. Yet despite such conditions and restraints, apparently so alien to her genius, Lady Margaret has succeeded in turning out epitaphs dainty and delicate and altogether admirable. They have the right epigrammatical touch, and the right emotional deportment. They do not dance, and yet they walk like dancers. They are as dignified as Death, and yet as graceful as a weeping willow. Fortunate are

the ashes treasured in such Barberini vases. To discuss the separate epitaphs here is of course impossible, but we venture to quote the two we like best:

"Why did you die? I died of everything,
Life was deep waters, robbing me of breath,
Sorrow, delight, love, music, Winter, Spring
Slew me in turn—and last of all came Death."

"All's done
All's said
To-night
In a strange bed,
Alone
I lie
So slight
So hid
As in a chrysalid
A butterfly."

These two epitaphs strike the present reviewer as simply perfect, and there are others almost as admirable.

Music.

JOHN IRELAND: SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS ART.*

Among the galaxy of brilliant young men who may be termed the outposts of modern music—dazzlingly clever, nothing if not greatly daring—the name of John Ireland commands instant attention. Whether one likes his work or not—whether one emotionally enjoys it or intellectually admires it—assuredly he must be confessed a force, probably somewhat of a hidden force as yet. At the moment he is typical of the ultra-modern school; and his future is especially hard to predict, because the most revolutionary art of

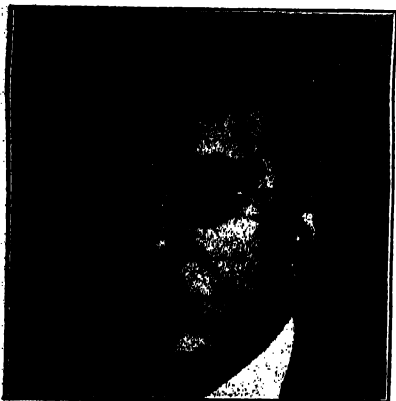


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. John Ireland.

youth is sometimes prone to calm down towards an older formula as life advances. But nobody can deny the courage and distinction of John Ireland's achievements hitherto. He has a style emphatically his own; moreover, his music goes hand-in-hand with admirable verse—nothing banal or cheaply platitudinous wins a glance from him.

There is one very peculiar quality, it seems to me, about these songs of his. They strike me as having been written from the *hearer's* point of view rather than that of the performer's. As though he had been able to station himself aloof, like a dramatist watching his play's rehearsal, and to listen quite impartially to his own songs; as though, again, the hearer's opinion must be the ultimate criterion of values. (Which is not the usual outlook of a musical composer.) To the average amateur pianist some of these songs would be disconcerting by dint of their chromatic divagations; to the average vocalist they are not always very grateful, and afford scant opportunity for conventional display. They are not conceived in any conciliatory spirit towards the performers. Yet upon the *hearer* they will produce a startling, an instantaneous

effect. Their *tout ensemble* surprises him with its utter sincerity of insight, its sheer truth of statement. The grave wistfulness of the lyrics which John Ireland selects for setting—mainly excerpts from "A Shropshire Lad"—suffuses these songs with a certain similarity of feeling; yet their fundamental differences are revealed with strange skill. "Epilogue," for instance, is a mere transitory thought, expressed by the poet in two verses, by the musician in two pages only; but it is concentrated, as it were, into its own nucleus or essence; it sums up tensely and tersely what other men might have spun out to great length and made no stronger. "The Vain Desire" is an expanded treatment of much the same ideas, so familiar to all readers of Mr. Housman's verse—life's brevity, death's proximity, love's impermanence—here resonant with a more passionate, more personal note, but still subdued, and conscious that we are made subject to vanity. "The Encounter," of sterner stuff, will appeal to its audience with the heavy reiterated figure in the accompaniment—the perpetual passage of marching troops—and the wan, bleak thought floating above it in the vocal part, as a rainy wind might do. A very fine and salient song, exactly fulfilling what it set out to accomplish. In "Vagabond" (which executants will find the easiest of the four), Masfield's words, with their rough, simple, careless pathos, are accompanied by music which might well have been born along with them—so apt is it, so apposite in all respects.

The two pianoforte solos make an ideally suitable sequence—"Soliloquy," with its insistent haunting phrase, not beautiful in itself, yet achieving an effect of intense fascination, like the ugly woman immortalised by "Elia"—rising to a cumulative, triumphant climax, and dropping back to an abysmal question still unanswered; and "On a Birthday Morning," which drops pearls and diamonds from its lips like the girl in the fairy-tale; of a wonderful flash and gaiety, suggesting sunlight, dewdrops, garden scents, and glistening flowers, and inexhaustible *joie de vivre*. This latter piece calls for expert hands and a sympathetic player.

For a while, no doubt, John Ireland will remain "caviare to the general," because of his exceptional characteristics; and many who fully appreciate those characteristics will still be aware of a personal preference for some of his contemporaries. But one may reasonably wonder and ponder to what altitudes he may not have attained in twenty, nay, in ten years to come; when his sense of beauty, as yet a trifle ascetic, austere, renunciatory, shall have mellowed into ripe colour and gracious curves, such as are even now discernible upon the frozen heights of his work. . . .

One does not realise the full possibilities of John Ireland until one turns to somebody else and treads familiar *terra*

* (1) "Epilogue." (2) "The Vain Desire." (3) "The Encounter." Words of each by A. E. Housman. (4) "Vagabond." Words by John Masfield. 2s. each. (Augener.)—Two Pianoforte Solos by John Ireland: (1) "Soliloquy." (2) "On a Birthday Morning." 2s. each. (Augener.)—"Good Ale." Song by Peter Warlock. Poem anon., fifteenth century. 2s. net. (Augener.)

firma again. "Good Ale" is a semi-archaic setting of a fifteenth-century lyric, anonymous, serio-comic, in praise of ale—or rather in urgent request for it! I think three verses should have sufficed the composer, seeing that each contains the same idea. But it is a jovial, rollicking affair, quite out of the ordinary groove—effectively written for the voice, simply harmonised; and a man of humour should be able to bring down the house with it.

MAY BYRON.

A NEW COMPOSER.

The appearance of a new composer whose work is not only of a high standard, but has also that ear-haunting quality which makes a strong appeal to the large public that likes good "popular" tunes, is an uncommon occurrence; certainly an occurrence to rejoice all lovers of good music; and certainly one to rejoice the heart of the publisher who has found him. This composer is Mr. Vivian Hickey, whose three songs, "Ecstasy," "Cradle Song" and "Memory" have just been issued by Messrs. Augener. It is refreshing to come across such songs amid all the good, bad and indifferent music that is at present flooding the market. Mr. Hickey's work has imagination and feeling, and throughout there is a note of unexpectedness which adds to its charm. The words of "Ecstasy" are by Sarojini Naidu, and the beauty of them is emphasised by the beauty and emotional sincerity of the setting. There is a dignified simplicity about this song, too, which harmonises strangely well with the spirit of the words. "Cradle Song," words also by Sarojini Naidu:

"I bring for you . . .
A little lovely dream,"

has a sweetness and wistfulness in the melody that makes a direct appeal. Of the countless lullaby songs that have been written room must surely be made for this little "Cradle Song" in the front rank. It is a song that, once heard, will not be easily forgotten. "Memory," words by Arthur Symonds, has a directness and quaintness in its setting that are very unusual. It is the longest of the three songs. The phrase:

"All things leave me;
You remain,"

at the end of the first and last verse brings out the ear-haunting quality which, as already mentioned, plays so strong a part in Mr. Hickey's compositions. Mr. Hickey seems to get right into the spirit of the words of his songs, and in setting them he does not resort to that obnoxious practice of unnecessarily repeating over and over again various words and phrases—as many composers do—in order, it would seem, to make them fit into the tunes. He treats the poem he is setting with respect, and in consequence his songs gain in power. An additional attraction to Mr. Hickey's music is the fact that he has wisely kept it within the range of the average player and singer; the settings present no big difficulties and yet they are not too easy. Above all they have that rare simplicity which is the essence of all things great. We shall look forward with much interest to Mr. Hickey's future work.

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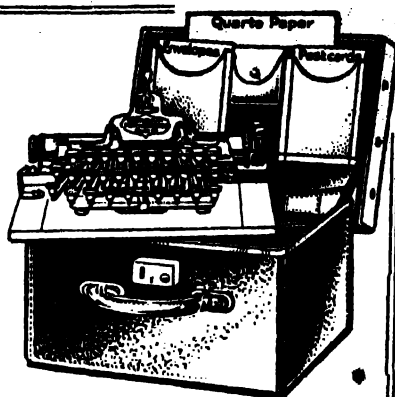
Few modern poets have a lighter, easier, happier touch than Miss Farjeon. Her verses are alive and have a charm of spontaneity that her occasional carelessness in the matter of rhyme seems to intensify. "The Careless Heart," "Yon Wench" and "Girl's Song" and others simply cry out to be set to music—have indeed a delightfully lilting music of their own which only needs to be written down. But unlike so many songs, each has an idea in it, and flowers without apparent effort into gracious or quietly humorous fancies. The "Tunes of a Penny Piper" make one of the daintiest, freshest, most delectable little budgets of verse for children that has come our way for a long while. Each booklet has a delicately and charmingly drawn frontispiece by A. W. Austen.

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NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

DITTIES AND DANCES, Book 2. MUSICAL VERSES. LYRIC FANCIES. By Ernest Austin. (Larway.)

Mr. Ernest Austin writes a preface, or prelude as he prefers to call it, "for young musicians" in his new volume of "Ditties and Dances," in which he says: "I ought to tell you that I share with many other composers the good fortune in being able to make music for you at a time when we are all trying to throw off the foreign influences which have crept into our musical life. . . . We should be . . . proud of our national music. We must *make* it, *use* it and keep it well to the front in our affections. Real music should of course be the true expression of our national spirit; it should mirror all our moods and characters; it should bring us beautiful sounds from the invisible world of our hearts. . . ." Mr. Austin's work for children has now gained wide recognition, and it is so interesting—so full of the joy of life—that it is impossible to imagine a child who would find music lessons dull if it were taught by the Ernest Austin method. The three books mentioned above are typical examples of the good work this composer is turning out.

IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S. By Geoffrey Kaye. (Paxton.)

This is the sort of piece from which the average player will be able to get the greatest effect with the least amount of trouble. It is melodious and sonorous, and with its descriptive passages is certainly a show piece.

SORROW OF MYDATH. By Malcolm Davidson. (Winthrop Rogers.)

A fine setting, full of atmosphere, of John Masefield's poignant ballad.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE. Piano Duet. By Frederick Delius. (Augener.)

There is always a certain demand for good piano duets, and here is one that is fresh and tuneful and not too difficult.

AN ENCHANTED HOUR. Song Cycle. By John R. Heath. (Enoch.)

An attractive little song cycle, though the words, in order to come up to the charming and dainty music, should have had more point. The ideas in the verses are not developed properly.

THREE SKETCHES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By C. Armstrong Gibbs. (Elkin.)

A "Fairy Tale," "A Funeral Procession" and a "Humoresque" provide some striking contrasts. An interesting and delightful trio.

SUNNY SPAIN. By Arthur Klein. (Feldman.)

Sung by Miss Felice Lyne, this song with its swinging, waltz-time melody should achieve popularity with ambitious singers who like atmospheric songs, and are not afraid of singing "Ah . . . Ah . . . Ah . . ." for nearly a whole page.

The Drama.

LITERARY DRAMA AND THE THEATRE.

By E. V. ODLE.



Mr. Edwin V. Odle.

FIFTY years ago there was scarcely a public in England for the printed editions of contemporary drama. To-day plays are published so as to synchronise with their first performance, and frequently before a production has been arranged.

Men of the theatre, like Robertson and Pinero, were for a long while shy of winning public acknowledgment of their efforts considered as literature. They were content, for the time being, to make their appeal through the medium most natural to them, feeling perhaps that the constructive qualities of a good play were not obvious in book form, and that the dialogue, framed to be spoken, lacked literary finish. But a change took place when brilliant men of letters like Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw, both skilled in the manipulation of a highly developed prose, began to write plays in which the action could be conjured up in the mind's eye in such a way that nothing intended to be exhibited upon a stage could be lost in the process.

There is a distinction here, although a relative one, and it would be invidious to carry it too far. It is as difficult, for example, to exclude from the ranks of

literature a soundly constructed and effective play such as Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars," as it is to discover in that play any quality that appeals especially to the literary sense. Conversely, Mr. Galsworthy's "Joy," that exquisite comedy of human egotism, failed to pass the rough test of the footlights, and remains to be read in order that its feather-like subtlety, combined with profundity of purpose, its acute differentiation of character, and the brilliant interplay of its dialogue, may be appreciated. Yet both "The Liars" and "Joy" conform to all the essentials of drama. The former encourages us, by reason of its appeal to the higher comic instinct, to re-read it in order to recapture the impression of its performance; and when the latter was performed no critic was able to accuse Mr. Galsworthy of actually overstepping the limitations of the theatre. Nothing Aristotelian had been violated. Even in the somewhat narrow sense of stage technicality there was no flaw in the composition. The speeches were not too long, the exits and entrances were engineered with an almost Sardou-like cunning; yet "Joy" had to be given up as unactable, and Mr. Galsworthy, having burned his fingers, proceeded to a broader use of stage artifice, culminating in the almost melodramatic "Skin Game."

Apart from the tragic circumstance that the best work of a dramatist may fail in the theatre, as it is at present constituted, it is clear that no sharp line can be drawn distinguishing the literary dramatist from the writer of plays that are not only successful on the stage, but also pass into the language of literature. Both become literature by virtue of their content, and if an

obvious literary *tour de force*, conceived and written in the dramatic form, is to be regarded as unproducible by theatrical experts, so much the worse for the theatre. For of course there is a distinction, although it is probable that the over-emphasis laid upon it has done much to stifle the progress of the modern theatre. Molière is literature; Sardou is not. Some of the lesser known Elizabethans achieved literature by the skin of their teeth, and largely because they belonged to a glorious fraternity; and Restoration drama after Farquhar makes poor reading. In every case where a writer deliberately serves the immediate needs of theatrical audiences or relies upon scenic effect or stage artifice, his claim to be regarded as a literary dramatist is imperilled. But it is a fact that might be very carefully considered by the new school of stage artificers, that very few such plays have survived; and that if they do it is because they possess the redeeming qualities of wit and humour, and contain situations obvious to the inner, reflective eye, as well as to the eye that observes in the concrete and the auditory sense.

Yet the last few years have probably seen more plays rejected by theatrical managers on the score of their alleged technical insufficiency than at any period in English dramatic literature. Of the writers who commenced playwriting after establishing reputations in other directions, very few have survived the vicissitudes of the theatrical whirligig. Mr. Galsworthy has persevered, with the reservation already noted; Mr. Masfield had but one real success; Mr. Drinkwater seems to have triumphed after a long struggle; Mr. Arnold Bennett has contrived successful comedies, but barely yet a play that ranks as literature; Mr. D. H. Lawrence has written eminently readable plays which no one has produced, and Mr. Gilbert Cannan has been writing plays all his life with only moderate success. What is the reason, apart from the squeamishness of the public taste, that these writers, who have accomplished feats in the novel and poetry, cannot achieve success in the theatre?

Certainly the reason is not to be sought in any form of incompetence in the handling of a dramatic theme. Where psychology is concerned there are glaring faults in the plays of certain writers who have acquired what is known as the trick of stage-craft. The dramatic form is universal, and a writer capable of expressing the fundamentals of human conduct in narrative form should and generally does possess the qualifications necessary to create dramatic action. Henry James did not fail as a playwright because of any clumsiness in his method of dealing with the exigencies of the stage; he failed because he was Henry James. But there is no inherent reason why an approved novelist, apart from his peculiarities of temperament, should fail in the theatre; for the aim of the theatre is, or should be, to produce good dramatic literature.

The public taste is not in question here. A few performances, so arranged that all who wish to see a particular play can do so, would meet that aspect of the case. What is more worth discussing is the fact that men of letters have been dissuaded from persevering with their efforts by the assumption that in order to become successful playwrights they must discover within themselves, or acquire by study, some highly



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specialised sense of the theatre, or else be content to remain classified as "literary" dramatists. They may possess the qualifications of inventing dramatic dialogue, of presenting life in the form of dynamic action; and their grasp of motive, their power of working up to a just climax, may not be called into question. Yet the theatre remains closed to them because of their supposed ignorance in the matter of stage-craft.

Clearly, the theatrical expert has his point of view, but it can be very easily overstated, and the foremost consideration should be the choice of material. The technique of the theatre should not be regarded as so complex a matter that the rational sense of a dramatic author, aware that his piece is to be spoken and represented, may not contrive to meet half-way the actor, the producer and the stage-carpenter without himself becoming, for the time being, all these persons rolled into one. Strictly speaking, nine-tenths of the technical requirements of play production are the province of the actor; the other tenth consists in the realisation, on the part of the author, of certain limitations. It has been said that Ibsen created the technique of the modern theatre; but this statement needs to be very carefully qualified. Himself a stage-manager, Ibsen gradually converted the environment of the theatre into a new dimension for the deeply reflecting mind, wherein human problems could be explored more thoroughly than is possible in the novel or even in the poem. For Ibsen, the dramatic unities existed independently as the highest possible form of expressing the interactions of human conduct; he rarely attended the rehearsals of his plays, and vigorously denied that he had ever written a play with any particular actor in view. Actually, nearly all Ibsen's social comedies are based upon the technique of the French school in the Second Empire; and whenever he adds anything to the possibilities of stage performance, it is not his facility in engineering theatrical situations but his vision as a dramatist that enables him to create moments of drama that electrify audiences all the more vividly because the action is rooted in circumstances that precede the raising of the curtain. Literary dramatists who study Ibsen in order to find a golden rule for getting characters on and off the stage will get little for their pains; for the verisimilitude which he attained in his plays is no more dependent upon the theatre than is a chapter out of a novel by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

One of the reasons why the pre-war repertory movement failed is probably to be found in the fact that such writers as the late Stanley Houghton became over-obsessed with the theatre as a medium. Granville-Barker and the later school carried this point of view still further. Persuaded that they must learn the art of the theatre and at the same time convinced that their characters must be real people and not wooden types, they invented difficulties that barely existed, and in the end endangered the freshness and probity of their vision for the sake of a new and even more artificial stage technique. "The Marrying of Anne Leete" is a better play than "The Madras House," and the later plays of Stanley Houghton, when he wooed the larger London audiences, are almost unreadable as drama. The qualities that made the plays of St. John Hankin as readable as they were actable did not depend upon

a too rigorous practice of stage technique. Of the moderns, Mr. Drinkwater seems to be rather too much *au* theatre. His prose, however dramatic, exhibits a dangerous economy; he clips speeches, spares wit and humour, and subserves too much to the interests of the three hours' traffic. It is clear that Mr. Drinkwater has temporarily at least bridged the gulf between the written and spoken drama; but he is risking his immortality.

Mr. Bernard Shaw once wittily described his initiation into the art of playwriting as merely a common-sense realisation of certain obvious difficulties to be overcome, from the L.C.C. regulations to the fact that the occupant of a back seat had to be considered as much as the hirer of a stall or box. It is a pity that the group of playwrights who followed him in so many other ways did not take this broad and very sagacious hint; for the probability is that if the art of writing a play cannot be mastered in a literary sense, it cannot be mastered at all. To a certain extent the art of the theatre experts have discouraged good drama by shouting too vociferously the Ibsen slogan, and by advancing an artificial distinction between the method of writing and the means of production. If there is a new art of the theatre, in the sense that greater achievement can be obtained by the closer co-operation of all concerned, its claim should be to make stage-worthy the dramatic material of all ages. It should welcome the born playwright; but if it hesitates to make use of the best material, in prose or verse, which the age can produce, it fails in its ultimate justification, and becomes ephemeral.

BELINDA. Revival at the Globe Theatre.

There are certain things which any theatrical manager will tell you must never be done; the amusing thing is that when they *are* done they have a surprising way of succeeding. A. A. Milne, for example, writes the most delightful nonsense with practically no plot, and makes his characters do all sorts of things which learned experts of the stage say should never be done, and everybody laughs consumedly and thoroughly enjoys the show, without caring a brass button for the opinions of the pundits. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is of course always charming; as Belinda she is just too ridiculously delightful for description. Mr. Dion Boucicault is inclined perhaps to overdo the Mr. Baxter, but in so irresponsible a play one can scarcely quarrel with anybody for being irresponsible—especially when he is really funny in his absurdity. These two people, however, are too used to having nice things said about them not to wish something to be said about the rest of the cast. Miss Helen Spencer has not such an easy part as might at first appear, and she plays it remarkably well. Mr. Jack Hobbs is going, I think, to do big things; he made the very most of a rôle in which some quite good actors might have proved ghastly failures. Mr. Herbert Marshall has an attractive way with him and deserved a good deal more applause than he got. He was, I am told, badly smashed up in the war, but with great courage returned to the stage and plays with extraordinary vigour for a man who has to struggle against grave physical disabilities. Miss Ethel Wellesley was a pretty and capable maid. That's the lot—and an excellent lot, too.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

From time to time even the most persistent optimist is touched with an autumn mood, feels a chill in the air and puts on the mantle of Jeremiah. You can always find ground for lamentation if you look for it; and if you look for it you can always find ground for hope. Our view of life depends largely on our state of mind and body; the world is a happy enough place when things are going well with ourselves, and a vale of tears when they are not. Consequently no man should be judged by an isolated utterance. It does not follow that he is inconsistent because he contradicts this week something he said the week before last—probably some change of circumstance has in the interval changed his mood and his mind. After all, the mind has its own seasons; often no more than a day separates its summers from its winters; and who shall marvel if a July philosophy loses its leaves in December?

But every man has certain predominating qualities, and you can roughly catalogue him in accordance with those. In this way I should class Dr. Frank Crane with the optimists. He has for long past been contributing a daily essay to certain newspapers, and none occupying that pulpit could preach an everyday gospel of dissatisfaction and despair and still draw the enormous audiences he has secured. "Human Confessions" (6s.; John Lane) is the fourth collection he has made of his five-minutes' essays, and their genial worldly-wisdom is as stimulating a tonic as the average run of mankind could require. Once or twice he is inconsistent, in the stupidly literal sense of the word, but nobody could for long write an essay every day, through all fluctuations of health and humour, and be otherwise. He tells you, for instance, "I can conceive of no more repellent thing than growing old. And there is no need of it." Then in a later essay he admonishes us, "There is only one thing we have to do, and that is to grow old."

And when he reflects upon literature he is apt to become pessimistic. He regrets that "we have no self-respect. We edit ourselves too much. This is one of the subtle bad habits of an age of too much



Photo by
H. Waller Barnett.

**Mr. Stacy
Aumonier,**

whose new novel, "Heartbeat," has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

be wrong. He agrees with the father of all pessimists that there is nothing new under the sun. "Many writers strive to tell something new," he says. "They need to be reminded of the truth contained in a fine passage which Goldsmith struck out of his 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Dr. Johnson mentions it: 'When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over; for I found that generally what was new was false.'" Instead of commenting on the significant fact that Goldsmith struck this out, Dr. Crane adds, "The greatest genius in literature does but express for the people what they already know. He gives voice to their dumb convictions." Yet we know of authors who were ahead of their times and so far from expressing the dumb convictions of their contemporaries that their own generation did not understand them. All the material we have to work with has no doubt been in the world from the beginning, but we can make new things of it; and a writer is not debarred from new thoughts because all the words he can clothe them with have long been in the alphabet.

To take Dr. Crane in another pessimistic mood, he declares, "Literature is intrinsically false. It may hold the mirror up to life, but it is a cracked mirror, or warped. Novels have plots; in real life there is no plot, only an undramatic tangle. Plays have climaxes; in real life there is no climax, we go on living. In books are characters; as a matter of fact we are none of us characters, but all sorts and kinds jumbled into one

reading. We contract a literary self-consciousness. We do not think; we recollect what we have seen printed." I should have thought those who had no self-respect did not edit themselves enough; but I may

personality. . . . Life is happy. Literature is tragic." Now all these are only half-truths. There are really more characters in modern life than in modern books, and I suspect that the Doctor is not much of a novel reader

or he would not have complained that novels have plots, for that nowadays is what half of them have not. And you have only to read the newspapers to know that he errs in supposing "in real life there is no plot." These are mostly pretty lurid plots; but there are others which do not get into the papers and turn on a man's efforts to realise his ambitions, on his rivalries in love, art, commerce. That sort is as common in life as in fiction. It is an exaggeration, too, to say "in real life there are no climaxes." There are frequent climaxes, though they do not invariably end in death. Nor can you cramp either life or literature within such a phrase as "Life is happy. Literature is tragic." Would our two million unemployed agree that life is happy, and are we to understand that such things as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The School for Scandal," "Tristram Shandy," and "Pickwick" are not literature? The truth is that, like literature, life is neither all comedy nor all tragedy; it is a blend of both.



Photo by E. O.
Hopfe.

Mr. Alec Waugh,

whose new novel, "The Lonely Unicorn" (Grant Richards), was reviewed in the July BOOKMAN.



Photo by Nigel F. Wigston.

Mr. W. MacLeod Raine,

whose new romance, "Man-Size," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month.

But there is more than enough of homely wisdom and heartening philosophy in Dr. Crane's essays to make ample amends for these lapses, and even for one other. I think his advice on "How to Write" a little dangerous. "Almost all instructions I have ever read upon the writing of stories, essays, and other merchandise to sell to publishers," he remarks, "emphasise the necessity of having something to say before you set out to say it. Have a good yarn in mind, they tell us, and then write it out; have an idea and express it as simply as

possible." He confesses he has never been able to work on that plan; that he sits down without knowing what he is going to write and wishes his pen "God-speed!" adding: "My rule, therefore, for budding authors is: Go to it! Take a pen and watch it run. If you have luck, good! If not, there is much farming to be done." This method may suit his own temperament, but it is demoralising advice to give to young writers all and sundry. When an author has lived long enough to have experienced much and thought more, he may perhaps write good essays without stopping to think, but I feel sure that without some preliminary planning even he could write no story worth reading.

Of our younger essayists there is none more thoughtful or who writes more attractively than Gilbert Thomas, and I am not surprised that his "Things Big and Little" (3s. 6d.; Chapman & Hall) has just been reissued in a new and cheaper edition. Mr. Thomas is an idealist who is not blind to the darker aspects of human character. He is acutely sensible of life's little ironies, and if in these essays he is ever angry or bitter it is against man's inhumanities to man, and the crude social barbarisms we still tolerate as part of the code of our civilisation. He can use words that have teeth in them when he is writing of wrongs and injustices, but brings a catholic sympathy and a charm of style to the handling of happier themes. In a rare pessimistic mood he falls from grace and pours scorn on contemporary reviewing, opening with an assertion that "the day of sober and honest criticism is almost gone." This is a complaint that has been made in every generation since criticism began. There may have been excuse for it in unregenerate days when the *Quarterly* and *Saturday Review* went raging about seeking whom they might devour; but criticism, in the main, was never soberer nor more honest than now. Certainly there

are still careless and indifferent critics, but it would be easy to name as many who are as conscientious as they are competent, and as sober, discriminating, impartial as it is good for any mortal to be.

Fairly representative of such critics and their work is Mr. Robert Lynd, and his "Books and Authors" (7s. 6d.; Cobden-Sanderson), which arrived on my table with Mr. Thomas's new edition. Mr. Lynd's book is divided between authors of the past and present; but whether he is passing judgment on Herrick or Wells, on Keats and Lamb, or Conrad and Arnold Bennett, he is equally outspoken and suggestive, and it is obvious that he at least is not of those Mr. Thomas denounces for reviewing books without reading them. Mr. Lynd has set forth his creed as a reviewer in an essay on "The Critic," and not a few of our latter-day reviewers, judging them by their work, would be ready to subscribe to it:

"Criticism, says the dictionary, is the art of judging. As a matter of fact criticism is something more than that. The good critic does a great deal more than deliver judgment on

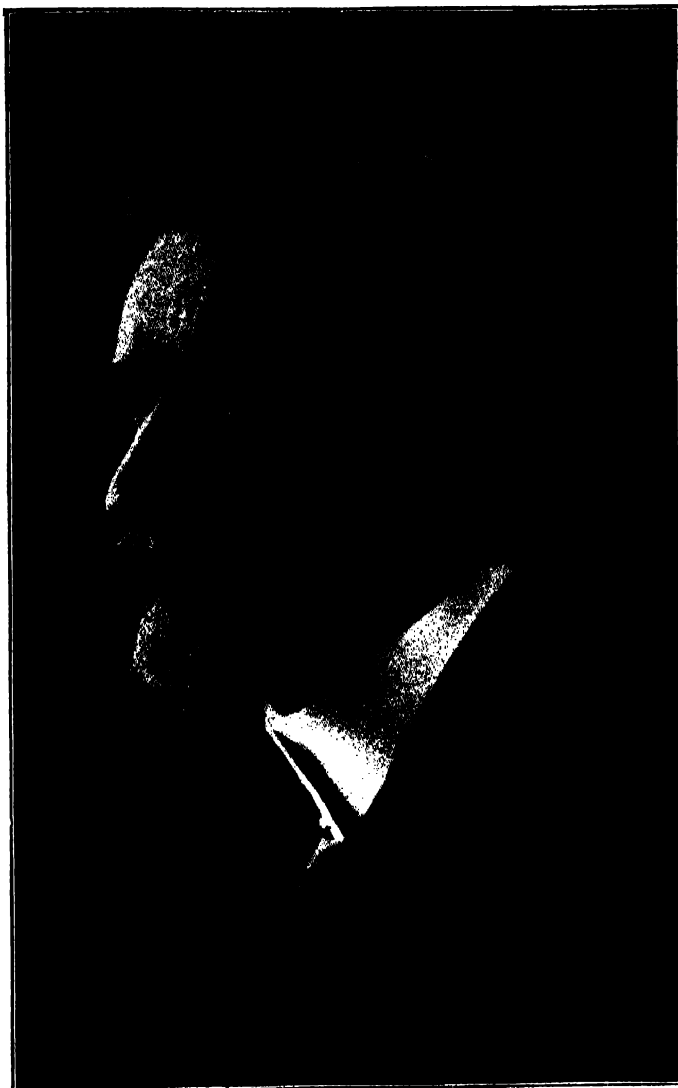


Photo by Marie Léon.

Mr. W. H. Hudson.

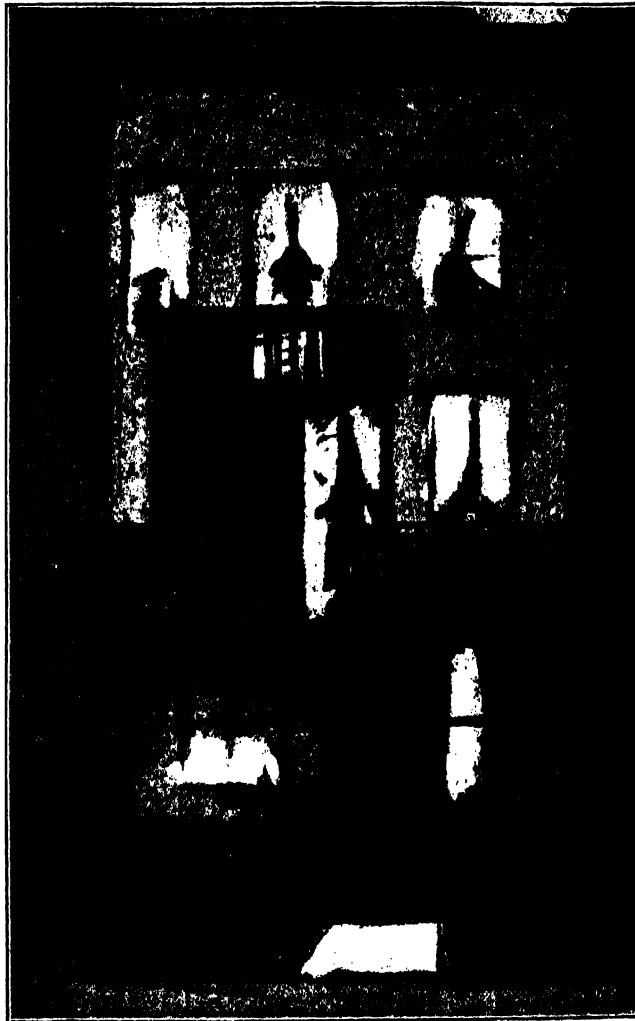
the distinguished naturalist and man of letters, whose death last month we record with deep regret. We have published articles on Mr. Hudson and his work from time to time; the latest, by George Sampson, appeared in THE BOOKMAN for October, 1919.

books and authors. He may at times play the part of the defending counsel rather than that of the judge. There are occasions on which he makes no attempt to hide the warmth of his feelings. He cannot announce a masterpiece as though a summary of pros and cons expressed what it meant to him. That is why I think of a critic as a portrait-painter rather than a judge. The portrait-painter reveals the character of his subject. He does not label or analyse it so much as set before us a synthesis of all the most interesting things he has seen, felt and thought in observing it. The judgment is always there, but it is implicit rather than explicit. The author sits to the critic for his portrait. Even the book may be said—if we may put a slight constraint on

language—to sit to the critic for its portrait. . . . The critic must bathe his subject in the light of his own mind—his taste, his enthusiasm, his moral ideas, his knowledge. Hence criticism is an extremely personal thing. It relates, if one may adapt Anatole France's famous phrase, the adventures of masterpieces in the soul of the critic, or—to put it a little more precisely—in the intellectual and imaginative world of the critic. It is said that if we adopt this view we are denying the existence of any standards of criticism. This is not so. One may believe in the conscience while admitting that moral standards fluctuate." Mr. Lynd is faithful to that creed in "Books and Authors," and that he could make such a volume of sound and brilliant essays out of reviews and articles contributed to daily and weekly journals is no small tribute to the quality of present-day reviewing.

In his article on "Shelley in London," in the July BOOKMAN, Mr. Roger Ingpen mentioned that the house where Shelley had lodged in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, had never been identified, and that in all probability it had been pulled down. "There was a little projecting window in Half Moon Street," wrote Mr. Ingpen, in which Shelley might be seen from the street all day long, book in hand, with lively gestures and bright eyes, so that Mrs. Newton said he wanted only a pan of clear water and a fresh turf to look like some lady's lark hanging outside for air or song!" Lady Colefax has very kindly sent us a water-colour drawing of this house made by Mrs. Anne Johnstone in 1883, and Mrs. Johnstone, with whose permission we reproduce the sketch on this page, writes to say: "I made the drawing from the window of No. 45, Half Moon Street, where I was lodging in 1883 (June). The tradition that Shelley had lived in the house with the projecting window, which stood directly opposite, was very definite at that time. I made this rough but perfectly accurate drawing in colour of the façade as it then stood

between two taller red brick houses very near the corner of Piccadilly. By a strange chance the drawing fell out from among some papers I was looking over a few months ago, and it seemed worth keeping. I had supposed it was lost. Then on reading the article about Shelley's lodgings in London in THE BOOKMAN, it seemed that it might be of interest to you." Both No. 45 and the Shelley house which was opposite have been demolished and rebuilt.



The house in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, where Shelley lodged in 1813.

From a water colour sketch by Mrs. Anne Johnstone.

"The Plot," which Messrs. Methuen published a few days ago, is, like all but two of Mr. H. C. Bailey's books, an historical romance—the two exceptions being "The Suburban" and "Call Mr. Fortune," a volume of detective tales. He began to write early, while still an undergraduate at Oxford; his first novel, "My Lady of Orange," fell into the hands of Andrew Lang and was published on his recommendation. When he came down from Oxford Mr. Bailey at once joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* and has been connected with that paper ever since, doing a good deal of work as special correspondent; for some eight years he was its dramatic critic, and is now the *Telegraph's* leader-writer. "The Plot" is founded on the notorious Popish Plot of Titus Oates, and has a full-length study of that buckram rascal. It is in part a mystery story, one famous historical riddle besides the enigma of the Plot itself, the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, being dealt with and a solution suggested. The novel is primarily a romance and has no sectarian bias.

Who is Miss Isabel Beaumont, whose "Secret Drama" won the £250 prize in Mr. Andrew Melrose's last annual Novel Competition? The name is a pseudonym and the author has published two earlier novels that were said to show unusual promise. The most her publisher is allowed to reveal about her is that she has lived all her life in Wandsworth and that when she brought her novel to him she had never before been into the West



Miss Isabel Beaumont,
author of "Secret Drama," which won the £250.
in Mr. Andrew Melrose's latest Prize Novel
Competition.

almost the tragedy, of intense life that is played out in the hearts and minds of her people. The study of Mrs. Jesson, wholly sacrificing herself to the whims and welfare of her unresponsive daughter, Marie, is done with extraordinary knowledge and subtlety. Her love is proof against all tests, and she withers loyally in the shadow of Marie till she comes to feel that "Mother and suffering are synonymous terms." It is the characters that make the story, and they make it by turns grotesque, poignant, sensational, tragic—a story of strong interest and unusual literary quality.

In the death of Lord Northcliffe English journalism has suffered a very great loss. He was a man of ideas and of indomitable initiative. His opinions were his own; he had the courage of them, and was never afraid to take risks and act in accordance with his light. In little more than thirty years, he rose from such small beginnings as writing articles on "How to Make a Hand Camera," for Henderson's *Young Folks Paper*, to be a peer of the realm and a Napoleon of the press. His biography, which I hear is in preparation, should add one of the most vivid and romantic chapters to the romance of journalism.

Mr. Werner Laurie tells me he has had to postpone the publication of Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Memoirs*, "The Trembling of the Veil," but he expects to have the book ready early in October. Mr. Yeats has been living for some time in Galway, and there seems little likelihood of his revisiting London this year.

End of London. This must seem surprising, but after all, London is too much with some of our novelists, and there is plenty of life to be seen in a lot of other places. The "Secret Drama" of Miss Beaumont's story is the comedy,

The vogue of Herman Melville has been steadily increasing for some years past, and the author of "Moby Dick" is now to achieve the distinction of a handsome edition in twelve volumes, limited to 750 sets for England and America. Messrs. Constable are the publishers, and the first volumes are to be ready this month.

"Body and Soul," a new four-act play by Arnold Bennett, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, will be produced at the Regent Theatre this month.

Mr. Cecil Palmer has added "The Dover Road" and "The Bath Road" to his admirable revised and reprinted series of Mr. Charles G. Harper's "Histories of the Roads."

THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

By 1914 Teixeira de Mattos stood, as Stephen McKenna says in "Tex" (10s. 6d.; Thornton Butterworth), "in the forefront of English translators; and, through his labours, translation had won a place in the forefront of English literature." This Memoir was written, however, not to glorify his work, but to reveal the delightful personality of the man himself. "Charm," writes Mr. McKenna, "which is so hard to analyse in the living, is yet harder to recapture from the dead; but, if the record of a single friendship can suggest loyalty, courage, generosity and tenderness, if a whimsical turn of phrase can indicate humour, patience and an infinite capacity for providing and receiving enjoyment, Teixeira's letters will preserve, for those who did not know him, the fragrance of spirit recognised and remembered by all who did." That passage indicates the scope and purpose of the book. Teixeira's own letters, in which he writes seriously or amusingly, sometimes flippantly, of his everyday doings and his opinions on authors, contemporary and otherwise—these and a selection of Mr. McKenna's replies are linked up with a running commentary and as much of biography as may be necessary. The book resolves itself into a brilliant, finely sympathetic



Mrs. Charlotte Bacon,
whose new novel, "The Grays," has been
published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.



Mrs. J. O. Arnold,
whose new novel, "The Woman in Blue," has just been
published by Messrs. Leonard Parsons.



Mr. John L. Carter,

whose humorous novel, "Come Day, Go Day" was published recently by Mr. John Long.

character study of a curiously charming personality. It is a very human record; familiar, detailed, unaffected; so that you feel Teixeira lives more, and more naturally, in Mr. McKenna's easy, gracious prose than Hallam does in Tennyson's marmoreal verse. It is full of interest, and

physical science. They must choose problems as important as those of science, must treat them with equal accuracy, and it is thought that so doing they will command equal attention. We may not be able to see that any historical problems are on the same level with those of



Mr. W. Branch Johnson,

whose charming "French Folk: A Book for Vagabonds," is published by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

a model of what such memoirs ought to be.

Many who are intimate with the dramatic work of Thomas Dekker have never read "The Seven Deadly Sins of London," that prose allegory, or series of allegories, which is at least as remarkable as any of his plays. It has not been easily obtainable, and all who are interested in Elizabethan literature will be grateful to Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford, for adding it to his excellent series of Percy Reprints (4s. 6d.) in an edition edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Its pictures of the London of that day are touched in with a wonderfully terse and picturesque vividness. Dekker was a journalist of genius, with all the journalist's alert interest in the life about him. But he had more than the journalist's art in the use of words, and jewels a sentence occasionally with an almost Biblical magic of phrase. The humour and quaint conceits of the book smack of its period, and, as its first editor said, there is "perhaps no tract in our language which contains so many and such curious illustrations of the language, opinions and manners of our ancestors."

To understand and appreciate "Truant Youth," by Helen de Courcy Wilson (7s. 6d.; Sampson Low), it is necessary to be well acquainted with the unusual character of its heroine, Drusilla Joy. So it would be unfair to outline the plot here. But so skilfully and quickly does the author convey to the reader's mind an understanding of Drusilla, that by the time the really startling events of the story occur, all seems possible and believable. This is a decided triumph and proves the writer's power and ability. Very neatly is the plot woven together, with no loose ends nor false colourings; the result is cleanly outlined pattern—harmonious and satisfying. Miss de Courcy Wilson has insight and understanding of human nature, the gift of invention and the ability to write convincingly. These things should carry her far along the road of successful novel-writing.

Mr. D. Chadwick has written for the series entitled "Cambridge Studies in Mediæval Life and Thought," and the Cambridge University Press has published, a very competent and informing study of Langland's "Vision," and it is called "Social Life in the Days of Piers Plowman" (10s. 6d. net). Mr. G. G. Coulton, the editor of the series, who is University Lecturer in English at Cambridge, affirms in his general preface that "historians have the remedy in their own hands" when it is advanced with "only too much truth" that history is "neglected by the modern public," in comparison with

life and mind, or with those of practical science; we may not acknowledge that they are ever likely to command the same kind of attention in the same degree; we might be even disposed to regard it as regrettable supposing that they should and did; but this is not to say that we depreciate the quest in history or that we minimise the consequence of a rule in procedure which Mr. Coulton lays down when he says that, as in things of science so in dealing with records of the past, it is essential to mark clearly where facts end and inferences begin. The Cambridge Studies are described as appealing directly to "that craving for clear facts which has been bred in these times of storm and stress." It is proposed to safeguard the facts, leaving readers to judge inferences drawn therefrom on the merits of these. We should doubt very much whether Mr. Chadwick has had occasion to keep this rule in the forefront of his mind during the preparation of his admirable monograph; we should think that the counsel and its connotations are to him like a native habit. In any case his analysis of the "Vision," grouped under various heads, has enabled him, by means of facts and reasonable conclusions drawn therefrom, to give us a living picture of what it actually was—socially, mentally, religiously—to have lived in Langland's days. Secular and regular clergy, secular government, country and town life, wealth and poverty, mediæval womanhood, the religion of laymen—of such are the heads of sections, holding up a clear glass to all which was England in the fourteenth century. The text made use of is that of Skeat's three parallel versions, and those—probably many—to whom the English of the "Vision" is difficult, glossaries notwithstanding, even perhaps repellent, will find in these pages not only a graphic picture of its environment and period, but a presentation of its message and purport. As a study of social life it is calculated also to interest those whom the poem itself, even in a modernised version, might not attract at all.

"More About the Noahs—and Tim Tosset," by J. F. Horrabin (2s. net; Cassell), will need no recommending to the countless youngsters who follow the doings of Japhet each day in the *Daily News*. They will be eager to possess this new Noah Book, in which Tim Tosset makes a welcome appearance. It is a nice dumpy-shaped book, attractively bound, and the pictures and printing are bold, clean, black-and-white work. Of course Mr. Horrabin's drawings are too well known to need any description. The book should prove a source of joy to every child who opens it.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

PHILIP GUEDALLA.

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA is a fortunate young man, but his fortune has been won by his own efforts and talents. At an age when others are looking out for a profession and a career, he has made a brilliant reputation in literature and has attained a considerable standing in politics and at the Bar.

His school was Rugby and his college Balliol. At Rugby he worked hard and edited a periodical called (prophetically, one assumes) "The Meteor." At Balliol he gained a First in Mods. and a First in History, flamed into vivid oratory at the Union, acted with easy distinction at the O.U.D.S., and turned out much topical verse in the classical manner. His first two volumes were entitled "Ignes Fatui" and "Metri Gratiæ." In 1912 he bade the hierarchy of the highbrows at Oxford good-bye. At that time he had begun reviewing for the *Daily News* and *The New Statesman*, and still remains faithful to those journals. He was called to the Bar in the summer of 1913, and resolved to concentrate on Commercial and Common Law as a pupil of Sir Walter Schwabe, now the Chief Justice of Madras, in whose chambers he was placed by Lord Reading. It was about this time that he wrote a textbook on "The Partition of Europe, 1715-1815," which in its clarity of knowledge has been a boon to students. Another deft volume in which Guedalla took some part was "The Effect of War on Stock Exchange Transactions." During the world-struggle he was appointed legal adviser to the War Office Contracts Department, and afterwards to the Ministry of Munitions. Such responsibility would have been enough for most men; but Guedalla cheerfully undertook fresh and infinitely more complicated work in the reorganising of English industry under war conditions. Then came labour which absorbed him night and day in the control of the linen and flax trade. Guedalla tells some stories about the search for flax-seed all over the world, and its shipment to Ireland from remote places in the most difficult circumstances, that recall the exploits of the gentlemen-adventurers of Tudor days, but in honest guise.

It is a difficult combination this, of amalgamating literature with big practical concerns; nevertheless Guedalla still does it in his practice of law. He has strong political ambitions, and devotes what time he can to strengthening his position

as Independent Liberal candidate for North Hackney, a constituency he is likely to win at the General Election, as he had made a great mark there by his rattling speeches and his flashing repartees to interrupters at his open-air meetings. Guedalla is a loyal supporter of Mr. Asquith, whom he holds in reverence, and there are not wanting prophets who recognise in this young and splendidly equipped candidate a future leader of Liberalism.

Readers of *THE BOOKMAN*, however, will be much more interested in Philip Guedalla as *littérateur* and historian than Guedalla as lawyer and politician. His "Supers and Supermen," a series of magnificently etched character-studies, marked him, not as a coming man in ironic biography, but one who had arrived. He is peculiarly fitted to deal with notorious and famous figures because he has the intimate touch of the writer who can put himself in the place of his subjects, good or bad, and express them in terms of life.

He has consolidated his position as an historical writer by his subtle study of Napoleon III, in "The Second Empire,"* the best book written in our generation on a subject about which there is already an enormous bibliography, good, bad and indifferent—and especially bad. The Guedalla gloss of a picturesque but overly hectic period is written midway between the styles of Lytton Strachey and E. T. Raymond; and has a curious and convincing air of being done at first hand, although the author has read through a whole library to confirm his facts before putting life into them.

I have always believed that one can only summon up the past by, as it were, living in it. Documentation will produce a skeleton. The flesh must be put on with the eyes of the spirit.

The method of the book approximates to Hilaire Belloc's "The Girondin" and his "Marie Antoinette." I fancy that Guedalla has a higher opinion of Napoleon III than his book reveals. Certain little side-lights display Louis Napoleon as something more subtle and assured than a tricky charlatan following a lucky star. The man who could survive two immense blasts of ridicule in abortive attempts to repeat the triumph of the return from Elba; who could endure six years of imprisonment at Ham; who could wait with infinite patience for that Imperial

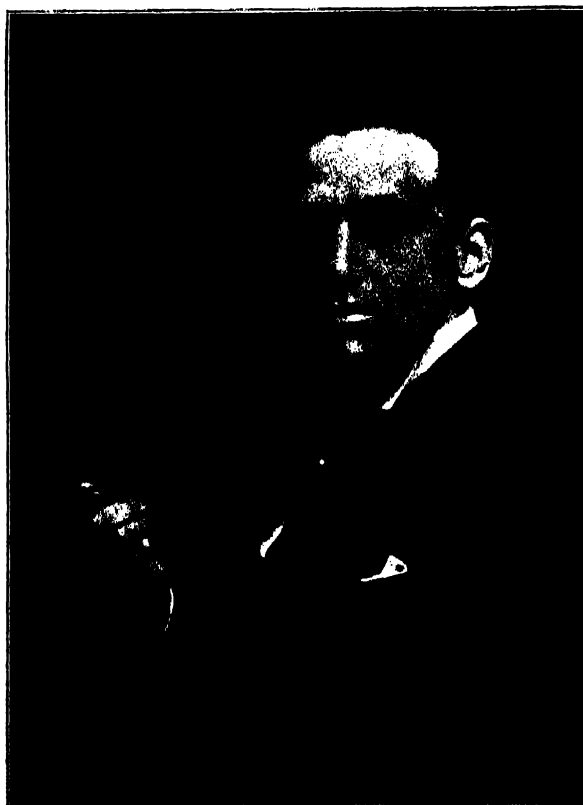


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Philip Guedalla.

* "The Second Empire." By Philip Guedalla. 16s. (Constable.)

crown on which his eyes had always been fixed, and establish himself an equal of the sovereigns of Europe, was something more than an *opéra bouffe* adventurer. The exile came to England at a period which still savoured of the Regency:

"The age of Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington was an echo of the great days of Mr. Brummell. There was a compact little world of wits and beauties, where Mr. Greville kept his wicked diary and ladies shook their curls at gentlemen in stars and ribands. The long shadow of Prince Albert had not yet fallen across the bright Victorian scene, and under the urbane consulate of Lord Melbourne the young Queen rode out daily with her court."

Teutonic, respectable, fussily-dignified, Victoria had a decided taste for the rococo. Witness her admiration for Napoleon and Eugénie, and later for Disraeli and John Brown. During the entente over the Crimea the gleaming French couple came to London in state:

"At Windsor the cheers died away, and they passed into the domestic silence of the royal circle, 'Vicky, with very alarmed eyes, making very low curtsies.' Upstairs there was a panic before dinner because the Imperial trousseau had not arrived. But some one had a blue silk dress; it might be made to fit, and wild-eyed women knelt stitching round the Empress. Half England was standing uneasily in its best. Then Eugénie swept down to dinner in her plain blue dress with a single flower on her pale bronze hair: it was a French victory."

The author refrains from following the example of many pseudo historians in placing the responsibility for the disasters of the Second Empire on Eugénie's shoulders: the Emperor's were broad enough for them. The first great tragedy was the dreadful end of the Mexican adventure:

"Maximilian was dead; Charlotte was mad; Morny was dead; Jecker dragged on until the Commune shot him; the French lay dead in their graves; and to Napoleon the sudden fall of an Empire in Mexico must have come with the vague menace of lightning below the horizon."

Another crisp, dramatic passage, curiously incorporating fiction with imaginative fact, is that ticking off the prelude to the Downfall:

"They were cheering in the streets of Berlin; and whilst Paris roared '*à Berlin!*' in the failing light, Nana was dying in her room on the boulevard, and in a garden at Blackheath Mr. Morley was telling the news to Mr. John Stuart Mill. The war had come."

The book is also a picture-gallery of delightfully malicious portraits. Guedalla's retouched impressions of Victor Hugo and Algernon Swinburne will make the irreverent chuckle.

I asked Guedalla why he had elected to cover such old ground again as that of the France of Napoleon III, and he told me that he was always fascinated by the epoch of the Bonapartes:

"I began with a strong interest in the costumes of the period of the amazing uncle and nephew, and from them I passed on to their eras and all the splendours, real and mock, of that age of war and intrigue. I have endeavoured, more than anything, to treat my subject

of 'The Second Empire' in its true historical perspective, and not as the customary *chronique scandaleuse*."

I asked him about his reading, and he told me that as a boy he was seized by Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." He admires Hilaire Belloc's "Danton," and considers it (as most of us do) an infinitely better piece of work than his "Robespierre." Gibbon is his standard author, and he has just been reading for the first time Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

"When you ask me for my favourite novelists," he said, "I am in some little difficulty, for I have a number of admirations. First, I suppose, I place Henry James; he appeals to me, and I dare say I could tell you why but we won't stop for such an analysis at present. The same mental enjoyment, in a slightly different way, one gets in the perfect work of Joseph Conrad, and the infinitely less self-conscious work of H. G. Wells. But one is not always disposed for purely solemn reading; and I have the liveliest admiration for that best of modern humorists, Stephen Leacock. He is probably the best thing Canada has ever exported."

One of his considerable literary activities during the last few years was his revision of the entire proof-sheets of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History." H. G. had various scientific and sociological experts helping him in the compilation of the book, but he made Guedalla his supreme court of appeal. "The sheets came to me in great batches," said the latter, "and I pegged away at them. A rather funny thing was that one used to make unorthodox marginal notes, 'not for publication,' on the sheets, and these afterwards were duly printed and appeared as foot-notes. But not any notes could spoil that magnificent book."

I asked him how he managed to get so much journalistic and literary work done. "Well," he said, "one has long vacations; I handled those proofs in railway carriages, and even the busiest junior barrister can mark time if he wants to."

Questioned as to his hobbies, Guedalla admitted an extravagant admiration for the drawings of Max Beerbohm, of which he has ninety originals. Aneven more expensive luxury was furniture; but he has managed to break this dangerous taste off and subside into the pursuit of that beautiful ware—green Wedgwood. This is very costly stuff, too, but as there is very little of it, the new taste should be much less expensive than the old.

Despite of Philip Guedalla's love for literature and his splendid exercise of it, I fear, if his legal and political ambitions are fulfilled, which they are likely to be, his writing output will grow less and less; but I am confident, too, that even if he becomes Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister in the years to be, his fountain-pen will never be allowed to rust. A man with such a close and kindly—and cynical—observation of life will never entirely forsake the bent of his genius as one of the most acute and well-informed of contemporary social historians.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

THE READER.

THE IDEALISM OF JOHN BUCHAN.

By J. P. COLLINS.

CERTAIN irresistible qualities make themselves felt in practically all the novels of Mr. John Buchan. He mastered the romance of secret service long before the war, and his successes in this line look like surpassing those of his rivals, if any. They pilot us through an amazing succession of narrow escapes, but they rarely exaggerate character. If he has a formula it might very well be—a modest hero, a villain with extenuations, and the rigour of the game.

This refusal to allow vice or virtue to swagger about in jack-boots and bombast is worth a line of emphasis. Mr. Buchan has added worthily to the great white company of our favourite heroes in fiction. He allows them to enlarge upon the importance of a cause but not upon the importance of themselves; rather the other way. This is the code of your true soldier, who, after satisfying his sense of duty, sinks contentedly to insignificance for the sake of his flag. It was a certain affinity with the best fighting spirit, perhaps, that enabled our author to turn the war to account in the way of fiction when so many novelists were standing bewildered and inert. Perhaps this is because he drew his notions of conflict from a source long anterior to 1914. For it is easy to trace the paternity of his men of action. They are the sons of Ulysses of Ithaca, the petty monarch who left his "castled crag" behind him and went adventuring, to conquer more lands than he ever knew. For when he came back to his wife and his son and his dog, he was a local chieftain no longer. He was the founder of a long dynasty of heroes, and the model of wise, long-suffering, resourceful men. If he had predecessors in this vein, he eclipsed them all. For in himself he sums up that trade of guile in a good cause which began ancestrally in swamps, caves and forests, and developed stage by stage into what Fluellen called "the dispositions of the wars."

"Prester John" first showed us what Mr. Buchan could do with this type of energist, in a grilling atmosphere of Portuguese venom and Zulu ferocity. It was a daring fancy to pluck an ancient legend out of the heart of Asia and make a title out of it for a new saga of South Africa. But like an old and magic scarf from Samarcand, this device served to freshen up a rather worn stage property, a zone of priceless rubies, and you accept these gems of fabulous wealth because

of your respect for the less fabulous Prester John. You forget the sparkle and incantations of those rubies by comparison with the blaze of scenery Mr. Buchan calls into being, and the still more wonderful way in which he turns its distances and dangers to

account. Something of the same wizardry turns up again in "Greenmantle," especially the gloomy Danube chapters; and again in "Huntingtower," where he builds up a kind of super-chess problem, and dazzles us with the ease and completeness of it all. He has done nothing better than the contrast between the baffling defiance of his *mise en scène* and the crash with which the superstructure of castle and climax falls to the ground. You betlink yourself of the nursery fable which scales the heavens with a beanstalk in a night, to demolish it the moment it has served its turn; and you realise how Mr. Buchan has mastered the art of construction as well as landscape and battle.

One recalls no spy-story of our time that compares with "Greenmantle," unless it be "Mr. Standfast" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps," but these rarely rise to the great momentum of the first, or fuse so well the ingredients of two or three continents under the spell of the Great War. One testimonial alone sets it in a place by itself, so far as I am concerned. It fell to my lot a couple of years ago to try and lessen the physical and mental torment of a man struck down in the fullness of his powers. He was a Scot and a scholar, a man of immense powers of mind, a traveller and a master of world affairs. He brought a crystal mind to bear upon the grim complexities of the war, and the far Colonial focus that helped him to see it steadily and see it whole, helped to lay bare, like a range-finder, any falsity of view. When I asked him which he preferred of all the books he had devoured in that sad twelve months, he replied, "Greenmantle." He had read it three times, he said, and hoped to read it a fourth. If there is a copy on the shelves of heaven, he is probably carrying that intention out. At any rate, those who knew Sir Maitland Park and his towering impatience with defects in any form, will appreciate this handsome bit of praise.

There remains for remark another aspect in Mr. Buchan's novels, besides their range of scenery and setting, their construction, and their handling of the great game of war. They reveal that psychology of



Photo by E. O. Hopf.

John Buchan.

race in which the Germans proved so lamentably void. You perceive it in the characterisation of his super-Prussians like Stumm, and hear in their talk the click of the military heel. You see it again in the cold-drawn impudence of "Black Stone," in "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and find it refreshing after the racing succession of puzzles and risks. But these are matters not beyond the compass of other practitioners in the same school, and I know no one since Seton Merriman who vies with Mr. Buchan in using so deftly this difference of race. He uses it like a warning pointer, to keep attention fixed when all the world's a screen with reams of film-adventure flickering past. Here, in the rapid chat of Sandy, is a specimen of what I mean :

"Germany's simplicity is that of the neurotic, not the primitive. It is megalomania and egotism and the pride of the man in the Bible that waxed fat and kicked. But the results are the same. She wants to destroy and simplify; but it isn't the simplicity of the ascetic, which is of the spirit, but the simplicity of the madman that grinds down all the contrivances of civilisation to a featureless monotony. The prophet wants to save the souls of his people; Germany wants to rule the inanimate corpse of the world."

Years ago one heard Mr. Buchan in a genial lecture dissect the character of his countrymen. It was as ruthless as the passage just quoted, but it had the antiseptic grace of humour, and it drew most laughter where it cut deepest, even in an audience where the majority were Scots. This is how such spiriting ought always to be done, and shows why Mr. Buchan comes out of the dusty joust of fiction with his lance unflawed. One might elaborate this view of shorter stories like those in "The Moon Endureth," and "The Path of the King," which is a procession of historic fancies rather than a tale, a transmigration of the heromym, as it were. But it would only amount to repeating what has been already said, in praise of the delicate temper, the fine scholarship, and the rare idealism that blend so easily in these narratives. No room remains for discussing his historical studies, his monumental records of the war, or monographs like "The South African Forces in France"—a book which kept me spellbound when contending with a temperature five above normal. But it is well worth noting that while the guile of Ulysses is the model for his heroes in romance, he demands something higher when it comes to facts, and usually the balance goes all the other way.

Hazlitt came pretty near the truth when he said that the difference between heroes and saints was this: that whereas your hero might be moved by some outward impulse, your saint must be actuated by

internal faith. The same holds good, generally speaking, as a line of demarcation between the idealism of the pagan world and the idealism of Christianity, but they fuse to perfection in the code of chivalry, which was the fine flower and legacy of the ages miscalled "dark." Kenelm Digby, in that quaint treatise, "The Broad Stone of Honour," complained that the "philosophical history of chivalry" should have been so neglected by the chroniclers. Rightly viewed, it appears to be the only ethical thread traceable through the interests and movements and exploits which stud our records of the march of man. An inquiry into its evolution would be roughly commensurate with civilisation, and might be coeval with all time. Without laying down unnecessary claims, chivalry is indebted profoundly to literature, and fiction especially, with all its extravagances and deficiencies. Sometimes when we set visionary characters like Quixote or Hamlet on a level with real heroes like Bayard or Sidney, they more than hold their own; and man seems never more the heir of the divine than when he has been inspired to create a godlike type. In a way these figments of the mind are capable of laying a stronger hold on us than do the human beings of the past, however gifted or exalted. Who of us has not assented to that fine thought of the Spanish monk who was showing Wilkie through the monastery, and halting before some of its masterpieces on the walls, asked which were the true immortals, we or they?

I have said nothing of Mr. Buchan's achievement as a poet—from the verses intermingled with stories in "The Moon Endureth" to the gay Lallan lyrics in "Musa Piscatrix" or "Poems, Scots and English." My preference among his poems is the one that opens my favourite among all his books, his memoir of the gallant Montrose. Part of the amazing output of a crowded career, that book stands honourably on a shelf devoted to whatever relates to the finest emanation of Christian chivalry. In it we ascend to a higher plane than the tribe of Ulysses ever touched, and wing our flight, as Burke said, in a higher region of the air. It is a noble study of the everlasting paradox of sacrifice, or conquest by submission, where the bitter cup is accepted gaily, and the sanctions of justice are pledged for ever. But the key of the book is to be found in its lovely and fraternal dedication, worthy of the Bithynian lament of Catullus:

"Ah, no, 'tis we who fade and fail,
And you from time's slow torment free
Shall pass from strength to strength and scale
The steeps of immortality."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THERE are authors who are more to us than any individual book of theirs, just as there are authors who seem less than their masterpieces. "Paradise Lost" or "Areopagitica" mean something more magnificent to the mind than John Milton; but Charles

Lamb is more than all his essays, and Johnson bigger than his own works or Boswell's biography. It is to the latter class that Mr. Machen belongs. Of living authors he alone, with Mr. Chesterton, furnishes the sensation that much of him, if not most of him, still remains unwritten, and will probably always remain unwritten. His last book, "The Secret Glory," which has beautiful

things, does not take his admirers any further than did "The Hill of Dreams," which was published fifteen years ago; but it is, if not so good as a story, full as was the earlier book of the strange beauty which has haunted Mr. Machen all his life, and whose wonder he has endeavoured to convey to a prosaic generation. He has always written of mysteries, and ultimately all his mysteries are the same mystery, are but different forms of the one search, visions of the one unattainable Grail.

You can divide his work into the mystery of beauty, the mystery of horror and the mystery of satire—and he has perhaps been most successful with the mystery of horror. The influence of Poe is plain enough in Mr. Machen's early books, "The Four Impostors" and "The Great God Pan." In some ways Poe and Dickens may be called Mr. Machen's masters. His view of the horrible is different from Poe's. He is not so oppressed by it, and in certain episodes he is more successful, to my mind, than Poe in arousing horror in the reader without plunging him into the nethermost pit of despair as Poe does. Mr. Machen believes in horror; but he believes in beauty more. Poe saw the worm at the root of the tree of life: Mr. Machen believes in the permanence of beauty, in the transience of evil, even while he knows that this is the time of the prince of this world.

"The Secret Glory" is the story of how one of the children of the other world tries to fit his life into the routine and convention of ordinary ways, and fails as is necessary. Ambrose Meyrick compromises, and though you may compromise and save your soul, you cannot bow in the House of Rimmon and be as free as the man who has never bowed. In detail "The Secret Glory" is a vehement attack on the public school system. The Celt has never taken kindly to the English public school: he values home and women too much, and is too keenly aware of how degraded the mob can become, especially a mob of youths. It is not that Mr. Machen believes that all boys are bullies or brutalised in obvious ways. The worst evil of the public school is generally proclaimed as a good—the formation of character, the destruction of eccentricity, the repression of individual conscience, the denial of choice.

Here is a boy's description of the process:

"I was a dreamy young fool. My head was stuffed with all sorts of queer fancies, and I expect that if I hadn't come to Lupton I should have turned out an absolute loafer. But I hated it badly that first year. . . . Then, quite suddenly, it all came out bright and clear. . . . One minute I was only a poor little chap that nobody cared for and who didn't matter to anybody, and the next I saw that, in a way, I was as important as the Doctor

himself—I was a part of the failure or success of it all. Do you know what I did, sir? I had a book I thought a lot of—Poems and Tales of Edgar Allan Poe. It was my poor sister's book; she had died a year before when she was only seventeen, and she had written my name in it when she was dying—she knew I was fond of reading it. It was just the sort of thing I used to like—morbid fancies and queer poems, and I was always reading it when the fellows would let me alone. But when I saw what life really was, when the meaning of it all came to me, as I said just now, I took that book and tore it to bits, and it was

like tearing myself up. But I knew that writing all that stuff hadn't done that American fellow much good, and I didn't see what good I should get by reading it. I couldn't make out to myself that it would fit in with the Doctor's plans or the spirit of the school, or that I should play up at soccer any better for knowing all about 'The Fall of the House of Usher' or whatever it's called."

There are many people who would read that and think it a very sound statement of a sensible point of view; for them Mr. Machen does not write. To him nothing is so important as the supernatural; and he is so possessed with the fellowship of the Catholic Church that he is deeply jealous for its dignity, and he finds in the English worship of the old school, of good form, of *esprit de corps*, the worst kind of idolatry. The hero of "The Secret

Glory," Ambrose Meyrick, has the mysteries revealed to him. The more positive part of the book is not free from confusion. It is never quite made clear why Meyrick has been guilty of any profanation of the vision of the holy cup, unless it be in his speaking of the vision to his school-fellows. Nor is his love affair with the little servant girl, though it is delicately, even imaginatively handled, made explicable. Here Mr. Machen's book suffers from an inattention to individuality, to personal character. I feel as if he had been mixing the technique of lyric with the technique of the novel, and the result is incoherent and inconsistent. There is no such inconsistency in the story of "The Hill of Dreams." That too is the tale of a misunderstood youth; it too is a mixture of the mystery of satire and the mystery of wonder, but it is a far more complete book than "The Secret Glory." Lucian Taylor is a more satisfactory if more disastrous figure than Ambrose Meyrick; Lucian who "dived deeper and deeper into his books," who took "all obsolescence to be his province" and "in his disgust at the stupid usual questions, 'Will it pay?' 'What good is it?' and so forth, would only read what was uncouth and useless," this Lucian is one of the most successful strange characters of fiction. He really does excite us, as we might be excited by the presence of some one who lived a life of dreams and was haunted by presences unseen by the rest of us. He is



Photo by E. O. Hoppt.

Arthur Machen.

obsessed, if not possessed ; and he and his adventures make the people of such stories as Mr. Blackwood's seem thin and their experiences mechanical. Mr. Machen has the great art of omission, of never shouting when a whisper will carry, of never elaborating when a hint will horrify.

The secret Lucian learns is that the world is a sacrament, either of things holy or things obscene ; that all life is a sacrifice, and that it matters supremely, matters more than anything, in whose name the sacrifice is made and on whose altar the gift is offered. And thus is there always more hope for those who, by mockery, profane the mysterious than for those who, in dullness, deny them. The man who celebrates the obscene orgies of the Black Mass does, in a terrible way, acknowledge the very validity which he is blaspheming.

II

In his earlier stories Mr. Machen revealed the mystery of horror. In a sense all horror appeals most strongly to youth. We get blunted as we get older, and even Poe does not thrill, except at his best, as he thrilled us in boyhood. Except Poe's stories, I know nothing so terrible as "The Three Impostors." In that book Mr. Machen not only achieves some perfectly new thrills of his own ; but he was and is reading among the odd books of the Middle Ages to give to his horror a secular air of ancient awe which indescribably heightens the effect. The effect is strengthened too by the commonplace circumstance of much of the book—the scene in Chandos Street when Headley is found in the mummy case ; the terrible beginning when Rose Leicester laughs herself into the story. Rose Leicester is indeed one of the most cheerful "bad women" in fiction. Her brightness, her devilish humour, her recondite mirth make the adventures of Walters even more terrible than the horrors which Mr. Machen so ingeniously contrives.

The debt to Stevenson in form is obvious ; but Mr. Machen's fancy is as fertile as Stevenson's, and his fancies have an imaginative background which is lacking from "The New Arabian Nights."

There is at the moment a reaction against what its opponents call "fine writing." No one wishes to defend, except in purely artificial prose such as Beardsley's, the use of deliberately external ornament ; but it is easy to say too much in denigration of an ornate style. An ornate style can be perfectly natural—Ruskin's style is as natural and normal as Swift's. Mr. Machen does not indulge in the purple episode. He can write a very muscular, sinewy narrative style when he pleases, as he shows both in "The Great God Pan" and in that excellent parable "The Terror" ; but he can also enjoy writing a more elaborate descriptive prose. In his fascinating essay "Hieroglyphics" Mr. Machen claims that great literature, great art, is always distinguished by ecstacy ; and he agrees with Mrs. Meynell in denying the title of great artist to Jane Austen, because of her deliberate acceptance of the commonplace, her zest to abide in the ordinary and the seen. Art is, in short, not a substitute for, but a form of, religion ; and the artist who does not believe in some pattern in the heavens is no artist at all, but a very skilful craftsman. Realism in the old-fashioned sense of the word is impossible ; because nothing that is, is what it seems. The whole universe is a gateway to the unseen world, and every sunrise and sunset shows the pathway of imagination and desire. Mr. Machen's own work illustrates his creed. Even in his lightest things, in such an essay as "The Bowmen," he is true to his faith, and that unfortunate satire, "Dr. Stiggins," can only be excused on the ground that Mr. Machen is in it defending, though mistakenly, what he values more than life.

MORE MAUGHAM.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

I HAVE been having a busman's holiday. About the time when scribes babble of green fields and write holiday articles, THE BOOKMAN sent me



Mr. Somerset Maugham.

the two last-published plays of Mr. Somerset Maugham,* and it occurred to me that I might profitably re-read the whole collection, by way of comparing these newcomers with the work done by Mr. Maugham before and since.

"Caesar's Wife" is a typical

Maugham play, drawn from his favourite class—witty, well-bred folk such as you meet in Wilde and Congreve,

* "Caesar's Wife" and "The Land of Promise." 2s. 6d. each. (Heinemann).

used by later melodramatists as mere villain-material, but restored by Mr. Maugham to the light-comedy sphere to which they belong. They are leisured enough to cultivate wit as an art, sure enough of themselves to practise it frankly, witty enough to be "funny without being vulgar" on the riskiest themes. But their frankness is much more than a witty convention ; in the women particularly, it is an ingrained quality rising at times to a virtue : a rather terrifying honesty which makes them criticise not even their enemy's case more frankly than their own. It makes Emily break with Freeman in "Smith" ; it makes Grace Insoley in "Landed Gentry" renounce her new-found love for her husband ; in "The Tenth Man" it makes Winter's wife try at the last moment to save him, and begin all her misery anew. And it wrecks some of them, as one of the landed gentry observes : "The fact is, only the wicked should sin. When the virtuous do things they shouldn't, they do make such an awful hash of it."

There is a generic difference between Mr. Maugham's women and his men. They are all fighters ; but the women are handicapped by this stubborn honesty, whereas the men have less of it, or do not let it dominate

them so much. True, the female sex is ever the less prone to self-deception; but these ladies push honesty to an almost Gallic excess. ("I say, Archer, my God, what women!" as R. L. S. once wrote of another dramatist.) The men's strength lies rather in a horse-sense, a firm hold on expediency which is essentially British. They have that quality of doggedness, of blind inability to know when they are beaten, for which the Britisher time out of mind has been both praised and derided. Apart from this (and the salt of wit with which their creator flavours either sex) they are quite ordinary people. And they are often no more than types, whereas his women are always both types and individuals. His men are less clever than Mr. Shaw's, less irrelevantly epigrammatic than Wilde's, less solid than Mr. Galsworthy's. But they all have this quintessential Britishness; they are of the soil, both in their virtues and their limitations.

You might read half a dozen plays of Mr. Maugham without ever suspecting him interested in any class but the cultured, witty society of "Cæsar's Wife." Nevertheless he avoids it successfully quite a number of times: best of all in "The Land of Promise." He had tried his hand before on the "noble savage"—Tom Freeman in "Smith." But Tom Freeman, with all his virtues, was an appalling prig; by the time Mr. Maugham drew Frank Taylor, though he may not have known the type any better, he had at any rate learnt what aspect of it is unstageable. The quiet strong man is a death-trap for dramatists. If the actor be well set up and sturdy enough, you take his strength for granted; but you can't take his quietness for granted if the man keeps on talking. Freeman preached interminably, and was the more intolerable because there was obviously no one else in the cast big enough to punch his head. Taylor says little; but what he does say is so much to the point that he fills the stage without ever transgressing that first postulate of brevity.

And indeed brevity is the soul of Mr. Maugham. His technique is fiercely economical. His plays are shorn of all accessories, so that you feel you could produce a whole cycle of them with no other properties than a pack of cards and a box of expensive cigarettes.

Such details as he does admit he treats as a ruthless taskmaster might treat his slaves, making them work double shifts to justify their existence. Thus in "The Land of Promise," the yellow mustard-flower is the outward and visible sign of the blight which means ruin to Taylor's crop; Mrs. Taylor's innocence chooses it for a table ornament; so that it serves also as peg for a piece of genuine pathos. So in "The Circle," if Porteous visits Champion-Cheney in a motor-car, it is because Mrs. Champion-Cheney and Luton will presently need a car to elope in. If the trains behind the hotel in "The Tenth Man" are useful to emphasise the nerviness of every one except the man of iron, they will be useful again for the man of iron to commit suicide under in the last act. Here and there this economy brings its limitations. Two factors are notably absent from his plots, children and lack of money—the two prime difficulties of come-and-go matrimonial re-shuffles such as he depicts. He is not altogether burking the question, however; he draws his characters from a class where it is quite common for neither of these difficulties to arise. No doubt that is one reason why he selects that particular class. Wilde did the same.

Neither "Cæsar's Wife" nor "The Land of Promise" is Mr. Maugham's best play. That honour goes to "The Circle," a later piece contrived deliberately to laugh at the philosophy of some of the previous plays, as Ibsen once laughed at those who took his gospel too seriously. Champion-Cheney's wife intends to elope; Champion-Cheney *père* (who has evidently read his Maugham to some purpose) counsels meek connivance and an appeal to the self-sacrificing trait so strong in previous heroines. The little ruse has everything to commend it—except that at the last moment it does not work. The lovers depart openly: and a few seconds too late old Champion-Cheney comes in rubbing his hands. "A downy old bird!" he vaunts himself to the more enlightened company. "Downy's the word, I think. Downy!" And so the last curtain falls, in richly comic laughter, on what is clearly the light-comedy "Wild Duck" of this dramatist's plays.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best quotation from English verse in praise of a holiday on the open road.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Dorothy Cook, of Enfield, Cults, Aberdeen, and S. Marguerite Goode, of 4, Royal Mansions, West Croydon, for the following:

TREASURE TROVE.

Ivory and ebony and sandalwood and cedar,
Trophy of the Orient, treasure of the trees,
Peacocks of a thousand eyes, apes grotesquely gambolling,
All in a galley on the hot blue seas.

Emeralds in caskets, and milky pearls a-shimmering,
Silken stuffs in rich array, weapons gold-inlaid,
Spices of a mystic breath, perfume with a strange allure,
Gold-hilted scimitar with keen cold blade.

Vessels from the banquet halls of a monarch's palaces,
Cups that held the poisoned wine that dimmed a king's eye,
Goblets that have played a part in warrior's carousal nights,
Jewelled all, winking to the blank bleached sky.

Eastern robes voluptuous, shimmering and sumptuous,
Fans that stirred a Pharaoh's hair, green and gold and blue,
Precious stuffs in tumbled bales, careless flung, and billowing,
Tropic birds' feathers of a rich rare hue.

Steadily the flying oars gleam and dip and gleam again,
Darkly shine the Moorish backs, bend and pull and strain.
All aloof the cargo lies, bought by blood, and price of death.
Swift speeds the galley, back to old proud Spain.

DOROTHY COOK.

A ROYAL GIVER.

Scarce did I dare the shining stair,
Where Beauty at her threshold stands,
To beg one flower from her fair bower—
When lo! she gave with both her hands.

She drew me straight within her gate,
Spread Love's own feast of bread and wine,
I kneel'd her raiment's hem to kiss—
She leaned and gave her mouth to mine.

S. MARGUERITE GOODE.

We also select for printing:

IN EXILE.

I have not known the shores of England
In my short span of years.
And yet a longing for that country
Drums like a high voice ever in my ears.
I do not know how this can be—
I only know the thoughts that come to me.

Something there is in me that's bred of England.
Perhaps I stood, a hundred years ago,
And was in peace upon the English downs,
And reckoned nothing else. I do not know.
I only know it seems familiar—fair—
And all my wistful dreams are centred there.

I only know that I am sick for England!
And, if compelled to wait until I die,
My soul will wing out Eastward like a homing dove,
To find its rest beneath an English sky.
Ah—I know this only: when my feet touch English loam—
Out of all my journeying I shall be at home!

(Joseph Andrew Galahad, Portland, Oregon.)

THE LITTLE ROADS.

The little roads wind round about
As though their end were still in doubt,

And, keeping close, the green delight
Of grass is seen to left and right,

The hedges also, high and low,
With them in sweet procession go.

The greater roads are worldly-wise—
They bear important merchandise.

Upon them motors flash and pass—
They've neither time nor room for grass.

The little roads distressful are
Whenever used by motor-car.

It may be they have narrow grown
Through being left so much alone.

But as they stretch contentedly
Their ways are good enough for me.

(Eileen Carfrae, 110b, Brixton Hill, S.W.2.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by A. T. Oldham (Bolton), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Beatrice Hillyard (St. Leonards), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), Vera K. Nation (London, W.C.), Isobel Sim (Natal), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Lapidoth Shiggaion (Cape Town), Barbara MacIver (Dingwall), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), E. Rutter Leatham (Durham), B. M. Wills (Almora, N. India), Agnes B. Scott (Woolwich), James Paton (Pietermaritzburg), Kathleen R. Steel (Hastings), Mollie Harrison (Stourbridge), Mabel W. Phillips (Glendale, California), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), P. B. (Alberta, Canada), Sarah J. Cole (Nottingham), Joan Vale (Moss Vale, N.S.W.), Mary T. James (Barry), J. Patterson (Ontario), Audrie E. M. Wilks (Sheffield), Lilian Holmes (Chichester), Mary Q. Innis (Toronto), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Mabel Greenwood (London, W.), Molly Fogerty (Pretoria), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Fred S. Best (King's Lynn), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), Francis Bexfield (Hove), James Willoughby (Tooting), Frank H. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), Richard Murphy (Birkenhead), Annie G. Piggot (Bihar, India), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Cinda (Scarborough), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to C. E. Lummis, of 2, Upland Road, Guernsey, Channel Islands, for the following:

A LEGAL ADVISER. (Title of article.)

"A man he was to all the country dear."

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*.

We also select for printing:

ROVERING TO SUCCESS.

By SIR ROBERT HADEN-POWELL. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"You must stir it and stomp it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!"

W. S. GILBERT, *Ruddigore*.

(Ethel Mulvany, 21, Drury Street, Dublin.)

THE HIGH-BROWS. By C. E. M. JOAD.

(Jonathan Cape.)

"I am an intellectual sort of chap,
And think of things that would astonish you."

W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe*.

(R. D. Charlton, Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia.)

III.—Owing to the delay occasioned by the printers' strike the August BOOKMAN was not published until too late for Competitors to send in for this Competition as, unlike the other Competitions, the subject of this is changed every month. We are repeating in this Number the same subject as was announced in our last.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of St. Catherine's, Hardwick Mount, Buxton, for the following:

MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE
OF GERMANY.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

In this "apologia pro vita sua" the Ex-Crown Prince represents himself as a well-meaning, much misjudged man. Of his exile he writes with natural but not excessive bitterness and his sketch of the Kaiser's character, if not particularly filial, is worth reading. But always he returns to the events of those fateful November days, seeking to justify his own actions and place all blame elsewhere. This self-justification is overdone, and gives an effect of insincerity: one feels that, if a more clear-sighted man than his father, the Prince is also a more dangerous one.

We also select for printing:

THIS FREEDOM. BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

This fine book shows the wreckage of a family through the determination of a clever woman to keep on her business career after marriage. It is a study of the vital influence of early environment. Rosalie's first home—male-ridden—made her hard and self-sufficing; but the governess-upbringing she decreed for her own children absolutely ruined them. She refused to admit any differences in the conditions and objects of life for men and women, and not till her whole home had been desolated did she realise, bitterly, the freedom and happiness waiting for a home-claimed woman.

(Joyce McGown Clark, The Kieve, Sunninghill, Berks.)

RICHARD MIDDLETON. BY HENRY SAVAGE.
(Cecil Palmer.)

This life of Middleton, written by a brother poet, achieves the ideal of biography in that it gives a clear picture of the man and of the circumstances, both physical and mental, which brought him to his tragic death. Mr. Savage omits nothing essential to his theme, revealing his friend's virtues and defects with equal honesty. Numerous quotations are given from published and unpublished writings. Those who already know the works of Middleton will value this volume for its revelation of a fine though not entirely admirable character. Those who do not will find it an interesting introduction to them.

(Geoffrey H. Wells, 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.)

CAPTIVITY. BY M. L. EYLES. (Heinemann.)

This is a book teeming with interest, burning with vitality and inspiration which sweep one along through the pages, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, sometimes equally brutal, of Marcella's life. "Captivity" provides fascinating psychological studies, but the author is too much an artist to allow the merely scientific element in her work to come first. One feels that through her sincerity and experience of life she has given us what can be called a fine novel.

(G. W. Bowes, Sherwood, Rishton, near Blackburn.)



AT SOME OF THE TABLES NEAR BY THE FUN WAS NOW FURIOUS.

From "The House of Mohan," by George Gibbs, which was published last month by Messrs. Appleton.

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP. BY JANE AUSTEN.
(Chatto & Windus.)

Two delicious little romances, "Love and Freindship" and the unfinished "Lesley Castle," are undoubtedly the cream of the great novelist's juvenilia. Both in their girlish exuberant fashion anticipate the clever satire of "Northanger Abbey." In both, too, Miss Austen pokes fun at the favourite type of romance of the period, with its ridiculously high-flown views of love, marriage and friendship, glorification of filial disobedience, and ethereal heroines who were over-fond of fainting-fits. The little "History of England," though omitting much that every schoolboy knows nowadays, is a piquant summary and makes amusing reading.

(Winifred M. Davies, 148, King Street, Brynmawr, Breconshire.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), D. V. Staines (Merton Park), James A. Richards (Tenby), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), M. Bowden (Stowmarket), Nita C. M. Gayford (London, S.W.), George Warren (Derby), E. G. Martin (Leeds), B. D. H. (Coventry), Alice Wills (Glasgow), Janet D. Morton (Hastings).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Colonel G. R. Townshend, 5, Terminus Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea.

HOW A LYRIC IS WRITTEN.

BY ROBERT K. RISK.

THIS is not intended as a "How To" article, for which there is a prodigious and sustained demand among readers of many popular journals. If a few notes on how a lyric is written should help anyone to

write a lyric, I ask for no thanks from any literary aspirant; nor will I accept the blame of any editor, already overstocked with poems.

There is a widespread delusion among people who do not live by, or practise any of the arts, that writers, and especially poets, wait upon what is called inspira-



Mr. Robert K. Risk.

tion; that unless the Divine Muse touches their lips frequently, they will only very infrequently produce anything worth putting upon paper. The reverse of this is the truth. There may be exceptions, but in the main, writing men and women depend far more on application than on inspiration. They can produce something every day of the year, except when they are fagged and need a rest. Their work maintains an average of quality. On some days, and on some series of days, they will write more easily than on others, and what they write on these fortunate days may call for less labour with the file and the burnisher. That, I think, is the modicum of fact upon which the fantasy of inspiration is insecurely founded.

The apparent ease of the fine lyric confirms the delusion of special inspiration. If you just run over in your mind Herrick's "Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May," or Lovelace's "Tell me not, Sweet, I am Unkind," these lyrics may seem to support the theory that they were written with a running pen, which never paused to delete or improve anything in the original draft. But I believe that Herrick spent several days over his sixteen lines of "Counsel to Girls." I fancy that Colonel Lovelace chewed the tops off a number of pens, before he was satisfied with "To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars." Only one thing in the latter poem gives it the appearance of having been dashed off—that the military gentleman carelessly rings the changes on "thou" and "you" in a highly reprehensible manner. A habit of the times, but in my private mind I always say, "As *thou*, too, *shalt* adore."

I once asked a professor of English literature, who is also a poet, how many short poems which have lived into a second century or more, were "dashed off." He thought that perhaps one in a hundred thousand might have come to instant perfection at the end of a pen. He also was of opinion that if a man spent three weeks on a very short poem he might produce something worth writing. This reminded me of what Oscar

Wilde described as a hard day at his desk. "In the forenoon," he said, "I removed a semi-colon from the end of a line. In the afternoon I put it back again." A humorously extravagant statement, no doubt: but one with underlying truth in it.

A lyric may begin with a mere idea floating, nebulous, in one's mind; or the idea may crystallise itself into a few words; quite often into a complete line: and that line may dictate the manner and tone of the whole poem. A great many lyrics have been written to a woman. Often the qualities of the woman who suggests the lyric may settle its form, apart from its matter, which is built up gradually later. A writer instinctively chooses, or rather, his subconscious self thrusts into his mind, a form of metre and rhythm suitable to his subject. Perhaps the best example of this agreement of subject with metre is Rossetti's poem to Jenny:

"Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea. . . ."

A perfectly apt metre in which to write about a light woman: and you may contrast it with the dignity of "The Blessed Damozel."

A great many lyrics arise out of the meetings and partings of men and women. Let us suppose that a man is looking forward eagerly to the rare presence in London of a woman whom he admires; not a creature of fluff and furbelows, or the modern equivalent of furbelows, for whom he has a passion, but a comely woman with a brain, and a heart, and a character which guides and controls both. Well, as he turns over in his mind the pleasure of seeing her again, in London in the spring, his mind will naturally and inevitably, if it throws him a line of verse ready made, throw him one that is dignified and sonorous, rather than one that is tripping and jaunty. It may, for example, be a complimentary appeal to the lady to:

"Reburnish for the world the emeralds of Spring."

He is, we will suppose, rather taken by that conceit. He decides that he will keep that line for the close of his lyric. The line comes back to him at odd times for a few days, and at odd moments—perhaps when he is at lunch, or filling up an Income Tax form. Then one evening, as he is walking along the Embankment, another line thrusts itself into his mind:

"Thames, mirroring your face, now loiters to the sea."

He permits himself to observe that that is "a fine line," and that the Elizabethans never did anything better. So, having two lines that he is considerably well pleased with, that night he sets about getting his lyric on to paper. His affection for the Cavalier Poets tempts him to steal a name from Colonel Lovelace for his lady. So he heads his draft:

"To Lucasta, Visiting London in Springtime."

Then, without any conscious thought on his part, he writes the first three lines:

"Now, when the tide of Life swells to its flood,
You flash on London's springtide loveliness,
Yourself more bright than April, gay and wise."

"Gay and wise," he says, pleased with himself. "That's her, exactly." Then he is pulled up by the choice of rhymes with flood. The first one he thinks of happens to give him a line at once:

"A gracious woman, in whom the fragrant blood
Of kings long in the dust leaps to express
The confident kindness of your gentle eyes."

The author likes these three lines as he writes them down; but he is not sure that his adjectives will pass a second reading. "Gracious" he dismisses as commonplace. "Fragrant" is too precious, with a touch of Crashaw about it. So he works the idea of "Kings long in the dust" back into the previous line, and gets rid of the banality of "confident kindness" and "gentle eyes." Thus the lines may run now:

"A royal woman, in whom the ancient blood
Of kings long in the dust leaps to express
The innocent kindness of your virgin eyes."

He is so pleased with that last line, with its truth to the fact that a woman's eyes almost always reveal her character, that he goes through the next stanza at a handgallop:

"Our London holds you for a little space,
And London's glamour grows more magical;
Our city of loveliness and mystery
Submits herself your lover: a new grace
Informs her, while for Pan's high festival
Love brims the Earth, resurgent as the eternal sea."

On reading this over, he sees that "glamour" won't do at any price. It is a stale, tired, journalistic word. So he changes that line to:

"And wizard London gleams more magical,"

"gleams" being a more vivid word than "grows." Then he changes "gleams" to "dawns," and pats

himself on the back over that. "Gleams" is a beautiful word, he reflects, but "dawns" is more suggestive. London is most magical in the dawn; and her wizardry at dawn is deepened, because Lucasta, being in London, whitens and etherealises, with her own light, the coming of each new day. So he dashes into his third and last stanza:

"Tarry awhile with us: London has need
Of goodness as of beauty; while you stay
The saddest heart must lift itself to sing;
Turn to a rose in bloom each poison-weed;
Teach women to be chaste, and men to pray;
Interpret to the world the miracle of Spring."

"Not half bad" is his verdict on the finished work. If you are polite enough to agree with him, I take the liberty of pointing out that I think he could rewrite that lyric in quite a number of different ways, so that the same ideas would be clothed in wholly other words, very possibly to the improvement of the poem as a whole. In proof of that contention, I may point out a curious thing which you may not have noticed. The line in which the poem originated does not appear in it at all. That was:

"Reburnish for the world the emeralds of Spring . . ."

Neither does the line which, on the Embankment, persuaded him that the Elizabethans never did anything better. That was:

"Thames, mirroring your face, now loiters to the sea . . ."

So you see how very difficult it is to know when you have reached finality in writing a lyric; and when you think you have reached it, what you thought were your best lines may become surplus stock—which may always be saved up for another poem!

New Books.

A CONTENTED EDUCATIONIST.*

Plutarch's "Lives" has so completely overshadowed his other works, generally grouped together under the title of "Moralia," that it is not always realised that he is responsible for what is not far from being a system of education. The ordinary reader of his essays may be pardoned for not noticing this fact, for his treatment is vague and incidental rather than systematic; but after reading Miss Westaway's scholarly book one must rank Plutarch among the educationists, even though he has the exceptional quality of not being dissatisfied as are most of his tribe. So pleased is he with himself that there have been found people who go the length of calling him conceited. Miss Westaway does not deny the charge, but proceeds to explain the circumstances of the case, and so persuasive is she that she carries us with her and makes us actually like this self-satisfied philosopher. He lived, she tells us, at a time and in a place where things went very well. In the first century A.D. the more central of the Roman Provinces led a life of profound peace and contentment. Plutarch was well pleased with things as they were. The people of his world fell comfortably into two groups—a fortunate minority who needed education, and a majority who did not. What could be pleasanter for professional educators? They knew where they were

in those days; they had none of our troublesome problems of mass education. No wonder Plutarch was satisfied. He lived in one of the quiet beats in the rhythm of history. For Miss Westaway has complete faith in the alternation of periods of content and dissatisfaction. We happen ourselves to live in a dissatisfaction beat; but our successors will have better luck. Many of us cannot share this optimism. We see in the introduction of the power-machine a new element that is going to disturb the pleasant alternation. But we hope Miss Westaway may be right. In any case she explains that Plutarch's two main educational principles are really better suited for our time of discontent than for his own time of placidity. His first principle, the need for self-knowledge, is always urgent, but in these days of stress it is particularly so. His second principle, moderation in all things, was rather superfluous in his own genial time, but in the storm and stress of to-day it cannot be too widely proclaimed.

Miss Westaway's theory of cyclic repetitions is curiously paralleled in the history of Plutarch's reputation. It appears to have had regular rises and falls. Now he is well known and highly appreciated, again he falls into obscurity and is neglected. Foretelling the future in terms of the past, Emerson tells us that "Plutarch will be perpetually rediscovered as long as books last." The book we are considering is one of these rediscoveries and is an exceptionally illuminating and charming one. We are made to realise what manner of man Plutarch was:

* "The Educational Theory of Plutarch." By K. M. Westaway. 7s. 6d. (University of London Press.)

full of wise saws and not too modern instances. The subjectivity of his teaching is brilliantly brought out. For though Miss Westaway is less happy than elsewhere in her formal exposition of the Plutarchian psychology, she shows amazing insight into the working of the man's own mind. She brings into the light the peculiarly adult aspect of his educational system. He was a professor rather than a teacher and would have been of little use among children, since he was in Miss Westaway's words "terribly grown up." His strong point was the minor morals, and on this point Miss Westaway writes delightfully and carries conviction.

She will have many Greekless readers, so it is perhaps a pity that she has not given translations of her quotations. But one can understand the impatience of the scholar at having to render every little passage into English. Besides, the kernel of this valuable work is available even to those who do not know the Greek characters.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE SWEET MIRACLE.*

Four years ago, during a visit to London, the writer was taken to the Peasant Shop in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury, a house that offered none but honest wares of craftsmanship in a period of shoddy now difficult to believe in, blessed as we have been ever since with post-war sincerities. But the most memorable purchase he was able to make that morning was not a customary exhibit at the shop, honest and sincere though it was, like everything else, as we shall see. A young Jewish woman was offering for sale two small shilling brochures, vilely printed on very bad paper, with their uncomely yellow covers thus inscribed:

"YOUTH. By Isaac Rosenberg. London, I. Narodiczky, Printer, 48 Mile End Road, E. 1915."

"MOSES. A Play. By I. Rosenberg. London, Printed by the Paragon Printing Works, 8 Ocean Street, Stepney Green, E. 1916."

The two books did not appear to be in great demand that morning. The girl who was offering them was the sister of the poet himself, who had been dead three months. To-day those little volumes are not to be had for a dozen times their published price, so that readers who have heard of Rosenberg and his poetry without being able to form their closer acquaintance will be glad of the collection now made by his friend and fellow-poet, Mr. Gordon Bottomley.

Isaac Rosenberg was killed in action on the first of April, 1918. Mr. Laurence Binyon tells of this in his introduction to the present volume, and in his statement is all that unemotional matter-of-factness which has come to be regarded as an admirable trait in biographical essays of the kind. He also tells us, a little later and just as perfunctorily, that not more than a year before Rosenberg joined the army he had sailed to the Cape in search of a warmer climate, as it was thought that his lungs were affected. True, Mr. Binyon points out that "no one could have been less fitted for a military life. He suffered not only from physical disability, bad health and sensitiveness, but from the absent-mindedness of one whose imagination was possessed by his poetic schemes." But if the bare truth aroused in Mr. Binyon anything like the savage indignation which his recital of it must stir in the reader, he has concealed it admirably behind these curt sentences. Certainly he has uttered no word of condemnation for the people who drove such a lad to the war, or for those who permitted him to remain there.

The pity of it all! In the poems that have come to us there is enough and more than enough to convince even those who are inclined to discount a good deal in a young

poet because of his harshnesses and crudities of expression. That Isaac Rosenberg was on the threshold of high achievement especially as an interpreter of his own national literature. In his early poems that form a goodly section of the volume, the thoroughness, as he himself once said of the Japanese paintings exhibited at Shepherd's Bush, is astounding. "No slipshod, tricky slickness, trusting to chance effects, but a subtle suggestiveness and accident that is the consequence of intention." One piece, entitled "Sleep," contains an image whose vastness is seldom to be matched in modern English poetry:

"O subtle gods lying hidden!
O gods with your oblique eyes!
Your elbows in the dawn, and wrists
Bright with the afternoon."

The later verses, "From Camp and Trench," reveal a sureness and comparative polish that make such examples as "The Dead Heroes" a contribution to the mature art of our epoch. But the editor has been wise in placing at the commencement and in greatest prominence the poetic play entitled "Moses" which, unequal though it is, must be regarded as a valid interpretation of the legend in true lineage with the Old Testament version itself. The volume as a whole is well; and it will remain as a final memorial of another of England's young poets whom the gods loved all the more because England herself held them too cheaply.

About Mr. Force Stead's volume there need be no regrets. There is certainly no cause for an introduction. The poet who sings about "Sylvia who died in Spring" in such a tender key may not have the solidity of Rosenberg; but there is none of his dourness:

"A week since, and I saw her smile
In sunshine by the meadow-stile;
A day since, and the lilies gave
Faint light and fragrance from her grave:
And now, with dawn above them spread,
She and the lilies both are dead."

In pronouncing that as a most exquisite little epitaph there is no desire to emphasise its importance at the expense of the rest of Mr. Stead's volume. Half a dozen of his other lyrics are equally successful. In a "Prelude in April" we have a picture of the "sunset-brightened lea" as reflected in meadow pools; an inverted country-side with "downward-plunging spire," and

"just above a cloud there browse
A dozen topsy-turvy cows."

If Mr. Stead has a technical fault worth noting it is that of his too frequent use of the hyphen, as in "claret-coloured," "harrow-combed" and "trimly-furrowed" in successive lines—evidently it has become a habit, for at least one of these phrases did not need to be hyphenated at all. Nor are his most considerable pieces free from the same feature, though they are good enough to surmount its effects. "The Sweet Miracle" and "The Sea Captain" are too widely contrasted narratives, the first named being based on a prose story by Eça de Queiroz, a Portuguese writer of a century ago, and the other on a personal experience—all the more telling because of its economy of phrasing and sparseness of content. It is a tribute to the poet's versatility that we admire his stubborn old mariner at a seaport boarding-house in the same proportion as we revere the central figure in his "Sweet Miracle," the undying tale of old Palestine retold with a beauty and sense of atmosphere that will brighten many dull eyes and refresh tired hearts—if we may make free use of the final line in a lovely passage from the poem itself. Mr. Stead is to be congratulated; if all the poetry that came out of Oxford—his Alma Mater—held as much genuine promise as his, there might be many more people ready to believe intelligently in the "sweet miracle" of poetry itself.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "The Sweet Miracle, and other Poems." By William Force Stead. 6s. (Cobden-Sanderson).—"Poems." By Isaac Rosenberg. 6s. (Heinemann.)

TWO OF THE JURY ON "THE JUDGE."*

(1) For what seems a long time we have looked forward to reading Miss Rebecca West's new novel. "The Return of the Soldier," in spite of a certain unreality, was an arresting book. We felt justified in expecting that this young writer would produce, as her gift ripened, finer and finer work; that her books would presently take a high place in our literature. At any moment, from the author who has given evidence of big gift, may come the long expected marvel of art; and therefore when we open a new book from such a writer as Miss West it is with a thrilled expectancy.

For this particular novel we need not have been kept waiting so long, seeing that it consists of two books either of which could have been issued to us without the other. The first is very well in its way, that is to say it is an advance on "The Return of the Soldier"; but the inclusion of it between the same covers as the other more mature book shows us either that Miss West is unable to criticise her own work or that she has not yet a sound sense of form. The second book is complete in itself, and Ellen could have been brought into it as Richard's prospective bride, without that long, interesting study of Edinburgh and Edinburgh life, of which the first mainly consists. In fact Book I could, without detriment to Book II—nay, with positive advantage—have been scrapped. Not only is it largely irrelevant, but it is too full of similes, so full that it is difficult to disentangle from them the thread of story.

It is suggestive, too, in its digressions from the main theme, of the Clayhanger school—for instance the death of Darius could be compared with that of Ellen's mother. In other words, like the beginnings of a flow, this first book is turgid and bubbly. We do not get the clear, dark wine till we come to Book II.

The difference between the books—considered as art—is almost as great as that between the uncut and the faceted gem. In Book II we find—having struggled through Book I—what we have been expecting from Miss West, a book which has come from the depths which underlie our surface selves, from the reality which, if there be a future life, will go on. It is concerned with two people, Richard Yaverland and his mother, Marion; and they, like most of us, manage to make a tragic muddle of their lives. It is written passionately, with a splendid deep glow, like that of the furnace fires you see in an iron-works. Out of those fires come the round masses of flaming metal, molten for the shaping, and it is the same with the words, liquid yet of steel, which give us "The Judge." Marion Yaverland is the daughter of a farmer, and her lover was the squire—Sir Harry. To make her child legitimate she consented to a formal marriage with Peacey. Her trust was betrayed by this man and she had another son, a misbegotten odd-come-short, whom she was unable to love, but who, unfortunately for himself, could not but love his wonderful mother. Sir Harry, to the hurt of her soul, cries to her, "You are unique!" and it was that she was the ideal woman, lover and mother, which brought on her all her troubles.

Did I say the book concerns two people? I was mistaken. It concerns one only—Marion Yaverland; the others, though truly conceived and richly given, are shadowy compared with her. It is she who from first to last holds our attention. No wonder Richard cannot think of Ellen when his mother is present; no one could. It makes Marion feel she is in the way of his making a successful marriage. She bulks too largely in his life, prevents him from even tolerating his brother. Therefore she will remove herself, and she does. And his mother's death causes Richard to kill his puling brother:

"Let's put an end to this," he said.

He drove the knife into Roger's heart.

"Mummie!" breathed Roger. Meekly, but with no sign that he had any quarrel with the proceedings save that they were peremptory, he sank down on the chair beside him and fell

* "The Judge." By Rebecca West. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

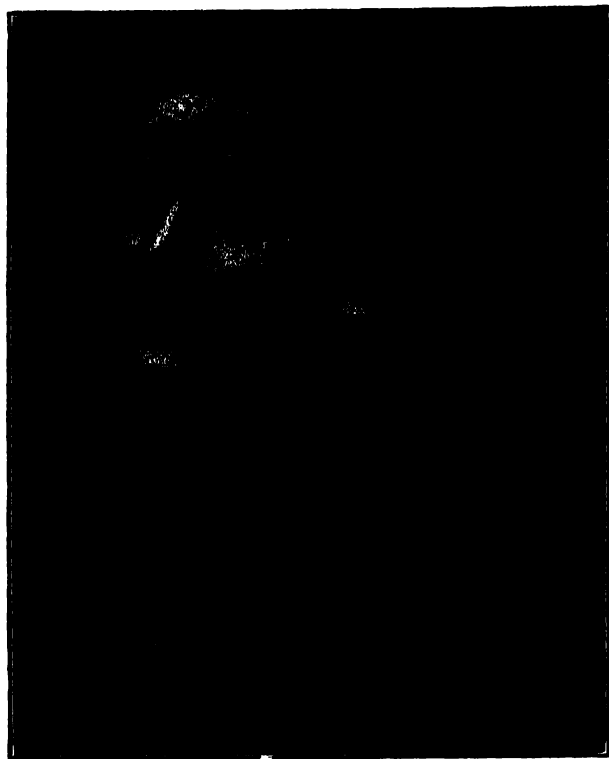


Photo by E. O. Hopf.

Miss Rebecca West.

forward, his head lying among the tea-cups. This no doubt was the disorder that Marion had always foreseen; to prevent which she had practised her insane tidiness.

No extra word there, no spoiling touch—sheer beauty. And Book II is like that throughout—a deep, glowing thing with the lights of a ruby and the fire of molten iron.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

(2) Miss Rebecca West took a long time to write her latest novel, "The Judge"; and as one result of this, the second portion of an immensely long book is entirely different in calibre and characterisation from the first. It is as if Miss West had planned a great tragic romance, and had been overtaken midway in her journey by Freud and Jung, with all their grotesque perversities in the dissection of normal human motives. She gives us such a gallant, clean little heroine in Ellen Melville, with her intrepid youth and ignorance, her charm, courage and cuteness, that we resent bitterly Ellen's supersession by her lover's terrible mother, Marion Yaverland, one of the most intolerable women—nay, easily the most intolerable—in modern fiction. The worst of the matter is that Miss West is obviously much more interested in Marion than in Ellen.

The jealous, amative relationship between Richard Yaverland and his mother is something sinister and foreboding. There is a slow poison in it, as detestable as the motto of the book: "Every mother is a judge who sentences her children for the sins of the father." The dictum sounds clever, but it is absolutely and entirely untrue. Every woman in the world is a counsel for the defence for her offspring, whatever their heritage.

It is surprising that so modern a writer as Miss West should introduce the old novelette incident of a seduction by the village squire. It is revolting that she should describe in such terms of cold lust Marion's enforced marriage with the Littimer-like butler. There are many obstetric passages in the book also which have no concern in the world with literature.

The only escape is from the novel's second section to its first. Ellen at the office, typewriting diligently for an Edinburgh solicitor and his son. Ellen at home exchanging views on life with her quiet little mother. Ellen selling *Votes for Women* to sneering girls in the street. These things are simple and lovely and worthy of Barrie at the height of his powers as fictionist. Ellen, alas, is the only

chaste and humorous thing in a murky and morbid volume. Richard Yaverland, pictured as a dark, resolute gentleman adventurer, the type that might occasionally wear gold ear-rings, has no real substance. He never grips the imagination. His brother Roger, the imbecile, whom his mother secretly loathes, is on the other hand real enough, but pathetically repulsive.

The moment Ellen steps into Marion's house as the fiancée of her son she practically ceases to exist. All the blood has gone out of her, and she is a pallid lay figure. The greedy, self-indulgent and possessive Marion dominates not only the household, but the whole landscape. Miss West's scenery is terrific with a malign beauty. One gets weary as well as sick of Marion. This squat, insolent woman, with her sentimental broodings over her betrayal by the squire and his neglect of her and death, is rather a subject for a madhouse than a leading character in what ought to have been a great novel. I beseech Miss West to drop psycho-analysis and its slimy exponents and devote her fine talents to clean, creative fiction.

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND,

TWO CRITICS.*

Mr. Middleton Murry's volume is not only the best thing he has done, it is one of the best things anyone has done recently in the way of criticism. He seems to have found himself definitely and to be writing with the quiet authority that comes from mastery of technique. I hope he will live up to the best of the book, and resolve to abstain from the occasional journalistic startlers (I had almost said "howlers") in which he has allowed himself to indulge. Even lately he has shown signs of unrepentance—I noticed, for instance, a column of absurdly excessive enthusiasm about a writer who has produced one slim volume of angular and questionable criticism. No man, not even Mr. Middleton Murry, can afford to halve himself in this way—to write uncritical criticism in columns and then expect esteem for critical criticism in pages. The present volume is the real stuff; it is criticism of the centre; it could be translated into French and offered to Continental readers as a specimen of what England can still do in a great art.

Mr. Murry tells us that underlying all his essays is "a theory of the psychology of literary creation," and he ends the volume with a "critical credo." I am not sure that he has made out his case, and I am not sure whether his case is worth making. I will quote against him a sentence of his own on Flaubert; of whom he says that his theory "had little influence on his practice, and was rather (as most theories are) a justification of an accomplished fact." The theories of artists are always interesting, but there may be no more truth in them than in an affidavit. Wagner wrote interminable volumes to prove that the music he could write was the only music worth writing; Wordsworth had theories about poetical composition; but we do not judge their works by the worth of their theories. The critic is an artist—a second-hand artist, if you like; the first-hand artist is inspired by life, the second-hand artist is inspired by literature; still, it is something to be an artist, even at one remove. Like other artists, the critic must have the quality Bagehot attributed specially to Shakespeare—the experiencing nature. He must be continually experiencing and expressing, if he is to fulfil himself. His theories may be interesting (like "Laocoon") as part of aesthetics; but he will endure as a writer by his power to transmit both personality and experience.

What is the matter with so much of contemporary criticism is that it has little trace of the experiencing nature. A dozen years ago a brilliant young man wrote a brilliant critical article. We expected great things of him. He was engaged for regular contributions in a

critical weekly. For twelve years he has been writing precisely the same critical article—only rather less brilliantly each week. He has not developed; he never will develop; he lacks the experiencing nature. Of course we are not speaking of a particular case; but open a collection of the weeklies and read the articles of the regular contributors. You will find plenty of heads to fit the cap. Mr. Middleton Murry in the present volume definitely shows that he has the experiencing nature and the power to express it. We look to him for even better things. I do not propose to discuss the book in detail, I simply recommend it cordially as a thoroughly enjoyable volume that is at the same time an addition to English letters. I will ask him (as a foot-note) whether his remarks on the critics of "Coriolanus" haven't failed to take account of Dr. A. C. Bradley's admirable lecture.

Mr. Garnett's "Friday Nights" is not the same sort of book. It is a collection of his "Parerga and Paralipomena," and, as he explains in the preface, the essays represent the week-end recreations of a publisher's reader. One of them goes back to 1898, several go back to 1899 and one comes down to 1921. The range of time offers us a curious spectacle. We are in at the birth of Joseph Conrad and Stephen Crane. Ibsen is still in the defensible stage, and Nietzsche comparatively new. The volume is thus unusually piquant and stimulating. Here and there we feel that Mr. Garnett gets away from the main stream of letters and tends to overpraise merely minor tributaries; but the book is a sound and satisfying work which bookmen will read with enjoyment.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHISTLER AS MASTER-ETCHER.*

This latest "Studio" extra, under the editorship of Mr. Geoffrey Holme, will be welcomed by every student and collector of the works of the greatest master of etching, Rembrandt van Ryn only excepted, not only for its essential beauty but also for its illuminating introduction by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. A critic of unrivalled knowledge, opportunity and taste, he was once told by a German etcher in a burst of enthusiasm that he had "*ein graphisches Hertz*," and all who have, either as members of the public seeking his official advice, or as readers of the *Print Collectors' Quarterly*, or as hearers of his lectures, had the privilege of sitting at his feet, will heartily endorse what Mr. Dodgson whimsically says "sounds like a disease but was meant as a compliment." For Mr. Dodgson is the true virtuoso, endowed with an extra eye for what is fine in art. We count both Whistler and ourselves fortunate in having him as herald of these matchless lyrics in black and white.

For that is the impression left on the mind as we reluctantly tear ourselves away from this beautiful volume with its ninety-six fine reproductions of the master's etchings. Here is no epic artist recording with his etching needle memorials of the past, by his genius embodying in them the very spirit of history. Here rather is a singer using nature as an instrument by which he may express his own emotions, his own enthusiasms. Consider for a moment how significant of this detachment is his attitude towards architecture. So unconcerned is he with topographical correctness that he does not even trouble to reverse his subject on the plate! Such things he leaves to the inspired Meryon (whom by the way Whistler did not consider inspired at all), or Piranesi. What concerns him is that *through these things* he shall express himself. Whether he could, or he would, have emulated the great Frenchman in his own genre may be questioned when we examine his impatient "*Isle de la Cité, Paris*." On the other hand, when we look at the architectural portion of "*Billingsgate*," we are forced to think twice about it. "I can do the big bow-wow with anyone," said Thackeray

* "Countries of the Mind: Essays in Literary Criticism." By J. Middleton Murry. 10s. 6d. (Collins).—"Friday Nights: Literary Criticism and Appreciations." By Edward Garnett. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

* "The Etchings of James McNeill Whistler." By Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E. 42s. (Studio Limited, London.)

when writing of Charlotte Brontë (I write from memory, not having my books about me), "but how this little lady manages to make interesting the details of ordinary life is beyond my comprehension." So it was with Whistler. Sent out to Italy by the Fine Arts Society in 1880 to do twelve etchings of Venice, he shocked the world of critics by bringing home studies of little back canals, obscure courts and doorways, and haunts of the humblest kind of gondoliers' families and Venetian bead-stringers, in place of the expected realistic and regulation pictures of the Rialto, the Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's, and the Doge's Palace. "Even so," says Mr. Dodgson, "it is difficult for us of to-day, trained to admire the etchings of Venice as some of the most exquisite creations of art, to put ourselves in the position of men who could deride 'The Palaces,' 'The Mart,' 'The Riva' No. 1 and 'The Praghetto No. 2.'" But so it was. They only understood the big bow-wow. They had no glimpse of the cardinal fact that this was the first round in a great fight for liberty, the liberty to use etching as a method of self-expression, to use it slightly, selectively, sketchily, with an asceticism which never permitted liberty to be an occasion to the flesh. For, as Mr. Dodgson points out, Whistler "had an unusually sane and candid self-criticism." Certainly in his writing he was not so austere, but that is another story altogether.

There is no room here to follow out one tithe of such trains of thought as are started by Mr. Dodgson's pregnant letterpress. How admirably for example he sums up the beauty and meaning of that early dry-point, "Finette," with its full burr, rich as mezzotint, sensitive of the period to which the dancer-model belonged, "Finette" who "resumes and typifies an epoch that has absolutely passed away," and then, with it as his text, emphasises the all-important fact that beauty does not lie in the subject but in the artist, not in finish but in selection. Indeed, how admirably and how seemingly easily the whole difficult task is accomplished of giving in the space of twenty-one pages such a purview of the man's etched work as to convince even those who may have been prejudiced against Whistler by much excessive and injudicious praise, that that opinion is right which places him in the unchallenged position of the greatest of modern etchers. From the beginning, it seems clear as we look back, his genius was bound to assert itself. It was, says Mr. Dodgson,

"The old story of truant genius inappropriately seated on an office stool . . . with variations suited to the case and, like Robert Martineau in the lawyer's office making sketches of brides and bridesmaids on marriage contracts, we find Whistler doing the first genuine Whistler etchings, and very good ones too, in the shape of little heads that intrude on the blank spaces of the copper above and around two very neatly engraved portions of the coast of the United States."

For Whistler was "an artist by the grace of God," an etcher by mercy of his appointment to the Geodetic Survey at Washington, a successful craftsman by virtue of his own earnestness, industry and determination.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE FOSTER MOTHER.*

The scent of warm, newly-ploughed earth, the whispering of grey-green willows, sun suddenly shining out of a thick grey and white sky, larks singing in watery furrows, sunshine again, and then . . . a black, deep pond with bubbles rising to the surface . . . and a lump in one's throat—that is what one remembers after reading Ernest Pérochon's "Foster Mother," or "Nene" as it is called in the original French.

It is a simple story, simply and beautifully told, the story of a peasant girl who "mothers" the two children of Michel Corbier, a young farmer, whose dead wife had been all in all to him, and who employs Madeline Clarandeau to look after his house and children. She comes, a rather timid, work-drugged, slightly downtrodden, but good and capable creature, and her heart is stirred by the neglected little ones, and from her entry into the household every-

* "The Foster Mother." By Ernest Pérochon. 6s. (Philpot.)

thing is changed. The house is well kept; all the starved love in her heart is allowed to blossom, and is lavished on the two motherless mites who call her "Nene," a contraction of her name, meaning also "foster-mother."

She spends her wages on the children, her old mother is partially dependent on her, she has a worthless brother, yet she is happy and contented so long as she has the children's love . . . until the advent of the other woman. Everything is peaceful, one gets the fragrance of the hay-field, hears the swish of the water on the red-brick floor of the kitchen as Madeline scrubs, the scent of newly-baked bread mingles with the odour of the wash-tub, one sees spotless linen flapping on the line. The children laugh, and though Madeline is fit to drop with fatigue sometimes, the love of Lalie and Jo drives away weariness. Then—laugh! some artificial perfume . . . eau-de-Cologne in a farm-house kitchen, as Violette trips across the scene.

Madeline is a daughter of the warm, red earth, affectionate, dutiful, a little slow perhaps, but with splendid devotion willing to make any sacrifice for the motherless little ones. Violette, the light woman, is steeped to her finger-tips in artifice, she is cheap and vulgar, but she understands one side of men, and the stupid but honest farmer-peasant Corbier falls a victim to her wiles. Finally he installs her as mistress of the home and mother to his children.

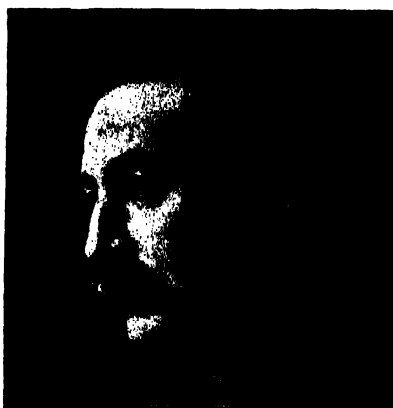
Here is the tragedy of the story. The children Madeline has mothered, slaved for, lived for, almost died for, do not want her any longer. Violette has seen to that. With the petty spite of the woman of her type, she has set the children against her, and when she returns to see them they have forgotten her.

The book forms one of the volumes in "Les Fleurs de France" library, admirably translated by Mrs. Alys Eyre Macklin, and it says much for the exquisite style that one reads it with joy over its diction, wholly forgetting it is a translation. It abounds with beautiful lines and phrases, with interesting superstitions of French peasant folk; quaint country customs are related and the whole book has that sincerity yet simplicity of diction which is the hall-mark of all great literature.

M. STANLEY WRENCH.

THRILLERS.*

Serious-minded people—lawyers, politicians, divines, and we believe even certain authors of admitted high-



Mr. Edgar Wallace.

brow pretensions—never read anything except "shockers" on their holidays, and among the purveyors of this indispensable form of literature none has a more facile pen or a readier invention than Mr. Edgar Wallace, whose two latest essays in this wise lie before us. Perusal of them is no difficult matter; one picks either

book up and reads on to the end in an hour or so, with hearty explosions by the way and that sort of loud guffaw which does one so much good. Even do they inspire the reader to become deductive himself, just like one of Mr. Wallace's own amateur detectives, and to "reconstruct" the episode on which this nimble-witted and industrious word-spinner puts in a somewhat hectic six weeks—it must have been

* "The Angel of Terror." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Mr. Justice Maxell." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

very recently, the flavour is so topical—on the Côte d'Azur, with a typewriter on his hotel dressing-table, a two-seater car in the garage, a season ticket for the *Cercle Privée* in the inside pocket of his dinner jacket, and the Sunday papers from London coming up on the tray with the *petit déjeuner*. No need to look further for plots or local colour. Crime and criminals are clearly for Mr. Wallace subjects of intriguing interest. He may take liberties with the credulity of his most hypnotised reader, but what of that? When the "Angel of Terror," a beautiful blonde who has just sworn away the life of her ex-fiancé, withdraws from the witness-box at the Old Bailey, what else can His Lordship do but lay a small square of black silk carefully over white wig and break the news to the tall, impassive fellow in the dock that he is "for it," because naturally "nobody who saw the young girl in the box, a pathetic and, if I may say, a beautiful figure, could accept for one moment your fantastic explanation." But we are only on page six, and there are 294 pages more to come. Does the resource of this angelic being fail her in any of the thousand and one tight corners that still remain to be negotiated before she skedaddles out of the story in somebody else's motor-boat, bound for the African coast in company with a masculine fellow-crook and £100,000 in hard cash? It is hardly likely. And it matters very little about the cash having been the heroine's, because there is five times as much left for Angel No. 2 and her young man to amuse themselves with. He was her solicitor, too, and the fees he must have earned in 300 pages of amateur-detective work must have been worth keeping in the family. As for "Mr. Justice Maxell," he is almost as remarkable a character as the angelic Jean. When a not quite immaculate K.C. who dabbles in shady finance, he finds himself elevated to the Supreme Court bench just in time to give his late partner a sentence of twenty years for trifling with the Companies Act, which seems a little stiff in the circumstances. Obviously the prisoner thinks so, and in fear of horrible reprisals when his victim comes out, the judge resigns in a hurry and clutches at the baronetcy providentially offered by a grateful Cabinet. Lots of other things happen, but not the things you might expect. Trust Mr. Wallace to prove ingenious enough for that.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE LOEB CLASSICS.*

It is always a satisfaction to mark the further development of this excellent series of Greek and Latin texts, printed side by side with their English renderings, certain annotations and a reasonably full index being added in each case. Among most recent additions there may be mentioned a second volume of the "Institutio Oratoria" of Quintilian, translated by Mr. H. E. Butler, M.A., who is Professor of Latin in London University. The present instalment contains the fourth to the sixth books, which are rendered into easy English, not especially distinctive, but always smooth in reading and having an occasional rhythmic motion. The "Institutio" will be completed in four volumes. Mr. Carleton L. Brownson, an American scholar connected with the College of the City of New York, is in the course of translating Xenophon's "Hellenica" and "Anabasis," in three volumes, the second of which is before us, containing "Hellenica," VI., VII., and "Anabasis," I to III. We understand that the "Apology" and "Symposium" will be added to the third volume, the versions in this case being by Mr. O. J. Todd. The "Cyropædia" has already appeared, making two volumes in the series, and the translator is Mr. Walter Miller. The Loeb edition of Plutarch's "Lives" has reached its tenth and penultimate volume, under the loving care of Professor Bernardotte Perrin, who spent the last nine years of his life in producing this English version. The general editors of the series tell us in a

* The Loeb Library. Recent additions. 10s. each. (Heinemann.)

prefatory note, to which a sad interest attaches, that Plutarch was Professor Perrin's favourite author and that he was inspired by the hope of producing a rendering which would make the "famous men of ancient Greece and Rome," depicted by the great biographer, "as familiar to the next generation as they were to the youth of his own boyhood." They speak also of the eminent success which he has attained. Unfortunately Professor Perrin passed away in August, 1920, and will not see the full fruition of his notable undertaking; but it is a satisfaction to add that he put "the finishing touches" to the final volume a few months before his death, so that the task is complete and will be with us in due course. It is designed to include an extensive general index. The "Lives" contained in the tenth volume are those of Agis and Cleomenes, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, Philopœmen and Titus Flaminius.

Mr. H. G. Evelyn White, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, has completed his translation of Ausonius, the Latin poet who was born at Bordeaux in the fourth century A.D. It is very pleasant to read over the epistles and compare the originals with their usually happy rendering, though it bears for the most part all the marks of translation. Readers of Ausonius will remember that there are not only certain letters addressed to his pupil Paulinus, but the replies of the latter, which are notable in their zeal for Christ. Indeed Paulinus became a priest and was Bishop of Nola at the beginning of the fifth century. It has been said that his master ended by adopting the same faith, but there is no evidence in his writings, and in his correspondence with Paulinus it is quite clear that he had not. All that is extant breathes the spirit of the old religion and the epigrams speak for themselves, "wanton verses," indeed, and Mr. White perforce has left many to speak for themselves in the Latin only. The "Eucharistus" of another Paulinus, supposed to be a grandson of Ausonius, is added at the end of the volume, and is the first known instance of its rendering into any modern language. It is an autobiographical poem, of little consequence as literature, but of interest on the personal and historical side. It is a life-poem, a thank-offering for life, its divine direction and final deliverance, after many misfortunes, into a haven of peace. It was written in A.D. 459, Paulinus being then in his eighty-third year.

Professor Francis G. Atkinson—of Brown's University—is to be thanked for his extremely careful edition and translation in one volume of all that remains of the great comic poet of Athens, who is called "the lovable" Menander by Ausonius. The introductory and bibliographical matter is admirable, and the speculative reconstructions of missing parts in "The Arbitrants," "The Girl from Samos" and "The Girl who gets her Hair cut Short" are skilful, whatever they may draw from previous editorial work. Menander was a child when the Greek states came under the rule of Philip of Macedon, and he died—or, as some say, committed suicide—in 293 B.C.

The Loeb texts and translations of Callimachus and Lycophron by Dr. A. W. Mair, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, and of Aratus by Mr. G. R. Mair, head master of Spier's School, Beith, are offered as an introduction to Alexandrine literature. Callimachus and Aratus were fellow-students at Athens. The latter is thought to have been born about 315 B.C. and the former in 310. Lycophron is a little earlier, the date of his birth being put between 330 and 325. To have the "Hymns" of Callimachus to the gods, the poem on Astronomy of Aratus and Lycophron's dark "Alexandra," a prolonged prophecy supposed to be uttered by Cassandra during the Trojan War and foretelling the Rome to come—to have these, in texts and renderings, within the covers of a single volume, is a gift of price.

The Loeb Plato is a large undertaking and proceeds slowly. Professor H. N. Fowler, of Western Reserve University, produced the first volume some considerable time ago; it contains the "Euthyphro," "Apology," "Crito," "Phædo" and "Phædrus," and is now in its third impression. A second, just issued by the same editor, includes the "Theætetus" and "Sophist." Five

further volumes by various hands are published as this review goes to press, these including the third and fourth volume of Mr. H. E. Butler's Quintilian; Dr. W. G. Wright's Philostratus and Eunapius, the first of Dr. Magie's three volumes of the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ*; and the first of Mr. J. M. Edmonds's *Lyra Græca*.

A. E. WAITE.

OUTSIDE THE RADIUS.*

The explorers (including the scribes among them) have admittedly been pretty ruthlessly active in our time, but the world is still full of the most wonderful things and, too, of whole vast territories and storehouses of bizarre novelty and picaresque romance—at all events for folk who are gifted and wise enough to conserve their faculties of appreciation and impressionable receptivity. The English-speaking peoples will have become decadent indeed when, if ever, they lose their appetite for wandering, for adventure-seeking meanderings in the by-ways; but that time is not yet. Consider else such a silhouette as this, of a Manchester bagman, if you please:

"Nineteen years earlier he had ridden into Fez, disguised as a Moor, he told me. He had never been on a horse before, and couldn't speak a word of Arabic. He had samples in one saddle-bag and a stork chick in the other. 'Picked it up in Rabat, and took a fancy to the little blighter,' he said. 'The Moors would have murdered me if they'd found out; storks are sort of sacred here, you know. . . . When I was a nipper an uncle tipped me a sovereign,' he went on. 'I spent it in a day-trip to Boulogne, paddle-pusher from Margate. That whetted my appetite for foreign travel. I swore I'd see the world, and I have, all of it; but now, by James, I can't stop! I was on the point of retiring in 1914 when war broke out, and I had to carry on to release the youngsters. After the war, the boom, and the youngsters couldn't handle it. Then came this slump, and the firm said: 'Here, for God's sake go out and save what you can; you're the only man who can do it!' And so I go on, and, my soul, ain't I tired of it!—hotels, trains, hotels, ships, hotels, cars, and hotels again. I've got a home, but I never see it. My own kids hardly know me. Last time I got back my youngest boy ran and told the wife there was a strange man in the house. Ever heard of the Wandering Jew? Well, here he is—and all through a day trip to Boo-bloominglong.'"

This in a motor-bus on the road from Rabat to Casablanca; almost within sight of Gibraltar—that Clapham Junction of the South and Near East, it is true, yet withal a quarter in which, when the present writer knew it best, a couple of decades back, there not only was no hint of anything like omnibuses, but no wheeled vehicle of any sort or kind, nor any road upon which one could have been drawn, nor anything much else that seemed nearer to the twentieth century than the Book of Deuteronomy.

The passage quoted is from Mr. Crosbie Garstin's "The Coasts of Romance"—a volume which should be regarded in the most friendly light by all compilers of guide-books, and even perhaps of orthodox "travel books," and certainly by Messrs. Cook and all their rivals; for it is delightfully unorthodox, contains nothing you would look for, or find, in guide-books, and withal is admirably calculated to stimulate the wanderlust and attract visitors to its picturesque background—Southern Spain and Morocco. If the sketches here reproduced are the author's own, his pencil has served him no less well than his pen.

Lady Warren's wanderlust steered her somewhat to the eastward of Mr. Crosbie Garstin's course; and her "Through Algeria and Tunisia on a Motor-Bicycle" was the tangible result thereof. Here again it is safe to say that the guide-book compilers may welcome an advance courier, rather than fear a rival or competitor; for while Lady Warren displays considerable feminine practicality of a kind that will be helpful to future adventurers of the unpractical and sentimental male sex, her lively pages are agreeably void of all the less digestible forms of

* "The Coasts of Romance." By Crosbie Garstin. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann).—"Through Algeria and Tunisia on a Motor-Bicycle." By Lady Warren. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape).—"She Blows! And Sparm at That!" By William John Hopkins. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

Baedekerisms, though the book does include some useful motor-cycle detail too. As for her pleasant, graphic, chatty descriptive matter—the story of her journey—even the curmudgeonly critic is disarmed in advance by her modest advertisement of the fact that her book is not for the experienced traveller, but is "food for the babes and sucklings . . . who will not be blasé at my naïve discoveries and enthusiasms." As a plain fact, the book is full of very naïve discoveries and enthusiasms; (and so is its writing, especially where the author resorts to other languages than her own); and one is glad of it. But for these it would not be worth reading; because of these, it is a bright, entertaining and quite readable record of an amusing holiday.

Possessed of no other claim than may be represented by a few long-over-past years of seafaring and considerable subsequent sea travel, the present writer craves permission to add a name to the select roll of those who, without owing much to, or borrowing anything from books or their makers, have contrived by means of the written word truly to add to our knowledge and appreciation of the whaler's life. The name is that of William John Hopkins—is there not a fine, salt, "Down-East" sort of tang to it?—and his book, "She Blows! And Sparm at That!" is the best of its kind that has seen the light since the coming of such pre-war work as "Round the Horn Before the Mast"; or so it would seem to the present writer, who ventures, at the least of it, to vouch that this simple, moving, graphic (and exceptionally well illustrated) story of a whaler's life, in the warm seas, is real, essentially true, and honest as the day.

As a piece of writing, one will only say that it is admirably unaffected, straightforward and readable. One gathers that the writer is a veteran seaman; assuredly he is no second Joseph Conrad. But if his diction owes little to literary craftsmanship, his story owes nothing to derivation of any sort or kind. It is just a piece of salted life, as it were, taken straight from the brine of the harness cask, where no taint of midnight oil or any other product of sophistication could ever have reached it. A big, full book, it is opulent and spacious, generous and kind, heartening as the Trade Wind, and as full of meat as "Robinson Crusoe." It is crammed with curious and vividly interesting bits of seafaring and whaling lore and out-of-the-way experience. (Conceive of the nose of a swordfish piercing through eighteen inches of solid oak, and projecting eight inches beyond that!) "She Blows" is a really fascinating book, and one of those rare modern writings which may well equally delight the heart of childhood, maturity and old age.

A. J. DAWSON.

THE "ELIA" OF CRICKET.*

It has been freely rumoured that since Mr. Neville Cardus began to travel with the Lancashire County cricket eleven as "Cricketer" for the *Manchester Guardian*, that newspaper has almost doubled its circulation. For the truth of this we cannot vouch; but we can at least declare that it deserves to. Lancashire cricketing folk ought to think themselves fortunate to have the doings of their favourites chronicled so nobly. Mr. Cardus has entirely transformed the old method of cricket journalism; he has made literature of the game in a way that already assures him the enviable position of old Nyren's successor. And more; for while present-day poets are mostly talking about poetry, he is making it on the spot and telegraphing it over the wires to his newspaper in the form of a critical article every afternoon. "A Cricketer's Book" is an anthology of his work during the past three seasons. He sees the game as a thing of beauty and grace, with happiness, not victory or defeat, its ultimate objective; and even his strictly technical criticism is written from this

* "A Cricketer's Book." By Neville Cardus ("Cricketer" of the *Manchester Guardian*). With an Introduction by A. C. Maclaren. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

fine and truly sporting standpoint. "My book, I am afraid, is the book of one who has loved the summer game irrationally," he tells us in his introduction; but Mr. Maclaren disposes on the very next page of any fear lest for practical purposes the volume will be found too "highfalutin." And yet the essays are all rich with the flavour of "Elia"; nothing—not even the brilliant day-by-day records of the Test matches of last year which comprise a section by themselves—will give cricketers any greater thrill than the pages on Tom Richardson, "An Old England Player," "The Sense of Proportion" and "On Taking a Game Too Seriously." They come of a sweet and cultured nature; they crackle with the humour of one who will get his friendly laugh out of most things. If only more of us could see the world as this "Elia" of cricket sees it—"just green, fresh grass and sunshine, and jolly companions in white"—what a sweet o' the year we might have the whole year round!

T. M.

HIGH ROMANCE.*

Mr. Cunninghame-Graham is of course incurably romantic, and since he bade the public an unforgettable farewell in a glowing epitaph upon the passing years and the general futility of modern things, he has brought to port even more substantial literary cargoes. From the fugitive sketches and impressions of the period when he professed he was no professional writer—merely a breath of the past best left to sigh unheard—he has settled himself down and written with the deliberate intention and accumulation of a Scots professor. One may cherish a charming if fantastic idea that should Mr. Graham cast his pen with finality into the fire-place he would, on this hypothesis, publish about 1924 a twelve-volume account of the Discovery of Buenos Ayres.

In this latest excursion of his in "The Conquest of New Granada," which he adds diffidently, but with a certain quiet courage, is the "Life of Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada," he befriends the perturbed reviewer in the preface—a preface quoted more or less *in extenso* by countless baffled gentlemen with a column to fill—and remarks that Quesada was as great as Pizarro or Cortés and that the empire of New Granada—which, need I add, is Colombia—was far more remote and just as wonderful as Mexico or Peru.

There is in all Mr. Graham's work and particularly in his prefaces, a kind of magic rhetoric almost irresistible, and touched to gold I am certain by the warmth of his own great passion for old scenes and shattered hopes:

"There has been," he says, "but one real conquest worthy of the name—that of the New World. The human race in all its annals holds no record like it. Uncharted seas, un navigated gulfs; new constellations; the unfathomable black pit of the Magellan clouds; the Cross hung in the sky; the very needle varying from the pole; islands innumerable and an unknown world rising from out the sea; all unsuspected races living in a flora never seen by Europeans, made it an achievement unique in all the history of mankind."

But I must admit a sentence like that leaves me cold. I am all for romance and high achievement in the things Mr. Graham chronicles, but when I recall the tragic figure of Consulheiro, of whom he wrote so recently, I feel a little disturbed. The Brazilian mystic came near to genuine adventure and true achievement because in following an ideal he was ground to powder, whereas Cortés and Quesada followed the lure of power and gold and conquest, and gave to the empires they are said to have founded very little beyond a race of picturesque half-breeds. If one is ambitious to declaim the imperishable conquests of humanity and their spiritual reactions upon men and time, they are to be sought not in the annihilation of savages, but in the superb isolation of lost endeavour which in our own day was repeated in the death of Scott.

That said, there remains the actual story (or history if you prefer it) and it must be readily admitted that Quesada, in an age when cruelty and violence were not merely

* "The Conquest of New Granada." By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. 15s. (Heinemann.)

practised but accepted as the essential activities of Christian warfare, preserved some of the qualities which Cortés, for instance, lacked. To Cortés broken faith, torture, treachery, butchery were the means by which the power of Spain was most gloriously advanced. Quesada, judged by this standard, was a man of weaker stuff, for he treated the Indians (who in their intolerance towards civilisation resisted his band of gallant "conquistadores," i.e. gentlemen sheathed in steel and armed with shot and powder) with some consideration, he founded cities and established some system of trade. But he was a dreary failure in one respect, and therefore regarded sadly by Church and State. He omitted to send home gold, and however fiercely the heart may throb to the chants of conquest, it is the rumble of wagons stacked with treasure that re-echoes down the streets of time and history.

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE LEGENDS OF SMOKEOVER.*

Principal Jacks is better known to most of us as editor of the *Hibbert Journal* than as presiding over Manchester College, Oxford, or again as the author of a volume called "The Alchemy of Thought" than as the biographer of Stopford Brooke. He has written stories before—witness "Philosophers in Trouble"—and in and out of them has given specimens of ability as a man of wit and satire. In his quarterly review we meet with him more especially as one who is versed deeply in the deeper thought of the day. The present volume is at once characteristic and unexpected—characteristic because it has something of all the qualities just intimated and is original in its own way, as he is always, but unexpected also because it is like nothing that he has done previously. It is in any case a book which will set its readers thinking in several vital directions, if they are capable of anything that it is worth while calling thought. It is not what ordinarily people would call religious, and yet it makes for righteousness, for one grows better in the reading, as if the value of things that matter had risen suddenly in our esteem and the false values had come down to their proper level of *nil*. Smokeover is "a city much like London," as Shelley said once of another place which it would be invidious to mention in the present connection. In a sense its legends belong to a world philosophised, its economics to faerie, its dramatis personæ to a realm not realised where daily life is exercised normally in heroics; but in a second sense, which is perhaps truer, the place is just like this one, the people are just like some of us, but a little lifted up in a motive light of otherwhere. It should be said that Smokeover is a state, a presiding spirit rather than a place, and it happens that its legends are those of rebels who are on strike for a kingdom "not founded on smoke." It comes about therefore that all its personalities are types, written over with eloquent meanings from head to foot, and all its events are omens; yet it is in the sense that we also are types, full of messages for those who can read, and our every event is a portent. The fact that the book claims to be one of legends, the divisions of which are marked plainly by italicised paragraphs after the manner of interludes, does not prevent it from being an ordered story, in continuity from beginning to end, and the fact that it is a parable, "with child of great intent," does not prevent it from being as much like a novel as such a thing can well be, very living too in the telling. It begins in Smokeover and ends on the verge of Utopia, amidst largess of poetical justice for those who concern the reader. It is Arabian Nights, if you like, or a scheme of universal reconstruction of a very practical kind, which is perhaps the same thing. If it is not a guide to the perplexed, like that of Maimonides, Principal Jacks is to be congratulated on a brilliant book which can be approached and appreciated from several angles, including paradoxical philosophy.

A. E. W.

* "The Legends of Smokeover." By L. P. Jacks. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

CONTRASTS.*

Of these three books one is a disappointment, another is merely a painful record, but the third is a work of art. So let us deal first with the third, "The Hidden Force," so wonderfully well translated by the late A. Teixeira de Mattos.

The scene of the book is laid in Labuwangi in Java, and the story deals with the gradual decline and fall of the Resident, Van Oudijck, the strong, industrious and efficient administrator who, content to perform his duties conscientiously and to wait patiently for the deserved promotion which must one day come to him, has no fear of the silent and mysterious forces that ultimately sap away the strength and integrity of the whites who would control the destinies of the Eastern world. But in the end even he succumbs to this silent inevitability, this haunting melancholy of the Java seas. His wife, Leonie, and her stepson and stepdaughter, Theo and Doddie, are of mixed blood, and that blood is too hot and passionate to flow evenly in the channels prescribed by the western conventions of a stolid Dutchman.

Blindly in love with Leonie, Van Oudijck never suspects her, not even when she is lying in the next room in the arms of his own son. For her smile disarms him—and everybody else. She is so serene and self-confident that, though the station is full of most amazing (and true) tales of her depravity, no one can feel animus towards her when in her presence. Her shield is "her unfathomable indifference. She took an interest only in her own body and her own soul." To everything else, everything, she was totally indifferent. But her indifference was radiant, "devoid of contempt, or envy, or emotion, it was merely indifference." She lived for the sensuous moment, in a world of amorous—and none too fastidious—intrigue and the hot fantasies of a perverted imagination.

Finally Van Oudijck's suspicion is roused and life with her becomes impossible. Further he has disgraced the family of the native Regent, and the mysterious forces of the East are set in motion against him. He is contemptuous, but there are inexplicable happenings; and at last he is driven away, ruined and broken, in dumb, wondering amazement at the hidden forces of the marvellous East. A splendid story, wonderfully told.

As might be expected, the war is responsible for Clara Vieberg's painful record of events. In "Daughters of Hecuba" she deals with the sufferings and tragedies of a group of women in a small German town during the first two years of the war. The war robs them all of their men-folk—sons, fathers, husbands—and each agonises in her own way, and each for different reasons. One has an Italian husband, who falls in battle. Another has a child by a young soldier who is prevented by his mother from marrying her; and both women suffer accordingly, the elder woman's pain being intensified by remorse. In the absence of her husband one woman seeks consolation in the arms of other men, and finds that this pleasure must be bitterly paid for; whilst another ends in a madhouse. And there is the distress and privation and aimless, apparently endless, misery that follows in the train of war. Pain, and pain, and pain, portrayed without hate or bitterness; but also without that spiritual power which makes of suffering a basis for beautiful creative work.

Captain Mikkelsen's book, "Frozen Justice," is only disappointing because it fails to give us the necessary atmosphere of the frozen North. And this is surprising, for the author tells an excellent story and he tells it well. He has lived among the Eskimos; he knows their customs and traditions; he fully appreciates the fundamental virtues of these semi-savages, and there is a compelling power in his rendering of the tragic struggle of the primitive Eskimo headman against the lawless whites who come and demoralise and ruin his wife, his home, himself and his whole tribe. But his pictures of

* "Frozen Justice." By Ejnar Mikkelsen. 7s. 6d. (Gyldendal).—"Daughters of Hecuba." By Clara Vieberg. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin).—"The Hidden Force." By Louis Couperus. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

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Eskimo life and Eskimo mentality suffer from overstrain. There is a sense of effort about them; so that, instead of being quite clear-cut and impressive, they are marred by a shade of artificiality. Nevertheless "Frozen Justice" is not to be condemned. It is a good book.

THE PERFECT PAINTER.*

How many must have had the same experience? I remember journeying to Holland many, many years ago with the conscientious intention of studying there the art of Rembrandt and of Hals, but I got no further than The Hague when I was snared by the loveliness of Vermeer. The Rembrandts and the Hals were seen indeed, seen and not forgotten, but all the time I was under the spell of Vermeer of Delft. I have been there ever since, and once spellbound by Vermeer there is no escape.

It was the same in Paris last spring when that wonderful exhibition of *Art Hollandais* was held in the glass-houses of the Tuileries. As Mr. E. V. Lucas writes in his delightful little monograph:

"The outstanding surprise . . . was the work of Jan Vermeer of Delft. The Rembrandts astonished by their number and their sombre power; the other masters, ancient and modern, from Nicholas Maes to Matthew Maris, from Jan Steen to Van Gogh, had each his devotees; but it was the three Vermeers that provoked the exclamations of wonder and delight: the 'View of Delft,' with its golden placidity and charm; the 'Maid servant Pouring Milk,' at once so small and so big, with no detail neglected, and yet its effect one of massive breadth; and, most of all, the 'Head of a Young Girl,' that marvel of paint, that miracle of sweetness and light."

What is the secret that makes his work so lovable? Mr. Lucas, in a happy phrase, speaks of a Vermeer as being "steeped in a kind of white magic," and Sir C. J. Holmes, in an introduction to this monograph, justifies the words and amplifies their meaning. The "whiteness" is the cool light of day producing delightful and unexpected tones of cool colour.

"Yellow and blue in particular were transmuted into hues incomparable."

The "magic" arises from Vermeer's

" . . . suppression of every trace of human handiwork which might intervene between the spectator and complete optical illusion."

Yet the beauty of a Vermeer is not merely dependent on its success as an illusion. In his paintings we find the positive virtues of "significant form" and a tender loveliness of colour, a "crystalline purity of light," never surpassed in painting. The long and short of it is that the title of "The Perfect Painter" belongs, as Mr. Lucas truly says, not to Andrea del Sarto but to Jan Vermeer of Delft.

"Of Vermeer we know nothing save that he was a materialistic Dutchman who applied paint to canvas with a dexterity and charm that have never been equalled: in short, with perfection. His pictures tell us that he was not imaginative and not unhappy; they do not suggest any particular richness of personality: there is nothing in them or in his life to inspire a poet as Andrea and Lippo Lippi inspired Browning, and as Romney inspired Tennyson. Vermeer was not like that."

"But when it comes to perfection in the use of paint, when it comes to 'The Perfect Painter'—why, here he is. His contemporary, Rembrandt of the Rhine (whose hand has been traced by the experts in nearly seven hundred paintings) is a giant beside him; but ruggedness was part of his strength. His contemporary, Franz Hals of Haarlem, could dip his brush in red and transform the pigment into pulsating blood with one flit of his wrist; and yet think of his splendid carelessness elsewhere. His contemporary, Jan Steen of Leyden, had a way of kindling with a touch an eye so that it danced with vivacity and dances still, after all these years; but what a sloven he could be with his backgrounds! . . . And so one might go on with the other great painters—the Italians and the Spanish and the English and the French, naming one after another, all with more to them as personalities than Vermeer, all doing more work, yet all, even Michelangelo and Leonardo, even Correggio, even Raphael, even Andrea, even Chardin (who was, so to speak, Vermeer's love-child), falling beneath him

* "Vermeer of Delft." By E. V. Lucas. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

in the mere technical mastery of the brush and the palette—no one having with such accuracy and happiness adjusted the means to the desired end. Vermeer aimed low, but at his best he stands as near perfection as is possible."

There are thirty-seven universally accepted paintings by Vermeer; thirteen of them are reproduced in Mr. Lucas's little book, and others are described, for this essay is in great measure an account of the author's wanderings abroad in search of Vermeers. One feels inclined to congratulate him on not having succeeded in seeing them all: it gives him something to live for. Let us hope that Mr. Lucas's graceful pen may still be active in ten years' time, when he will have the opportunity of outpouring more of his joyous and well-justified enthusiasm on the occasion of Vermeer's tercentenary.

FRANK RUTTER.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.*

It is possible that a certain section of American society will not appreciate the brilliance of Mrs. Edith Wharton's picture of its habits. No other author can describe so incisively, so dispassionately, a set of people who, as far as any real use in the world is concerned, are parasitical and worthless, and at the same time interest the reader to a point where interruption is detestable. Much of that interest, we are aware, arises from the sheer cleverness of Mrs. Wharton's style—which she has made a perfect medium for expression in her particular field of fiction. She has the "touches" that mean serene satisfaction to the critical reader; as for example in sentences describing Coral Hicks in the present book:

"A sombre zeal for knowledge filled the mind of this strange girl; she appeared interested only in fresh opportunities of adding to her store of facts. They were illuminated by little imagination and less poetry; but, carefully catalogued and neatly sorted in her large cool brain, they were always as accessible as the volumes in an up-to-date public library."

Irresistibly we recall a phrase from a wonderful picture of Colonel Assingham by a master of the art of fiction: "The hollows of his eyes were deep and darksome, but the eyes, within them, were like little blue flowers plucked that morning." The link of genius unites them.

As for story, apart from style, there is never any reason to complain of Mrs. Wharton. If people are worthless they may be well worth writing about; all the more so, perhaps, since they afford scope for ironic comment and emotional colour by their special ideas of what is moral. Nick Lansing and Susy, his wife, had the splendid notion of a compact that if either saw, at some future period, a "better chance," an opportunity of getting greater happiness, the other partner would not stand in the way. What confusion this caused, how the two, who were the only real lovers in the whole rich, shabby crowd, worked out their laborious way to final and beautiful comprehension, is told in her unrivalled manner by the author; her story would be above the average even if we had only the last chapters, which are an idyll. But it savours of impertinence to suggest the word "average" in relation to Mrs. Wharton. Her touch is as sure as ever. "The Glimpses of the Moon" is far better than "The House of Mirth"; better even than "The Reef." And if she chooses a world where mischief lurks for idle hands to do and where ideals are hung with dollars, she does not present it in rosy lights. She gives the boredom behind the brilliance, the heartache behind the laughter and chatter, and sometimes—as in this fine novel—the love that burns with clear flame whatever its surroundings may happen to be. If the flame flickers—well, is not that the essence of many masterpieces? Where would "Diana of the Crossways" or "The Tragic Muse" be placed were it not for that slight unsteadiness.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

* "The Glimpses of the Moon." By Edith Wharton. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

OLD ENGLISH AND OLD NORSE VERSE.*

The poems contained in this volume, with prose translations and ample introductions and notes, comprise the Anglo-Saxon poems known as "The Wanderer," "The Seafarer," "The Wife's Complaint," "The Husband's Message," "The Ruin," and "The Battle of Brunanburh." The Norse poems are "The Hrafnsmál," "The Battle of Hafsford," "The Eiríksmál," "The Hakonararmál," "The Darraðarljóð," "The Sonartorrek," and "The Battle of the Goths and Huns." On what principle these have been chosen out is not very clear. All that the author tells us in the preface is that

"It is generally agreed that the first six pieces included in this book are among the most interesting examples of Anglo-Saxon poetry which have come down to us; yet with few exceptions they have received comparatively little attention from English scholars. They have all been translated into English before . . . but most of these translations are in verse. Prose translations and commentaries are few in number, and are now practically inaccessible to the majority of students."

From this it appears that the book is intended to meet the needs of students, an object which is fully attained. Yet it has a wider interest, as a study of it shows that, though the selection of the poems presented may be somewhat arbitrary, they give a fairly correct idea of the general contrast and occasional resemblances between Anglo-Saxon and Norse poetry, besides showing why neither can be expected to be widely read.

For the latter result the way in which they have come down to us is largely responsible. Anglo-Saxon poetry has reached us only in a few isolated MSS., which have come mostly from monastic libraries. The poems they contain are therefore mainly religious, while even the secular ones have been recast on lines that suited them for monastic reading, or have been used as a theme on which to hang pious moralisings. In a word, they are generally dull. If they escape this charge they are often incomplete, or from other reasons obscure. The two that appear in this volume as "The Wife's Complaint" and "The Husband's Message," read together, give us a dramatic though incomplete picture of a husband and wife who have been estranged and separated by evil design, with the prospect of their being reunited. But the editor in the introduction to the poems tells us that it is not certain that the component parts of these poems belong together, and that until further evidence is forthcoming we should hesitate to regard them as a whole! This does not encourage the ordinary reader. In the case of another poem, "The Ruin," the MS. has been so badly damaged that something like over one fourth of a short poem of less than fifty lines has been rendered unintelligible. This is the more to be deplored, as the poem is one which has apparently suffered little, if at all, from monkish editing, and gives a striking picture of a Roman town, possibly Bath, which has fallen into ruin. The Norse poems have likewise come down to us in a very incomplete state, often largely as quotations in prose sagas, and have suffered much at the hands of transcribers, though they have not undergone the same re-editing under Christian influence as the Anglo-Saxon poems.

As regards the spirit of the two schools of poetry, the contrast between them is largely due to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon poems that have reached us are those that have survived the monkish crucible. The Norse poems also were to a great extent preserved by Churchmen and in the monasteries of Iceland. But the Anglo-Saxon Christian was much closer to heathenism than the Icelandic and his attitude towards it was much more uncompromising. The result is that we know very little of Anglo-Saxon heathenism, while what we know of the Norse mythology is almost entirely derived from the literary remains collected by Icelandic bishops and monks. Yet there are indications that an equal wealth of songs and stories of their heathen

* "Anglo-Saxon and Norse Poems." Edited and translated by N. Kershaw. 14s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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days had once existed among the Anglo-Saxons. The difference of spirit in this respect may be exemplified by the fact that while in the Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf," a long epic dealing with the heathen days, there is no reference to the heathen mythology, in "Hákonormál" an Icelandic poet represents a Christian king, Hakon, Athelstan's foster-son, as going to Valhalla in the heathen way.

The battle pieces show a greater resemblance between the two literatures, though even here there is a noticeable difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Norse spirit. But we have not space to go further into this or to call attention to the "Battle of the Goths and Huns," which has been so strikingly reproduced in our own day on a vaster scale.

The only criticism we would offer on the translation is that the author, who in her preface seems to claim it as a merit that her translation is in prose, apparently felt it a duty to make it also prosy and to avoid the obvious translation, even when obviously correct. It is rather a shock to find in "The Battle of Brunanburh" *pact graege deor wulf on wealde* rendered by "that grey beast, the wolf of the forest," when we still have in English the words "wold" and "weald," which exactly represent the Anglo-Saxon.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

SIX AT SEVEN-AND-SIX.*

It is somewhat surprising to realise that Miss Dorothy Canfield's novel, "The Bent Twig," was published in America seven years ago and has only just appeared in a British edition. It is true that the book had been widely read here in the intervening years, but that makes its belated appearance all the more remarkable. I wonder how many scores of vastly inferior novels have been published here in the years that it has taken this brilliant piece of work to cross the Atlantic! It is a long story, but one the length of which is an added virtue—for it never lapses into boredom; we follow the story of the two daughters of Professor Marshall, from their first clash with schoolfellows to the end, with vivid interest, and become acquainted with a number of finely delineated characters in the course of it—and above all with the wonderful, understanding, fascinating mother of Judith and Sylvia. It is that mother who in a moment of crisis in the life of one of the girls says, "It's what she's made of that'll count—that's the *only* thing that'll count when a crisis comes," and the whole story may be said to bear out the truth of the words. It is what she is made of that brings Sylvia through in the end, it is the bending of the twigs that is responsible for the shapeliness or otherwise of those who, in the figure employed in the title, are seen "as trees walking." Miss Canfield's work is already so well known among those who keep in touch with the best of contemporary fiction, however, that little more than a word of welcome should be necessary in the case of this story now reissued.

The second book that I take up is also of American origin. "One Man in His Time," by Ellen Glasgow, which is described as a novel of courage, shares with Miss Canfield's work the distinction of being a carefully planned story, well told both in its characterisation and in its literary style. It would perhaps appear invidious to classify any half-dozen novels taken more or less at random from among the season's output, and yet—without any attempt to place the six in any order of merit—I cannot help saying that it is the two stories by American authors—and both those authors women—that have the most sterling qualities of excellence, of true thought and deep emotion. Miss Ellen Glasgow's book has for central

figure a forceful, democratic idealist who has progressed from being a figure in a circus to being Governor of Virginia; for sentimental interest the central figure is that Governor's daughter Patty. The interplay of the old Virginian feelings of aristocracy with the new manifestations of democracy is admirably presented through a number of characters, each of whom is memorable, and so skilfully does the author present her materials that diverse as may be the views of the different protagonists, all claim something of our genuine sympathy. In such a novel as this we may well feel that we have knowledge of the best in certain sections of American life and thought at the present time; it is at once absorbingly interesting as a story and illuminating and suggestive as a presentation of current history in the form of fiction.

Miss Weaver's story is of a different type, in that it comes nearer to the sensational novel, though the author succeeds in making us interested rather in the mind of her heroine than in the incidents in which that heroine plays a part. Irene Davenport visits that part of Yorkshire from which her family had derived, and while there comes as it were under the influence of a woman who had been murdered a hundred years before—and it is only when tragedy threatens anew that the spell is broken. It is an excellently told story of such a kind as, hovering about the borderland of the *serie*, gives the reader plenty of thrills.

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel is a capital addition to the long series of excellent stories with which he has entertained the public for a number of years. A study in contrasts might well have been used as a sub-title of the romance, "Cyrilla Seeks Herself," for while the eponymous heroine is almost unawakened to matters of love and sex, her friend Laure regards men as her lawful prey and never forgets it. Then Lettiker Lane, K.C., is a clever but by no means prepossessing person with an air of mystery, even of disaster, surrounding him, the clue to which is—drugs; and here again we get the contrast, for his "ghost," or pupil, John Torpicherne, is younger, cleverer than Lane, handsome, frank and debonair. Laure, the schemer, hopes to utilise each of these three to her own ends, while Cyrilla is a self-reliant person of altruistic ways. Mr. Burgin weaves the fates of these four persons into the pattern of his romance in his usual sympathetic, bright and entertaining way.

Mr. Baerlein takes his readers to Mexico and gives them a story which has the charms of freshness of manner and novelty of scene. The house of the fighting-cocks is the house of an Indian breeder of those birds, and the supposed narrator is Juan, the son of that Indian. To the house one day comes a wonderful Spanish wanderer, Don Eugenio Gil, and he takes off Juan as his companion when he goes to seek out the Noachite philosopher, Don Arcadio. On the journey they rescue Maria, an Indian girl, from her captor. The author, though making the young Indian, Juan, his mouthpiece, has managed to give us a story that suggests such diverse works as "Don Quixote," "Candide" and the romantic wanderings of George Borrow. His wonderful Don Eugenio, with his glib citation of things from classic and other lore, is a delightful figure who provides pleasant entertainment. Readers who look rather for literary flavour than for a succession of definite happenings and an ordered "plot" will find Mr. Baerlein's excursion into fiction a thing of joy.

Another novel essay by a writer who had already worked in other literary fields is "God's Prodigal." Mr. Russell's work is in striking contrast with Mr. Baerlein's. The latter has invested the lawlessness of Mexican revolt with the glamour of romance that is for the time being real; the former has plunged into such melodrama as affords delight to many readers perhaps as something of a relief from reality. He shows us a convict escaped from Dartmoor who is ingeniously placed in a position for impersonating a clergyman. The impersonation is so successful that he is not only accepted as that which he pretends to be, but is able to indulge his old-time hobby of burglary until the

* "The Bent Twig." By Dorothy Canfield. (Constable).—
"One Man in His Time." By Ellen Glasgow. (Murray).—
"The Unseen Player." By Anne Weaver. (Melrose).—
"Cyrilla Seeks Herself." By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson).—
"The House of the Fighting Cocks." By Henry Baerlein. (Parsons).—"God's Prodigal." By A. J. Russell. (Werner Laurie).

moment comes when he seeks to return something that he had stolen and so meets his fate. The burglar dies, the cleric "disappears," and the reader returns to reality.

WALTER JERROLD.

MR. TREVELYAN'S NEW HISTORY.*

Mr. Trevelyan's "British History in the Nineteenth Century" constitutes a survey of the political, economic and colonial expansion of these islands from 1782 to 1901. The former of these years seems awkwardly chosen to start the century, from the point at least of British domestic affairs. The creation of the second Rockingham administration can hardly be said to make 1782 epoch-making; nor, with any regard to probability, can so arbitrary a date be fixed for the beginnings of the modern capitalist system. It is, however, convenient to include Charles James Fox's first Foreign Secretaryship in an account of the revival of the struggle for power between Crown and Parliament; while it is natural to start a period, which ended with the conquest of the two South African Republics, in the year which witnessed the loss of our American colonies. Whatever judgment, however, the reader may pass on Mr. Trevelyan's audacity in commencing the nineteenth century in the beginning of the ninth decade of the eighteenth, he will be compelled to admit that the historian's felicity of style, concinnity of phrasing and sense of grouping and of construction have never before been displayed to such advantage. The compression into four hundred and fifty pages of the essential facts of nineteenth century British history is in itself a remarkable technical achievement; while the life-like fashion in which the features of the leading statesmen are caught—never distorted by party passion, as Castlereagh's might so easily have been, and often heightened by strokes as brilliant as that which applies the epithet "Shakespearean" to Charles James Fox shows how successfully Mr. Trevelyan can follow in the footsteps of his father and of his father's uncle. The spirit in which his history is written is indeed the spirit of Macaulay, or perhaps I had better say the spirit of modern Liberalism as voiced in the utterances of Mr. Asquith. Macaulay liked Lord Palmerston the best of all English statesmen. Mr. Trevelyan likes him too. And so does Mr. Asquith, judged by what he said recently when he unveiled Onslow Ford's statue of Gladstone. Again Mr. Trevelyan considers Gladstone's first Premiership to be the period of his greatest achievements. Mr. Asquith agrees with him. In the speech to which I have referred he says:

"The real Gladstonian era came into its own after the General Election of 1868; and the four years which followed were a magnificent and almost an unexampled illustration of what can be achieved by Liberalism in the domain both of legislative and administrative work. It was Gladstone who both inspired and guided his party."

Some of Mr. Trevelyan's other judgments, his approval of Canning's seizure of the Danish fleet in 1807, his praise of Castlereagh for his conduct of the Treaty of Vienna, his belief that the Tory reaction which set in in this country as a consequence of the French Revolution was "certainly inevitable and maybe desirable" will, I fancy, hardly be endorsed by the austerer kind of Liberal. Indeed I may take the liberty of pointing out to Mr. Trevelyan that so far was the Tory reaction from being inevitable in 1809 and in 1810, to say nothing of later years, that if Lords Grey and Grenville had only taken the trouble to be civil to Perceval in the one case and to Sheridan in the other, they could easily have become the leading figures in a Coalition Cabinet. It must not, however, be supposed that this "British History" is concerned with home politics only. A considerable section of it is devoted to indicating the main course of events in Greater Britain—in Canada, Australasia, Ireland, India and British Africa; while throughout the narrative the influence exercised on politics by social, economic and humanitarian philosophers

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LEWIS BETTANY.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE.*

If one notes at the outset that the contents of this book are not "studies," strictly speaking, it is in no ungrateful spirit. They are the recreations of a literary man, an enthusiastic scholar and a man who has consciously the knack of making literature interesting to others. Sir Arthur, in fact, excels in the vein of arm-chair conversations which may not answer to the formal requirements of an academic syllabus as it frames itself in an old-fashioned university, but we can hardly conceive an American or Colonial university which would not gladly exchange him for one of its own professors, simply because of this magical power of imbuing his hearers with his own real delight in the English classics. Sometimes his absorption in the newer spirit of the time makes him iconoclastic with the ideas of his predecessors, and he flings in passing a cudgel more than once at the effigy of Matthew Arnold. This is surely to forget, however, that the author of "Essays in Criticism" was the innovator who made Sir Arthur's method possible. There was a deal of the bright undergraduate in Arnold, especially when he tilted at the "young lions of Peterborough Court" and the fulminations of Thunder-ten-Tronckh. But there was a European range about him which made his essays on Heine and Spinoza a revelation to his countrymen; and he handled Celtic themes, universities, Philistinism, and the evolution of religion in a way that made us all his debtors. What is more, Arnold was a poet with no little claim to the epithet "mighty" which Sir Arthur so curiously applies to Tennyson. All of which the author may be ready to concede now that he has had his fling at Arnold for flouting Shelley as ineffectual in the void.

What it is desirable to point out is that this kind of passing slash is inevitable to the way in which the lecturer construes his duties. Indeed he more than half admits that he falls short of his undertaking. He dismisses his own shortcomings with the same grace that he puts into his generous eulogies and still more generous quotations. Whether he talks of Byron and Don Juan, of Shelley or Milton, of Chaucer and his successors, or the great Victorian era, he draws without effort on a mind well stored and turns the effluent off with all the froth and sparkle on it which make it doubly inspiring. He makes Milton something far greater and more vigorous than "the lady of his college," as the poet was called, and he harnesses him to the chariot of personal liberty with a misquotation well worthy of being remembered among the best of things said in this prohibition time:

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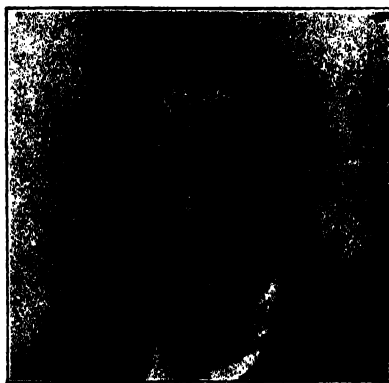
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to tell her own story, and it is so feminine, or what one accepts as feminine, in its outlook and manner that if a woman's name had been on the title page we should not have doubted its authenticity. It goes back to some seventy years ago, long before the author was born, and reproduces certain phases of religious life in an English country

town as vividly and with as much minute circumstance as if they were personal recollections. The plot is of no consequence; what there is of it is slightly melodramatic; the interest and power of the book lie in the unfolding of Mary's own story, the cramped, hard life she leads with her subdued, sympathetic grandmother and autocratic, fanatically religious great aunt (whose cruelty to her seems at times a little exaggerated); in the development of Mary's character, and the characterisation of the group of oddly-named bigots who make up the community of saints to which her people belong. There is some caricature; here and there one suspects a touch of burlesque; but the humour is generally restrained. It is a very long book, and somehow reminds one of William De Morgan; it deals with his period and has his exact, detailed realism; but not his quaint verbosity, nor his robust, masculine whimsicality. It is altogether a book out of the common, and, in spite of occasional extravagances, its mid-Victorian pictures wear an air of stark and intimate truthfulness.

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The sub-title of this book is "A Novel on Russian Themes," and after reading it one has a wonderful, vivid, persistent impression of the temperament of the futile, fascinating, lovable Russian of the middle class. If this is fiction it reads, as all good fiction should, like biography: the author appears as one of the people whom he describes and with whom he shares some of the excitements of the revolution. The whole period dealt with is kaleidoscopic in its variety, its swift changes; it was a period when no one knew what was really happening, who was governing, or where from day to day the situation might lead; the scenes in Vladivostock are especially powerful and convincing. And through all of it is the melancholy of the land: "Who can convey at all adequately that sense of utter hopelessness that clings to a Siberian winter night? Wherever else is to be found that brooding, thrilling sense of frozen space, of snow and ice lost in inky darkness, that gruesome sense of never-ending night and black despair and loneliness untold, immeasurable? Add to this the knowledge of a civil war fumbling in the snow, of people ill-fed, ill-clothed and apathetic, lying on the frozen ground, cold and wretched and diseased. . . ." Yet, as one of the characters observes, "Nothing ever happens"; the crisis drags on perpetually, the people wait perpetually, patiently, and it is just life: the life of Russia. "Futility" is a sad and wonderful book.

A DAUGHTER OF ALLAH. By Cecil H. Bullivant. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Few readers will consider that Diana Holford was justified in marrying Hubert Malin; true, she had been engaged to him for years, but long separation and war work had wrought such drastic changes in her that when she visited her fiancé's home she found herself quite out of harmony with him. More unfortunate still she found herself in perfect harmony with his friend, also on a visit. These two foolish young people discussed the matter of their disastrous affection and decided it was only honourable for Diana to carry out her engagement. That is where a great many readers will differ from her—and subsequent happenings more than justify them. As Mrs. Malin she goes out to the East with her husband, and starts her married life with a painful discovery. The lover at home, believing the girl of his choice for ever beyond his reach, also marries, but not for love. Unhappiness ensues, even as tragedy overtakes Diana; she comes back free to wed—and he is tied to a butterfly wife for whom he has never professed any feeling deeper than friendship. Probably real life would leave them in that forlorn situation; romance is kinder, and Mr. Bullivant's romance is certainly one that, while it keeps us in suspense all the way through, leaves us supremely contented at the end. Its pages are rich with the colours and fragrance of the alluring East. A good thrilling adventure story, strung on a love-theme of absorbing interest.

SNOW-BLIND. By Katharine Newlin Burt. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

This is a book of strong outlines. Miss Burt's characters, though not altogether unusual types in fiction, are distinct and emphatic; she has the art of economising language, a true sense of the value of words. In a lonely cabin, away in the frozen North, Hugh Garth, his young brother, and their cousin Bella form a strange household. Hugh's is a wild, rugged nature, yet compelling worship from his companions; Bella has loved him dumbly for years and chooses to serve him in those ice-bound solitudes sooner than mingle with the civilised world. Pete is little more

than his slave, but shares Bella's adoration—for what reason is scarcely apparent to the reader, who must take for granted the fascination of the brute's personality. Hugh rescues from the snow a beautiful girl who is snow-blind, and both brothers fall victims to her gentle innocence. She gives her heart to Hugh until, her sight restored without their knowledge, she sees him as he is and realises that, taking advantage of her temporary affliction, he has deceived and lied to her. So the younger brother is rewarded in the end, and Bella and Hugh go off together into the unknown. The drama of the story is well sustained. "Snow-Blind" should make a finely-effective film, though in the making it would lose the bold style of narrative which is half its charm.

HUNGRY HEARTS. By Anzia Yezierska. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

These stories of immigrant Jews have a point of view and it is well put. When it becomes propaganda we regret it, for the stories themselves accomplish the writer's aim. America, she says, asks for strong hands and does not realise that the Jew brings with these an emotional nature and a warm heart. The construction of the stories shows that the writer is either deficient in a sense of form or is a beginner. It is a question whether the Jewish storyteller, though always interesting, is not as a rule deficient in this quality. His stories seldom show a sense of line, they are exuberant, filled with warm emotion, witness Zangwill, Cournos, Hergesheimer, but apparently the Jew cannot sit patiently working away until under his hands the piece of art takes on the perfect shape. In "Hungry Hearts" is a fine story—one—"The Fat of the Land." It is the hard fortune of the woman who, having had to work hard for her young children, finds she cannot be happy in the idleness that prosperity brings. The story has been written before, but Anzia Yezierska handles it anew and with considerable power.

THE PASSIONATE PURITAN. By Jane Mander. 7s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

In "The Story of a New Zealand River" Miss Jane Mander brought us into touch with the savage beauty, the splendid desolation of a country seldom explored in fiction over here. Once again in "The Passionate Puritan" we are carried out into the wilds of New Zealand, following the adventures of a young school-teacher who goes into the bush to open a school. Sidney Carey herself is a delightful character, and her various neighbours at Whakapara arouse our interest and curiosity as much as they do hers. Jack Ridgefield, with his grave courtesy, his quiet reliability; the magnificent Mana, and her association with Arthur Devereux's past—Arthur Devereux, the man who brings into Sidney's life such a complexity of joy and sorrow, of confusion and enlightenment. It is an excellent story, told in an easy, natural style, and maintaining an atmosphere of tense expectation; the setting in particular, so vividly described, gives it an unusual attraction for English readers.

ELINOR COLHOUSE. By Stephen Hudson. 5s. (Secker.)

It is quite exceptionally interesting, in these days when every novel-writer assumes the mantle of the philosopher and the penetration of the psychologist, to find a story told straightly and simply, with no digressions upon the complicated mental gymnastics of the characters. Mr. Hudson's plan is to let his people express their feelings by action instead of showing their every thought, and it is a good plan, although the analytical method can work wonders in the hands of a master. Elinor Colhouse, cramped by her countrified surroundings in a small American town, is "all out" to win and marry a young Englishman who visits her. By deliberately seductive art in her dress, and by a cool, calculating skill in bringing on emotional moments, she achieves her great desire—the declaration of Richard Kurt, and the clinching of it almost

the moment after he had kissed her by the soft words, "You must tell mamma at once we're engaged." Richard, who awakened to realisation of his folly the next morning, did not back out; he married this dangerous, scheming, beautiful man-trap who would not have troubled to give him a second glance had it not been for his prospective wealth. But he conveys to his wife with perfect clearness that she no longer makes any strong appeal to him, and, in spite of her attempts to charm him, he shows only the faintest response. Other characters, lightly drawn, are surprisingly vivid and alive. The end of the book is not the end of the story, and we expect, in due course, to read further into this intriguing position; it is our right, so thoroughly interested have we been in Elinor and her capture.

NINON. By Margaret Peterson. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

As in "Dust of Desire," the scene is laid for the most part in tropical Africa, but in "Ninon" the author has sustained a much higher moral tone. Ninon, beautiful and fascinating, the daughter of a chorus girl and brought up by a careful maiden aunt, keeps pure and aloof amid the temptations of the variety stage. Married to Dick Sutley who loves her passionately, Ninon cannot at once drop the pose of cold, cynical indifference she has adopted all her life. This attitude, in conjunction with accusations made by the girl's drunken stepfather, leads to terrible misunderstandings, entanglements and not a few dramatic incidents. The interest is cleverly sustained and there is a freshness and originality throughout the narrative, also some good descriptive work. Nearly all the characters are very likeable. The author shows the good in each one of them—in even the evil trader, Luck, to whom Ninon entrusts herself in her flight from her husband, and who meets such an awful and well-merited end at the hands of the native king. The young native king, Zidoki, who plays such a dramatic part in Ninon's life, is the most arresting figure in the book. His English education, superimposed on his savage ancestry, brings him nothing but loneliness and final tragedy in the untidy Waring & Gillow furnished house he has built in the English style. A thought-provoking picture!

ANN AND HER MOTHER. By O. Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Plain tales, like plain girls, may have a charm of their own. And a charm that does not depend on creating a sensation may have a deeper, more lasting value than thrill and wonder. The life story of a Scottish minister's wife does not sound very inspiring material for a novel; one expects a Scottish minister's wife to have a dull and uneventful existence, occupied with the common round of church work; and to be sure Ann's mother was an ordinary woman of her type and had just the sort of life you would have expected her to have. But there is magic in the skill with which Miss Douglas sets down the details of that life in black and white; in the character-drawing; the quiet humour; the little natural touches that bring before us the minister's family, with their troubles and pleasures, their commonplace adventures. Not everybody could have written this book; not everybody could have placed Ann and her mother in homely solitude and made them revivify the past in their conversation, now touched with pathos, now bubbling into laughter. It is a fine achievement. A story of simple things, simple people—more than a story: a vision of real life, of true things.

THE HEIR: A LOVE STORY. By V. Sackville-West. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Sackville-West's new book contains five short stories, of which the finest is the tale which gives its title to the collection. The author has put out her full strength in the picture of Peregrine Chase, a Wolverhampton insurance agent, who becomes heir to an Elizabethan

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manor-house on his aunt's death. The estate is mortgaged and Chase decides to sell. He visits Blackboys to arrange for its disposal, when the spell of the old house breaks in on him, with its twin gables and its weather-seasoned brick, reflected plum-coloured in the still waters of the surrounding moat. His standards of a lifetime totter, standards which are framed in city offices throughout the Wolverhamptons of the world, and he faces poverty to hold his inheritance. The final scene in the auction-room is both a perfectly-staged climax to the story and the crowning of a brilliant character-study of its central figure. The other four tales suffer somewhat by contrast. "The Parrot" and "The Christmas Party" suggest that Miss Sackville-West is too deliberate and too leisurely a writer not to find the limits imposed by a short story sometimes irksome.

The Bookman's Table.

AT SEA WITH JOSEPH CONRAD. By J. G. Sutherland. Captain, R.N.R. 16s. (Grant Richards.)

It would be going too far to claim that Captain Sutherland's memorials of Joseph Conrad will stand in the same relation to the ultimate authoritative life of that great novelist as the "Collectanea" of Dr. Maxwell and the "Johnsoniana" of Bennet Langton stand to Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; for, despite all his hero-worship, the commander of the "Q boat," who had the good fortune to be "At Sea with Joseph Conrad" for several weeks in search of German submarines, has given us no record of the great man's conversations during the trip. Whether he was not industrious enough to take notes of them or is too scrupulous to put them on record is not quite clear. Suffice it, however, to say that while he gives some very interesting and indeed invaluable impressions of Conrad the man and the sailor, and tells us that before he joined the brigantine, rechristened in his honour *Freya*, he had already done his bit on board a minesweeper and in a seaplane, he characterises the talk of his famous brother-seaman instead of reproducing it. We hear Conrad the master mariner giving his opinions on naval training and, in some admirable photographs, we see him taking the wheel; but we never are allowed to listen to Conrad the student of men "speaking out loud and bold." The result is that our curiosity is tantalised rather than satisfied. None the less, Captain Sutherland deserves our gratitude; his book is one which no admirer of the author of "Under Western Eyes" can afford to miss.

14,000 MILES THROUGH THE AIR. By Sir Ross Smith, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The volume in which Sir Ross Smith has described his 14,000 miles' flight through the air from England to Australia makes a narrative so graphic and spirited as to furnish additional reason for regret that so intrepid and resourceful an airman should have met with such an early death. The student of this account of a great adventure will not find himself befogged by a host of technicalities. It is a plain story of a struggle gallantly maintained against rain, snow, ice and clouds, of imminent collisions, narrowly avoided, with trees, gorges and mountain peaks, and of the tedious business awaiting the exhausted explorers at every stopping place, of pouring hundreds of gallons of petrol into the aeroplane's oil-tanks. Four persons only took part in the flight—Sir Ross Smith as pilot, his brother Sir Keith Smith as navigator and two skilled army mechanics as engineers; but what will be news to a good many of his admirers is the fact that, at the conclusion of his flight, the great airman divided the £10,000 he had won as prize equally between all four. "14,000 Miles Through the Air" should appeal to readers juvenile no less than to readers adult.

LETTERS TO SOMEBODY. By the Rt. Hon. Guy Fleetwood Wilson, G.C.I.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G. 7s. 6d. (Cassell).

There is something curt, unimaginative and strenuously honest about these scattered reminiscences. They suggest a sound and honourable man of affairs, even, valuable and without nerves. Perhaps we get on friendliest terms with our author when we read of his bitter chagrin on finding himself too old to go out and fight in the last war. Kitchener, in reply to an urgent request, sent the reply, "We have no use for grandfathers." Nevertheless Sir Guy made himself useful to his country. And for the last four years he has been serving on a tribunal appointed to adjudicate on Naval Prizes. "My services," says he with urbanity, "have always been utilised in regard to matters with which I was not conversant." There are several excellent stories in the book, notably that about the smack a tired Queen Victoria felt obliged to administer to her loyal servant when he forgot his drill at the investiture, while staring at the wonderfully worked spaniel on the worsted-covered stool on which he knelt.

SONGS OF THE BIRDS. By Walter Garstang. Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Walter Garstang has attempted a well-nigh impossible task—that of analysing the calls of birds. "A bird that seems to say 'Whit!' to one man, says 'Chip!' to another." "But," he adds happily, after having explained the differences that exist between a bird's mouth and ours, "after all, it makes no serious difference whether we write 'Pew-it' or 'Tew-it' for the plover's cry, or 'Teazle,' 'Cheedle Ee-chow' or 'Teacher' for the Great Tit's. Accuracy of phrasing is the point to be observed." After the interesting opening essay we pass on to the rhymes, each of which is given with a line of music representing a bird's song. The Wing-Song of the Tree Pipit is especially successful. All the rapid, clever sketches by Mr. Shepherd are full of life.

THE ENGLISH VILLAGE: THE ORIGIN AND DECAY OF ITS COMMUNITY. By Harold Peake, F.S.A. 15s. net. (Benn Brothers.)

In this volume the author traces the evolution of the English village from its origins in the long distant past. Utilising the recent results of anthropological and archaeological research, he contends that the evolution of the village community in this island was the result of a struggle between two races with different ideals—the democratic, domesticated, peace-loving Alpine race that entered Europe from Asia Minor before the close of the palæolithic age, and the adventurous, sport-loving, autocratic Nordics who emanated from the broad steppe-lands of South Russia and Turkestan. How far Mr. Peake's theory is accurate we do not presume to judge; but it is both interesting and persuasive. The ordinary reader, however, will feel more at home with the author when in his later chapters he describes—often with many vivid and picturesque details—the village community in England in Saxon and Norman and mediæval times; and then proceeds to record the decay of the manor and to follow step by step the disintegration of village life during the period of the Industrial Revolution and its complete dissolution in the nineteenth century. He maintains that the nineteenth century witnessed the lowest state of degradation that the village community in this country has passed through; but he asserts that between 1890 and 1900 the tide seems to have turned. Few changes were visible by 1914; but the war seems to have aroused among the people a greater sense of the need for association. The effects of this upon village life are becoming daily more marked, "and perhaps, before long," he says, "we may see the birth of a new community in the English village." Mr. Peake concludes a very interesting and bracing book with his own suggestions for the ideal village of the future.

THE CHILDREN OF ODIN. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

All young people who have enjoyed Mr. Colum's "The Children's Homer" will turn eagerly to this new book of his in which he retells the great Norse sagas. Mr. Colum has had difficult material to deal with in "The Children of Odin," but he has dealt with it in a manner which is entirely successful and children will find they can follow with ease the wonderful stories of the gods who dwell in Asgard; of the plottings of Loki, "the doer of good and the doer of evil"; of the wanderings of Odin and how he sacrificed his right eye so that he might drink a draught from the Well of Wisdom; of the sword of the Volsungs; and of the final destruction of Asgard. It is an absorbing book illustrated with fascinating pictures by Willy Pogany.

SOME NEW EVIDENCES FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.

By the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

This is a book which is causing a stir in Nonconformist circles, as coming from a well-known Wesleyan minister who, as member of the Psychical Research Society, has put mediumistic evidences for spirit existence to rigid tests during the last three years. His late father, the Rev. John Drayton Thomas, purported to communicate with him through the famous medium, Mrs. Osborne Leonard, and to prove his reality as an independent intelligence the communicator originated a series of novel experiments. These consisted of what are now widely known as "Book tests" and "Newspaper tests." Thus the spirit, through the medium, called his son's attention to certain pages of closed books in the son's library. On returning home and picking out the book—usually indicated by its place on the shelf—Mr. Drayton Thomas would find words and phrases extraordinarily appropriate to the message the father desired to send. Tests of this kind in great variety were given and verified, the resulting conclusion being that chance coincidence could not explain the matter. Then the father gave certain names and allusions which would appear in certain places on the front page of *The Times* on the following day. These also proved correct on too many occasions to permit of the coincidence theory. Moreover, at the time the messages were given *The Times* front page was not "made up." Sir William Barrett writes an introduction to the book, expressing his conviction of the conclusive nature of the Book and Newspaper tests and giving some remarkable instances in his own experience.

FOUR FAMOUS MYSTERIES. By Sir John Hull, Bart. 10s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

Sir John Hull has brought together in volume form a quartet of historico-romantic monographs eminently fitted in subject, style and treatment to grace the dignified pages of any one of what frivolous critics have called "the more awful reviews." One sketch, the first, has admittedly done so already, and if the editors of the *Nineteenth Century's* rivals have had their chance of snapping up the others and missed, they obviously do not know what is good for them. As it is, "The Mystery of Tilsit" and the remaining papers deal similarly with historic mysteries, though the author's method in attempting to unravel these tangled skeins varies somewhat in each case. In every instance Sir John gives himself a brief and talks to it steadfastly, his advocacy, sometimes ponderous but at times displaying considerable acumen, proving occasionally convincing, occasionally not. In the light of his examination we do not suppose that any jury of ordinary citizens would jib at identifying D'Antraigues with the mysterious agent from whom Canning learnt what passed between the two Emperors on the famous Niemen raft so quickly as to counter the conspiracy there hatched against perfidious Albion. As to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey's murder, the notes that are now before us are interesting to the historian but, as their author admits, fail to take us anywhere particular in assigning the guilt

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of a crime, that was very much more than a nine days' wonder, to any particular individual or even party. Paul Louis Courier's case is different. A very few years served to remove misconception as to the identity and motives of the actual criminals, the one point then left obscure, i.e. as to the complicity or otherwise of the widow, remaining in our view still unproven, though Sir John appears to think scarcely any doubt exists by which the unfortunate lady is entitled to benefit. Similarly, the explanation

of how our Viennese Envoy, Mr. Bathurst, must have met his death on the return from a mission rendered abortive by the disaster of Austerlitz, leaves us still wondering, partly at the Machiavellian policy imputed to the British Government, and hardly less at an old soldier like the author boggling at the use of the word "overalls" to designate the strapped trousers usually worn by men of fashion then, as for long afterwards.

Music.

ARNOLD BAX.

BY RODNEY BENNETT.



Photo by
E. O. Hopf.

Mr. Arnold Bax.

IN the chronology of the renaissance of English music, in which he has taken an important, and promises to take a still more important part, Arnold Bax stands out in a certain isolation. Born just under thirty-nine years ago in

London, where he studied piano with Matthay and composition with Corder, he comes after the brilliant group, including Vaughan Williams, Holst, Ireland and Bridge, who graduated together under Sir Charles Stanford at the Royal College; and before the group of younger moderns who number Eugène Goossens and Arthur Bliss as their most brilliant exponents.

Temperamentally, too, he would appear to stand in some respects alone, in that his sympathies are apparently limited and that he has adventured in comparatively few musical forms. He shows no interest in the reviving enthusiasm for opera, partly on account of his objection to the constraints imposed by the limitations and conventions of the form, partly through his attitude to words in relation to music. It is this last, a sense of the incompatibility of music and poetry, or at least poetry that matters, which is at the root of his diminishing interest in song writing. Apart from his songs, to the published number of about forty, of which I intend to say nothing here as I hope to treat them in a later article, he has paid so little attention to vocal writing that the proportions of a short article allow no more than a passing mention of "Fatherland," a setting for choir and orchestra of Clifford Bax's translation of a poem by Runeberg, "Enchanted Summer," based upon a portion of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and a series of carols which are to have first performance during the coming autumn.

During the last four years the name of Arnold Bax has come before the larger public chiefly as a composer of piano music, partly owing to his good fortune in finding an admirable interpreter in the person of Miss Harriet Cohen, who, besides including in her recitals

much of his work for piano solo, produced with the Bohemian Quartet the Piano Quintet shortly to be issued by Murdoch, which the composer places with the second Piano Sonata (in G) among his most representative work. As might be expected from a pianist-composer, Bax's work is as pianistic as the exigencies of modernism allow, and not unnecessarily difficult. If its popularity remains comparatively narrow this will be due less to its keyboard difficulty than to the fact that his style requires discrimination. It will remain caviare to lovers of easy effects and broad obviousness precisely by reason of its peculiar charm. It is atmospheric, subtle, fantastic, elusive, and hard to read because it is apparently very involved. As is the case with all music that is worth disentangling from the printed page, the involution is more apparent than real. The analysis and method are complicated, the synthesis and result simple. The themes are essentially simple and diatonic, but they are treated with a wealth of subdued colour and—but "ingenuity" is hardly the word to apply to music which appears so curiously free from conscious mental processes in development. Briefly, the puzzle is difficult to take to pieces, easier to put together again. Which is the essence of a good puzzle.

Like most of his music, a great deal of Arnold Bax's piano compositions might be termed studies in half-lights. "May Night in the Ukraine," "The Happy Forest," "Sleepy Head," "Winter Waters"—the titles suggest the style. Lighter moods are mirrored in "The Princess's Rose Garden," "Apple Blossom Time," "A Mountain Mood" and the sunny "Nereid." "Gopak" and "In a Vodka Shop" are brilliant excursions into vivacious impressionism, and "Whirligig" is outstanding as a piece of real buoyancy. But whatever the subject the method is roughly the same. It can best be suggested by quoting the composer's direction to one of them: "This piece must be played as simply as its elaborateness of detail will allow. No harmonic points should be made, and the accompaniment figures generally should be kept wholly subservient to the melodic line."

Of Arnold Bax's chamber music, which includes quintets for piano and strings, and harp and strings, and trios for violin, viola and piano and flute, viola and harp and of his solo works for instruments other than the piano, there is no room to speak if space is to be left for any consideration of his orchestral work.

The most interesting are the variations for piano and orchestra, which are down for performance in the Promenade season, and the viola concerto so brilliantly played by Tertis at a Philharmonic concert last winter. Whether it was successful or not, whether the viola is capable of complete success as a solo instrument with orchestra—these are matters for discussion. But, whatever the result, the fact remains that the work was deeply interesting as an attempt to explore the possibilities of a neglected instrument. Such cursory notice matters the less because Bax will stand or fall by his work for orchestra, which interests him most and displays his powers most completely.

The points which emerge most strongly from a consideration of this are his mastery of orchestral technique and the consistency of his style. The first was interestingly shown when he entered into competition with the Russians in orchestration for the Diaghileff ballet and in "The Truth about the Russian Dancers," and showed himself their equal in dexterity. The aplomb with which he accommodated himself to their requirements made one wonder if he might fall a victim to the fate which seems to threaten so many of the clever young servants of the ballet, and in the fascination of mere colour, with scenery and choreography to pull him through, gradually come to deal in brilliant and formless superficiality. The fact that he did not was still another evidence of his consistency. He kept on his private path. The temptation to leave it was lessened by the fact that, unlike some less lucky composers, he has not had to wait for performance. His orchestral work has been steadily produced since the pre-war days when he began to make his name with works performed at the concerts promoted by Ellis and Rutland Boughton, and by Sir Dan Godfrey at Bournemouth.

Again the titles are interesting: "In the Faery Hills," "Spring Fire," "November Woods," "The Garden of Fand," "Tintagel." Like many of the piano compositions they draw their inspiration consciously from nature, though now on a broader scale. The titles are misleading, perhaps undesirable, in that they foreshadow a more specific programme than is suggested by the music itself. They must be accepted merely as vague indications; for even when, as in the case of "November Woods," the composer can trace the inception of the work to a dateable impression, the method is almost purely subjective. "November Woods" is a record of remembered impressions of "the dank and stormy ruin of nature in the Autumn." In "The Garden of Fand," which was heard at one of the admirable Goossens concerts last winter, the application to actual scenes is even less definite. Based ostensibly on an Irish legend, it sets out to reflect the sea, half Atlantic, half a sea that has no name. "Tintagel" I have not yet heard; first performed in London at one of the recent R. A. M. centenary concerts, it will probably be included in the forthcoming programmes of the Philharmonic Concerts, and may also replace the symphony which the composer intended for performance at the Leeds Festival but was unable to complete in time. This last, which, it may be inferred from the fact that it is to be nameless, will represent the composer's nearest approach to



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absolute music, is also likely to be heard during the winter in London. "November Woods," too, is down for repetition at a Promenade concert; so that, together with a representative concert of his work which is projected by his publishers for the autumn, there will be during the coming season an unusual opportunity of getting a comprehensive view of the work of a native composer. In the case of any this is as desirable as it is unfortunately rare; but in the case of Arnold Bax it is particularly fortunate for various reasons. His work falls into no very definite periods, but is, as I remarked earlier, remarkably consistent. This makes it difficult to trace his progress, for the impression of consistency may be produced by repetition or by gradual development. Again Bax is a composer whose very virtues make frequent performance necessary to his popularity; for reticent and elusive work can only be widely understood when it achieves familiarity. Chief interest naturally centres upon the new symphony. It will probably reveal the mastery of colour which is one of Bax's most obvious characteristics. It will probably show, to quote his own words, that his sympathies are to a marked degree extending from inanimate to human nature. Will it also show, as some of his more recent smaller works have shown, a further movement towards clarification and closeness of structure, a definite shedding of a certain diffuseness and vagueness of direction which lessen the appeal of some of his earlier work? It must be sufficient to add that the composer thinks this his best work; but then, as he said to me when discounting that statement: "I don't think there is much point in discussing one's music. Talking about it doesn't make any difference. I don't believe there is much undiscovered fine music. What is good finds its level and what isn't finds its level, for all the talk. The work that you are doing always seems the best—except the one that you are going to do next." Which, though an uncomfortable doctrine from the point of view of the critic and interviewer, is after all the best working philosophy for the artist who means to do things.

SOME EMOTIONS AND A LANDSCAPE.*

Had anyone ten or twelve years ago associated landscape with music—not "programme" but abstract music—he might have been set down by the average amateur as mad. I remember a similar accusation being hurled against myself because I coupled the lovely "Val-d'Arno" landscape in the Tate Gallery with the idea of music. Vainly did I point out that, as Newton discovered nearly two centuries back, colour and pitch are identical. My friend regarded me with pitying contempt. Yet more and more nowadays one finds music invoked to aid

*1 "Twilight It Is." Song. Words by John Masefield. Music by John Wightman. 2s. net.—"Tewkesbury Road." Song. Words by John Masefield. Music by John Wightman. 2s. net.—"Have You Seen Her Passing By?" Song. Words by P. J. O'Reilly. Music by Walter Butler. 2s. net.—"Loreen." Song. Words by Foster Richardson. Music by Walter Butler. 2s. net. (Lengnick.)

*2 "The Fly." Unison Song with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Words by William Blake. Music by Havergal Brian. 3d. net.—"Pastoral—The Shepherd." Three-Part Song for Female Voices. Words by William Blake. Music by Havergal Brian. 3d. net.—"The River." Two-Part Song for Female Voices. Words by Gerald Cumberland. Music by Havergal Brian. 6d. net.—"Spring." Two-Part Song for Female Voices. Words by Thomas Nash. Music by Havergal Brian. 6d. net. (Augener.)

the expression of those all but inexpressible thoughts which are aroused by glorious scenery, or great colour. True, the Wordsworthian aspect is generally present:

"The clouds that wrap the setting sun
Do take a soberer colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

And you will find these very lines exemplified in "Twilight It Is." In this exquisite song you can practically see the dusk, dim landscape; you can feel the dew in the air; you can smell the fragrance of the rick-yard "when the drone is still." Twilight it is, in truth—transmuted into sound—suffused with waning lights—surcharged with wistful remembrance of the departed. Melody, memory, soft grey tints are one; and they are rendered here with the simplicity of perfection. . . . In "Tewkesbury Road" we have a charming pendant to the above—a gay, liting ditty of the open road, buoyant and breathing *plein air*. A delightful melody this; Mr. Wightman writes for the voice, as for the accompanist, with great skill and sympathy. There is nothing weird, *outré* or bizarre about his music; he does not strain after descriptive effects by dint of queer chromatic progressions. What he writes is "suave," as the Isle of Wight folk say—following the thought naturally—just right. After the fantastic posturings in which some neo-Georgian composers indulge, it is refreshing to encounter these little cases of pure beauty.

A well-known musical critic recently enounced his opinion that a song is popular in proportion to its reminiscences of other songs. He substantiated his theory by examples from some modern favourites—and from their origins. On this hypothesis, Mr. Walter Butler's works should be most successful; for echoes of other melodies inhabit them, and the result is distinctly pleasing. Very pretty and tuneful they are, especially "Have You Seen Her Passing By?" (What a contrast to Cyril Scott's urgent and cynical "Have You Seen Him Pass By?") This is dainty in touch and sentiment, running easily under voice and fingers; a cheerful, useful addition to the amateur's repertoire. "Loreen," by the same composer, is treated in the "big bow-wow" style, with conventional declamatory heartbreak, which the thing is hardly strong enough to support. However, the questing tenor will welcome it. One recalls O. W. Holmes's metaphor about trying to grow an oak tree in a flower-pot. Yet Mr. Walter Butler should have a firm hold upon his public.

Messrs. Augener possess a notable reputation for their female voice part-songs, which are usually high class and of fine quality. Those in hand, by Havergal Brian, justify one's expectations. Where Mr. Brian has used lyrics by William Blake, he is especially happy. "The Fly," of an airy delicacy in the accompaniment, is of a quaint simplicity in the voice part, which is admirably allied to the words. "Pastoral" is clever and attractive, if not (to my mind) so tenderly melodious as Amy E. Horrocks's setting of the same verses, which the same publishers (I think) brought out a few years ago. "The River" is a varied and telling effort, much above the ordinary level of school songs. The finale is rather weak compared to the rest of the piece; but taken as a whole "The River" is highly satisfactory. "Spring" is a new expression of Nash's old-world lines; perhaps not of equal importance with the other three part songs, but brightly and appropriately treated. Havergal Brian has a decided gift for this sort of work; which, being necessarily of a restricted character, dealing with birds, flowers, seasons, etc. (for love-songs are usually taboo in schools), requires all the more ingenious handling if it is to be—as his compositions are—fresh, artistic, and spontaneous.

Taking the above compositions in the order of their subjects, one finds a signal absence of direct personal emotion—or rather, of its expression. The poignant pathos which inspires "Twilight It Is" is suggested rather than accentuated; the *joie de vivre* of "Tewkesbury Road" strikes no deep note. The first of Mr. Butler's songs might refer to any casual summer girl; in "Loreen" the agony is piled up so high that it defeats its own object—for shouting "Loreen is dead!" on upper notes doesn't convey

the authentic touch of bereavement to anyone who has experienced it.—“I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless.” In the school songs we return to the safe hither side of sensations, and, sitting on the fence, survey the pleasing pastoral scenery. . . . Can any conclusion be formed from these facts? If so, it is, I believe, that modern music, struggling towards its unknown goal, and seeking its ultimate expression along strange untravelled ways, is prone to rest awhile in peaceful places—to take breath for the journey before it. One cannot be always at high tension; and to most of us landscape is less fatiguing than emotions.

MAY BYRON.

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power of constructing tragic scenes—in "Pasteur" for example—where the deepest and most serious emotions are irresistibly moved, Sacha as a playwright is particularly happy in light and elegant comedy, situations of cynical wit and charming impertinence, not satire, but amusing flicks at manners and morals in the true way of the boulevard.

Lucien Guitry spent ten years in St. Petersburg, at the Théâtre Michel. That was the making of him. It united the polished mastery of his technique with the primitive vigour, the exuberant and youthfully daring emotional sincerity of the Slav. It was like a thorough mingling of two very different substances to produce by chemical action an entirely new and mysterious substance with wonderful attributes—genius. Before that he was but a clever *jeune premier* with exceptional physical advantages. Afterwards he was able to become, on the death of Constant Coquelin in 1909, the unchallenged chief of French actors. Guitry's art is original. He has learned all the rules and absorbed all the traditions of the French theatre, but that he might be free to discard the conventions and form his own individual methods. Guitry has always dared to carry out his own ideas, in his life as in his acting. Born in Paris in 1860, he became a student at the Conservatoire, gaining a second in tragedy and comedy. He should have remained another year, but he was impatient with the formal instruction and conventional histrionics. So he left, notwithstanding that a penalty of £400 was thereby incurred. He entered the Gymnase, and there, at the age of eighteen, he made his debut as Armand Duval in "La Dame aux Camélias."

Guitry possesses striking physical advantages—a massive figure, a handsome head. His gestures can be extraordinarily impressive, and they are always full of subtle significance. He does not need to speak to express clearly and eloquently thoughts and emotions. As he sits and listens to a conversation, his way of disposing himself, the movements of his hands, the indescribably revealing expressions flickering across his face convey the ideas that pass through his mind. It is psychological acting. It is as if Henry James had written melodrama and Parisian comedy, and his novels were dramatised. "There is something thrilling in the way in which he opens a letter," said Charles Dawbarn some years ago, "something impressive in his manner of receiving a visitor, as if a world of fate hung upon the news he brought." That is his secret. What would be, in the hands of another actor, a crude harrowing of the feelings becomes a tremendous drama of souls,

a machine-made comedy with stock characters and age-old situations is invested with a sparkling gaiety it does not in reality possess. If one has read the play before, he brings a vivid colour to the faded characters and a reality to the action one did not dream they were capable of holding. His acting is the perfection of make-believe. The illusion is complete, whereas life has always many aspects of unreality. The highest acting is life-like and yet unlike life, with added significance and proportion which changes life into art, a scientifically produced photograph into a version that manifests the inner meaning of men and events.

For some years Guitry was associated with Sarah

Bernhardt, acting with her both in Paris and London. He was married, by the way, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The first play he had appeared in as a youth was "La Dame aux Camélias," and this was now the one in which, with Sarah Bernhardt, he scored a success. But his reputation became really great when "la Divine," while on one of her American tours, left him in charge of the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Later he was for a short time producer at the Comédie Française, but a revolt among the actors ended this phase. Guitry is not fitted for the essential routine and untiring diplomacy of a stage-director. Only a few of the parts in which he appeared can be mentioned. In "Le Juif Polonais" he was as powerful as Irving in its English



Photo by Stanley's Press Agency.

M. Lucien Guitry.

version, "The Bells," but in another fashion. Anatole France's "Crainquebille" is a pathetic costermonger, whom all the excellent machinery of our excellent civilisation—our just laws to protect the State and our efficient police system to enforce them—combines to crush mercilessly, as a victim offered for the greatest good of the greatest number. To make, in Lavedan's "Servir," Colonel Falin's eloquent patriotism thrilling, when it might so easily have overstepped the mark into mock-heroics, was an achievement. Then there was Capus's "Monsieur Piégois," who might have been created by W. J. Locke, an attractive scoundrel of a casino proprietor, cunning and candid, unscrupulous and genial, an endearing rogue. He portrayed Coupeau, the drink-maniac, in Zola's "L'Assommoir" as successfully as Cortelon, the scandal-broken politician, in Bernstein's "La Griffe." After his sensational realism as Brachard, the vulgar and brutal "successful man," in Bernstein's "Samson," whose only method to attain any end is force, who fights only with one weapon, his strength, and with that as savagely as a cave-dweller, Guitry could make, as Alexandre Merital, the tender sentiment and impossibly romantic plot of Bernstein's

"L'Assaut" credible. It seemed beyond human capacity to play both these rôles as Guitry played them.


But Guitry has, of course, his limitations. When, after Coquelin's death, he went to the Porte St. Martin and created Rostand's "Chantecler," he won a success as success with other actors is reckoned, but for him it was only a half-success. The symbolism, the poetry of the play was lost. He invested the character with his own vigour, strutted and crowed with absolutely convincing realism. It was not the "Chantecler" of Rostand, but of Guitry, and a much less intricate, much less profound person. So in the elaborately foreign environment of "Kismet" he remained a great French actor playing a part very cleverly; he did not become Hadj, the beggar.

Guitry possesses two powers in a marvellous degree—observation and memory. He knows every word and every action of every character in a play. He can act a long play alone without a glance at the book, taking every part, changing his voice and manner to suit each one with indescribably amusing mimicry. Let him do it behind a screen, and the listener would be convinced that he was overhearing a whole company at rehearsal. Even when watching, so subtle is his impersonation one forgets that it is only one man. His observation is intent, detailed, prehensile. He seizes in a moment an incident, an encounter or a quarrel or a snatch of conversation, as he strolls along the boulevard, and he can reproduce it with absolute fidelity and the something more that fills it with a world of tragedy or shattering humour. Those friends who are privileged to visit his home in the Avenue Elisée Reclus know how delightful it is to stimulate his reminiscent mood—memories of the Paris of forty years ago up till now, and all the men and women of those many years, of the countries of South America, of his sojourn in Russia, of London. There in his beautiful house overlooking the Champ de Mars, among his treasures of pictures and bric-à-brac, a superb collection, one may meet Lucien Guitry the man and find him as remarkable as Lucien Guitry the actor.

GUILTY SOULS. By Robert Nichols. 7s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Nichols has really made two plays. The first which might be entitled "Guilty!" is a crook-sketch about a pair of swindling solicitors, one of whom betrays the other at the climax of a well written and highly dramatic scene. The second—"Souls" it may be called—a psychological monologue rather than a play, is the frightful remorse of a treacherous friend who, obsessed to the point of madness by his guilty conscience, is dragged upward through ecstasies of religious conviction which culminate in his own confession, and in the ruin of several other lives. The two stories, each finely imagined, fail to combine: not only because they are of different types, but because they are about different individuals. Sir Hector, vividest of the earlier group, drops out; Lois, Clara and Rupert, ciphers at first, only begin to develop in the second section, where for dramatic purposes they are brand-new characters; the swindler himself and his poor dupe change rôles, each developing along lines quite unsuggested in the previous play. The division is absolute.

So much for the craftsmanship, of which frank criticism is invited by the author's preface. But that is not all. The play's spiritual challenge strikes deeper; its white-hot sincerity commands respect; but in my case, at least, it



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Mr. Robert Nichols.

does not carry conviction. This damned soul, so sharp-set on his own salvation, leaves me strangely hostile. I cannot believe that, in the evolution of society, individual redemption is so all-important. Granting its importance, I cannot believe the man

to be on the right track, or to be other than an entranced super-egotist, who would achieve his own redemption at the cost of uprooting other and innocent lives. I cannot believe that Oswald Bentley was not a better member of society as a swindling solicitor than as an embarrassingly inspired salvationist. In short, I echo the protest of Shaw's Heartbreak-Houser in similar case—"it is neither just nor right that we should be put to a lot of inconvenience to gratify your moral enthusiasm, my friend. You had better get out, while you have the chance."

You may complain that I make this a personal question. I do. The major theme of "Guilty Souls" is too deeply spiritual to be otherwise treated. Faith challenges faith to the personal issue which lies, not between Mr. Nichols's craftsmanship and any canons of criticism, but between his religious sense and that of each individual reader. I differ absolutely from Mr. Nichols's conclusions; but I will differ honestly, begging the question neither by vague critical generalities nor by the shallow mockery which, though he seems to anticipate it, the author's sincerity will surely put to shame. His book is nakedly, sublimely honest. But its personal challenge must be taken up afresh by each separate reader. Criticism is dumb.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE. At the Palace Theatre.

When a famous book is presented in dramatic form by the makers of moving pictures the result is too often disappointing. Frequently the failure is due more to the impossibility of "translating" the author's atmosphere to the screen than to a lack of perception on the part of the producer. But the Rex Ingram production of Ibañez's great book leaves almost nothing to be desired. Miss June Mathis, in adapting the work for the camera, has shown excellent taste in her selection of incidents, and the producer has caught the spirit of the story very successfully. The war scenes in northern France are wonderfully well done, and there is a refreshing absence of exaggeration throughout. Particularly fine acting is done by Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers—indeed the whole cast is excellent. Alice Terry as Marguerite Laurier succeeds in being amorous without being absurd. This book is perhaps as severe a test of the film-maker as could be selected, and the success of the film is a feather in the cap of the man responsible for its production.

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The Bookman

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THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED AUTUMN SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The Christmas BOOKMAN is now in preparation and detailed announcement of contents will appear in our next Number. Meanwhile, we would urge our readers to place their orders without delay, to avoid disappointment, as the Christmas Number always goes out of print before or immediately after publication, and cannot be reprinted.

The picture on our cover is from "The Golden Book of Famous Women" (Hodder & Stoughton) illustrated in colour by Miss Eleanor Brickdale.

When three men make the same complaint, each without knowing the others, and without knowing that the others have made it, you may reasonably

begin to think there really is something the matter. Some of us have fallen into a habit of saying that we get far too much fiction, though we grant, as a mitigating circumstance, that latter-day fiction reaches a higher average of artistic achievement than was common to it at any time before; and that this is especially true in the case of the short story. I might have said the same myself a few weeks ago, but in the last few weeks two magazine editors and a well-known literary agent have assured me that, at any rate, so far as the short story is concerned, the facts are otherwise.

The agent said: "My office is choked with short stories, and my assistants and I have to read, roughly speaking, at least a hundred manuscripts before we find one good enough to publish, even good enough to offer to an editor. It is not necessarily the same thing. A good story is only half a dozen authors, two of them not famous, who can be depended upon, if you commission them, to bring you stories that are worth the prices they require. The others—though experienced and popular—are unreliable; you have to take your chance;

they may send you one of the finest stories you ever read, or a feeble or commonplace thing, so like so many others that you would think the typewriter must have turned it out automatically while the author wasn't looking." The editors uttered almost exactly the same lamentation, and one added: "If you see one or two duffing short stories in our magazine any month, don't think my judgment is failing and I ought to be in a mental home—it isn't that, but the magazine has got to be filled and I assure you that some months it is absolutely impossible to get enough first-class stories to fill it, so we have to make up with the best we can find, and you needn't tell me how bad they are, because I know."

This deplorable state of things could be understood at once if it were true, as the critics often insist, that the short story is about the most difficult form of literary art. But one famous novelist (I think it was Arnold Bennett) has denied this, and says it is not nearly so difficult as writing a novel. Probably, however, that depends upon the author; for each is bound to find easiest the form of art which is best suited to his temperament and native gifts. It frequently happens that the great novelist fumbles and falls off when he turns his hand to the writing of short stories; and as often as not the supreme masters of the short story never attempt a novel, or produce inferior work when they do. Of course, short stories of a sort are as plentiful as blackberries, but the kind that outlasts the blackberry season is not so common, yet I doubt whether it is so rare as those editorial complaints would seem to imply. Some of our ablest short story writers have assured me—three of our most distinguished women novelists in particular—that the English magazines usually reject their stories as too subtle or too sombre for the general reader, though the American magazines are always wide open to them. Apart from this, one has only to glance over the railway bookstalls to recognise that there is no market in the literary world larger than that for short stories. For every magazine that existed fifty years ago there



Photo by
F. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Harry Tighe,

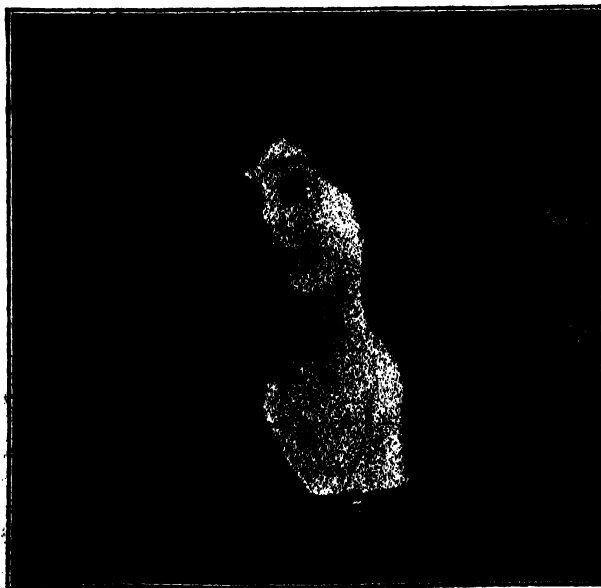
whose new novel, "Women of the Hills," will be published this month by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

are now at least a dozen; they nearly all want short stories; several want nothing else. And I should not like to say off-hand how many weekly journals and newspapers are also asking for them, nor how many dailies. This leaves a large margin of opportunity for writers of very modest gifts, since a supply of first-class story writers sufficient to cope with such a nearly unlimited demand is a boon past praying for. The demand has called forth a plenitude of admirable handbooks and schools th^{at}

can teach any intelligent man the tricks of th^e literary trade, but unless he can also bring an imagination of his own to it and those personal qualities that give colour and feeling and character to whatever he writes, though he may carry on a profitable business, he will never be more than an accomplished craftsman. There is, unfortunately, no recipe for genius.

If you look through those two excellent volumes of "Selected Short Stories" which the Oxford Press recently added to their World's Classics library, you will notice that from all the authors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, English and American (including none that are living), they have chosen only twenty, and six or seven are represented in both volumes. Take it that the World's Classic editors have been severely eclectic and that a century could furnish fifty short story writers of the highest rank, and still that is not one apiece for the periodicals that nowadays are looking for them.

It is interesting to compare the stories in these two Oxford Press volumes with those of the twenty-two authors represented in "Georgian Stories, 1922" (7s. 6d.; Chapman & Hall). In the main, the latter are the subtler, the more sophisticated in subject and style, the more elaborately psychological, cleaner cut, and finished with a more conscious artistry. They make the sentiment of Bret Harte, the mysticism of Hawthorne, the psychology of Dickens seem rather simple and elementary. You feel that some of their stories are cleverer without being greater than those of



Mrs. Patrick Campbell,

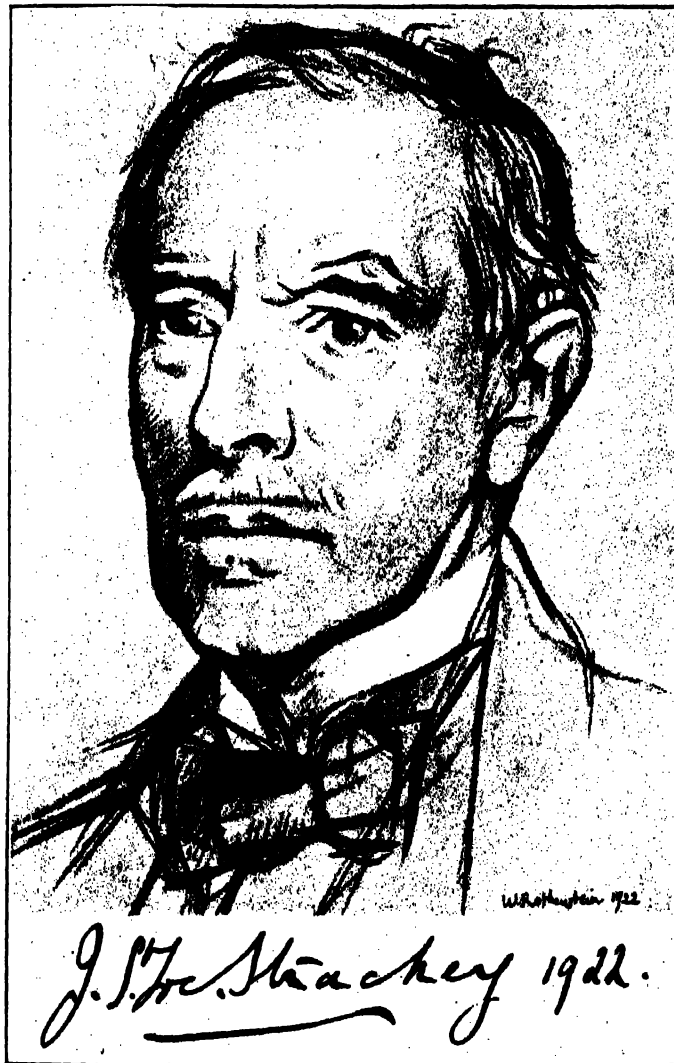
whose "My Life and Some Letters" Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

the older masters. If the newer stories are handled more expertly, with a surer knowledge of technique, I believe you will be sensible of less virility, idiosyncrasy, warmth in them; they have less spontaneity and more of premeditated artifice, more skilful mechanism and less of individuality. In precision of method, in point of workmanship, most of the "Georgian Stories" are superior to most of the earlier "Selected Short Stories," but they have not the gusto, the strongly marked differences of manner, the essential and distinctive personalities that enable you to identify the work of their predecessors even when it is unsigned. Bret Harte was influenced by Dickens, but you cannot read the examples of both in these Selected Stories without recognising that he was a long way from being merely a copy of his master. You would not, quite apart from their subject matter, mistake a story of Trollope's for one of Stevenson's. But, always with notable exceptions, you do not find the same diversity of personal expression in our later authors, any more than you find such qualities now in our politicians or in general life. Such levelling up or down to a good, respectable average of efficiency is our modern characteristic. Our sharp contrasts of feature are being smoothed to a uniform presentability: we are all growing too much alike. We do very cleverly and with increasing talent things that our forbears seem to have done in a more independent spirit and by natural genius; we make by standard machinery what they, each in his own way, made by hand. Not to go outside fiction, you might fancy that most of our novelists and short story writers had learned their craft in the same school and did literature as they do sums by an arbitrary formula, on a scientific and impersonal principle.

Last month I quoted Dr. Crane for an assertion that there are no characters in modern life; if he had said there was not much character in modern

books I would not have denied that. It is so, not only in short stories, but in novels, essays and poems. They may be interesting, clever, brilliant, but the majority lack personality. And since this is true in the case of quite popular authors, it is not strange that it should be also true in the case of two little books which I happen to have read this

month—the *Chapbook* for August (1s.; Poetry Bookshop) and "West Ham Poems" (6d.; West Ham Educational Advisory Council). The *Chapbook* contains twenty-four poems by eight contemporary poets, and except for Ianthe Jerrold's quaintly charming "Midsummer Night," they might all have been written by any one of the other seven. They vary in merit; one or two are slight and somewhat crude; the general level of workmanship is good; one or two are alive and promising; but they lack spontaneity, there is a settled sameness of tone and manner in them as if, with a sort of composite mind, the seven poets had all written like one.



Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

From "The Adventure of Living," by J. St. Loe Strachey, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

You are aware of this kind of sameness in the "West Ham Poems," but with an important difference. West Ham has lately had a remarkable Civic Education Festival (of which Mr. R. L. M  groz wrote an interesting account in a recent *Review of Reviews*). During an "Education Week" art exhibitions were held there, and musical, dramatic and athletic performances were given by the schools of the borough. Seventy local poets competed for the honour of contributing to a handbook which was illustrated by local artists; and eighteen of these poems are reissued in this booklet, with a foreword by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who acted as judge. That there should be a sameness of style, outlook and atmosphere in these poems is not so strange, seeing that they were written by men who all live in the same environment, are all influenced by the same drab, poverty-haunted surroundings. The wonderful thing is that the

verses not only seem spontaneous, not only have an intense poignancy of thought and emotion in them, but, as Sir Arthur testifies, they have "no small amount of real poetry." Some of the lines, such as

"See where the craftsman's last touch
lingers

To draw the wonder from the wood,"

hold, he adds, "just that quality which, wherever found, is priceless and means the real thing." There are flaws of expression, but the feeling is always sincere, natural, true, and I have read few collections of recent verse that have contained anything fresher in idea or more instinct with poetry than such things in this book as "The Heavenly Host":

"If into Heaven I may win,
I know who will let me in"—

"The City," "West Ham, 1922," and "Fugitive Vision." West Ham may justly take pride in the unnamed poets who have found inspiration for these eighteen poems amid the factories and mean streets of her unpromising suburb.

Mr. Lewis Chase, of Peking University, China, writes: "Some of your readers may be interested in the following note on Austin Dobson's method, taken from a letter from him to myself dated July 28th, 1917:

"As a general proposition I hold to the motto in the 'Collected Poems' quoted from Montaigne: 'I keep count of an event . . . by my fancies.' What I have written has been mainly the effort of imagination to escape from the daily round. I have looked, perhaps, more into books than life. My verses are dramatic in character, rarely autobiographical. As to details, I go to fact; but I prefer to invent my fable."

"In the same letter," adds Mr. Chase, "he mentions his great appreciation of the Dobson Number (May, 1913) of THE BOOKMAN, and one notice therein which he thought especially good."



Mr. Harold MacGrath,

whose new novel, "The Ragged Edge," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

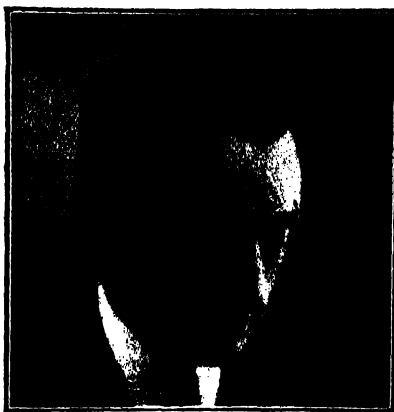


Photo by Hills & Saunders,
Cambridge.

**Mr. S. C.
Roberts.**

Sir William continued the correspondence until his death in 1890, but the letters are so copious and abounding in interest that this volume only covers the period from 1859 to 1863.

Cambridge has suffered recently the loss of several familiar literary figures—Sir John Sandys and Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, for instance; but few men will be more painfully missed by a large circle of friends than the late Alfred Rayney Waller, who died quite unexpectedly in July at the early age of fifty-four—died, as those who knew him will say, with characteristic lack of ostentation and public notice. He had been for many years secretary to the Syndics of the University Press, which, translated into ordinary language, means that he was the literary manager or head of the editorial department. A more complete bookman never existed. He not only lived for books, he almost literally died for them. He never rested and he never took a holiday. His notion of a change was to come away from copy and proof-sheets at the Press and bury himself in copy and proof-sheets in his delightful home. What contributors to the Press owed to his unsleeping care only they can tell. Out of a large number of books produced under his editorship we need only mention two—Mr. Dent's great edition of Hazlitt and the Cambridge "History of English Literature." To fill the place of a man who knew all phases of the book world from Grub Street to Trump-

Sir William Hardman, who is chiefly remembered now as the friend of Meredith, was an interesting personality with distinctive gifts of his own. He held a prominent place in the literary, political and social worlds

ington Street was a difficult task; but the Syndics have made the best possible choice in Mr. S. C. Roberts, who has been assistant secretary for the last eleven years. Mr. Roberts has had a distinguished literary career. He was a

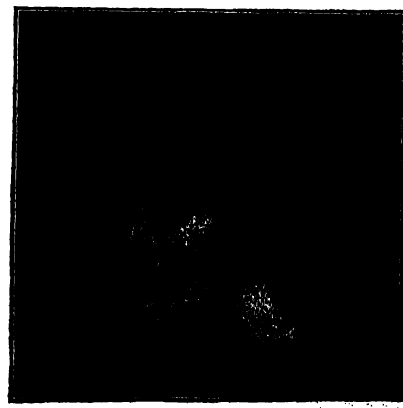


Photo by Bertram Park.

**Miss Christine
Jope-Blade,**

whose novel, "The Cuckoo's Nest" (Nisbet), is reviewed in this Number.

of his time, and though none of his acquaintance seems to have known of it, he was for many years writing to a friend in Australia a long succession of letters in which he kept an intimate day-to-day record of the events and gossip of the time. Fortunately he retained copies of these, and Mr. S. M. Ellis has edited and annotated a selection of them in "A Mid-Victorian Pepys: The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman," which is to be published shortly by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

Scholar of Pembroke and took a First in the Classical Tripos (1909) and a First in the Historical Tripos (1910). During the war he served in the Suffolk Regiment and was knocked out at the third Battle of Ypres. During his convalescence he compiled his delightful little "Story of Dr. Johnson," and a year ago he produced a most admirable "History of the Cambridge University Press." To become at an early age the literary chief of a great institution that now numbers its four centuries is a high honour—it is like being made Master of a College. Bookmen of all sorts will join in wishing Mr. Roberts an illustrious career.

Mr. Daniel O'Connor has published a fourth edition of the Rev. Edward L. Cutts's "Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages"—a scholarly and fascinating survey of the religious, secular, home, business and general life of the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. The book has nearly two hundred illustrations.

Most of the drawings illustrating the new Manaton Edition of the works of John Galsworthy, which Messrs. Heinemann are publishing, have been made by his nephew, Mr. R. H. Sauter, a young artist of great originality and promise, whose recent book of poems, "Songs in Captivity," also published by Messrs. Heinemann, was reviewed in the August BOOKMAN.

"The Man who Knew too Much," a new novel by G. K. Chesterton, will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Cassell.

Messrs Allen & Unwin are publishing this autumn "Old For-Ever," a new novel by Alfred Ollivant.

"Beachcomber" (Mr. D. B. W. Lewis) has made a selection from his entertaining comments in the *Daily Express* on literature, drama, sport, politics and things in general, and the book will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer, with the title of "A London Farrago." The same firm is publishing an exact facsimile of the original edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," with Leech's four coloured illustrations and four woodcuts, an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and a Preface by Mr. B. W. Matz.

Two new books by Mr. W. B. Yeats which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing are "Later Poems," containing all the poems written by Mr. Yeats between the age of twenty-seven and 1921; and "Plays in Prose and Verse." The same firm is publishing a new drama in blank verse, "Krindlesyke," by Mr. Wilfrid Gibson.

THE BOOKMAN.

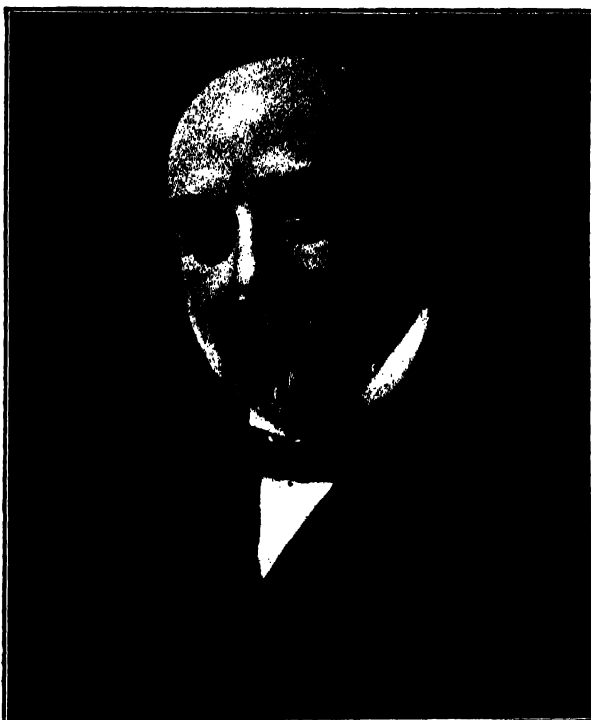


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Professor John Adams

"Modern Developments in Educational Practice," published by the London University Press, is reviewed in this Number.

Since passing the somewhat severe and undoubtedly well-deserved strictures on Mr. Joseph Pennell's volume of Scammel Lectures on The Graphic Arts, in the June BOOKMAN, our reviewer, Mr. G. S. Layard, learns that the book was produced when Mr. Pennell was a thousand miles away. Whilst withdrawing no word of what he wrote, Mr. Layard feels bound to put it on record that Mr. Pennell himself must be acquitted of the outrageous treatment that was meted out to the designs of Rossetti and Holman Hunt, which in their mutilated state were, he says, "nothing less than

insidious libels on two great artists, who are not here to protest for themselves."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Somebody was bound to parody "If Winter Comes"; its abounding popularity made that inevitable; and Mr. Barry Pain has done it very cleverly in "If Summer Don't" (1s. 6d.; Werner Laurie), and very amusingly.

There is in the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy's "Songs of Faith and Doubt" (2s.; Hodder & Stoughton) that same breadth of human sympathy and swift feeling for the poetry in simple people and everyday things that made his three little books of "Rough Rhymes" so extraordinarily popular. His new "Songs" touch on just those problems of life and conduct, those obstinate doubts and questionings of the spirit that no man can escape, but through all runs a note of hope and courage, and everywhere, to adopt the title of his last poem, he finds roses in December. "The Bolshevik's Speech" is the boldest and most startling thing in the book. There is power in its passionate outspokenness; it will give many to think and at least open their eyes to the other man's point of view. There is less use of colloquial language in this book than in the others, and more of a quiet charm and gracious beauty something in the mood of George Herbert.

We are a little uncertain as to the hero of "The Country Beyond" (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton), whether it is Peter, introduced as a three-months-old Airedale

pup, or Jolly Roger M'Kay, genial outlaw of the very best type. The point is not important, for Mr. Curwood, alone among present-day novelists, has the gift of making animals live as a part of his plot, and imparting to them such definite character that without them the story would fall to pieces. Peter is told everything; he seems to understand everything. His acute dog-mind can almost reason; and who can say that his creator is exaggerating? But, in our preoccupation with Peter, we must not forget the lovely Nada, the girl of M'Kay's heart, the gallant Cassidy of the North-West Mounted Police, and the many great adventures in which this group, and several other exciting people, were intimately concerned. It will be seen, by the perceptive reader who has some acquaintance with Mr. Curwood's previous novels, that there is no falling off in the quality of his latest book.

Miss Mordaunt knows how to economise language to the best advantage and yet present her story in a sequence of dramatic pictures that leaves an impression of skilful character-drawing and vivid happenings. Her themes are as varied as they are original. The story that gives its title to "Short Shipments" (7s. 6d.; Hutchinson) describes the mystical character of a girl who "belonged by nature to the people of the springs . . . so refined, so crystal clear, yet in a way so detached that there was nothing for her husband's clumsy hands to grasp." Learning of his infidelity, she drowns herself in the pool where her beloved fountain plays, and afterwards the ghost of the fountain haunts the house, saturating it with moisture, casting shadows of leaping water on the walls, and keeping up a perpetual murmur, a sorrowful droning. From an idea of such eerie beauty, we are carried to the equally weird history of Hodge, a primitive man discovered in Somersetshire who becomes a menace to his discoverers. There is a distinct touch of Hardy about "A Study in Pastel"—an exquisite piece of work; and "Genius," the last of the fourteen tales, strikes a human note and brings tears to the eyes with its tender simplicity. All who can appreciate good writing will find great pleasure in this book.

"THIS FREEDOM." BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S WINDOW- DRESSING COMPETITION.

RESULTS:

We have received such a large number of photographs from booksellers all over the United Kingdom and Ireland that the task of adjudicating upon them has not been easy—especially as all the window-displays shown have notable artistic or boldly effective qualities to recommend them. But a good many competitors seem to have overlooked the condition that "the judges will take into consideration not only the attractiveness of the display, but also the method of demonstrating to the public that, like 'If Winter Comes,' this is a novel that every thinking man and woman ought to read," and where, in point of attractiveness, two photographs have been of equal merit but one has omitted to observe that second qualification, the omission has had to count against it.

The First Prize of Ten Guineas is awarded to Mr. G. C. Baker, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 19-21, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

The Second Prize of Five Guineas is awarded to Mr. George H. Sellick, 2, Bedford Street, Plymouth.

The Third Prize of Three Guineas is awarded to Miss Pearl Lane, Lane's Library, Herne Bay.

(We had intended reproducing the three winning photographs, but to do so we should have to reduce them so considerably that their effectiveness would be lost. We must content ourselves with saying that each fulfils the conditions and that Mr. Baker's display is exceptionally ingenious and artistic in design.)

The Ten Prizes of One Guinea each are awarded to:

(1) Mr. Hubert Siddle, Manager of Book Department, Messrs. Boots, 6, High Street, Sheffield.

(2) Mr. A. G. Andrews, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 31, Nicholas Street, Scarborough.

(3) Messrs. Satchell & Son, 5, Gallowtree Gate, Leicester.

(4) Mr. C. J. Parkes, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 479-481, Lord Street, Southport.

(5) Messrs. Woodcock & Prior, Westgate, Huddersfield.

(6) Mr. David Williams, 19 and 20, King Street, Carmarthen.

(7) Mr. James Golder, 21, King Street, Reading.

(8) Messrs. Mawson, Swan & Morgan, Royal Exchange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

(9) Messrs. Harrods, Knightsbridge.

(10) Mr. G. Parkes, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Main Bookstall, Victoria Station, Manchester.

Several of the other displays are so admirable and so striking in design that we have selected a further thirty for special commendation, and are sending consolation prizes to the following:

(1) Mr. W. F. Fitton, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Leicester; (2) Messrs. Coates & Birstow, Huddersfield; (3) Mr. T. R. Wing, Managing Director, Messrs. Wing & Co., Boston, Lincs; (4) Messrs. Cornish Bros., Birmingham; (5) Mr. S. V. Galloway, Aberystwyth; (6) Miss Hilda Nash, c/o Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Harrogate; (7) Mr. R. Killmister, c/o Messrs. Boots, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.; (8) Mr. Edmund Thomas Cockram, c/o Messrs. Boots, 182, Regent Street, W.1; (9) Mr. James Hempton, Londonderry, Ireland; (10) Messrs. Morgan & Higgs, Swansea; (11) Messrs. Dutton's Cash Stores, Skegness; (12) Mr. Alfred R. Way, Swansea; (13) Mr. H. J. Hodgkinson, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Cheltenham; (14) Mr. H. J. Taylor, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Eastbourne; (15) Mr. Wilfrid Coates, Sunderland; (16) Messrs. Eason & Son, Belfast; (17) Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, Manchester; (18) Messrs.

Brown & Son, Saville Street, Hull; (19) Mr. F. Hanna, Dublin; (20) Messrs. W. & A. Smith, Droitwich; (21) Mr. Walter Ruck, Maidstone; (22) Smith's, St. Petersgate, Stockport; (23) The Misses Bastin, Paignton; (24) Mr. W. Patter, Liverpool; (25) Mr. Edmund Garland, Bridlington;

(26) Mr. John W. Lodge, Messrs. Lightfoot & Co., Scarborough; (27) Messrs. Combridge & Co., Dublin; (28) Mr. Maurice Pring, Messrs. Boots, Bristol; (29) North of England Furnishing Co., Darlington; (30) Mr. David Williams, King Street, Carmarthen.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

C. J. C. STREET.

"TO the student of Irish affairs, the year 1921 offers a most fascinating field for investigation—the first six months of it witnessed the culmination of the guerrilla warfare proclaimed against the British forces by the Irish Republicans, the last six months saw a treaty negotiated between the contending parties."

With these words Major Street begins his new book, "Ireland in 1921."* So many words have been written and spoken about what is popularly called "the Irish question" that one finds oneself unconsciously regarding even one's "Harry Lorrequer" with suspicion. It is so difficult for humanity to be impartial that few of the speeches which have been made—however honestly uttered—have done more than present a strongly biased view, according to the convictions of the speaker.

It is therefore pleasant to find that Major Street has given us a singularly fair presentment of the situation (from the viewpoint of one in a position to know something more than the ordinary man of the inner history of the conflict), and has indeed produced a book worthy of the closest attention. He has been able to publish certain documents which have not previously been available to the general reader, and to write of many incidents and proceedings with the certainty born of personal knowledge. With a precise but never pedantic choice of words he traces the progress of events throughout what was probably the most momentous period in the history of Ireland—and it must not be forgotten that the history of Ireland nowadays means to an appreciable extent the history of the British Empire also. The mental aeroplane has destroyed international

barriers as effectively as the material flying machine destroyed towns with its bombs.

To attempt to consider in detail a book of this importance within the limits of a brief review would be unfair to the author; its value depends largely on its internal evidence. But it is possible to deal with advantage with at least a few of his points. For instance the famous (or notorious?) Strickland Report. The city of Cork was the scene, on December 11th, 1920, of an ambush in which the Auxiliaries (popularly known as the "Black and Tans") suffered severely. On the following day fires broke out in various parts of the city, and a great deal of damage was done. "There can be very little doubt," says Major Street, "that the fires were started by one section of the Crown forces as a reprisal for the many incidents of attack upon them which were made in the streets of the city." He goes on to say: "There is ample evidence from eye-witnesses

that both military and police were involved in the scenes of destruction which followed." General Strickland, who was in military command of the district, was ordered to investigate the matter, and it was generally assumed that the British Government would publish his report. They did not do so; the findings of the Court of Inquiry remained a secret. "Now, whatever these findings may have been," remarks the author, "it would have been wiser to have published them. . . . As a matter of fact, it is probable that the findings of a military court laid an unfair stress upon the responsibility of the Auxiliaries for the outbreak, and contained criticism of their actions which would greatly have heartened the rebels had it been published at the time."

One has heard a lot about the efficiency of the Sinn



Photo by Edgar Ward.

Major C. J. C. Street.

* (Philip Allan).

Fein secret service; it is interesting to read Major Street's opinion of the Intelligence Service established by the Crown for special service in Ireland. "The amount of useful information secured by it was extraordinary," he says; "... had the authorities acted more frequently upon the information supplied to them by the Intelligence Service, many of the tragedies of the war period might have been averted." A lighter note is struck in his account of how the Intelligence people were ordered not to arrest Mr. de Valera, as the authorities considered it better to have him at large in case it should be necessary to negotiate with him, as the head of the rebel administration. "This order was loyally obeyed," says Major Street, "despite the difficulty of trying not to see him!" (The note of exclamation is mine.) Unfortunately a party of the Warwickshire Regiment unknowingly arrested the "President" in a house at Blackrock, but he was speedily released by order of the civilian authority.

Of particular interest are the author's references to Mr. A. W. Cope, the Assistant Under-Secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Cope, although a Civil Servant, possessed a vision which even red tape could not obscure. He believed throughout that negotiation was better than force, and acted on his belief. At no inconsiderable risk he succeeded in placing himself in personal relation with such members of the Republican organisation as seemed to hold even remotely reasonable views, and to him Major Street gives the credit for the Truce of July. "Whatever opinion may be held as to the details of the Truce of July, a Truce which it may safely be said would never have been reached but for his efforts, there can be no denial of the fact that Mr. Cope's success in establishing relations with the leaders of Sinn Fein, at a time when the Government which he represented was engaged in a policy of repression of that party, was a diplomatic feat of a very high order." In this opinion anyone who knows anything of Irish people on the one hand and of Governmental methods on the other will, I think, heartily concur.

One other extract I will give without comment. When the Prime Minister had invited de Valera to a conference, the latter cleverly replied in terms indicating his willingness to discuss *preliminaries* for such a conference—an important difference, and a reply in consonance with his devious policy. The Prime Minister ignored this attitude and replied to de Valera as though his acceptance had been unconditional. In the author's words, "... the Government had embarked upon its perilous enterprise, and no considerations of strict honesty could be allowed to override those of expediency."

There I will leave the book; its careful perusal will repay those who realise how profoundly the "Irish question" has affected and must still affect the international policy and relations of the Empire.

Major C. J. C. Street, the son of Major-General J. A. Street, C.B., was educated at Wellington College and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and was gazetted to the Royal Regiment of Artillery in 1903. His military service at that time was uneventful—from the official point of view. As a matter of fact there were one or two incidents—as for instance when two

Gunner subalterns during manœuvres found a couple of traction engines with steam up by the roadside, their drivers having temporarily deserted them in search of refreshment. The subs. promptly mounted an iron steed each and set off on a race which culminated in two perfectly good military traction engines being found overturned in a ditch, and two chastened Gunner subs. receiving a terrible wiggling. Then, in the Channel Islands—but I become indiscreet. In 1914 Street was re-gazetted and commanded a six-inch howitzer battery in France, getting rather badly knocked about in the process. In 1917 he was appointed to the Intelligence Department of the War Office and did a lot of useful and interesting work there. He received the Military Cross (for "action" in France), the Officership of the Order of the British Empire (Military), and mention in dispatches. His chief hobby is boat-sailing and all kinds of mechanical pursuits, but he took to writing because it was in him. During his first year he earned the enormous sum of ten-and-sixpence by his pen, but he "carried on" and has to-day several books and numerous short stories to his credit. His book, "With the Guns," published in 1916 under the pseudonym of "F. O. O.," was regarded justly as one of the best books of its kind produced during the war. "The Making of a Gunner" bore the same *nom de plume*, and "The Administration of Ireland" was published recently bearing the signature "I. O." All Street's writings give evidence of a respect for accuracy which is as refreshing as it is becoming unusual. He is an industrious person, likes English beer and English weather better than the beverages and climates of other countries, and considers Joseph Conrad the greatest novelist of the century.

I once asked Street (with whom I served) to divulge the secret of his invariable good humour, patience with the foibles of impossible people, and quiet endurance of physical and mental strain when other people (such as myself) were quarrelsome, stupid and generally damnable. He promptly denied the quality, but added that there was a lot of quiet humour to be derived from most situations, even unpleasant ones, and it was much easier to be amused at the humour than irritated at the unpleasantness of any situation. I wish I found it so! I remember once during the war Street developing a sudden hunger for marmalade, which was then very hard to get. We were in London at the time and one day, bolting a hasty lunch, we set out to try and procure some of the succulent preserve. After fruitlessly trying a number of shops we entered a great store, where they kept everything from pins to parachutes. I think we must have got into the wholesale department by mistake, for when the burly Street had with much difficulty edged his way through the crowd up to the counter and politely asked for "a pound or two," the assistant tossed her head and replied haughtily, "We don't sell marmalade over the counter!" Not a whit abashed, Street smiled genially and replied, "Then would you mind pushing some underneath it?" We were escorted out of the shop by two polite but very plainly alarmed shopwalkers.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON

(Captain).

THE READER.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

BY C. LEWIS HIND.

LATE last Christmas Day, in a Kent farm-house, lonely but lovely, before a wood fire, holding the book up to catch the light from expiring candles, I finished "If Winter Comes" and without premeditation wrote on the fly-leaf, "All's well."



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

A. S. M.
Hutchinson.

And when months later I finished "This Freedom" I underlined three words on the last page—the words, "One's suffered so."

Why I did this I hardly know, but I think it was because those two sentences seemed to express these

two books and to relate them to the author. For I cannot dissociate art from life, or books from their creators, and as this article is an appreciation of a writer I admire very much, and as he throws himself headlong into his books, and with a courage that irritates some of his reviewers who want a model—their traditional model novel—not a man, I propose to relate my adventures with modest and retiring Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson and with "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom," thereby perhaps helping to explain their "enormous vogue."

We are what we are. We may develop; we do not change. Years ago, when I was an editor and watchful for new talent, I was impressed by certain brief editorials in the *Daily Graphic*. They showed a passionate sincerity, a biting interest in and feeling for humanity, and a way of writing that was direct and at the same time sidelong. I took some trouble to discover the

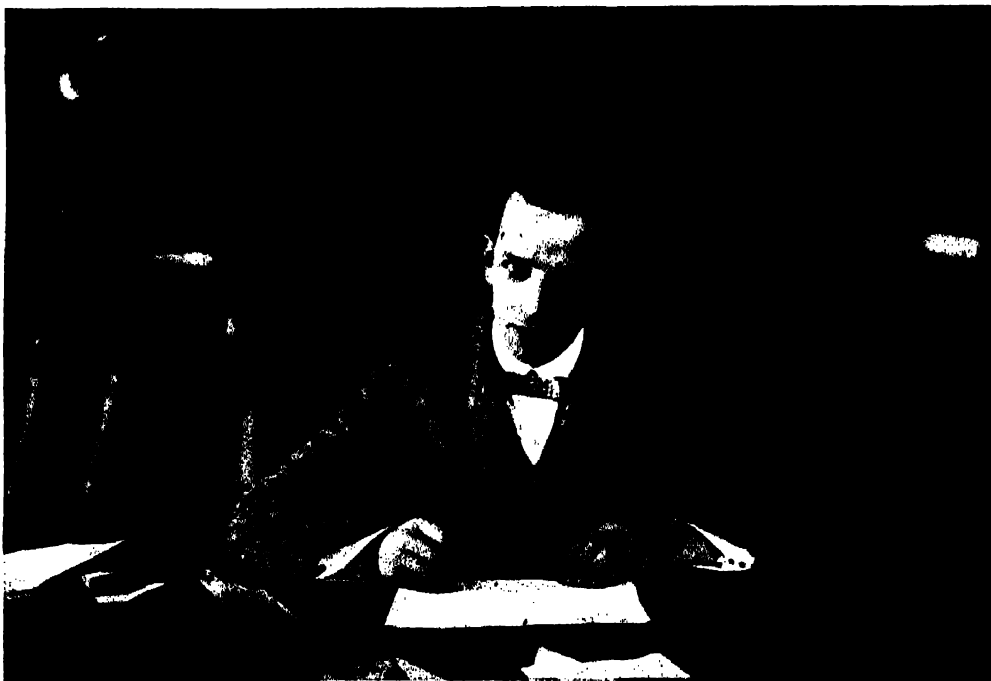
name of this writer, and found that he was the editor of the *Daily Graphic*, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. No doubt my memory of those editorials is coloured; but I find in "If Winter Comes" and in "This Freedom" the same qualities and the same passionate sincerity.

I used that term "passionate sincerity" to Mr. Hutchinson when I first met him. He seemed pleased, indeed I may say he was very pleased. And I also said that the postscript to "If Winter Comes," the letter from Hi and Lo Jinks, was a stroke of genius (again he seemed pleased), that it rounded the book off deftly, and showed that he understood that tragedy and humour twist and turn through art as through life. He listened. He is an intent listener, and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, author of "Main Street," listened also, no doubt noting how complimentary and fraternal English authors and critics are. Sinclair Lewis was present because a clever lady, Mrs. Scott, had brought these two "best sellers" to a P.E.N. Club dinner, and I, still fond of drama without tears, had begged the author of "Main Street," whom I had met in America, to introduce me to the author of "If Winter Comes."

Our next contact was due to the late Lord Northcliffe. He returned from his world tour brimming with interest in the enormous sales of "If Winter Comes." He never lost his love for a "big thing." The Literary Page of *The Times* had just been inaugurated, and Lord Northcliffe suggested—and his word was law—that correspondence should be invited from readers offering explanations of the "enormous vogue" of "If Winter Comes." Who should set the ball rolling?

Well—I was selected.

I wrote the little article with zest, for *The Times* is *The Times*, and a messenger from Printing House Square came for the copy, for Lord Northcliffe's hastening eye was upon us; but my article did not appear the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I sighed, but



A. S. M. Hutchinson,

in 1912, when he was editing the *Daily Graphic*.

kept smiling. Then came a letter from the editor of the Literary Page, very long, very courteous, asking if I would not tone down my appreciation a little, as it was so enthusiastic that he feared it would deter people from expressing their views on the book. At first I was inclined to act as if I were an Arnold Bennett and say, "Sir, I'm hanged if I'll alter a word," but being myself, that is more of a hind than a panther, I did tone it down and cut out the passage explaining why I had written "All's well" on the fly-leaf of "If Winter Comes." A more judicial person was selected to set the ball of correspondence rolling. My article appeared on the second day, and the world went on much the same.

Why did I inscribe "All's well" on the fly-leaf? Because I felt that if half a million people more or less read "If Winter Comes" and thought about it, and discussed it, the heart of the English-speaking world is all right. To explain myself, perhaps I may be allowed to quote a portion of my *Times* article:

"The world, the inarticulate world, which makes no speeches, preaches no sermons and beats no drums, is not fooled. It knows the right thing when it is shown honestly; it saw the spiritual man in John Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln'; it sees him in this Mark Sabre, misjudged, maligned, who does things because they are right, not because they are politic.

"Can it be that the reading public is wiser than we have been taught to believe? Can it be that in a world of rhetoric and rodomontade, of parties, promises and policies, which plain folk despise because they know that policy is only a synonym for selfishness, the man in the street and his wife find in this book an escape into nobler issues? Can it be that the reading world discerns in the hero (poor word) of 'If Winter Comes,' this Mark Sabre, a real man, a Christian who, without preaching, without fuss, lives the Sermon on the Mount against all odds? I have asked a score of people why they like this book, and the answer always is, 'Mark Sabre.'

"The hungry sheep are fed—that is the reason. The book happens to be a work of art, and the characters, all of them, are alive; but that would not have been enough to ensure the phenomenal success of this story about a true Christian. Its values are spiritual. The hungry sheep are fed not by doctrine, not by policies, but by the sight of love prevailing because it is love."

Now for another contact with the author, which was illuminating to me. He spent an evening with us, and naturally (I intrigued him to do so) we talked about "If Winter Comes." My wife, after the manner of women, suggested that the rights of Mabel as a wife had been rather ignored in regard to the Effie episode,

and explained her point of view with much eloquence. I listened eagerly and anxiously, but I was also watching the author, who showed signs not of antagonism but of great curiosity. When my wife had ceased he leaned forward with a sincerely complimentary smile and said, "That is very, very interesting. I never thought of that."

Here I jumped in. "But, my dear Hutchinson," I cried, "did you not consider various alternatives, other courses that Mabel and Mark might have taken?"

"No," he answered, with his slow, decisive smile, "I described what they did."

A pause. I asked no more questions, because I think that I understood in that instant the important distinction between Hutchinson and most other living novelists, and the reason why he is a "best seller." For the public is neither blind nor deaf; it knows the real thing and it is more interested in humanity than artistry.

To most living novelists the writing of novels is a career, a business. They shape their characters; they make plans, after reflection, of the way their puppets should act. Hutchinson's men and women shape their own

destiny. They become so real to him that all he has to do is to tell what they did. This, I think, is what the public finds so enthralling in his books—his passionate sincerity; and this is why I underscored those three words on the last page of "This Freedom"—"One's suffered so." I believe he did suffer from the terrible catastrophes that followed from Rosalie's self-centredness and pride in efficiency. He is violently in earnest when he reiterates, "Strike on." The blow falls on him as well as on Rosalie, for she was good, and we must remember that goodness causes suffering like evil, if it be not allied to wisdom. Perhaps some day Mr. Hutchinson may school himself to stand more aloof from his creations. His books may then gain in artistry, but they will lose in humanity. Personally I want him to be just as he is, and growing as he will.

Many of the reviews of "This Freedom" irritated me. They seemed so lacking in understanding, so ill-content to let Mr. Hutchinson be himself. Arthur Waugh's article in the *Daily Telegraph* was a shining exception. I do not want Mr. Hutchinson to change either his method or his style. It exactly suits the piercing rock-drill vigour of his mind and his way of handling his stories. Any Professor of Fiction, at a School of Literature, would have told him that the

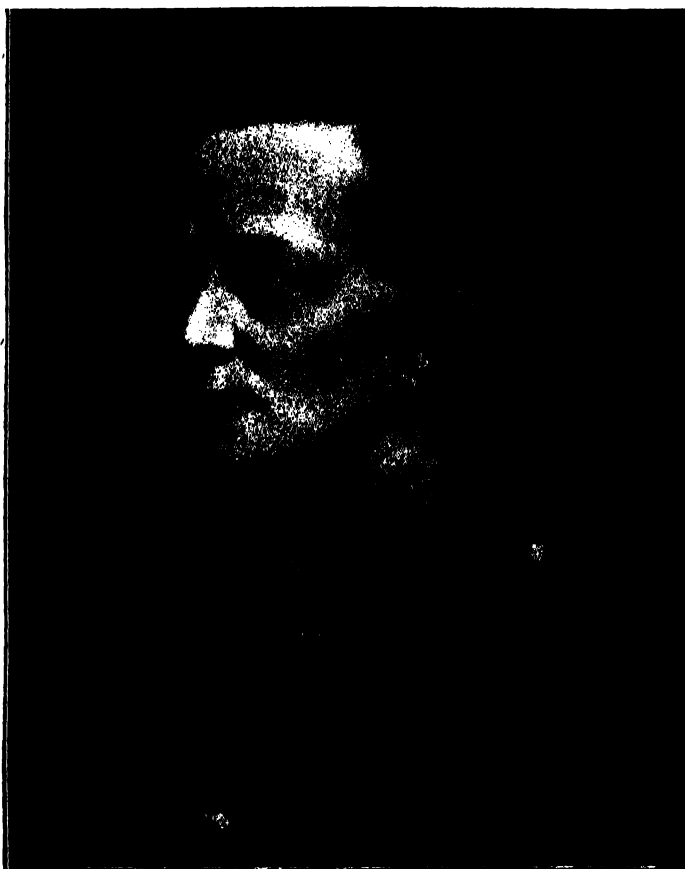


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. S. M. Hutchinson,
in 1918.

public would never stand the five pages of the "garrulous Hapgood" which opens "If Winter Comes," or the fate of Rosalie's children at the end of "This Freedom." And I can see him saying to his Professor, accompanied by his slow, decisive smile, "But that is what did happen."

Some women, I notice, object to his treatment of Rosalie. I find her quite consistent. As she was in the beginning, with her keen observation of "man-worship," and resentment of it, so she was in the end. To say that the final agony is piled up is to say nothing. This is fiction, not life. Happily life is infinitely more generous to us than fiction. The Rosalies of life would find a score of ways of evading their fate, for life is inconsistent. But good fiction must be consistent, and I maintain that Mr. Hutchinson has made Rosalie and her fate credible. Call it abnormal if you will, but abnormalities have a way of being frightfully evident, as for example the mothers who lost all their sons in the war, or the girl who was killed, when praying, by the stone Virgin crashing down upon her.

So here we have two people, a man and a woman, Mark Sabre and Rosalie Occleve, making their fight against circumstances and their own actions. Each is beautifully and pitifully human. I believe that they, and what they stand for, will last because it is done with heart and art. These are books with characters, major and minor, biting drawn. Mabel is a creation.

A man who is not usually a reader of fiction was found to be absorbed in "If Winter Comes," and to be re-reading it.

When asked the cause of this obsession, he first looked furtively around the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot; then he said, solemnly, "I married a Mabel."

Perhaps (Hutchinson may be astonished at this) Mabel is his best creation. He loves Mark Sabre and Rosalie; he does not love Mabel. So he looks at her as one aloof, draws her frankly and severely, not being personally involved in her fate.

SONG OF THE LARKS AT DAWN.

BY HERBERT TRENCH.

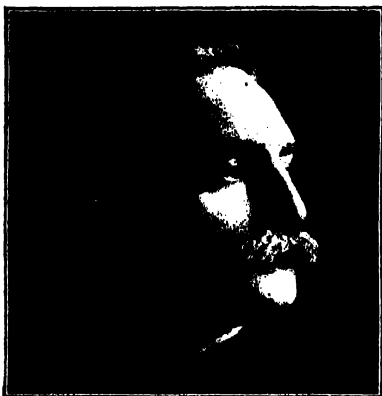


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Herbert Trench.

SHEPHERDS
who pastures
seek
At dawn may
see
From Falterona's
peak*
Above Camal-
doli
Gleam, beyond
forests and
wildernesses
bleak,
Both shores of
Italy.

Fallen apart are the terrible clouds of the morning
And men lift up their eyes.

Heaven's troubled continents
Are rifted, torn;
Thunders, in their forest tents,
Still seethe and sullenly mourn,
When aloft, from the gulfs and the sheer ascents,
Is a music born.
Hark to that music, laggard mists of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

For scarce can eye see light
When the ear's aware
That virginals exquisite
Are raining from the air—
With sun and pale moon mingling their delight—
Adorations everywhere.
Now listen and yield the vanquished stars of the morning
And men lift up their eyes.

* Note to verse 1: Falterona is the highest peak of the Apennines. Camaldoli is a monastery of silent monks at its foot.

Eddy of fiery dust,
Halo of rays,
Thrilling up, up, as they must
Die of the life they praise—
The larks, the larks! that to the earth entrust
Only their sleeping-place,
From rugged wolds and rock-bound valleys of morning
The larks like mist arise.

Earth sends them up from hills,
Her wishes small,
Her cloud of griefs, her wills
To burst from her own thrall
And to burn away what chains the soul or chills
In the God and fount of all.
Open your gates, O ye cities faint for morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

Open, Night's blue Pantheon,
Thy dark roof-ring
For that escaping pæan
Of tremblers on the wing
At the unknown threshold of the empyrean
In myriads soft to sing—
Give way before them, temple-veils of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

They ascend, ere the red beam
On heaven grows strong,
Into that amazing stream
Of Dawn, and float along
In the future, for the future is their dream
Who roof the world with song.
Open your flowers, O ye mountains spread for morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

They hang above the wave
And are the voice
Of that light for which we crave,
They flee from poise to poise,
They have forgotten the forgetful grave,
In garlands they rejoice—
They dance upon the golden surge of morning
That breaks our brooding skies.

Hark, it grows less and less
But nothing mars
That rapture beyond guess
Beyond our senses' bars,

They drink the virgin Light, the measureless,
And in it fade like stars.
They have gone past, the dew-like spirits of morning,
Beyond the uplifted eyes.

Between two lamps suspended,
Of Life and Death,
Sun-marshall'd and moon-tended
Man's swift soul journeyeth
To be borne out of the life it hath transcended
Still, still on a breath,
To-day we too are the wingéd sons of the morning,
To-day we will arise.

THE OLD "LONDON MAGAZINE" AND SOME OF ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE first *London Magazine* appeared in 1732 and continued until 1775. Then in 1820 two journals bearing the same name ran concurrently. To distinguish them one was called Baldwin's *London Magazine* and the other Gold's *London Magazine*, after the respective publishers of each. The latter monthly lasted only about a year or so; the former under successive proprietors until 1829. No reputations were made by Gold's magazine, but the case is otherwise with its rival, for to the *London Magazine*, under which "naked nomination" it is now simply known, such famous writers as Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, De Quincey, Carlyle, and others of lesser note were contributors. Its first and best editor was a Scotsman—John Scott—whose regrettable and untimely death (the result of a duel with Christie, following the quarrel with Lockhart of *Blackwood's Magazine*) took place after just over a year since Scott became conductor of the Magazine.

Scott was born in Aberdeen in 1783 and was educated first at the grammar school of that town, where for a short time he had Byron for a fellow schoolmate, though the latter was about five years his junior. On leaving the grammar school he matriculated at the University (Marischal College) in 1796, but did not graduate. At his entrance he won the seventh competition bursary. The librarian of the University kindly informs me that there is no record of Scott's having obtained any University prizes. He left the college in 1799 and went to London, where he obtained an appointment as clerk in the War Office. On giving up this employment he turned to journalism, and in 1813 or 1814

became editor of the *Champion*. In the latter year and again in 1815 he visited Paris, and embodied his observations in two very interesting works which Thackeray rightly described as "famous good reading." They were "A Visit to Paris in 1814," published in 1815, and "Paris Revisited in 1815 By Way of Brussels," published in 1816. The editorship of the *Champion* appears to have been given up somewhere about 1816, and thenceforward Scott spent much time on the Continent—in France, Switzerland and Italy up to 1819. While in Venice in the latter year he received a letter from Sir James Mackintosh, then Professor of Law in the East India College at Haileybury, offering him a post in the Company—"the Directors are in want of a Man of Talents to write their Dispatches"—intimating that it should be worth £2,000 a year, was "respectable employment," and would be "a provision for life," though "far beneath your merits and my wishes for you."

To this Scott replied from Venice (February 10th, 1819), regretting that Sir James's letter had been delayed "eight days longer on the road than usual," and after expressing gratification at his correspondent's remembrance of him, went on:

"My present situation I can have no difficulty in stating to you. A proposal has, within these few weeks, been made to me by a London Bookseller, to undertake the management of a publication which would require my presence in England before the close of the present year. We do not, however, as yet accord exactly as to terms—nor am I very well disposed to recommence the avocations of an Editor. Before receiving this proposition, I had settled to rest in the neighbourhood of Paris (Fontainebleau) for some years, employing myself on a work of a



John Scott.

Editor of the *London Magazine*, 1813-14.

mixed nature on the public events of Europe that have occurred since the French Revolution. My aversion to plunge myself again in the turbulence, presumption, heats and regrets, that form the atmosphere of an Editor's work-room is strong; and I have only been induced to contemplate renewing such an employment, for which I am now very unfit, by a circumstance of a peculiar nature. Mrs. Scott, during her present residence in London, has become necessary to the happiness—I believe I might say to the life—of a brother—a fine young man who has been suddenly struck with what appears to be incurable blindness. Her representations, and my own feeling of what humanity requires, have induced me to lend an ear to an offer, which, altho' not presenting a prospect very desirable in itself, would at least prevent the necessity of making a separation in the case alluded to, by affording me an opportunity of returning to England.

"The situation which you describe in your Letter, would put this in my power in a manner much more agreeable to me. It is my earnest desire to withdraw from the anxieties of Literary gladiatorship. I have lost the spirits necessary to maintain such combats. I know myself to be, and my friends know me to be, capable of strict and steady application, and I had much rather now that it should be exercised in the line of patient industry than in that of Literary adventure. My opinions are not unqualified enough to serve any one party, or perhaps to effect any one practical purpose. As I am conscious of this, I would be happy to submit myself to the certain routine prescribed by the duties of a reputable Office, for the sake of escaping from the pains and misgivings that attend giving birth to speculations that are after all little better than abortions."

The letter is a very long one, and interesting for the light it throws on Scott's circumstances and modest ambition at that time. He gladly accepts Sir James's offer and "with regard to salary, any sum would be satisfactory the acceptance of which might not be thought to you derogatory to my present respectability," and he adds:

"I shall have something to offer to the public on Italy in the course of the Autumn. The subject is interesting, but the execution is difficult, and also painful. This is a Country where an Englishman has reason to blush at every step he takes,—and where a political system, chiefly made-up of tyranny and impudence, appears praiseworthy as contrasted with the perfidy and imbecility that have squatted themselves in its place as the restorers of right and the avengers of wrong. Looks of reproach everywhere break out upon us here amidst the ruin that encumbers this fine land; and we are obliged to listen to the Italians repeating what lofty ideas they had formed of the value and efficacy of English influence, surrounded by the most distressing



Charles Lamb.

(the water colour by G. F. Josephs, in the British Museum)

proofs that their confidence was misplaced. Those who would acquire ideas favourable to B^{onaparte} must leave France and enter Italy. I don't know whether it will console you for this account, to be told that I saw Lord Byron last night at one of the common masked-balls of Venice, the price of admission to which is *twenty Sous*—alone and unnoticed—grown very fat—and going through the rooms performing practical pleasantries with the Ladies who were there in the discharge of their professional duty."

It is very evident from Scott's letter that he was most anxious to obtain the appointment proposed by Mackintosh, but had he been successful there would have been no editorship of the *London Magazine* for him, and consequently no night-meeting at Chalk Farm with its fatal ending. So much delay however had occurred in the transit of Mackintosh's letter

that the next news Scott received was to inform him that the post had been filled. Poor John Scott! Everything at first seemed to befriend him. In this connection Byron wrote afterwards: "I recollect his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, and which prevented the further extension (unless by a rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy." If Scott had been installed in the East India House he would have had for colleagues Thomas Love Peacock, James Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill, and, in another department Charles Lamb of the Accountants' Office, with whom he was slightly acquainted. His association with the last-named was afterwards to be of a different nature. It was as "Our Elia," "the pride of *our Magazine*," that Scott characterised him.

How long Scott remained in Rome or the date of his arrival in England has not been ascertained. Before leaving Rome his portrait was drawn by Seymour Kirkup, a reproduction of which is here given. It will be noticed

that the date is "1820," in which year Scott was in England. Knowing that there was a drawing of him by Kirkup in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, I wrote to the Curator asking him kindly to compare it with the photo which I sent, and he informed me that the latter was very much like it, though differing in details of execution. He added, "the writing on our drawing is also similar, but the date is quite clearly 1819," and that he thought it not unlikely that the photograph was taken from a rather later "repetition" by Kirkup.

On his return to England Scott wrote to several of his



William Hazlitt.

From the miniature by his brother John.
By kind permission of his grandson, W. C. Hazlitt.

friends asking for contributions. Among these were Octavius Gilchrist, Horace Smith, P. G. Patmore, and Lady Mackintosh. Hazlitt, too, must have been approached, as the first Number contains the beginning of a series of articles on "The Drama." Whether Lamb was applied to at this time is not known; certainly his first "Elia" paper did not appear until the magazine had been in full swing for eight months. In the month following the appearance of "The South Sea House" he wrote to the editor on behalf of Talfourd, but no contribution of the latter was printed until February, 1821, although Scott was in communication with him early in the preceding December. It was very seldom that any of the articles were signed by the writers, so that it has been impossible hitherto to identify these anonymous contributions. In his old age Procter gave a list from memory, but it is not very helpful with regard to the lesser writers. Of course such essays as Hazlitt's "Table Talk," Lamb's "Elia," Cunningham's "Traditional Tales" and others are well known, as they have been published and acknowledged by their authors. Of his own work Procter modestly writes: "I myself was amongst the crowd of contributors; and was author of various pieces, some in verse and others in prose, now under the protection of that great Power which is called 'Oblivion.'" The recent dispersal of his and others' letters to the editor of the *London Magazine* has, however, provided an agreeable antidote against the opium of time and neutralised the iniquity of oblivion. Many of these letters are undated, and it is at times very difficult and sometimes impossible to be certain as to their dates. Occasionally there is the postmark which gives welcome aid, but where this is absent no little dubiety ensues. A letter from Lady Mackintosh, for instance, has only the heading, "22^d Mardocks" (her place of residence). Fortunately in this case there is a postmark, No. 24, 1819, so that the difficulty vanishes. An extract runs thus:

"For myself I feel much flattered by your claiming my services in aid of your undertaking, and perhaps in one or two instances I might be able to procure some interesting notices on the subjects you mention from Mr. Rich and Mr. Salt y^e Consul Gen^l in Egypt."

Rich was in the Consular service and had married Lady Mackintosh's eldest daughter, and in 1819 was living in Bagdad. No contributions can be traced to these men.

The next letter (from Horace Smith) merely dated "Sunday," must have been written in 1819, not very long before the first Number of the magazine appeared in January, 1820.



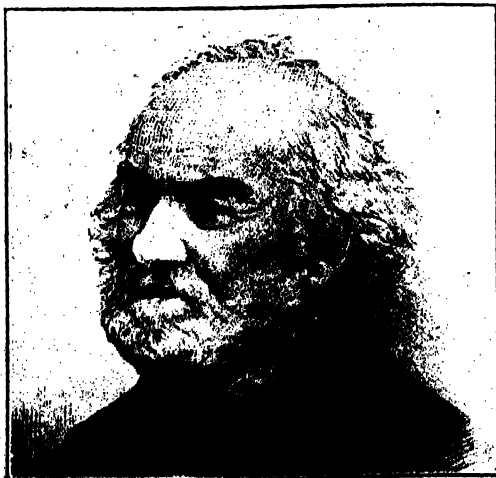
Horace and James Smith.

stile, the devil a step would he budge, so I mounted a woe-begone Hackney and the enclosed Jeremiade is the result of my ride. If too doleful and decidedly politic for your Magazine please present it to the Bellman of Mortlake [Scott's suburban retreat] with my compliments for Christmas use, or appropriate it *ad sicum et piperem*. Comicality is no joke now, or it is like the forced merriment of the Malefactor who seeing a friend go by put his head out of the prison window and explained in a sepulchral voice, 'I say, Jack, I'm to be scragg'd to-morrow. Fol de rol, de riddle lol, de rido.' For my part I believe we shall all be scragg'd before we have seen many to-morrows."

The "Jeremiad" was a set of verses, "A Farewell to England," which appeared in the first Number of the magazine, signed with the initial "H." That it was the poem referred to is proved by the following extract from H. Smith's letter of March 5th, 1820: "Did I not tell you in my Reform verses that 'wrong begets wrong,'" and the recurrence of the citation in one of the jiggling stanzas:

"Whole cities are wild with distress,
While demagogues, urging the storm,
Goad the starving and desperate crowd to excess,
In the rage of unbounded Reform:—
And as wrong begets wrong, new excesses invite
New armies, new inroads on freedom and right."

No further contributions of Horace Smith can be traced until January, 1821, when there appeared "Miller Redivivus, No. 1." This was followed in succeeding months, except May, up to and including June, by "Memnon's Head" and "Miller Redivivus, No. 2"; "The Statue of Theseus"; "Death—Posthumous Memorials—Children"; "Miller Redivivus, No. 3," and probably "The Contrast," as it is signed with the usual signature "H."; "The Autobiography of John Huggins"; "The Shriek of Prometheus"; "Miller Redivivus, No. 4." Nearly all the foregoing were afterwards collected by Smith in his *Gateties and Gravities*. There are references to two of the contributions, viz., "Miller Redivivus" and the prose article, "Death



John Payne Collier.

—Posthumous Memorials—Children" in the letters to Scott.

Of the poem, "Miller Redivivus," Parts 2, 3 and 4 (Nehemiah Muggs) appear to have been written early in 1818, for in Keats's letter to his brothers (February 16th of that year) there occurs the following passage: "Horace Smith has lent me his manuscript called 'Nehemiah Muggs, an exposure of the Methodists'—perhaps I may send you a few extracts." In a note to this letter by the late Buxton Forman (*The Complete Works of John Keats*) there is the following comment:

"While Keats was busy copying 'Endymion' for the printers, he took the relaxation of reading a manuscript satire by Horace Smith, lent by the author, but never, as far as I can learn, published. His daughter, still living [1901] can tell me nothing about 'Nehemiah Muggs.' Dr. Garnett, alluding to this passage in his article on Horace Smith in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' says

that the satire does not appear to have been published. So far I have been unable to ascertain that it has."

From what has been said above it can now be stated positively that it was twice published,



John Clare,

From the painting by J. Hilton, R.A.

first in the *London Magazine*, and afterwards in *Gaieties and Gravities*.

In one of Smith's letters and in one of Patmore's there are interesting comments on two of the *Elia* essays—"Christ's Hosp." (November, 1820) and "New Year's Eve" (January, 1821), which prove that almost from their first appearance their authorship was no mystery to some at least of the contributors to the magazine, although it was unknown to its readers.

Perhaps in some respects the most interesting letter of the series on which this article is based is one from Bernard Barton, in which he acknowledges himself as the author of "VERSES TO LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME and BROWN, *On their publication of Wordsworth's Excursion* IN OCTAVO," which the late Bertram Dobell confidently ascribed to LAMB! To understand and appreciate one of Barton's comments on the poem, it is necessary to quote one of the stanzas and to explain that the price of the quarto edition of Wordsworth's poem was two guineas; that of the smaller one twelve shillings:

"Yet bulk I should not heed one pin.
In books that are worth looking in—
There is a much worse evil:
Twelve shillings, for a book like this,
E'en for poor bards, is not amiss—
Two guineas is—the d—ll!"

This is the letter:

"Woodbridge, 1/1, 1821.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I know we cordially agree in wishing to promote

the Circulation of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. If the foregoing *jeu d'esprit* appears likely to be of any use in making additionally known to the Readers of the *London Magazine* that such a treasure is now

generally accessible; I am persuaded that thou wilt have pleasure in giving insertion to it.

"In consequence of some part of it not being exactly in the 'dialect of the tribe' I do not chuse to avow it: but if I had consider'd there was anything seriously reprehensible in such liberties of style in a trifle like this, I should not even anonymously have allowed myself to use them—Should it appear objectionable, however, to thee, let me know by one line pretty directly, as some notice or other of the 8vo edition I have pledg'd myself to get into thy next No. if I possibly could.

"Thine truly,

"B. B."

B. W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall") was a fairly frequent contributor both in verse and prose under various signatures—"B. C.," "L.," "W.," (?) "B.," and (?) "*****." For the following there is manuscript authority:

Verse.—"Hereafter," B. C. (February, 1820), "The Last Song," L. (March), "Melancholy," W. (April), "On the Panorama of Venice," L. (June). *Prose*.—"On May Day" (May, 1820), "On Fighting, By a Gentleman of the Fancy" (May and June), "Letters of Foote, etc." (December and February, 1821).

In the May Number of 1821 there is an article entitled "A May Dream," signed "Theta," which was probably also Procter's work, as the writer refers to the previous May Day paper in terms which seem to imply a common authorship: "Since we saw thee last, and did thee 'honour due,'" he writes. Other contributions might be conjecturally assigned to Procter,

but my object has been for the most part to deal only with those which rest on definite authority.

Octavius Gilchrist, of Stamford, a friend of



Bernard Barton.



B. W. Procter
"Barry Cornwall".

Scott of long standing, was the author in the first Number of "Some Account of John Clare," signed with his full name, and two anonymous articles, a review of Spencer's Anecdotes under the heading of "Critical Notices of New Books," in the February Number, and "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir John Suckling" in that for April. Another friend, P. G. Patmore, who was afterwards to be Scott's second in the duel, wrote an article, "On Riding on Horse," bearing the signature "Mazeppa," which appeared in January and March, 1821. John Payne Collier contributed three papers "On the Character and Writings of Shirley," which were printed in May, July and October of the year 1820.

Articles by T. N. Talfourd appeared in February and March, 1821, on the subject of "Pulpit Oratory"; in April he contributed a review of "Lloyd's Poems," and in May another on Hazlitt's "Table-Talk."

In May, 1821, there was "Emily, a Dramatic Sketch," and another with the same sub-title entitled "Count Julius" in the following month. Either one of these or both were the composition of Miss Mary Mitford. I am not certain on this point, for Talfourd, when claiming payment for his own articles and hers, refers only to Miss Mitford's Dramatic "Sketch"; but it is quite possible the latter was a slip for "Sketches," though one would think a man-of-law would not make a mistake of that kind, especially when writing on behalf of another person.

In 1917 there was published (nearly sixty years after the author's death) *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, by Charles MacFarlane, in the Appendix to which there is given a list of his published works, which included "Numerous Contributions, written during my residence in Italy, to the *Old London Magazine*, Reviews, etc., etc., chiefly on Italian Literature and other Italian subjects between 1821 and 1827." He was writing from memory and had apparently forgotten one article in November, 1820, which he sent to Scott from Fontainebleau on September 29th. He was then *en route* to Italy after a short stay in England, where he had been in communication with the editor of the magazine. The title of the article is "The Fishermen's Rebellion," an account of "the revolution of Naples in 1647, generally called 'Il tumulto di Mas'Aniello.'" The short introductory letter to the article is merely signed "M." In the April Number, 1821, there is a paper, "Sketches on the Road," No. II of which was announced in the *Lion's Head* (June) for insertion in the following Number. This, being a description of a



T. Noon Talfourd.

Surgeon and African explorer, who left England in 1818 to undertake the exploration of the Nigritian Soudan by way of Tripoli and Fezzan, and died at Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, on March 22nd, 1819. He, it will be remembered, was one of the guests at Haydon's "immortal dinner" in December, 1817, when Lamb so unmistakably displayed his imperfect sympathy with that poor fool, the Comptroller of Stamps.

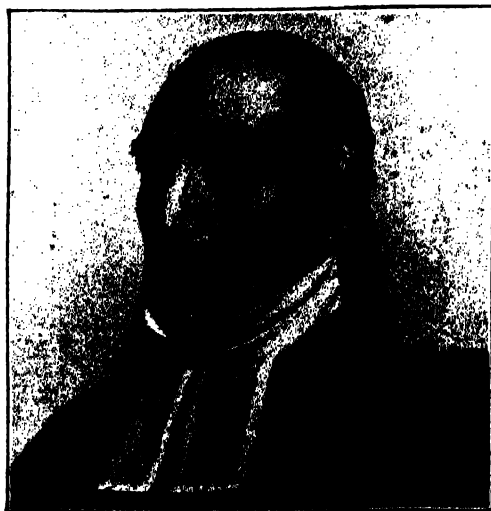
The clue to the authorship seemed to me to be contained in the last line of the following extract from the penultimate stanza of "Albion":

"And what if far from thee my star must set,
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
The tale, and some fair cheek that shall be wet,
And some bright eye in which the swelling tear
Will start for him who sleeps in Afric's desert drear?"

Subsequent inquiries confirmed my conjecture, for the poem under the title "A Farewell to England" was reprinted from the *London Magazine* in Alaric A. Watts's *Poetical Album* for 1829, where it is ascribed to "Joseph Ritchie, Esq." The identification of the author was a stroke of luck, but a better instance of such was in connection with an article, "Major Schill: From a Manuscript Journal," in the Number for May, 1821, signed with the Greek initials "Θ Ψ." The article opens thus: "In the year 1813 I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany." Remembering that Crabb Robinson spent some time

in that country as correspondent for *The Times*, I turned up his Diary and found under the date April 5th, 1813, the following entry: "With Walter, who introduced me to Croly, his dramatic critic, who is about to go to Hamburg to discharge the duty I performed six years ago." Then on reading the article I came across a note by the editor commenting on the author's bitterness against Bonaparte in these words:

"We would not make any change willingly in any communication from so valued a correspondent as the author



Rev. George Croly.

before us. But he is a classical man [Croly was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin], and we would simply ask him whether—' *Parcere victis, debellare superbis* ' is not a precept as heroic as it is classical."

In the same Number of the magazine there is a review of Croly's poem, *Paris in 1815. Part the Second*, in which the critic remonstrates with the poet for his "incessant and rancorous abuse of Bonaparte." Taking all the above-named facts into consideration, the probability of Croly's being the author of "Major Schill" seemed strong, more especially as he is known to have been a contributor to various periodicals. The nail might have been hit on the head, but it had not as yet been driven home. Then some considerable time afterwards, on strolling quite aimlessly into a second-hand bookseller's shop, almost the first book that met my eye was a complete edition of Croly's poems, and among them I found one "On the Grave of Major Schill." The writer of the article in the *London* certainly visited the grave, and Croly in this poem seems to imply that he himself did, though he represents himself under the name of "Stranger" in the colloquy between the latter and a "soldier."

Of Scott's contributions, which were numerous, Procter writes: "Mr. John Scott was the writer of the

several articles entitled, 'The Living Authors'; of a good many of the earlier criticisms; of some of the papers on politics; and of some which may be termed 'controversial' [notably those dealing with *Blackwood's Magazine*]. . . . He contributed also the critical papers on the writings of Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt."

With regard to these critical papers, Scott certainly wrote the review of Shelley's "Cenci" and probably that of Keats's "Lamia," etc., but not of "Endymion"; and Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," not that on the "Table-Talk." This, as stated previously, was the work of Talfourd. Leigh Hunt's "Poems," I have suggested above, were reviewed by Atherstone.

"General Reflections suggested by Italy, seen in the years 1818, 1819," the opening article of Number I of the magazine, would seem to be the "subject" to which Scott refers in his letter to Mackintosh (vide the second extract from Scott's letter). Two papers in the opening Numbers of 1821, "The Travels and Opinions of Edgeworth Benson," which were intended to be continued throughout the year, are certainly Scott's if reliance can be placed on a statement in the Obituary notice in the *Annual Register*, 1821.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

IT may seem ungrateful to complain, but I feel that this very delightful volume ought to be more delightful than it is. Anatole France is as right (and light) as can be; but Mr. Gsell, the Boswell of the occasion, is very heavy-handed; and the translator seems to be enjoying a joke of his own which he fails to transmit to the reader. The novels of Anatole France are as clearly projections of himself as the letters and essays of "Elia" are projections of Lamb. If you did not know, you would certainly guess that M. Bergeret, the Abbe Jerome Coignard and M. Sylvestre Bonnard are simply other modes of the existence of Anatole France. Indeed Jacques Thibault might as

well be called Jerome Coignard as Anatole France, and as a matter of fact his present Boswell almost invariably calls him M. Bergeret. Why then not let him tell his own story with the minimum of interference? When the pages represent pure reporting they are delicious; but when Boswell comes between us to expound the obvious and press the points upon us very hard, we seem to be hearing a German Professor of Comparative Philology lecturing on "Tristram Shandy" to a group of serious and spectacled students. As to Mr. Frederic Lees, I am puzzled to know what to say. The way of the translator is very hard indeed in almost every respect, and I should be loth to cast another stone upon his dolorous road. At first I wondered if the odd style were a deliberate attempt at keeping the Gallic touch:

"Already, some time



Anatole France,

From "Anatole France and his Circle" (John Lane).

* "Anatole France and His Circle." Being his Table Talk collected and recorded by Paul Gsell. Authorised translation by Frederic Lees. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

before the war, bitter vexations inclined Anatole France to solitude. The appalling cyclone drove him from Versailles where, in the nostalgic radiance of the past, he had sought repose."

Now that does not sound in the least like English; but it certainly sounds like being abroad somewhere, and in a book of foreign intimacies it might be defended as a kind of local colour. Presently, however, I began to doubt; and when on page ninety I encountered, "In the eyes of we Parnassians, a rhyme had to be rare and surprising"—well, I had a rare and surprising shock. Really, Mr. Lees, this is too much "for we"! "What will Scotland say to we Southrons about this?" once asked a famous journalistic authority on English literature; and *Punch* acidly replied, "Us, we hope." I do hope that Mr. Lees will say "us," too, when it is necessary. I am sure Anatole France would like it.

The volume, as the reader will have gathered, gives us a slight sketch of the modern Voltaire at home, together with some snatches of his conversation. It is very delicious, but (as we have said) we wish Anatole had written it all himself. Like Voltaire (but a sweeter, tenderer Voltaire) he is a sceptic. Listen therefore to his own defence of sceptics:

"Sceptic! Sceptic! Yes, indeed, they will again call me a sceptic. And in their opinion that is the worst of insults. But to me it is the highest praise. . . . All the masters of French thought have been sceptics—Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan. . . . Our great sceptics were sometimes the most affirmative and often the most courageous of men. It was only negations that they denied. They attacked everything which put the intelligence and the will in bondage. They struggled against ignorance which stupefies, against error which oppresses, against intolerance which tyrannises, against cruelty which tortures, against hatred which kills. . . . Face to face with the absurd sufferings men inflict on each other during the brief dream of their existence, they are filled with deep commiseration for their fellow-creatures."

We called Anatole France a modern Voltaire. Well, Voltaire the sceptic made his little jokes about Saul's asses and David's wives, but it was Voltaire who made all Europe ring with the infamies committed against Lally and La Barre, Sirven and Jean Calas, and execrated, in a memorable phrase, the political murder of Admiral Byng.

Elsewhere our present sceptic tells a delightful (but fictitious) "Professor Brown, of the University of Sydney," that great writers often write badly and even dully; but that they are great notwithstanding:

"Great writers do not possess meanness of soul. That, Mr. Brown, is the whole of their secret. They love their fellow-men profoundly. They are generous. They allow their hearts to expand. They have compassion for all forms of suffering. They strive to assuage them. They pity the poor actors who play the comic tragedy or the tragic comedy of Destiny. Pity, Monsieur le Professeur, is the very foundation-stone of genius."

But let us exhibit our Anatole in a more roguish humour. He admires Rodin—with a difference, however—and suggests that "he collaborates too much with catastrophe." His story of the accident by which the admired Victor Hugo statue came to be what it now is would be too long to quote. Let us therefore quote his account of Rodin's collaborations—and abstractions:

"I was told recently that a photographer went to Meudon to make some pictures of the Master's sculpture. Rodin being absent, he was received by a *praticien*. The photographer caught sight of a huge and barely-shaped block of marble, whence appeared only a finely sculptured knee. He went into ecstasies.

"'Admirable!' he exclaimed. 'Tell me, please, the name of this masterpiece?'

"'Thought,' replied the assistant.

"Delighted, the photographer pointed his camera, when the *praticien* said: 'But this is not Rodin's work, it is that of Despiau, his collaborator.'

"The photographer turned towards another massive block whence a nude back emerged. 'Splendid,' he exclaimed. 'What is this called?'

"'Still Thought. But that is not Rodin's either. It is by Desbois, his collaborator.'

"Disappointed, the photographer spied a third block with a foot emerging.

"'Marvellous!' he declared. 'And what may this represent?'

"'Once more Thought, as is fairly apparent, moreover. But this is not by Rodin. It is the work of Bourdelle, his collaborator.'

The photographer fled. The reader should also flee—to the libraries and booksellers and demand this volume. It will make him smile and make him think; sometimes separately, but usually together.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the three most telling metaphors or similes selected from English literature.

- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Eleanor Hebblethwaite, of 19, The Ridgway, Wimbledon, S.W.19, for the following :

PAN TO THE LITTLE SISTER.

Come down to the meadow, the meadow where honey grows wild,
My song shall enfold thee. . . .
Come away, come away : be a god's little child ;
Leave the lies they have told thee.

Be about, hide away, give the slip to the mother,
The children who call ;
For I will be mother and sister and brother
And more, more than all !

Run, run through the shrubs at the end of the garden, and clamber
The always-shut gate.
Look abroad, look abroad for the eyes carved of amber
That glimmer and wait.

Fear not the cleft hoof, shaggy haunch, there's a smile in the beard
Flowing freely as water.
Pan's courted, Pan's worshipped, but Pan's never feared
By an own little daughter !

There's a tree asks a queen—there's a vine wants a hand to its tending.
There's a thousand blue flowers. . . .
And a mad merry bird still a-luting a song without ending
To a dancing—to ours !

And the moments shall run like the rabbits ; the days shall be greenly
And goldenly curled ;
With sun through the trees where's a throne waiting queenly
The Rose of the World.

We also select for printing :

CAN NO ONE UNDERSTAND ?

For me the earth was balanced in his hand
And with one finger he could raise the sky,
Hang it more vast and high ;
The dream of life and love, of day and night,
Came sifted through his light :
For me, for *me* ! Will no one understand ?

He held the world, then dropped it from his hand,
But still its little brooks, its singing birds,
Sound like his words ;
And still in every child there is a trace,
A shadow of his face :
For me, for *me* ! Can no one understand ?

(Julia Wickham Greenwood, The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain.)

ARAGLYN.

Along the winding road by Araglyn
The banks have slipped and crumbled. The stones have fallen,
Fallen, and lie on the road, and the sodden grass,
The dank, green grass that grows by Araglyn.
The rain falls slow and bitter, like hope despaired of,
And a plaintive wind comes heavily and sadly,
Telling of ruins under a ragged sunset,
A voice of defeat, visiting Araglyn.
And dusk and Autumn close round Araglyn,
The stones, and the sparse heath, and the sour grass,
The unfruitful grass that the rain churns to pulp,
The drum of the rain, and the long complaint of the wind
Sighing drearily over Araglyn.

(C. A. Macartney, Universitätsstrasse 5, Vienna.)



Narbonne.—The Cathedral and Hotel de Ville.

From "A Little Tour in France" (Heinemann).
Reviewed in Supplement

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by G. M. W. Mitchell (Brentford), Sybil Knight (Shalford), Mrs. Marion Peacock (Horsham), Charles G. Gibson (Launceston), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), G. Laurence Groom (London, N.W.), T. Howard (Bridport), Winifred Cooper (Leeds), Mary C. Mair (Porlock Weir), Edney Peters (Birkenhead), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), Kathleen M. Gush (Sydenham), Thos. H. Lewis (West Ealing), "Roslyn" (Auckland, N.Z.), Rev. W. L. Broadbent (London, N.W.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Agnes Gilmore Guthrie (Milgiris, India), John A. Belchambers (Highgate Hill), Miss K. A. Baimbridge (Kidderminster), Melfin Jones (Cardiff), Margery C. Nudd (Yiewsley), Mary A. Jones (Warwick), J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), Roland Sutton (Cirencester), S. E. Irene Bell (Darlington), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), H. McL. Hornman (Cape Province, South Africa), May Herschal Clarke (Woolwich), K. M. Prime (Earl's Court), Vivien Ford (Kensington), Constance Pendlebury (Chapel-en-le-Frith), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), May Rowland (Eastbourne), F. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), Kathleen Ida Noble (Walthamstow), Lorna Keeling Collard (Win-canton), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), Doris M. Wibberley (Burton-on-Trent), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Una Malleson (London, W.), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), A. M. Sykes (Elmley Castle), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), C. Ethel Evans (Edinburgh), Pauline Meadows (London, E.C.), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Digby Goddard-Renwick (Ditton Hill), H. I. Strand (Seaton), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), "Crusoe" (Burton), Winifred Tasker (Middleham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following :

THE HIDDEN FORCE. BY LOUIS COUPERUS.
(Jonathan Cape.)

"What porridge had John Keats ?"

BROWNING, *Popularity*.

We also select for printing:

FUTILITY. BY WILLIAM GERHARDI.
(Cobden-Sanderson.)

"Washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water."

HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

THIS FREEDOM. BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I'll marry this lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."

W. S. GILBERT, *Trial By Jury*.

(Eileen Roberts, 10, Hilda Street, Barry.)

THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF IRELAND.

BY H. B. C. POLLARD. (Philip Allan.)

"I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in
my bed."

T. HOOD, *China Mender*.

(M. R. Grove, 2, Albion Street, W.2.)

III.—This PRIZE is divided and Two NEW BOOKS each
sent to H. A. C. Legge, of Bramdean, Alres-
ford, Hants, and Margery Constance Nudd, of
54, High Street, Yiewsley, Middlesex, for the
following:

"... The joys of the road are chiefly these . . .

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,

In early fall, when the wind walks too;

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;

The silent flock of the cold new moon;

With only another league to wend,

And two brown arms at the journey's end."

(From "The Joys of the Road," by Bliss Carmen.)

MARGERY CONSTANCE NUDD.

"And this shall be for music, when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!

That only I remember, that only you admire,

Of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire."

(From "Romance," by Robert Louis Stevenson.)

H. A. C. LEGGE.

Twenty-three competitors have sent the same quota-
tion from Stevenson's "The Vagabond"; thirteen the
same from Masfield's "Tewkesbury Road"; twelve
the same from Gerald Gould's "Wander Thirst"; and
six other quotations are repeated in smaller numbers.
We specially commend these and commend for lesser
known quotations M. E. Wyly (Slough), W. W. Miller
(Putney), Mary A. Kyd (Broughty Ferry), Mariquita
Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Marcus Hyman
(Clapton), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Marion Peacock
(Horsham), Alfred Green (Skipton), Miss E. Hanson
(Bingley), Miss J. Pearson (Halifax).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review
is awarded to Geoffrey H. Wells, of 14, Essich
Street, Roath Park, Cardiff, for the following:

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A THEORY OF ART.

BY LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Martin Secker.)

This essay is a valuable contribution to the study of
Æsthetics. Certain of its statements seem to need more
qualification, but an occasional appearance of dogmatism
is the price inevitably paid for a very desirable conciseness.
This is emphatically not a book for the reader in search of
relaxation. The close-packed thought of its exposition,
stripped of all inessentials, of the fundamental nature of
Art demands constant attention and intellectual effort
for its comprehension. Mr. Abercrombie's prose, admir-
ably expressing his thought, is hard, clear and restrained.

We also select for printing:

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST.

BY SIR HENRY LUCY. (John Murray.)

This is not only one of the best books Sir Henry Lucy
has written, but it is one of the best books of its kind that

anyone has written during recent years. We have had
popular malicious diaries, and at least one well-written
morbid diary, but here we have a clever normal diary
that is neither malicious nor morbid. The entries cover
about twenty years of a busy life. Of some great men
we get a complete pen-and-ink sketch, of others just a
revealing glimpse in passing. The book abounds in
incident, and teems with interest throughout.

(A. P. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

THE WOMAN IN THE LITTLE HOUSE.

BY M. L. EYLES. (Grant Richards.)

The great fascination of this book lies in its absorbing
reality. It is the story of a working woman's daily life,
written by one who has lived in the same surroundings and
under similar conditions. Though it is not a book for
indiscriminate reading, it should be studied by every
woman who is interested in economic conditions. It is true
to life; true in its sordidness, and true in the witness it
bears to the unflagging bravery of a woman's fight against
heavy odds.

(Ann Gibbins, The Rectory, Oxted, Surrey.)

PAGES FROM THE WORKS OF THOMAS HARDY.

ARRANGED BY RUTH HEAD. (Chatto & Windus.)

In this extensive and nicely chosen anthology the com-
piler has presented a wonderful view of the mind of a great
genius, and of the rural territory he has made so peculiarly
his own. Though unscientifically arranged, these pages
selected from his work illustrate its general import, every
extract being brought to its natural termination, and
poems appearing *in extenso*. The quotations from "The
Dynasts" exemplify some of the sterner themes treated
by Hardy. The result is a successful cumulative effect not
always experienced in kindred anthologies. An abler
introduction to a great classic writer could not be desired.

(Wilfrid Robertshaw, 13, Boynton Street, West Bowling,
Bradford, Yorks.)

MR. PROHACK. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

(Methuen.)

Starting from such a well-worn theme as a man's coming
unexpectedly into a fortune, Mr. Bennett, instead of
evolving a doleful tract on the snares and temptations of
wealth, has given us a genial and attractive story, enlivened
by many amusing episodes. Mr. Prohack is an un-
sophisticated soul whom riches cannot spoil, but to whom
they bring increased enjoyment of life. His wife, Eve,
is equally delightful, with her innocent joy in expensive
clothes, jewellery, and bigger establishments, while their
son and daughter, both unusually level-headed young
people, plan their lives with a serene indifference to their
father's accumulating capital.

(Winifred M. Davies, 44, Loudoun Street, Derby.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by
E. Noël Saxelby (Buxton), W. Cuhill (Manchester),
D. Mason (Hampstead), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury),
L. M. Priest (Norwich), E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), Lottie
Hoskins (Birmingham), E. I. W. (Weston-super-Mare),
J. V. Catlin (Gloucester), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridge-
ford), Frederick A. G. Service (Penge), Flora Bigham
(Tillington), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), E.
MacBean (Bristol), H. Oldham (Bolton), Kathleen
Rice (Harpندن), O. M. W. Warner (Beckenham),
Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. Warne (Ashton-on-
Mersey), James A. Richards (Tenby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE
BOOKMAN is awarded to May W. Harrison, of
Bracebridge Heath Hospital, Lincoln.

BENJAMIN SWIFT.

By F. G. BETTANY.

AFTER a silence of some years the novelist who writes under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift has issued a new story; its title is the characteristic one of "Sudden Love" and in the course of it occurs the following passage:

"A great master who wrote on the '*ivresse d'amour*' says that from the moment that even the wisest man falls in love he no longer sees things as they are. He loses the sense of proportion and probability and his mind becomes the prey of hope and fear. Everything becomes exaggerated. '*L'amour déraisonné*.' It creates in us the most extravagant change. It is a blazing fire and we are the fuel. It is a whirlwind and we are the leaves driven before it. It is an agitated dream, '*une rêve passionnée*,' or a lonely mystery which has as its centre one human face. When we love and are uncertain whether we are loved in return, we may be marching to the edge of an abyss. The only real love and the most dangerous is the love which holds the soul like a fortress to the exclusion of every other worldly interest and prepares the lover for every sacrifice except the sacrifice of renouncing the beloved."

That passage might be taken as the motto, the summary of all Mr. Romaine Paterson's work in the sphere of fiction—certainly it might be of the ten novels of his composing with which I can claim acquaintance. It is rare to find an author, after twenty-six years of writing, ending as it were where he began, sounding the same note that he struck in youth. But we get such preoccupation with one idea or, to put the fact more generously, we meet with such a uniform attitude towards love in the case of Benjamin Swift. To him any such innocent symbol of sex-feeling as the poets have fashioned out of the classical conception of Cupid, the boy-archer, has never appealed; the imagery that would secure his approval would have to have something sinister about it, some touch of the Dionysiac or Orphic. His love-god's torch would be more active than his bow. In his view, ever since he made his plunge into authorship with "Nancy Noon," love should be shown as a tearing, consuming, maddening passion, full of violence even at its best and a thing to shudder at in its perverted aspect. Did he not tell us long ago in the preface which explained his first novel that he had set himself to picture "Love holding his head for giddiness and—yes, I will confess it—Lust sitting with cold feet at last"? The very titles of some of his earlier books betray his constancy to his

pet notion; love as "The Destroyer" is the topic of one, the nudity of his "Nude Souls" is brought about by sex-passion of different sorts, and if the hero of "The Tormentor" earns its description the title might also be applied to the love by which he himself is tormented. So again we hear the distraught husband in "Dartnell" declaring that "the shallow view of love, the stage view, the British view, the view that makes it a toy, is to be despised; it is an amazing fire cremating our very souls," and the refrain continues throughout Mr. Paterson's fiction right down, as the quotation given above proves, to the present year of grace. This devotion to a theory or philosophy of sex puts a stamp of individuality on all his novels; if from the heights of youthful success he looked forward almost with fear to becoming very wise and self-repressed, in this respect he has not changed or recanted.

"Nancy Noon" took the town by storm as long ago as 1896. It has been an odd experience turning up that favourite of nearly a generation ago and re-reading it, with the fear never quite absent until the last

page was reached that the old delight it once gave might not be recaptured. Were we wrong, we youngsters of the old century, I kept asking myself, when we lavished our praises on the prentice effort? The libraries no longer stock it; the book was not too easily obtained. If I may judge by the trouble I had in purchasing a copy—my own having been lent and lost many years back—"Nancy Noon" can never have been issued in a popular edition; let the publisher take the hint. For the answer to my question is an emphatic "No." We were not mistaken in regarding this novel as something out of the common rut, as having a sort of lyrical fervour in its narrative, as providing a rich gallery of varied and arresting portraits, as working out an exciting plot at fever-pitch of passion. Still to-day the fullness of its characterisation and the warmth and brilliance of its style can be heartily admired. Many of its types in their grotesque oddity—for instance Mr. Bacchus the pawnbroker and shelterer of wantons with his perennial expletive "Wretched world!" and the fat and foul-mouthed old harridan Mrs. Jarrig, or Twigg the drunken phrenologist to whom poor Nan is betrayed in marriage, or mad Mrs. Crouch and her wronged daughter Jen—remind the reader of Dickens just as does the author's



Photo by F. O. Hoppé.

Benjamin Swift
(Mr. W. Romaine Paterson).

general exuberance of invention in this book. Even here—the fault grows on him in later works—he is too apt to step between the reader and his characters and insist on talking about them instead of letting them explain themselves, but he is so afire with interest in them that his rhetoric about them proves contagious instead of seeming an interference. Even here he makes them do things a little out of character so as to heighten the pitch of his drama; thus it is difficult to believe that a girl who shows such self-reliance as Nancy could ever have been trapped into going through the marriage ceremony with Twigg, or would have hidden her love of Benny Moulter from her quixotic saviour, Sparshott, through fear of his withdrawing his protection. But you forgive the cheating of Sparshott by both the heroine and by Moulter as her counsel, forgive the quixote's lapse into intrigue with Jiss or the hectic passion of Dick Kedgwin and his fiancée's sister Lucy, forgive even the melodrama of the final scene at the Playmaidens' for the sake of the pace and the pathos of the story, the eloquence, the wit, the unflagging zest and humour of its narrator. There is a glow on this book, there is a wealth of colour in it he has never since matched. His second novel, "The Tormentor," is no less felicitous on the intellectual side and is truer in its analysis of character, containing as it does a masterly study of a kind of modern Iago, who ferrets out the secrets of his neighbourhood and then plays with his group of victims, torturing them about the sins he has tricked them into confessing until he is tripped up by his own devilry. But Mr. Paterson's stage is smaller here, he makes a girl of decent upbringing surrender herself too easily to lust and he sacrifices too mercilessly an innocent young creature to the exigences of his plot. There are more brains than heart in this tragedy.

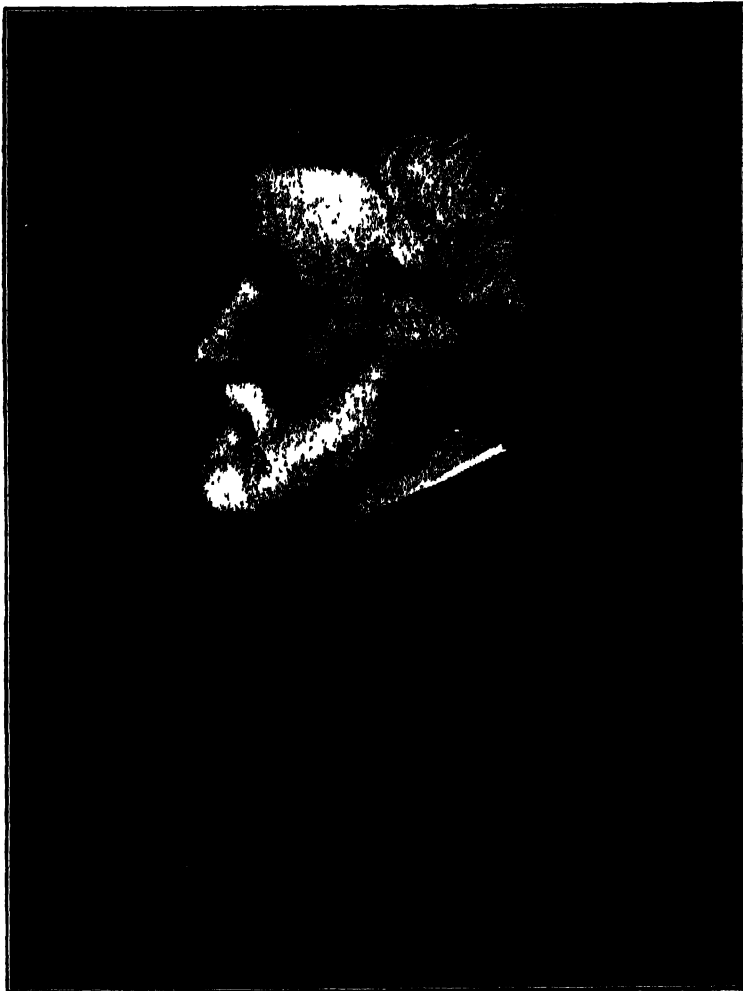
The grim element in life has always attracted Benjamin Swift. If love has its ecstasies in his fiction it has always also its agonies—think of Nancy Noon's ordeal, of Maud Whiffer's hourly persecution in her home!—and as a rule the novelist gives it unbridled lust as a foil. In point of fact he is a moralist as well as an analyst, and though it would appear from some of his *obiter dicta* as if he had lost touch with dogmatic Christianity, he finds it hard to resist every now and then the temptation to preach. It would be interesting to count the number of times the word "iniquity" turns up in his novels. There is almost a touch of Bunyan in him at times, especially when he is tackling the subjects implied in the title of such a novel as "In Piccadilly"; here he takes too severe a view of the life of London's leisured and wealthier classes, and overmuch sympathy seems extended by him to the standpoint of a crazy old pietistic laird who, in his desperate fear lest his young son and heir should be tainted by London vices, succumbs to the domination of an intriguing valet. The laird is made a Lear-like figure, but more cleverly done is the sketch of the lackey whose passion is to command where once he served. Mr. Paterson is rather fond of such ambitious menials as this Dalbiac; I can recall at least two others—the blackmailing Prahl in "The Destroyer" and Rewbell in "Nude Souls." It is pleasing to say that two out of the three rogues come to a bad end. Benjamin Swift, if he lets

the innocent be victimised, is too indignant with vice to permit the very ungodly to flourish. He is a moralist, then, with a tendency now and then to deliver a lay sermon, but there is a better side to his ethical and philosophical bias, for it is responsible for the aphorisms so agreeably scattered over his earlier stories. Whether we should have had these but for the example set by George Meredith with his "Pilgrim's Scrip" it is scarcely profitable to inquire. Nor is it a matter of much moment that Mr. Paterson's aphorists in "Nancy Noon," in "The Tormentor," in "The Destroyer" and in "Dartnell" speak not infrequently much the same language. It is enough that there is wit and wisdom in their speeches, that they are apt and that they can be quoted apart from their context. Here is as good an instance as any:

"The moral preponderance of a saint, he thought—supposing a saint were possible—is got at a great cost. He rises amid the ruins of others and is unintelligible apart from the contrast. One brand plucked from the burning is, after all, only one brand, and the others that remain to burn are necessary for the moral spectacle. It was strange that man and God were always to meet in that paradox."

"Dartnell," to which allusion has been made more than once, strikes me as one of the most ingenious of all Benjamin Swift's works. It is pure fantasy, a mere piece of artifice but beautifully finished even to the extent of its political background and its thumb-nail portraits of the Tapers and Tadpoles of party and Press. Its hero is abnormal, affecting to believe that spiritual love will satisfy a young and warm-blooded wife; his plot against her and her lover is the conception of a madman, for he announces that he is going to the East and, stowing himself on the top floor of her town house, gives the pair just long enough rope for him to be able to catch them off their guard and ruin his rival's public career. I like less "Nude Souls." It contains some of the most harrowing passages in its author's fiction, but when I reached the point at which the blind girl Harriett, loving and loved by the most amiable of young peers, fails to resist the passion of the insufferable Rewbell, I wanted to shut up the book. Vastly superior is "Sordon," which broaches a big idea and shows three men friends of a doomed invalid who suffers intolerable pain helping him out of his life of martyrdom. The theme is developed strongly, apart perhaps from the action of a nurse who turns as it were sentimental blackmailer. The plot of "Gossip" again hinges on a quaint puzzle, piquantly treated on the whole—which of twins is heir to a baronet's title, and if "The Old Dance Master" is very much of a fairy tale it has, in its cab-proprietor's two hag-like sisters, a pair of grotesques worthy to sit by the side of Mrs. Jarrig. And so we come down, so far as my reading goes, to the latest of Mr. Paterson's romances, "Sudden Love." * This obviously reflects his war experiences, and in it various types of French provincial life are neatly hit off and the home atmosphere of such burgess folk is well indicated. I am not sure that one episode is very convincing; it is conceivable that the father of a missing French soldier might have a wax model of the son he loves so much made to life-size and dressed in uniform.

* "Sudden Love: A Tale of Picardy." By Benjamin Swift, 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)



From the portrait by W. Strang recently
added to the National Portrait Gallery.

George Meredith.

Messrs. Constable are issuing a new "Mickleham Edition" of Meredith's works, the latest volume in which, "The Amazing Marriage,"
was published last month.

but that he should suddenly confront this son's fiancée with the model and let her believe for the moment that it is her lover returned alive puts some strain on the reader's credulity. Nor can I quite believe that the French heroine, with her independence of character, would when her lover actually returned and proved distasteful have waited for him to offer dishonourable proposals before she sent him to the right-about. But though pictured as too submissive a daughter she is nevertheless very charming, and the English officer who wins her hand

deserves his luck. The strong point of the book, however, is its analysis of a father's jealous and suspicious love; so nervous is this father of his Jeanne's beauty that the smallest deviation from rigid propriety on her part makes the tyrant rage at her and heap the vilest epithets of abuse on her head. Mr. Paterson has often shown us love in its ordinary sense as a disturbing, maddening force, but here parental affection is imagined as no less a thing of violence. Thus the novelist carries even further his favourite idea.

CONGREVE AS NOVELIST.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT is not encouraging for a modest but honest reviewer to find on the second (technically p. vi) page of the volume consigned to him that he is, not by name but by unavoidable implication, left to take his choice of being either (1) not alive, (2) not a critic, (3) a critic who does not read the books he criticises. Yet I do not see how, according to Mr. Brett-Smith, I can myself escape one or other of the horns of this very disagreeable trilemma. For he speaks of the alas! late Sir Walter Raleigh and the fortunately still existent Mr. Gosse as "*the two living critics* who have evidently read '*Incognita*' with care." Observe—not merely "two" but "*the two*." Hopelessly exclusive! Mr. Brett-Smith does not even leave me the cold comfort of supposing that he has neither read nor heard of what I wrote about "*Incognita*" in a book with the tolerably "kenspeckle" title of "*The English Novel*" some ten or a dozen years ago. For he must have himself read with care every living critic who has written about it before he could commit himself to that definite and devastating article "*the*."

Nevertheless I am not in the least angry with Mr. Brett-Smith, though, as I show in the slighted remarks, I do not think as highly of "*Incognita*" as he does, or as my lamented friend Raleigh did, or even as Mr. Gosse (whom precise Mr. Brett-Smith, still hard to please, calls "timid") does or did. On the contrary I think he has done a very good deed by making the little book more accessible in very agreeable form, and by giving me the opportunity not merely to read it carefully a second (I give him my word of honour that it is a second) time, but of correcting my first judgment in detail though not in general purport, with the aid of a greatly enlarged knowledge of French seventeenth century romance—to the school whereof "*Incognita*" undoubtedly belongs—which I had to acquire for the purposes of my "*French Novel*" book. This enlargement, it is true, does not even yet enable me—and I doubt whether anybody in England, Germany or France itself is able—to settle decisively the question whether Congreve's juvenile attempt is a translation or adaptation of any particular French original. A phrase in the preface has been thought to confess as much on one side; and Mr. Brett-Smith, on the other, is quite sure that it does

nothing of the sort, but refers only to an undoubted and previously confessed intention to imitate *dramatic writing*. Either of these views I think maintainable. But what I knew hardly anything of when I wrote, and what Mr. Brett-Smith does not seem to know much of when he correctly mentions as Congreve's originals the French Heroic Romances and the Italian *Novella*, consists of the very numerous and very curious but very little known French story-books, partly "*Bergeries*," partly not, which in not a few cases precede not merely the "*Heroics*" proper, but the "*Astrée*." I mention these not for parade of knowledge, but because such knowledge as I have has confirmed me in the idea that Congreve's indebtedness to the French novel generally can hardly be exaggerated.

Anyone, indeed, who is acquainted with the French fiction of the late sixteenth and the entire seventeenth century must be struck by the appearance, at the very beginning of "*Incognita*," of that curious thing the "*compliment*." Of course until the twentieth century the old saying, "*When gentlefolks meets compliments passes*" was as accurate in fact as it was licentious in grammar. But there are compliments and compliments; and this particular kind seldom, I think, took real hold either of English literature or English life. It was a thing prepared beforehand, like an impromptu; and kept ready in batches for discharge like the cartridges of a magazine gun. Sometimes the writer of the novel in French actually leaves it out, merely saying, "*Après un compliment qu'il avait préparé*" as if it were a sort of preamble, to be taken as read. So in Congreve, Aurelian, the first hero, is "big with a compliment" which unfortunately "mis-carries" because somebody interrupts the conversation; and afterwards finds his compliment "a little overstrained" as if, let us say, he had tried to get a .320 cartridge into a .303 chamber. The rant of the heroic style—"Ah! Ungrateful and undutiful wretch. . . . Go, thou now-to-be-forgotten Leonora," etc.—is much more French than English, much more like Racine than Dryden. And I do not remember many English fathers of that or indeed of any period (except perhaps that of Sterne-Mackenzie "*Sensibility*") who would, when giving a dinner-party, have swept for no other reason than that their eyes were fixed on a son.

Of course, however, the point of real interest is not whether Congreve imitated somebody or something

* "*Incognita: or Love and Duty Reconciled*." By William Congreve. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. "*Percy Reprints*." 4s. 6d. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

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London: HUTCHINSON and CO.

else; hardly even whether he translated something else; least of all whether (as used to be thought and is indeed not impossible) he has Italianised certain English experiences of his own or some other person's. The point or points is or are whether his prefatory intimation that he has tried, so to speak, to dramatise narrative without taking the dramatic form, is carried out or not; and (still more) whether the result is or is not successful. The majority of critics—with whom I both do and did on the whole agree—answer the last and most important question in the negative; Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Brett-Smith strongly, and Mr. Gosse rather less so, in the affirmative. It is not however very easy, in any limited space, to give reasons for an opinion on the subject. Short as the book is—the whole thing from title to *finis* does not fill seventy pages here—it would not be easy to shorten further the imbroiled loves and personages of Aurelian and Hippolito on the one hand; Juliana (the "Incognita") and Leonora on the other. There are balls, and masquings, and exchanges of names, and street fights, and incomplete addresses, and mistakes in the dark, and letters and tournaments and dinners and more fights among ruins, and revolutions and discoveries galore. But it seems to me that in recounting all this Congreve has carried out his intention of imitating the manner of playwrights to his hurt and the story's. It suggests itself as the scenario of a very tolerable play of the time—mixed intrigue and cape-and-sword—such for instance as Thomas Corneille's "Feint Astrologue" or Dryden's imitation of it. But it does not present itself, to me at least, as a good *story*. And it follows that type of play by having little or nothing of the "character" which Congreve did manage to introduce in his own later drama, though he has been charged

with smothering and neglecting it in his prodigality of brilliant dialogue.

This brings us to another and the last of our points—the question whether this brilliancy of dialogue and comment, the one gift which no one, himself possessing any wit or wits at all, can deny to Congreve—is already visible in work which cannot have been written after he came of age, and has sometimes been said to be the production of a boy of seventeen. There is no doubt wit in it, but, I should say, more like the wit of any fairly clever boy of seventeen than of a Congreve even at twenty-one. The criticism of the Heroic plays and romances, which Mr. Brett-Smith quotes from Congreve's preface in his own, is sound enough and neatly phrased; but it is, as Mr. Brett-Smith himself quite frankly confesses, only what men of sense had said from the time of "The Rehearsal" and earlier, and it is not put more smartly than most clever undergraduates would put it. No vice is more frequently imputed to age than (if the dotard be a University man) a proneness to think his successors terribly fallen off as compared with his own contemporaries. For my own part I trust, and am quite content to believe, that Oxford and Cambridge at the present moment contain if not exactly King Harry's, "five hundred good as he," considerably more than one man or even one dozen men who could parody twentieth century novels as well as, if not better than, the future author of "Love for Love" and "The Way of the World" parodied seventeenth century ones. But I am less confident in hoping that any of these will in future years match those marvellous wit-combats themselves.

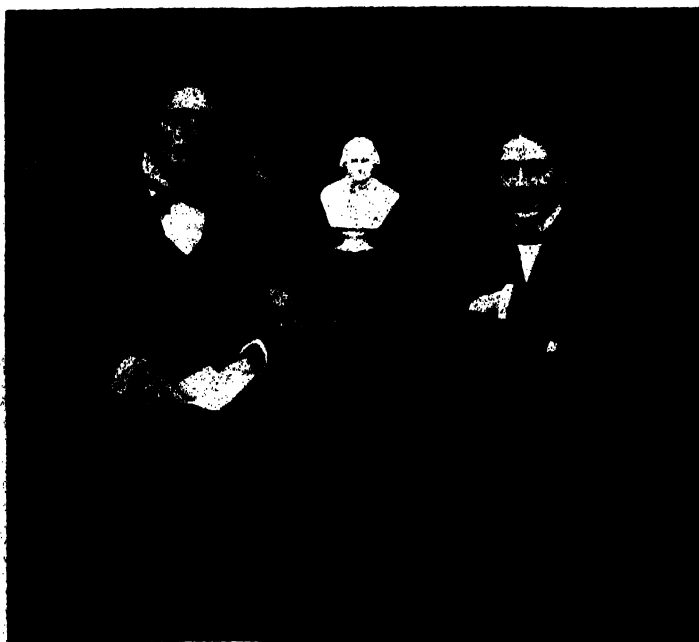
And if anybody thinks that this is inconsistent, I venture to think *him* uncritical.

New Books.

HARRY AND LAURENCE IRVING.*

The premature deaths of Sir Henry Irving's sons, who both passed away before they were fifty, robbed the English stage of two artists who in all probability would, had they lived longer, have set an indelible mark upon it. It is unlikely indeed that a person so austere and ascetic as Harry Irving *seemed* to be would ever have been widely popular either in his profession or among playgoers. An Oxford man, who smokes little and drinks little, who dislikes animals and is interested in criminals, who is aloof rather than hail-fellow-well-met, is too much in the following of Macready to commend himself to the average frequenter of the Bodega or of Maiden Lane. Nor is it probable that an actor who generally essayed characters and produced plays that had in them some touch of the morbid or the bizarre would ever have become the idol of the theatre. Harry Irving, in fact, like his father, was handicapped by dryness of manner and of emotion, by angularity of gait and of person, and by a rather high-pitched voice. But he inherited Sir Henry's rare distinction; and his boy-lover in "The Princess and the Butterfly," his French count in "The Princess's Nose," and above all his butler in "The Admirable Crichton," had all something of the demonic in them. This quality he hardly managed to infuse, I think, into those parts in which he succeeded his father. But I remember, still with some surprise, how

amazingly good he was in two romantic rôles, that of the young German officer in "Lights Out" and that of the Chevalier Wogan in "Clementina," parts that



* "H. B. and Laurence Irving." By Austen Brereton. 12s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

H. B. and Laurence Irving.
From "H. B. and Laurence Irving" (Grant Richards.)

required a display of the most exalted and chivalrous emotion. Laurence Irving, when I first remember him, was as awkward a character actor as his brother was a young lover; but he had in him, I fancy, more of the stuff of the great actor. A student and lover of books, like "H. B.," he always struck me as more naturally expansive, more temperamentally emotional. I recollect how amusing, in a farcical way, he was in "The Wild Duck," and how badly he acted on one or two occasions on which I saw him playing in his father's company. But he matured very rapidly; and his tyrannical old aristocrat in "The Lily," his hero-villain in "Crime and Punishment," and his Japanese fatalist in "Typhoon," were invested with just that power and intensity which Harry Irving's creations lacked. Those who wish to recall memories of these two distinguished actors, actors who possessed that gift of personality with which our present-day leading men—Mr. Loraine excepted—are so sparsely endowed, should on no account omit to procure Mr. Austen Brereton's informing and authoritative biography, a record which is at once "pious" and not too guardedly official.

LEWIS BETTANY.

MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE.*

At a recent dinner in honour of Professor Adams a certain high official declared that there were 20,000 teachers in London, and the greatest of them was John Adams. It was a neat statement which had the additional advantage of being true. Certain it is that as a teacher of teachers, both amateur and professional, Professor Adams has for many years occupied a place of peculiar authority. Teachers really want to know what he thinks about the theory and practice of their craft; and never more so than to-day when traditional methods of teaching and testing are being assailed from all quarters. The changes suggested are drastic and surprising. We are told that the class system has broken down and that the teacher of the future will not lead but direct—that he will in fact be an organiser of studies rather than an instructor of youth. And the examiner will not examine—not in the old way, at any rate. He will test by means of standard scales, and he will separately gauge native intelligence and school attainments. Then again the advocates of the newest of new psychologies, the psychology of the unconscious, warn us that we shall have to revise our theories of discipline and of character-building.

It is true that the majority of teachers turn a deaf ear to these doctrines; but the few who really count in the shaping of school practice are singularly sensitive to both exhortation and criticism. They are often torn by conflicting fears—the fear of succumbing to a passing fad on the one hand, and the fear of rejecting a real reform on the other. However that may be, to know what the new tendencies are—to know what winds are blowing on the educational ship—is clearly the duty of all who are concerned in the upbringing of the young. And there is no better or pleasanter way of finding out than by reading the book under review.

Professor Adams approaches the various questions in an admirable spirit of fairness. He sets out to appraise, not to praise; still less to condemn. Instead of pleading as an advocate, he sums up as a judge. While sympathetic to the new movements, he refuses to follow them blindly. His open mind is not so open that the old things drop out. And moreover he handles thorny questions with a sweetness of temper that is rare with your educational reformer, who is far too fond of putting on the mantle of Jeremiah and telling us that in the matter of education we are lost beyond redemption. Of the educational scold people are getting a little tired.

The one unifying principle that Dr. Adams finds underneath all the new tendencies is what Stanley Hall has

* "Modern Developments in Educational Practice." By John Adams. 6s. (University of London Press.)

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called "pseudocentrism." It is a shifting of the centre of interest and attention from the subject-matter to the child, and from the teacher to the learner. The author makes out a good case for the view that the Dalton Plan, Intelligence Tests, the Gary Scheme, the Play Way, the Project Method, and indeed all the new movements, place the child in the foreground and allow his needs to dominate the situation.

A difficulty arises when we try to answer the question: What are the child's real needs? How are we to distinguish them from his mere whims and caprices? The extreme advocates of free discipline reply that there is no need to distinguish them. They claim for the child full freedom to realise the possibilities of his nature. They maintain that freedom if it means anything at all, means freedom to do wrong as well as freedom to do right, and that it is only by going astray and then finding his way back that the child learns to do right from a valid motive. Behind it all lies the assumption that he always will find his way back, that the possibilities of his nature are in the final resort good. On this view free discipline is certainly free, but is it discipline? This is but one of the numerous questions that arise in discussing the new doctrines. In presenting them to the public there is a manifest need for clear thinking and much common sense. Both elements are abundantly supplied.

As an author Professor Adams is happy in everything except the titles of his books. The title of this his latest book, like that of his first (*The Herbartian Psychology applied to Education*) aptly enough describes the nature of the contents, but neither suggests the shrewdness and humour with which the topics are treated. The titles are liable to alarm the general reader, whereas the books themselves are among the few educational books which may be read by everybody with entertainment as well as profit.

P. B. BALLARD

A GREAT JOURNEY.*

From the outset, when he takes in hand these two 'beautifully produced volumes of travel and exploration, the critic is faced with a sense of diffidence and a feeling of presumption in even accepting the title of 'critic' at all, for it is with Arabia as it is with the Arctic regions—the only really satisfactory way of dealing with these books about almost unknown lands would be to travel in them oneself before attempting to write in praise or blame of travellers. Yet, for the sake of the pleasure which others may gain by arm-chair journeys, let us be held blameless in this matter.

Mr Philby was appointed political officer to the British Mission which left Bagdad in October, 1917, to study

* *"The Heart of Arabia"* By H. St. J. Philby, C.I.E., I.C.S. Two volumes, illustrated £3 3s. (Constable)



From *'The Heart of Arabia'* (Constable)

Wadi al Shajara,
A Halt for Afternoon Prayer.

the political and military situation created by the general relationship between Germany, the Turks and the Arabs, and by a series of chances he found himself for about a year the sole representative of Great Britain in the central districts of Arabia. He crossed that land from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, a great part of his journey being over unexplored ground, and as a result of his work the social, political and economic conditions of the heart of Arabia have been opened to our knowledge and extensive tracts of the country have been mapped. Many times his tact saved him in difficult situations, some of them being distinctly amusing—as when he was held up at Shauki by the incurably dilatory methods of the Arab, while longing to get away and take advantage of the remaining few weeks of cool weather. May followed April, "on May 14th" writes the author, "I woke up to find that no further progress had been recorded, and Ibrahim, putting in his usual appearance at my levee, found me in the worst of tempers. The Arab readily forgetful of unpleasant incidents of the past and always an optimist for the future, collapses hopelessly under the burden of present troubles, and Ibrahim beat a hasty retreat before the tirade on the dilatory conduct of his kum with which I received him." At last Mr Philby tried hunger-striking in a mild way. Offered breakfast, he refused it, "and the slave sat down with Ibrahim to starve me into submission."

"I affected extreme preoccupation with a book, and Ata'llah retired after half an hour, at 11.30 the test of endurance having lasted just two hours. Ibrahim rose with a great sigh and stumped heavily out of the room, his flowing robes and clanking scabbard trailing after him with an air of injured dignity. Yet once more during the morning my powers of endurance were put to the test, when Ibn Musallim peeped into my room with a concerned, quizzical expression on his solemn face demanding when I would break my fast."

"'Not to-day,' I replied, and he withdrew."

The experiment was successful, and the necessary camels and equipment were produced.

Of the magnificent store of information given by Mr. Philby on the customs of the country, the archaeological discoveries and verifications, the wells and oases, the intermittent military developments and problems, the notes on language, climate, configuration, we have no space to write. Excellent new maps, and many full-page illustrations, will help the reader to follow in thought Mr. Philby's fascinating narrative. After all has been said of the book as an interesting account of travel,

however (which is a meagre way of expressing its charm), we must emphasise its larger and higher value as a record, wherein are preserved data of the utmost significance for all future travellers and historians. With the work of his few forerunners in Arabia the author is fully acquainted, and he himself, we may safely assert, has added, in his turn, one of the finest books of its kind to the history of this mysterious, sunbaked land.

W. L. RANDALL.

AN UNCLE'S ODYSSEY.*

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the adventurous, the curious, mapped out an Odyssey that exactly suited him, when he sat down to describe an uncle's cruise among his relations. The uncle is childless and has just been widowed, and by his wife's desire he has to distribute her money among the most deserving of her nephews and nieces.

The uncle, who of course is Mr. Lucas in disguise, finds it no easy task. Like the hero of "If Winter Comes," he is blessed or cursed with the faculty of seeing both sides to a question, both sides to a life. And may he not do more harm than good by endowing strenuous striving youth with money it has so far failed to earn? Giles, a brother uncle, who has been amply endowed by his own father, assures him he will. No one has a right to money he has not earned, says this self-condemning fatuity; if you can't earn your own living, you deserve to be pole-axed. And his brother's first, and last, attempt at endowment seems to bear out this Nietzschean theory. A young artist refuses to be endowed. He is of the same opinion as Mr. Prohack; money would only clip the wings of his Pegasus.

The pursuit of this young artist, who has fled from an indignant father to hide himself in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, leads Mr. Lucas into a digression on Barbizon and its school. A hackneyed theme acquires fresh charm in the sunshine of his broad humanity, in the illumination of his knowledge. From Barbizon he travels to Moret, a mediæval town, not so well known, without Barbizon's halo, but more attractive in itself. Later on in his Odyssey an attempt to reclaim Ginevra's brother, who is drinking himself to perdition, takes the good uncle Cavanagh to Madrid and Seville, and provides Mr. Lucas with a second digression, on Spanish artists.

Between these digressions on the art of France and Spain, which are introduced naturally and without any sense of hindrance to the main theme, Uncle Cavanagh pursues his quest, and the pursuit brings out at every step that genial, tolerant frame of mind which we associate with Mr. Lucas. Condemning the whole system of racing, he is forced to confess that the trainer's home he visits is filled with sunshine. Having no love for *vers libre*, he yet cannot shut his eyes to the beauties to be found in a young nephew's productions. A priest who does not believe in all the dogmas of his religion seems to him an anomaly, almost a hypocrite. Yet the man is seen to be doing good work in surroundings that would drag Cavanagh himself into the depths of depression.

But the real comedy of the book centres in Uncle Giles's life. Here is the life which puts the greatest strain on the Lucas philosophy. Gallant attempts are made to make it share in the genial tolerance of that philosophy. He is represented, selfish old bachelor though he is, as playing a glorious practical joke on a family of nephews and nieces; but the reader is compelled to doubt his capacity for such an effort. Henry James's joke at the expense of the old man of Rye, told in another connection, we can understand, though it hardly seems like him, but the altruistic joke attributed to Giles, the selfish, affronts our credulity. We think Mr. Lucas more sincere when he suggests the application to Giles of that apophthegm from "Man's Oldest Foe": "Self-complacency is the supreme failure. Call no man dead till he is happy." The self-complacent clubman is really dead, and round his happy unhappy ghost

* "Ginevra's Money." By E. V. Lucas. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

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Mr Lucas's wit and humour play in a continual sparkle. Here, he hunts in the incarnation of that modern gospel "One must live one's own life." Hints, but does not preach it. What preaching there is, is put, as at the end of that great quest, "The Ring and the Book," in the mouth of an aged divine and even he is not safe from the flicker of the author's humour as he persists in evading the question whether a priest is bound to endorse all the dogmas of his church. So ends Uncle Cavanagh's quest, a story typical of Mr Lucas's genius and one that gives him a fresh claim on our gratitude and our affection.

W A Fox

WHAT G. K. C. SAW IN AMERICA *

They say that what you see in any country depends on what you go to look for. It is impossible to say what Mr Chesterton went looking for, but he saw more of poetry and fairyland in New York and other American cities than seem to be visible to most visitors or even to their inhabitants, in spite of his protest that he merely went on a lecture tour and had little more opportunity for observation than is available to a wild animal travelling in a menagerie. He does not attempt to furnish you with a guide book; he does not seem to have gone out of his way for the sake of sight-seeing, but wherever he went he found the New World full of a number of things that might be ordinary to another but to him were as interesting, amusing, curious or beautiful as if at his coming they had magically turned inside out to show him aspects of themselves that they rarely revealed. The mammoth hotels of America all built on the same gigantic pattern, instead of repelling him by their bigness, newness, strangeness, assumed a homely, familiar guise and appealed to him as legitimate descendants of the snug little old inns that still survive in England from the Middle Ages. In all the hotels he says

"The whole of the lower floor is thrown open to the public streets and treated as a public square. But above it and all round it runs another floor in the form of a sort of deep gallery, furnished more luxuriously and looking down on the moving mobs beneath. No one is allowed on this floor except the guests or clients of the hotel. I am haunted with a hint that the new structures are not so very new and that they remind me of something very old. As I look from the balcony floor the crowds seem to float away and the colours to soften and grow pale, and I know I am in one of the simplest and most ancestral of human habitations. I am looking down from the old wooden gallery upon the courtyard of an inn. This new architectural model which I have described is after all one of the oldest European models now neglected in Europe and especially in England. It was the theatre in which were enacted innumerable picturesque comedies and romantic plays with figures ranging from Sincho Panza to Sam Weller. Some day perhaps this huge structure will be found standing in solitude like a skeleton and it will be the skeleton of the Spotted Dog or the Blue Boar. It will wither and decay until it is worthy at last to be a tavern."

If he walks along Broadway by night the changing flashing, illuminated advertisements plastered all up and down the skyscrapers and festooned across the street lose their garishness and vulgarity and are touched with beauty and mystic significance when he starts speculating on how they would present themselves to an innocent countryman who could not read but stared up at them awed by their dazzling splendours of light and colour and guessing at wonderful meanings in them that could not be there for anyone who knew they were simply chattering such fiery blatancies as "Tang Tonic today Tang Tonic To-Morrow, Tang Tonic All the Time."

But he is not always letting his imagination run free and so transfiguring the ordinary and the commonplace. He discusses shrewdly, sometimes drastically, various phases of American city and country life, American business men, American manners, habits, language, fads, the American spirit; American and other democracy, the Irish in America, the relations between America and England, and the folly of assuming that any kinship still

* "What I Saw in America" By G. K. Chesterton 12s 6d. Hodder & Stoughton.

exists between the two. His criticisms are sometimes caustic, but he puts in a laugh that takes the sting out of them, he nearly always comes round to a recognition that there is another side to every question and that viewed from a different standpoint what dissatisfies him may be satisfactory.

The humour and good humour of it all are delightful. Mr Chesterton laughs as readily at himself as at American idiosyncrasies and institutions that amuse him, and there is a more searching truth in some of his jests than in most of the staid judgments on men and affairs that are written by graver students. Witty, whimsical, by turns finely or grotesquely fantastic, this remains to my thinking one of the most brilliantly suggestive books that any pilgrim to America has brought back with him.

KING MONMOUTH *

Judging by their jackets and publishers with luridly on the outer cover and a summary of the story on the flap, seem to beg reviewers to penetrate no further!—these two novels suggest goodly adventure. The distinguished-looking pirate head with the grey eyes on the one cover gives fearsome hints of deeds of daring do on the Spanish Main or some other highway on the route to Execution Dock. The masked figure on the other book passing under an indigo sky through golden grain to a brilliantly lighted house, appears to promise mysterious doings.

There are jackets and jackets. In these two instances, be it said, there is quite becoming appropriateness. They promise nothing more than their volumes abundantly provide. And there is something still more

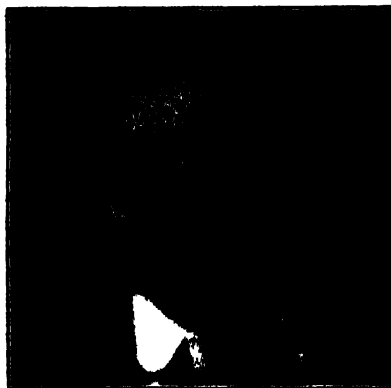


Photo by E. O. Hippi. Mr. H. C. Bailey.

Author of "The Plot" (Methuen).

that links the two for they are both historical stories and the period to which they belong is covered by the seven years that lie between the Titus Oates Plot and the Battle of Sedgemoor, the one opens in the summer of 1678 and the other in the summer of 1685. The one deals with rebellious plottings and the other with the strange result of a rebellion on one who was punished by being outlawed into slavery, though he was, himself, no rebel. In the one the young Duke of Monmouth is called upon to declare himself as King Monmouth—and in the other his disastrous attempt to do so has far reaching effects. In each story too, we have a trial with Jeffreys on the Bench.

Apart from that there is little linking of the two. Mr H. C. Bailey takes us among Court circles at the time when Romanism and Protestantism were plotting and planning around the throne of that Merry Monarch whose humour it was not to define his own position with the uncompromising frankness of a zealot. Mr Rafael Sabatini, on the other hand, soon takes us away from the Bloody Assize which followed on Monmouth's failure in the West Country to the plantations in the West Indies and the adventurous paths of piracy.

It is a capital story that Mr. Bailey has to tell of the somewhat involved happenings, concerning more especially two families, that were caused during the days when the revelations of Titus Oates and the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey had sent the population of London mad.

* "The Plot" By H. C. Bailey 7s 6d net. (Methuen.)
"Captain Blood" By Rafael Sabatini. 7s 6d net. (Methuen.)

the subject of a Papist plot—and so given opportunity for private malice to be indulged under colour of public service. Chance brought together in one boat crossing the Channel, Titus Oates, the bandy-legged zealot, and Anthony Strode, and also Jonathan Hayle and the beautiful Delia Poyntz, nephew and daughter of Lord Milford, a Catholic nobleman. On landing at Deal the last two are met by Lord Milford, while Anthony is met by his guardian Sir Simon Alington and the incomparable Betty. At once things begin to get lively, and before long we are in the thick of the plot, meeting in the course of it Shaftesbury and Buckingham, the King and the Duke of York, Monmouth and other notables, but ever keeping our special interest in Jonathan and Tony and their affairs. Remarkable are the adventures, kidnapping, flight, duel, trial, but more remarkable perhaps is the way in which the author has given the air of verisimilitude to his scenes and persons, and the lively spirit of their conversation. For the time being we seem to be living in the period, so skilful is the story-telling in this exceptionally excellent essay in the art of the historical novel.

Mr. Sabatini only deals with the England disturbed by the brief "invasion" of Monmouth in the opening chapters, for the purpose of showing the conditions in which Peter Blood came to be spirited away from his peaceful practice as a doctor at Bridgwater to the West Indies. These conditions are such that few readers can fail to sympathise with him when he turned pirate, and to follow his subsequent adventures with sympathetic interest. Unjustly accused and unjustly condemned, he had either to continue a slave at the mercy of a brutal bully or to escape and take the lawless occupation that offered. And a very fine unconventional pirate he makes, too, until—thanks to love—he is able to break away from it in circumstances similar to those recorded of Sir Henry Morgan. It is a spiritedly told romance that Mr. Sabatini has devised with all his accustomed skill, and one which has goodly entertainment for all who can respond to the thrill of great fights and narrow escapes on the Spanish Main.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE STORY OF MANKIND.*

To have compressed the long story of mankind into a single volume—even into one so ample as this, which runs to nearly five hundred pages—is a very considerable achievement, especially since it is done so capably and in a manner that makes such fascinating reading. Mr. Wells has dealt with the same wonderful story in his "Outline of History," and I notice certain American critics are claiming that Mr. Van Loon's is the abler, more masterly work of the two. I shall not attempt a decision on that point. The books are too different in treatment, have, apart from their subject, too little in common for any real comparison between them to be drawn. It is praise enough to say that, in his own way, Mr. Van Loon has done as skilfully and brilliantly for younger readers what Mr. Wells has done for an adult audience.

But, though the author addresses two children in a foreword which imaginatively foreshadows the method of his book, and seems to suggest that he writes especially for such as they, to say that "The Story of Mankind" is for younger readers only would be to misrepresent it. The plan it follows is simplicity itself, and it is written with a concise directness, a clarity and economy of language that give it a general appeal to all readers, old or young, who pretend to no more than the average man's knowledge of science and the facts of universal history.

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F. H. L.

MEN AND ECONOMICS.*

There is in these two books—one speaking for the people who are without, and the other the reply of the men in possession—a sense of something big, a vastness of debate; as if the stars and planets of the universe had engaged in great controversy with one another. For their subject is one of the greatest themes of all history—the struggle to possess the power and wealth of the earth; and much of it will be better understood by the poets than by the economists. For example, there is something in Mr. Noah Ablett's remarkable, even beautiful, essay which goes deeper than all the tables of statistics and all the Acts of Parliament the reformers and their critics have ever drafted. Mr. Ablett tells the story of his youth, of his gnawing determination to escape from the endless danger, toil, and monotony of that dark coal mine, to which fate

* "Labour Policy—False and True." By Sir Lynden Macassey. 7s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"What We Want and Why." By J. H. Thomas, M.P., Robert Williams, Tom Mann, Noah Ablett, J. Bromley, and Mrs. Philip Snowden. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

threatened to condemn him for life. "I felt like a trapped animal. Up to this point my ambition was a purely selfish one and I was not troubled about my comrades." It is a strange paradox that this sentence from one of Labour's most uncompromising leaders should rend from top to bottom the theory of "class war." For Mr. Ablett admits that his first impulse was merely the desire to "improve" himself—the foundation of plutocracy! The working people have themselves bred some of the most evil of their oppressors. If there is any class struggle, the

essayists of this volume certainly state their case with a fairness and reasonableness which is philosophical and scientific. Thus Mr. Robert Williams's essay reduces to rubbish most of the conventional phrases of the politicians; and there is much in Mr. Tom Mann's chapter which is realism compared with the futile theories of the orthodox economists. These Labour leaders are not as unscrupulous as the extremist adventurers who profess to have a millennium in every pocket; nor are they often so stupid as to imagine that the quickest way to Paradise is a revolution. But their opponents will call them revolutionists because they say that the present system of production at the will and for the profit of the shareholder or owner, has proved a failure. One and all they demand for the worker a larger share in both the management and the product. Now both these ends might be reached by a mere extension

of co-partnership and profit-sharing. The "revolution" is rather in a vaguer assumption that the basis of industry must not be the searching for profits and wages for individual masters and men and shareholders—which (conceal it as one may) is the basis of industry to-day—but the providing of social necessities. It would be idle to think that even the Labour leaders have entirely grasped this essential change; but nevertheless it is there, "in the still small voice of the conscience of the people," as Mr. Bromley expresses it in his finely-argued case for the railway men. He raises the Labour case far above a mere egotistical struggle of the working class to seize the same power which is now in the hands of other masters.

To this Labour demand it is the object of Sir Lynden Macassey to reply. His intention perhaps was to analyse the minds of the workers; and he has done it with a scrupulous fairness, and even sympathy, with a masterly statement of the facts of recent Labour organisation and of legislative and administrative action, which make his book invaluable for the student and the general reader. But Sir Lynden has done a more useful service than the analysing of the Labour mind; for he has in a still more masterly way (one uses the adjective advisedly) expressed the mind of the present controlling class. To the Labour demand for a radical change he replies with a firm refusal. In so far as his refusal is based on an objection to State Collectivism of the older socialist brand, or to the bureaucracy which would result from the new highly centralised national guilds, he is right. Again he is right



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when he thinks that all sudden changes are childishly impossible; also when he refuses to believe that the individual working-man has any higher morality or more skill in industrial management than the men now in possession. He even seems to admit the whole Labour case when he justly sums it up as: "First, removal of the ever-present menace of unemployment; secondly, recognition in industry of the worker's human status; thirdly, distribution, as of moral right, of an equitable share of the product." On all these points Sir Lynden Macassey is prepared to make great concessions, by an energetic development along the lines already laid down in theory in legislation and administration.

But on the main point he is firm. Industry must remain under the dominant control of the present master-class. It is clearly his honest opinion that in no other way can production be performed efficiently. It is here that he has failed to analyse the new mind of Labour, for he has not given its full place to that quickly-spreading demand for a new controlling force and a new ideal in industry. He has mistaken the small, badly-led clique of the National Guilds League for what is a far wider movement. Here is the deep "cause of things" to which he refers in his quotation from Virgil on his title page. It might have been more to the point if he had placed there instead another very similar line from Ovid: "Felix, qui quod amat, defendere fortiter ardet." For like most defenders he has in fact fought for what he desires. He insists on maintaining the chief element of individualist capitalism, with all that flows from it—production for profit, and all the rest: It is just this that Labour will not accept. If Sir Lynden Macassey will reconsider the Guild idea he may find that it is a real compromise; that is to say, acceptable to both parties.

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WOULD WE WELCOME CHRIST?*

I do not think Mr. Adcock will quarrel with me when I say that this new satire of his, "The Divine Tragedy," contains more good sense than poetry. Indeed, I imagine that he did not set out with the intention of writing poetry at all. He merely chose this verse-form as a convenient vehicle for conveying a message of which he felt bound to deliver himself. In his former volume in the same genre, which bore the title "Exit Homo," his serious aim was, as I remember rightly, to justify belief in immortality, making it a plea for a better use of the present. In its successor he boldly faces the question whether the average man or woman who daily offers up the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," would in reality welcome Christ's second Advent. With the interesting and suggestive introduction, "Gods in Exile," I have not space to deal. I must confine myself to the main thesis, leaving the reader to discover for himself the many verbal felicities and touches of nature with which the author plentifully adorns his text. For serious, indeed vital, as is his subject he is wise enough to recognise that there is a humorous side to the very direst of Tragedies.

Sir Pomphrey Gauden is one of the New Rich who, despite his great house in Belgrave Row and its appanages and implications:

"Remained at heart the Pomphrey who would stand
Behind his counter, pliant to the knee,
Aproned and cutting rashers, weighing tea . . ."

But his wife, Lady Florence, is far otherwise, urging him on to social triumph and display. Into the midst of this striving and "climbing" suddenly a bomb falls. The new-made knight is called up on the telephone by the vicar, who announces abruptly and with undisguised perturbation that "Christ has come again!" The effect is electrical. Sir Pomphrey and his Lady are dreadfully

* "The Divine Tragedy." By A. St. John Adcock, 5s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

upset. The vicar comes round to tea and discusses the matter between mouthfuls of muffin. He too finds it most disturbing. However, the best must be made of a bad job. The Man cannot be ignored. The safest thing will be to invite Him to meet their smart friends at a rout. In the event Sir Pomphrey who, though vulgar, is the most honest of them all, determines to leave all and follow Him. This is altogether too much for Lady Flo and the vicar, who call in a mental specialist and get the poor knight certified insane. That is an indication, in short, and a very inadequate one, of Mr. Adcock's method of treating in the present what we, despite our prayers, are always wishing postponed till the day after to-morrow. And he faces it with a proper admixture of sarcasm, indignation and sympathy. Obviously it is a tremendous question which each of us should frankly answer. Should I be overjoyed or dismayed, in the midst of my work, my pleasures, my music, my dancing, my golf, my bridge, to hear that Christ had come again? If not overjoyed, is it not a monstrous sham that I should continually offer up a prayer, the fulfilment of which I should regard as a preposterous interference and inconvenience? Anyone wishing to be faithful with himself would do well to read, mark and digest this striking satire. He will not agree with everything in it, but Mr. Adcock's transparent candour will at any rate prompt him to take measure of his own sincerity. The book is of course in direct descent from Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Joshua Davidson" and "Mr. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back," but the problem is restated with an engaging freshness and originality.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE CAMERA IN ELFINDOM.*

The complaint of Keats that science had destroyed the beauty of the rainbow was, as we now know, ill-founded. Spectrum analysis invested it with even greater wonders and deeper beauties than those discerned by the eye of the poet. Perhaps the "cold poetry" of science may enrich the faerie legend by showing that it is based on a foundation of literal truth. However that may be, there should be a wide welcome for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new book, in which is brought together the scattered material which went to the making of many articles in the magazine and newspaper press at the time when the "fairy photographs" of Cottingley made so much stir. Sir Arthur sets down his story in the quiet, graphic fashion of the historian of a series of events which, as he says, represent "either the most elaborate and ingenious hoax ever played upon the public" or "an event in human history which may in the future prove to have been epoch-making." He tells how he learned from a friend that alleged photographs of fairies had been taken, and from that point, in the spirit of his famous detective, he took up the trail, examining clues and interrogating witnesses. The evidence afforded by the photographs themselves, and the history and character of the two young girls principally concerned, Elsie Wright and her cousin Frances Griffiths, were all carefully considered. It may be remembered that, according to the story, the fairies were photographed by Elsie Wright who, having seen them frequently in the valley near her father's house, borrowed a small camera and returned with some amazing photographs showing elves and gnomes sporting about herself and her cousin. The testimony of various persons who claim the power of seeing fairies is given in the book, which contains also a kind of natural history of the elfin people. A considerable part of the inquiry was carried on by Mr. Edward L. Gardner who, being a leading theosophist, is cited as an authority on the inner mysteries of Nature as represented in this case by the fays. Mr. Gardner claims that fairies are allied to the *lepidoptera* or butterfly genus, which sounds very scientific indeed, and perhaps a little disillusionising. But although giving the opinions of several persons of repute

* "The Coming of the Fairies." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

who have no doubt whatever of the actual existence of the fairy folk, Sir Arthur contents himself with simply stating the case, being impartial enough to print a considerable amount of adverse criticism. He leaves the verdict to his readers, whose judgment will in some instances be assisted by a number of excellent illustrations, including the exquisite "fairy photographs."

It is no part of the reviewer's province to pronounce on the theory of fairies set forth in the book, but many of us will cherish the wish that the elfin lore may be found to embody not only poetic but also scientific truth. If the fairies correspond with their delightful photographs there should be nothing at all disenchanting about the reality. As it is, Sir Arthur's book is at least persuasive, and gives us some alluring glimpses of a realm that should have a fascination for all but the Gradgrinds and the Bounderbys.

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"The sun sent a long silver arrow through a chink in the curtain, and it entered the room where the boys slept and touched the adorable curl of Billy's hair. He lay on his back looking like an angel, with his bow lips of satiny pink, curved rose cheeks, and long fringed lashes. But it was not his prettiness that crowned him with angelic likeness; it was the pure expression"—

and so on and so forth. Could anything in the way of reading matter be more discouraging? Yet, once Lady Miles gets into her stride, she drops this sentimental footle and gives us some good characterisation, the thought behind which is intriguing. Ralph and Billy are the sons of a wealthy landowner. They are unequally loved by their parents. They pass through school and college and have various love affairs. The book—it is after all hardly a story so much as an interesting gossip about people, for it has no culmination and no plot—ends with Billy being killed at the war and Ralph leaving for France. You put it down feeling that here is a mind with which you are glad

* "The Lay Anthony." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann).—"The Breaking Point." By Mary R. Rinehart. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"Ralph Carey." By Lady Miles. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson).—"The Cuckoo's Nest." By C. Jope-Slade. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet).—"The Grays." By Charlotte Bacon. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape).—"The Law of the Male." By Pernet Gille. 6s. (Philpot)

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Very different from the brightness of "The Cuckoo's Nest" is "The Grays," by Charlotte Bacon. It is a well-named story, for it is dull from start to finish. A long book, it opens so well that you think, "Here is a novel that is going to compensate me for the bad artistry of the ordinary story," and in that expectation you turn page after page. Presently it will begin to be interesting—but it never does. Never for one moment do the "Grays" "come alive," never are they anything but dreary. Yet Charlotte Bacon is undeniably clever. Behind the dullness of her book lies ability. It is as if a curtain had been hung between an inner brilliance of footlights and the audience. In theatrical parlance she has not been able "to get across." However, it is a first novel and the mere writing of it may have taught the author the beginnings of creative wisdom.

The above five books are by English writers; but "The Law of the Male" is one of a series of translations from the French, edited by Alys Eyre Macklin and appropriately entitled "Fleurs de France." Several of these volumes consist of short stories and are interesting revelations of the condition of the French short story market. The book in question, however, is a fairly long novel. The plot is the same as that of a play at present being acted in London—"Secrets"—and it is pleasant to get this lucid, unsentimental version of it. "The Law of the Male" is based on the inordinate affection given by a childless woman to her husband who, finding it excessive, tires and strays. In the main "The Law of the Male" is a fine piece of work. The interest flags a little when we come to the second of Bertrand's love affairs, for we know what is going to happen too well to be held by the details. In fact the novel is a little too long, and was probably padded to meet a publisher's demand.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

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Romain Rolland belongs to eternity, whatever may happen to his books in the course of time: he will be ever a part of those who so also belong—by his life, if not by his writings. De Senancour, in the aftermath of the French Revolution, prayed that eternity might become his asylum; that was the inscription on his tomb. Rolland has no need for the epitaph; the eternal in time itself is his refuge. The present biography is the first serious attempt to present him at full length to English readers. The publishers tell us that its author, Stefan Zweig—an Austrian critic and dramatist—is one of Rolland's personal friends, that the translation is from the original manuscript and that the work is being published simultaneously in five languages. As a man of letters with a world-wide message Rolland came into the heritage of fulfilled renown on the threshold of the great war. It had been earned by critical, historical and biographical works, by dramas and above all by novels. Since his message was "eternal brotherhood" it will be understood that he was divided as are the poles asunder from any "gospel of hatred," except indeed hatred of the appeal to force. It was in this

* "Romain Rolland, the Man and His Work." By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

spirit that he met the event of the war, and it follows that certain "political studies" published between 1915 and 1920 left him standing alone, with two nations at least arrayed against him, repudiated on almost every side. But as it is said that he has emerged again into a world eager to hear him, after all the fever and madness, there is no need to dwell upon this occultation of five years and over. We have to remember rather that his plenary message is in the novel called "Jean Christophe," though it sounds in all his work—in the other stories, in the lives of Beethoven and Michael Angelo, in dramas like "Saint Louis" and "Danton."

Stefan Zweig is a zealous guide to the message in all its aspects, not alone by the path of those seventy pages which study and appraise "Jean Christophe," but especially as he passes from epoch to epoch of Rolland's literary life. The resulting portrait is that of an idealist—(1) whose gaze is "turned not towards the immediate future, but eternity"; (2) who has ever been the poet of the vanquished, consoler of the despairing, dauntless leader "towards that world where suffering is transmuted" and misfortune becomes a source of strength; (3) whose true world is that of the living spirit; (4) whose favourite type is the "vanquished victor"; (5) who is ever with those who voluntarily accept defeat; (6) who shows the meaning and grandeur of all sorrow; (7) whose creative activity was concentrated for twenty years upon the contradictions between spirit and force, freedom and fatherland, victory and defeat. Does it need to say that his call was "lost in the void" for many and long years, or that he wrote "in deliberate opposition to the dominant literary mode"? That he came to be heard, in fine, is perhaps the great miracle, as it is also a great promise and a great hope for such as are born in his likeness. To say this is not to endorse the message in all its aspects, as if there were but one side to the truth of life and its lessons, and no glory of overcoming except in the victory of the vanquished, or as if there were no true joy but that which comes out of sorrow. So also there is little question that war in itself is evil, and yet among things as they are it happens again and again that there is no alternative way, because of other and worse evils. But when we have learned to maintain the Christ-spirit even to the edge of battle there will be no more war in the world; we shall have found another road. And in that finding, though Rolland affirms otherwise, we shall learn, I think, that we do not ourselves build the City of God. It is built about us, within us, for it is eternally true that it comes down out of heaven to encompass us and the earth. We have built London and Berlin, Paris, Antwerp and New York; the *karma* of our work is with us. But the House not made with hands, the House of the Holy Spirit, the Church Invisible and the City which "lieth four-square," are the art of God, with us as the living stones.

The bibliography attached to this volume is itself a revelation, not only as to the extent of Rolland's creative output, but as to the languages into which he has been rendered and the volumes dedicated to his work. It may be added that between this country and America his best, and indeed practically everything, has been made available to English readers. "Jean Christophe" has been translated into nine languages.

A. E. WAITE.

POETS OF EARTH AND SKY.*

Two of the three volumes before us are first books, but their young authors have already attracted a considerable amount of attention by their contributions to periodicals. Mr. Branford is an ex-Flight-Lieutenant of the British Air Forces and, after being shot down over the North Sea during the war, was interned in Holland, undergoing many physical privations which have left their mark on

* "Titans and Gods." By F. V. Branford. 5s. net. (Christophers.)—"Real Property." By Harold Monro. 2s. (Poetry Bookshop.)—"Gipsy-Night, and other Poems." By Richard Hughes. With a lithograph portrait by Pamela Hanson. 4s. 6d. net. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

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BASIL BLACKWELL OXFORD

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his work. Mr. E. B. Osborn, the literary editor of the *Morning Post*, was so impressed by the examples that appeared in *Voices* that he straightway named Mr. Branford for what he adroitly termed the "Blue Riband of the Air." The publication of "Titans and Gods" enables those who have been interested in Mr. Branford's development to estimate in bulk a contribution to contemporary poetry so highly esteemed.

It is a long time since the tree of English poetry has put forward such a tremendous branch as "Titans and Gods" represents. There is something of Miltonic grandeur about Mr. Branford's confidence and eager faith, even when his expression is at its slightest, technically speaking, as in "The Cockney's Dream":

"He heard a voice storm up the falls of song.
A vision flowed across his soul's dark blind.

"He saw huge serpents hurrying along,
And a great lion raving in the wind.

"On shattered, red, tremendous feet the grim
Ghast ghost of London gaped—and gripped at him."

Nor is he any less a modernist for basing his methods on the rock of the classicists. The desolation of Flanders is portrayed in a word-etching whose acid has already scorched the hearts of his contemporaries:

"Two broken trees possess the plain,
Two broken trees remain.
Miracles of steel and stone
That might astound the sun are gone.
Two broken trees remain."

But it is "out of a wandering heart on windy ways" that the majority of these poems have emerged. The "three stark souls" of Mr. Branford's saga are Earth, Air, Ocean, and their broken music is splendidly caught in "The Hawk," "The Midnight Patrol" and "Night at Scheveningen." "On Hearing the Fog-Horns of a Warship" holds an emotional secret that only the watchers on sea and shore will be able to read properly, and they must surely acclaim this superbly rhythmical expression of it. "The Dæmon," the largest piece in the volume, will rank with Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" among the major poems of mysticism—that is, when readers shall have accustomed their ears to its stark simplicities and the infinite suggestiveness of its homely vocabulary and symbolism. "Farewell to Mathematics" is a shorter and rather more solidly phrased outpouring of ecstasy over the dim boundary

"Where square and circle coincide
And the parallels collide
And perfect pyramids flower."

Such work as this volume contains will likely enough be pronounced crude and strained by the conventional student. But there is genuine and satisfying beauty in any single passage, for Mr. Branford has the Keatsian gift of it. Apart from the main development which is sure to take place in his powerful mind, at present a magnificent riot of classicism, philosophy and pure lyricism (the latter quality perfectly manifested in "Any Daisy"), this gift of hammer-like yet exquisitely delicate phrasing will carry Mr. Branford to uncommonly high achievement.

Mr. Harold Monro's philosophy, which is of earth rather than of air or ocean, has long since had time to mature, and its present stage might well be gathered from the title of his new book without touching these score of skilful and well-varied verses. His obscurities are not, like Mr. Branford's, the consequence of inner riot; they are inevitable for one whose wandering paradise is always so sure in its culmination as his; a poet is inclined to be a little over-confident when he recognises his heavenly goal in "the shadow of a cottage door." But once we are over the threshold we are surrounded by a number of delectable things that Mr. Monro is an adept at describing. How well he introduces us to the most delectable of them all:

"O little friend, your nose is ready: you sniff,
Asking for that expected walk,
(Your nostrils full of the happy rabbit-whiff).

And almost talk. . . .
We are going *Out*. You know the pitch of the word. . . ."

Very much at home among gipsies and quaint old men and quainter children Mr. Richard Hughes makes us in "Gipsy Night, and other Poems." Mr. Hughes is an Oxford undergraduate, whose one-act play, "The Sisters' Tragedy," was included in the last of the Grand Guignol programmes at the Little Theatre. He sings with a droll charm of the pity we have for Gipsy Sally's girls when the rain is beating down; but when the nights are fine:

"Would you not go foot it with Sarah's Girls
In and out the trees?
Or listen across the fire
To old Tinker-Johnnie, and Martha his Rawnee,
In jagged Wales, or in orchard Worcestershire?"

In "The Song of the Consistent Reprobate" Mr. Hughes scores heavily:

"If my lady goes to heaven
(Where all lovely ladies go),
To the harps and zither-playing
And the psalms I do not know,
I must leave my whisky-drinking,
All the vain world's jolly show;
If my lady goes to heaven,
Where my lady leads, I go!"

Another lyric or two like that (with its mischievous fear lest in the end it is to heaven that he will be obliged to go!) and Mr. Hughes will have convinced a too-sophisticated world that the Elizabethan spirit is worth recovering, if only that our modernity may be drowned in the golden noise of lilt and catch for an uproarious half-hour.

THOMAS MOULT.

VILLAGE DRAMA.

Future historians of the stage will find the war period a convenient date to mark the decease of drama in those small towns which were the training ground of the professional actor in the last century, but now fail to support him. Local managers blame the cinema or the incompetence of their touring brethren. The latter blame the local managers' lack of initiative or the cinema again. Actors blame all three; they complain also of the New Landlady, and prefer even the mute inglorious trade of understudy in London to the blind alleys and hardships of the provincial tour. Each section has its wail; and the ship goes on sinking. Yet there are rafts in sight, for the drama if not for the professional actor. Here and there it almost looks as if the provincial drama were going back to its origins, when plays were staged intermittently by the trained amateurs of local guilds. Up and down the country-side small villages have begun to discover the drama as a brand-new art. The Arts League of Service (which gave a London *matinée* the other day) has just returned from a tour of twenty-one Lakeland villages, many of whose inhabitants have seen no plays but theirs. More significant, because more racy of the soil, are the local enterprises of which one hears from time to time—the Alvechurch Village Players in Warwickshire and Mr. Masefield's band of enthusiasts on Boar's Hill, to name only two. The Alvechurch men do Shakespeare—or did when I knew them; Mr. Masefield's do Shakespeare and Jonson; have they yet done "Nan"? I ask because hitherto the prime need of such community-players has been a supply of good genuine folk-drama—plays of their own place and people—in which they can appear without stagginess, each in his habit as he lives, as to the manner born. This need is both recognised and met by the present volume.*

It should act better than it reads, especially if taken from real life as the author suggests. In print its dramatic edge is dulled; its notes and stage directions are too copious, however socially interesting; and transitions lurk between its plays to ensnare the unwary reader. In the plays themselves, Mr. Gilbert has clearly studied

* "King Lear at Hordle, and Other Rural Dramas," by Bernard Gilbert, 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

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folk-dramatists to some purpose. He admires Synge; but Synge is too individualistic, too much the consciously creative artist, to be quite the model he needs. He feels this instinctively, no doubt; for although his three-act "King Lear at Hordle" has some Synge touches, in "Eldorado" he slips easily into the Lady Gregory vein—a manner more congenial, one would judge, to himself, and certainly more suited to his purpose, which is to furnish his own village players with plays they can do without undue "acting." "King Lear," with its unexpectedly good last act, is the best play in the book. "Eldorado" runs it close, and on its smaller scale should be more effective in action; it stands out among the five one-acters by its inevitable simplicity and its good, workmanlike use of rather limited material. The others are less successful. "Gone for Good" is a Chaucerian jest without Chaucer's subtlety. "To Arms!" and "The Hordle Poacher" are rather stagey and obvious. The same adjectives apply to "The Old Bull," a much more interesting play; the author says it was his first, and one would imagine that he wrote it soon after discovering "The Cherry Orchard"; it has Tchekov's underlying melancholy, and at least one character such as the Russian loved. It fails through its attempt to combine this spirit with the machine-made "incident-plot" of a different school. To a certain extent a play can dispense with character subtlety and rely on incident; or it can have the slightest of plots—a mere frame—on which to work the tapestry of character. (Tchekov's full-length play has less incident-plot than Mr. Gilbert's sketch.) But it cannot dispense with both, nor can it easily combine them. Mr. Gilbert's characters are but sketches—sketched truly, but with no particular subtlety; and yet his incident-plot is thin. Thus the play falls between two stools. For all that it is the most interesting of the collection.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

KEIR HARDIE.*

Keir Hardie's life is a story of tireless endeavour, of continual fighting against odds—not for any personal glorification, but for the common good, for the emancipation of the working-class, for justice to the poor and the children of the poor. No one can read Mr. Stewart's biography and remain unmoved; he reveals Keir Hardie, through intimate sketches, sometimes through the Labour leader's own words, as politician, agitator, journalist, pioneer in the Labour Party, and withal something of a philosopher, something of a poet—not that he wrote poetry, but that he lived it. The poverty of his youth, which would have embittered a cruder nature, fired in him the ideal of freedom and social equality. He commenced work at the age of seven; at nine he was earning four and sixpence a week as a baker's message boy. In this capacity he suffered an experience that doubtless laid the foundation of his hatred for tyranny and, says Mr. Stewart, explained "the ready sympathy for desolate children characteristic of the man in after years." His father had been rendered unemployed by a lock-out on the Clyde; the union funds were exhausted and Keir's small earnings the only income. A younger brother was ill, and the outlook very black. One winter morning he turned up late at the baker's shop and had to go upstairs to see the master. He was kept waiting outside the door of the dining-room while the master said grace, for the family were at breakfast. On being admitted, he found the baker serving out bacon and his wife pouring out coffee. He had never before seen such a beautiful room, nor such a table loaded with food and beautiful things. The master gave him a lecture on slothfulness and threatened to dismiss him if he were late again.

"The injustice of the thing was burning hot within me," said Hardie, telling the story himself; "all the more that I could not explain why I was late. The fact was I had not yet tasted food. I had been up most of the night tending my ailing brother, and had risen betimes in the morning, but had been

made late by assisting my mother in various ways before starting. The work itself was heavy and lasted from seven in the morning till closing time."

A few days after he was late again for similar reasons, and was dismissed, and his fortnight's wages forfeited by way of punishment. In desperation he wandered about the streets, contemplated suicide, and finally returned to the shop to beg for his money. But the wages were never paid. The master, however, "continued to be a pillar of the church and a leading light in the religious life of the city." It is not surprising that a man of Hardie's spirit and intellect, too familiar with want and hardship, should seek some way of easing the conditions of the class to which he belonged. His gradual transition from Liberalism to Labour, from Labour to Socialism, is traced in these pages that build up again for us a personality the movement he loved could ill afford to lose. An admirable introduction is contributed by his co-worker, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald. The book is valuable as a testimony to a great memory—as an inspiration to the men and women who are fighting in the same movement to-day. It is said that the war killed Keir Hardie. He saw all he had been working for, striving for, shattered by the European upheaval, and could not survive the blow. The man passes, but his influence remains, and he will be remembered so long as justice and freedom continue to be things worth fighting for, and worth winning.

HEARTS FOR THE STAGE.*

The world revolves complexly, so there is excuse for people being giddy in it, and yet—praise be to *Homo sapiens*!—high thinking is coherent as well as sometimes popular.

In the two volumes under consideration the high thinkers have noble and serious drama brought to their libraries or wherever it is comfortable to read, and it is pleasing to state that, whatever their acting possibilities (tested in Mr. Masefield's case), both dramatic achievements are quite as readable as the average successful novel. The limits of the drama as an art form are obvious, but the artistic economy which it demands to-day is a great aid to its readability unless peradventure the dramatist, being overcome by the poetic Muse, mistake dialogue for an antiphony of monologues.

Mr. Laurence Housman has certainly shown valorous industry in the attempt to relate the life of St. Francis of Assisi in a series of eighteen plays embellished by lyrics. St. Francis, however, is by grace of legend one of the most charming—perhaps the most charming—saint in the calendar. If it be permissible in the interest of public peace to define a socialist as one who is sociable, we might describe the Saint who (according to Mr. Housman's presentation of him) included among his brothers and sisters fire, wood, bread, and even his prison wall, as a pan-socialist. True, the humour and tact of St. Francis are compatible with a terrifying missionary zeal, and a good deal of spirituality is needed to dominate even by the approval of one's altruism the braying of "Brother Ass" (the body) at the discipline which the Saint prescribes for it. But Mr. Housman, being both poet and humorist, knows how to make an artistic plessaunce out of even the Lazaretto, and one is often artistically elated during the perusal of his plays. They exhibit a very pretty sense of form and a remarkable power of characterisation. The Saint was a nimble young man in a gay world before he became a friar, and his courageous feet dared to rove among lepers, bandits and Saracens; but Mr. Housman finds appropriate language for all his many characters, of whom Brother Juniper, the delightful simpleton of the Franciscan Order, is an outstanding success. The fondness for malicious humour has not yet

* "Little Plays of St. Francis." With a Preface by H. Granville Barker. 10s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson). "Bernice." Translated from the French of Jean Racine, by John Masefield. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann).

* "J. Keir Hardie." A Biography by William Stewart. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

died in the human race; Owlglass and the traditional Punch still require an antidote in a character like Brother Juniper—a character whose folly sweetens our laughter with the suavity of its celestial innocence.

The dramatisation of charity in its most exalted form is necessarily difficult to harmonise with common demands for exhilaration and amusement; but Mr. Housman has a power of attaining climaxes which nobly excites his reader; and if by amusement we mean the suspension of private musing by the enticement of art, he amuses occasionally as successfully as any literary butterfly.

I have already asserted the readability of Mr. Masfield's adaptation of Racine's "Berenice," but he takes more liberty with the original than is justifiable. The substitution of blank verse for couplets facilitated the task of conveying the author's characteristic grace—a grace antipathetic to conventional realism but worth preserving if one still cares to hear what pleased Le Roi Soleil. But Mr. Masfield is strangely determined to improve. Where Racine makes a lover say: "J'espérai de verser mon sang après mes larmes," Mr. Masfield paraphrases, "Hoping to die."

Admitting that compression was necessary for successful representation on the modern stage, a critic may well pause here to consider what it is that a translator should wish to do. The raw materials for "Berenice" are in Suetonius. There was no paramount reason why Mr. Masfield should have taken them across Racine's closed inkstand. But if Racine of France is to be genuinely Racine of England we must have his characteristic elegance even if it seems like gilded oats. It would have done Mr. Masfield no harm to have read O. Henry's "The Proof of the Pudding" before translating "Berenice." For in that story he would have seen how one of the greatest masters of verbal expression—a man whose dialogue is seasoned by colloquial spices which would have delighted Shakespeare—acknowledges by implication that no one can certainly decide what is natural or unnatural for an educated person to say in a crisis of emotion.

The humiliation of a beautiful queen and the obligation of an emperor to wrench himself apart from his beloved in deference to the national will constitute a theme worthy of a celebrated poet, and Mr. Masfield brings its anguish into the reader's consciousness skilfully enough to reflect praise on Racine from those unfamiliar with the French dramatist. If, to use an expression of Mr. Granville Barker, we regard a "classical" author's appearance on the stage as his release from "his printed and annotated prison," Mr. Masfield may be complimented on having done a little already towards liberating the art of a famous writer. Let us hope that the endowed theatre will soon come into being and relieve dramatists from that over-anxiety about receipts which tends not only to frivolise art (if I may venture to coin a verb), but to tempt able artists to deal ungraciously by the leisurely work of centuries ago.

W. H. CHESSON.

TWO AND TWO.*

When the editor told me that he had sent me four humorous books to review I thanked him politely (one does not say rude things to editors) and calculated the distance to the nearest brandy. I began by reading "The Seaside Guyed," by Thomas Jay. I wish I had not. It is one of those frightfully "funny" works that command you to laugh; and lest you should miss a point, the author carefully explains his jests and accents them by means of drawings, typographical guidances and the like.

Then I turned to "Come Day, Go Day," by John L. Carter. The publisher was kind enough to send with the book a biographical note in which it is stated that Mr.

* "The Seaside Guyed." By Thomas Jay. 3s. 6d. (Collins.)
—"Come Day, Go Day." By John L. Carter. 7s. (John Long.)
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From the Editor

Of one of the greatest daily newspapers a letter has been received by the London School of Journalism. The following is an extract:—

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Carter was a partner in a large Midlands firm when he wrote his first article. I feel sure that Mr. Carter was an excellent partner if he showed the same attention to detail that he exhibits in the book under notice. As I read on I was vaguely conscious of some mental connection with Shakespeare; not on account of the style of Mr. Carter's writing, but—it came to me suddenly—as a memory of the title of one of his plays. It was "Much Ado About Nothing." I have conscientiously endeavoured to discover why the book is described as humorous; it appears to me to be a pleasant tale about a man who fell in love with a pretty girl whose father was in the clutches of a business rival—the latter conceiving the original idea of taking the daughter in part payment of debt. There is also a Yorkshire uncle of the low comedy type. Mr. Carter relates at great length divers matters of such thrilling interest as the uncle's passion for cheese *soufflé*; when he remembers the main theme of the story—which he does fairly often—he is mildly interesting.

I was feeling rather low when I picked up "And the Next," by R. S. Hooper ("Simple Simon" of *Eve*). It is pure joy! The author has a perfectly delightful touch in everything he writes. I don't know what I liked best; I only know that I rose up and called the editor blessed for sending me the book. If I were frightfully rich, rich enough to take taxicabs and not look at the meter, rich enough to patronise Henry Ford, I would buy Mr. Hooper and put him in a specially constructed pavilion in the grounds of my best palace, and whenever I felt depressed I would fetch him out and say, "Lo! I am weary and my soul is sad; as for my harp, I have jumped on the beastly thing. Amuse me." And he would straightway cause my ribs to adhere to my sides and my laughter would burst the buttons off my robe of silk.

Why does not Fortune distribute her favours more carefully? Instead of saving it up for the lean years she sends me (disguised always as the aforesaid editor) a fourth gem, from the other side of the Atlantic this time. The title of the book is "Of All Things" and the author is Mr. Robert C. Benchley. There is an introduction by Mr. Stephen Leacock, presumably because that gentleman is admittedly a humorist, but Mr. Benchley will need no literary fathering. He is himself a humorist. Of course some of his jests are in a vein more particularly amusing to his compatriots, but he eschews extravagant slang, writes in very pleasant and often delightfully quaint English, and it is unnecessary to understand the American language to enjoy his book. It is excellent fooling, but one has always a shrewd suspicion that the author has a pretty hard punch lurking behind his humour.

F. D. G.

Novel Notes.

A LOVER AT FORTY. By Gerald Cumberland. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

One paper, reviewing a previous book by Mr. Gerald Cumberland, expressed the hope that he would stick to short stories, and not be drawn into writing long novels. Reverse the terms of that phrase, and you have the hope of the present reviewer. It will be all to the good of the art of fiction if Mr. Cumberland pursues it along the lines indicated by this extraordinarily clever book, which, although a trifle exotic, a book to read amid cushions and cigar-smoke and lamp-light and not on a heathery moorland, is an acute and at moments pitiless study of feminine human nature—or inhuman nature. For Mrs. Colefax, the mother of the bewildering Avril whose fortunes in love we follow, is a vampire-soul, outwardly social and beautiful, inwardly defiled and defiling; so finely is she described and analysed that even to read about her makes one shrink. A sophisticated book; sometimes too outspoken for not a few readers, having wonderfully commanded skill of

dialogue; and almost uncannily penetrating—such is a broad sketch of it. With his men the author does not "get across the footlights" quite so surely; Basil Trent is a monster of restraint, considering his private knowledge of Avril's misery and her unawareness of his knowledge; there are signs of laboured drawing here. But the women are triumphs, even when they are failures, and in one of the men—Paul Mordurant, the young composer and musician—the author triumphs with them.

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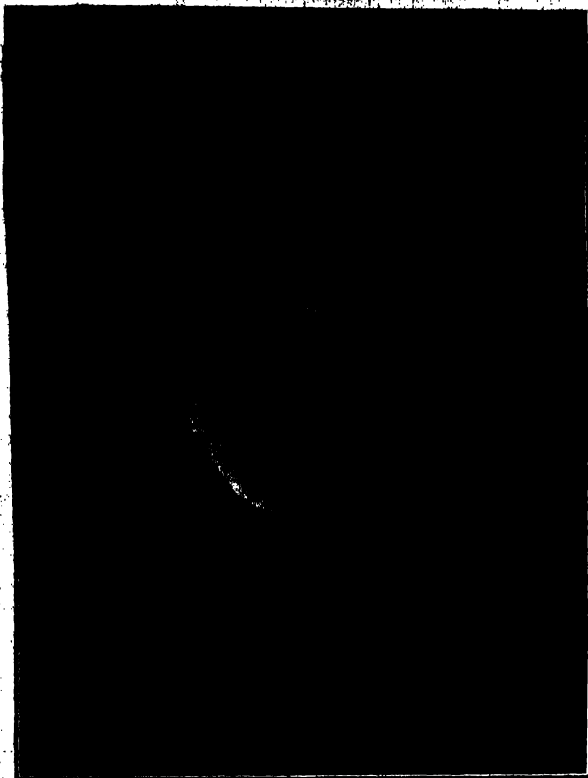


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THE AMATEUR ARCHANGEL. By T. C. Crawford. 5s. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

The introduction of the supernatural into any story dealing with earthly events can only be done at the risk of failure to convince the reader. The "properties" of M. Colomb, the archangel of this book—a glowing globe of light that emits a humming sound, and a sheet of black glass upon which scenes of the war become visible as they happen, and messages appear in writing—merely detract from the interest of a story which seems to be entangled hopelessly with philosophic utterances, and to have behind it some desire for the general betterment of humanity. A good many pages are concerned with the analysis of present conditions; some of these are brilliant, all are worth reading. "The average man," says one of the mysterious characters, "is a pack-horse, who carries so patiently all the loads of various kinds that he has taken on that he has no time to kick off the harness and receive the education necessary to enjoy real freedom. He becomes in domesticity a subdued animal. Adventure is not for him. When he does break away, he is so clumsy about it that he invites scandal, and, under the fear of it, goes back, when permitted, to his pack-horse round." These and other debatable assertions brighten a book which is ingenious, but hardly convincing. It has a hitherto unpublished poem by the late C. Lovat Fraser, the author's son-in-law, which is a pure delight.

THE ASHES OF ACHIEVEMENT. By Frank A. Russell. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The road from Deniliquin glimmers, grey and uninviting, across a changeless expanse of browned grass, like a soiled ribbon on a drab's hair." So this novel begins. We get something about drabs before we are done, but the scene shifts from Australia to America and back again, and there is an attractive mixture of grey tones and glimmering sparkle. The publisher has again discovered a first novel of promise. Mr. Russell tells his story briskly, and it has the real merit of freshness. It is a blessing to get an Australian novel which is not in the bush. Here we are introduced to college life in Melbourne, then to theatrical life, for the hero becomes an actor and a playwright. He does not join up during the war, being too occupied with his plays in America. But Peter, the humble friend, does, and in the end he marries Margaret, the hero's widow. Like many budding novelists, Mr. Russell puts too much into his book and leaves some characters undeveloped. But there is no doubt whatever about the power and grip of the story, either in handling Australian life or in depicting New York theatrical intrigues.

MANY WATERS. By M. E. Francis. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A very simple tale, the scenes of which are laid in a lovely, remote spot in Wales. Even Griffiths, the miller, who is the hero, is a gloomy soul, living without the society of women, with his young cousin Rhys. Into the daily existence of these two comes the bright presence of happy Nest Pennant. She soon charms young Rhys. Also she exerts a powerful spell over Evan, and up on the mountain-side she encourages this strange, sad man to sing to her. So wonderful is his voice that she persuades him to enter for the competition at the Eisteddfod. Rhys proposes to Nest. She does not tell him about her stolen meetings with Evan, who by now is passionately in love with her. When Evan knows that Rhys is the favoured suitor he commits suicide. Nest, as the wife of Rhys, is obsessed with horror by her new home, where everything reminds her of Evan. Mrs. Francis paints with great skill the nervous feelings of the young girl, her desperate longing to be out of the sound of many waters, her husband's bewilderment. There is a happy and satisfactory end, full explanation and the prospect of life in America, far from bitter memories.

A PUBLIC SCANDAL, AND OTHER STORIES. By George A. Birmingham. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The initials "G. A. B." ought to be as familiar as "G. K. C." or "G. B. S." in the alphabet of writers; but they have not yet become quite as definitely recognised by the public. This book of short stories should add to the repute—already high—of the author of "Spanish Gold" and other treasurable volumes. It contains some gems of humour and description equal to anything he has previously done. In nine or ten pages "G. A. B." can introduce us to a set of characters, let us into their secrets, make us feel that we know them quite well, and round off his tiny plot with the greatest felicity. This is an art; apparently easy, in reality achieved by few. For the latest collection from this gifted exponent of the short story we are sincerely grateful.

DUST. By Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

"A sudden breeze caught up some of the dust and, whirling it around, let it fall. 'Martin's life,' thought Rose; 'it was like a handful of dust thrown into God's face and blown back again by the wind to the ground.'" These, the last words of this remarkable book, summarise its story. It is not a happy book nor an amusing book, in the ordinary sense of the word, though it is not without flashes of a grim humour. But it is a book worth the attention of anyone who likes to penetrate a little below the surface of things, who is content to spare an hour or so

to the consideration of other matters than the cinema, the theatre, food and the two-thirty race. Martin Wade was brought up hard in a hard land, and perhaps it was only natural that he should see only the hard, material aspect of everything. So when he married Rose Conroy he gave her a fine, well-found farm and a husband with a warm bank account, but—no love. He did not understand love, it appeared to him an annoying word which stood for unmeaning caresses, whims and an interruption of that well-ordered routine of cow-milking and crop-gathering which was the result of hard mental and physical effort. Then—well, one cannot bear to spoil the story by over many words; read it and see how things worked out; your time will not be wasted. The authors are to be congratulated on having the courage to tell a sad story bravely and without succumbing to the temptation to "make it end happily." Yet it is not a depressing book in the morbid sense; indeed it leaves one with a curious feeling of exaltation.

THE VAN ROON. By J. C. Snaith. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Mr. Snaith in playful and amusing mood. To the old curiosity shop kept by the ancient miser, Gedge, comes practical country June, his niece. Gedge and his boy William run the shop; William is a wonderful assistant, with a *flair* for picking up valuable things for nothing. Shortly after June arrives, William, who is a divinely gentle and credulous being, in spite of his cleverness about things artistic, brings in a small picture which he has picked up for five shillings at Crowdham market. Interest centres round this apparently worthless thing; as it is cleaned, it reveals an increasing beauty, and finally is proved to be a genuine Van Roon, worth thousands of pounds. Then of course everybody wants to possess it. Gedge himself makes various cunning attempts, and William's faith and love for his old master take a deal of shaking. June falls in love with William, and also, at one time, gets hold of the picture. Very delicately does Mr. Snaith paint the love between the couple, the dreamy, beauty-loving boy, the strenuous, matter-of-fact girl. A pretty piece of work, conceived in no spirit of sombreness.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FAIRY DOLL. By Netta Syrett. 3s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

There are five little plays in this book; each one, with its neatly-turned plot and lively dialogue, should prove irresistibly attractive to children who are looking for "something to act." The plays evince imagination and sympathy, and a good sense of fun, and there are characters to suit all tastes—dolls, and fairies, kings and queens, shepherd boys, princesses, and ordinary, everyday little boys and girls. Miss Syrett knows exactly what children want, and she gives it to them. The plays should prove fairly simple to produce, the scenes chosen being in the nature of a Nursery, a Schoolroom, "The drawing-room in the Doll's House," and so on. There is a pretty pastoral play with the scene "Part of the Palace Garden," in which the character of the fascinating wilful Princess Rosalys will undoubtedly make its appeal to all youthful actresses who read the play. There are very few writers of modern plays suitable for children to perform; Miss Syrett's "Fairy Doll," together with her former books of children's plays, fill a want; and those who have anything to do with the organising of children's entertainments will be grateful to Miss Syrett for producing just what they need.



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PEARLS AND POMEGRANATES. By Dorian Hope. 9s. (Putnams).

Here are Pearls and Pomegranates, the latter I think more frequent than the former, yet there is much worth and even excellence in the book's pages. A great deal is undoubtedly minor verse such as every poet must produce some time or other. The evil is that some never write anything else, but of this Dorian Hope is not guilty, for his book is full of touches that reveal beauty and grace. Such lines as

"We may not apprehend love's mystery"

have a way of piercing by their brevity and insight to the very heart of a situation and even of a stubborn critic. When Dorian Hope is original he is at his best; sometimes he forgets this. One poem particularly—it is called "The Prayer"—we could have wished had not been so flagrant an imitation of Yeats's "The Cloths of Heaven." It is not even a good imitation. Far better is "Poverty," an excellent garden suburb poem with no pretence about it:

"Sometimes I dream of lovely things that I should like to wear
Walking down the Avenue with April in the air."

There is undoubtedly promise in this writer.

GROUP TESTS OF INTELLIGENCE. By Philip Boswood Ballard, M.A., D.Litt. 6s. net. (University of London Press.)

Dr. Ballard is one of our most attractive writers on education. He combines enthusiasm with humour, qualities that rarely run in couples. His gifts are shown to special advantage in this volume dealing with the now very popular science of educational statistics. Into the value of mental tests as tests we need not go; but we should like to assure teachers that some of the tests provide admirable material for teaching. Precision of language, a sense of values, an idea of proportion, are among the desirable (and rarely found) attainments that can be practically cultivated by a use of some of the examples quoted. The teacher of English especially will find capital suggestions here for brightening a subject in which the lessons languish too often through lack of inventiveness in the teacher. But the whole book is fascinating—almost more fascinating than it should be!

BETWEEN SUN AND MOON. Poems and Woodcuts by Cecil French. 3s. 6d. (London: The Faval Press.)

Mr. Cecil French's woodcuts are admirably done but a little conventional; they are so like so many other woodcuts; but his poems have an individual note. The charm of his lyrics is their simplicity. Such as "Hidden Sorrow," "The Offering," "The Peacemaker"—and one could name others—are as natural in feeling as they are beautifully simple in utterance. One stresses this latter virtue because it is not too common in recent verse. We warmly recommend Mr. French's work to all who find pleasure in poetry.

CARDINALLA: THE STORY OF THE RED WOMAN OF MAREMMA. By William Shepperley. 2s. (The Bowyer Press.)

We should imagine that Mr. Shepperley is one of those poets who write chiefly for their own pleasure and are at no particular pains to secure the suffrage of the general reader. Of the three other books of his that are mentioned at the end of this little volume, only one has come the way of this reviewer—"The Priestess of Ida," which was published a few years ago and remains in his memory as the work of an authentic poet. "Cardinalla" is a story of peasant life in Tuscany and of life among the dissolute priesthood of Rome in the day of the Borgian Pope, Alexander VI. Whether Mr. Shepperley has chosen the best way of telling it may be open to question. He takes a present-day traveller to a haunted inn at Maremma, where he is visited by the spirit of the much-wronged Cardinalla, who unfolds to him her own strange, tragic

story. It might have lent an air of stronger realism to it all if that prelude night at the inn and the supernatural visitor had been dispensed with, and the tale set down (as it is throughout Part III) in plain, straightforward fashion. Others may think otherwise; and that personal objection apart, one has nothing but praise for the metrical and rhythmical skill, the simple directness and dramatic intensity with which the poignant experiences of Cardinalla are related. There are no purple passages, little attempt at jewelled phrasing; the story's the thing; and it is an interesting story clothed in language that is always picturesque, vivid, forceful. "Cardinalla" is a narrative poem of very considerable power, both as narrative and as poem.

MONEY AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE AFTER 1914. By Gustave Cassel. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. Gustave Cassel tells us in his preface that in this volume he has expanded, for the general reader, memoranda which he wrote originally for the financial experts of the League of Nations. It is therefore necessary to review it from the standpoint of the normal man. One hopes the common person of the proverbial street will read it; and he will enjoy it, for it is much more exciting than a chess problem or auction bridge. But probably the chief impression taken away by the reader will not be the one Mr. Cassel desires. This able book will be most useful if it convinced the ordinary man that the banking experts live in a technical world of their own, which is as remote from real life as the poles are from the equator. For example Mr. Cassel, writing on the necessity for restraint in national expenditure, uses these approving words: "England gradually managed to cut down very considerably the building programme, which far exceeded the country's financial powers." That is how it appears to the financier, who thinks in terms of coins and cheques and treasury bills. But the common man, knowing that there is endless building material at hand, and endless unemployed men to use it, and ample acres on which to build it into houses, will come to the common-sense conclusion that the banking expert is talking nonsense, when he suggests that it is better to waste money on unemployment doles than in building homes. Mr. Cassel's really interesting volume will do good if it convinces its readers that the problems of exchange and monetary crises cannot be solved in terms of finance, but must be stated in realist terms of goods—and human beings. Some of us are beginning to suspect that there would not have been any war if it had not been for the meddling of international financiers and their expert bankers.

ARE WOMEN MONKEY-MINDED? By Florence Daniel. 2s. 6d. net. (Daniel.)

These two addresses, delivered by invitation to the London Branch of the Women's Freedom League, are full of controversial matter and will open up new trains of thought to those interested in the subject of woman's mentality as compared with man's; and, since such a subject is of vital importance to both men and women, Mrs. Daniel's book deserves to be widely read. It is written in a bright, attractive style, with many references to the works of Mary Everest Boole, and many provocative arguments. The author contends that all normal women have potential genius, and all normal men potential talent. The present system of education, she says, is unsuited to women, being devised by men for men. "Woman took it ready made because there was nothing else for her to take. But every woman knows that knowledge is not synonymous with wisdom, nor a certificate of proficiency a guarantee that the holder can do the work required." When Mrs. Daniel has stated her case, fairly and concisely, she goes on to state her remedy. Some readers will disagree with her and think the division she draws between men and women too drastic, yet even her opponents will allow that her treatise, though brief, is a valuable contribution to a very wide and little understood problem.

Music.

AMONG THE STARS.*

By J. P. COLLINS.

MUSIC, being an echo of life, resembles life in this—that it gives back with interest whatever you put into it. This should be remembered whenever,



Photo by Swain. **Sir Landon Ronald.**

as is often the case, the artistic temperament is interpreted all one way. More than any of his confreres perhaps, the musician is commonly regarded as the creature of irresponsible eccentricities with a bias on the side of gloom. We brood with

Beethoven far oftener than we frolic with Mozart because the heavier mood flatters our egotism and makes less demand upon will-power and self-control. Yet every master who has had charge of an orchestra or a choir is well aware how much it means to be able to lighten the labours of rehearsal with a bit of banter or a timely jest; perhaps—who knows?—even the great Dr. Richter gained more than he knew from those execrable lapses of his into broken English. But even Richter's onslaughts on our language were no fiercer than some of Mancinelli's recorded in this delightful book. On one occasion he burst out at an argumentative fiddler: "Don't shpoke. If you no like, you went!"

Something was said in these columns of late about the meteoric rise of Sir Landon Ronald to the heights of his great calling, and it would not have been a fitting tribute if it had not said something about the flexibility, the natural gaiety, and the sparkle of his mind. They show themselves from the first chapter of memories where he gives us a glimpse of his prodigy days and shows how the child was father of the man. He has been busy with eclipses ever since, and a denizen amongst the stars. Fortunately he has never lost one happy heritage, his sense of humour, and it yields a fund of stories which leaven this book with hearty laughter. He answers to that severest of tests, readiness to tell a story at his own expense. One of the best stories in the book, however, is of a non-musician, the late Sir Herbert Tree. He was disconcerted by the effusiveness with which Grassi, the Sicilian tragedian, insisted on embracing everybody at a function given in his honour. When it came to calling a cab, it turned out that Grassi's London address was the shop of an ice-cream merchant, a friend of his youth:

After some hesitation Grassi replied: "If you plice, ask him to take me Garrrrick Teatro." Tree, addressing

* "Variations on a Personal Theme." By Sir Landon Ronald. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



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the cabman, said: "Take this gentleman to the Garrick Theatre." The cabman looked down scornfully and asked: "What the blankety-blank does 'e want to go to the Garrick Feater for at this time o' night?" "I don't know," was Tree's quick rejoinder, "but I should think he had forgotten to kiss the fireman."

But this kind of narrative is only the embroidery for a gallery of character-study, and Sir Landon has the happy knack of giving us the essence of the many gifted people he has known. We see Patti conquered by the gramophone, and listening to her own first record in an artless ecstasy over a voice she had never really heard before. We find Melba calmly rebuking the author before a hall-full of people for starting on a key which did not suit her, and laughing with the audience at her own *naïveté*. But this self-possession deserted her when she went to the Guildhall School to deliver a short lecture she had rehearsed with care and confidence, and Sir Landon had to step into the breach and read it off instead.

Glimpses like these are inestimably welcome in connection with public favourites we have all admired, and Sir Landon does not disguise the fact that his vocation has compensations besides mere fame and prosperity. But he also shows that success is not attained without strict application and hard work, backed by brains and individuality kept well under command. His concluding chapters should be of value to beginners because he strips away many illusions and affords them hints which are the cream of special experience. He speaks generously of brother conductors and the composers with whom he has been brought in contact. He writes appreciatively of the critics, but says a wise thing when he warns them and their victims not to fraternise any more than they can help. Above all, he holds the balance fairly between the new tendencies and the fashions that are passing, and he quotes with enthusiasm this dictum of a colleague:

"It is fine to live in the spring of modernity, but the leaves are ripening for the fall, and next year there will be another spring."

In taking leave of a most diverting book, it is impossible not to applaud its breadth and wisdom. But it is also impossible not to catch at a hint towards the end. There is more wisdom where this comes from, and we heartily cry "Encore."

STIMULANTS AND SEDATIVES.*

Modern solo songs, roughly speaking, fall naturally and automatically into two classes. Those which startle the conventional ear—which wake the conservative mind, as it were with an alarm-bell of heterodoxy—achieving

* "The Shepherdess." Music by Ivor Atkins. Poem by Alice Meynell. 2s. (Augener).—"When Passion's Trance is Overpast." Music by Eric Fogg. Words by Shelley. 2s. (Elkin).—"Indian Serenade." Music by Percy Judd. Words by Shelley. 2s. (Augener).—"When Daisies pied." Music by Percy Judd. Words by Shakespeare. 2s. (Augener).—"Two Elizabethan Songs." Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. ("Love is a Sickness." Words by Samuel Daniel. "In Youth is Pleasure." Words by Robert Wever.) 2s. each. (Elkin).—"Four Part-songs." Music by Havergal Brian. ("And Will He Not Come Again." Words by Shakespeare. 3d.; "It Was a Lover and His Lass." Words by Shakespeare; "The Fairy Palace." Words by Michael Drayton; "The Phantom Wooer." [Unaccompanied.] Words by Thomas Lovell Beddoes.) 6d. each. (Augener).—"Three English Song Albums": ("Contralto Album, Baritone Album, Tenor Album"), each containing 5 songs. 3s. 6d. each. (Elkin.)

strange new effects by daring pioneer methods: and those which soothe by dint of sheer reiteration, recapitulating the old familiar material, the sentiments which never fail to please. For the most part, these latter are akin to fruit syrups and *eaux sucrées*, which cannot strictly be termed sedatives. But by comparison with the vehemently stimulant nature of more modern works, they are positively narcotic!

The best all-round song on our list, to my belief—the most melodious, most uncommon, and most courageous in the choice of words—is Ivor Atkins' treatment of Mrs. Meynell's lovely poem. "The Shepherdess" is so pure, so contemplative, of such an aloof, austere beauty in itself, that it demanded almost equal qualities in the music. These have largely been attained by Mr. Atkins: and they will require great sympathy in the executants. "The Shepherdess" is not for the many: but it will rejoice the few.

The songs of Shelley, so very, very often equipped with musical renderings, are in danger of producing a cry of "Hold, enough!" Nothing can dim their intrinsic lustre: yet occasionally one does wish they might be let alone for twenty years or so! "When Passion's Trance" is stimulant enough, in all conscience, as regards its wording: the composer has piled up the agony in the heavy chords of the accompaniment: the result *ought* to be satisfactory, yet somehow it is not. I fancy that the softer passages for the soloist, which are devoid of any true melodic charm, militate against the success of the whole. And, as a whole, this effort leaves one cold: it lacks inspiration, and its curves are not those of beauty.

Much the same might be observed of Percy Judd's "Indian Serenade," in which "I arise from dreams of thee" is once more attempted. The musician here has sought to disguise, by an elaborate and ambitious accompaniment, the poverty of the vocal part. It cannot be said that he has succeeded. The pianoforte arabesques are clever enough, but to the singer is given no suggestion of the rich warm glow which pervades Shelley's passionate lyric. This setting is born of intellect rather than of emotion—just where emotion is essential. Mr. Judd's treatment of "When Daisies pied" challenges comparison with many another. It has a touch of the naïve simplicity and the would-be archaic air appropriate to the words; but otherwise makes no very special appeal.

The Elizabethan manner—quaint yet stately—admirably phrased for the voice—contrapuntally treated in the accompaniment—has been well captured by C. Armstrong Gibbs. He is to be congratulated on his selection of suitable and unhackneyed verses. "Love is a Sickness" and "In Youth is Pleasure" make a happy contrast and an attractive couple: slightly stimulant, like old-fashioned home-made wine, but in no respect cheap or commonplace.

On the part-songs of Havergal Brian I have previously given appreciative comment. Those now in hand are more salient, more difficult, and more novel than the last. They strike out along fresh lines, to issues such as one rarely associates with female-voice concerted music. "And will he not come again," with its remarkable repetitive figure in the pianoforte part, and "It was a Lover and his Lass" are of fine quality and boldly original. "The Fairy Palace," whilst assimilated to the ethereal whimsicality of Drayton's words, is, to my thinking, too queer, too inconclusive. Most remarkable of all is the unaccompanied five-part "Phantom Wooer," for mixed voices. The *macabre*, not to say charnel character of the lyric is reflected with an uncanny ingenuity in the setting; the thing is cleverness incarnate, and has traits of sheer beauty. I can hardly imagine people desiring to chant about "the little snakes of silver throat, In mossy skulls that nest and lie." And yet, the extraordinary artistry of it!

Messrs. Elkin's "English Song Albums" are likely to prove more popular than any of the foregoing. In these, the smooth, easy melodies run fluently above a non-exacting accompaniment. The amateur will find himself or herself well supplied with singable matter of a safely sedative sort: written and composed after familiar

formulas, and certain to afford much pleasure to non-exigent hearers. No sophistication, no stimulant; "nothing to make lament or wring the brow" by means of weird chromatic progression or grim discord. Just an excellent selection of simple stuff for everyday use. The Contralto Album contains songs by Ethel Barns, Reginald Somerville, Gerald Lane, Robert Eden, H. Trotère—all popular names. Of these perhaps the most attractive are "A Ransom" and "The Rocking-Chair." Of the Baritone Album's contents, I prefer the sprightly "Mopsa," by Villiers Stanford; the other compositions are by Howard Hadley, William Wallace, Robert Eden, and Reginald Clarke. Each and all will be found acceptable to the amateur. The Tenor Album proffers us much the same style of work, from mainly the same composers: the most attractive piece here is Reginald Somerville's "When Dreams Come True." Briefly, these Albums hold plenty of choice for every voice, and an entire absence of excitement. The ditties approximate, musically speaking, to the works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Either one thinks them very sweet and consolatory and refreshing, in a lemonadish way or one regards them as practically negligible quantities. "It takes all sorts of people to make the world"—and all sorts of songs to meet their respective requirements. The same level of mediocrity upon which the fiction of certain successful novelists is based—representing quantity *versus* quality—is a secure foundation for the unambitious composer: and he can hardly be blamed if he finds it more lucrative to keep as near that level as possible. Frozen heights make no appeal to the multitude.

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A PAGEANT OF SUMMER. By May H. Brahe. (Enoch.)

Admirers of Miss May Brahe's work will welcome this song cycle for four voices.

LITTLE PRELUDES. (Second Set). By H. V. Jervis-Read. (Elkin.)

This second set of "Preludes" does not take one's fancy quite so quickly as the first set, but nevertheless it is very pleasing work.

FAIRY SONGS. By Mischa Leon. (Augener.)

Dainty, quaint little songs. "Retaliation" has a particularly delightful melody. But why does the author of the verses spoil her effects by making her child use words like "elusive," "a-curtysying" and "sprite"? It strikes an unnatural note.

ELFIN LOVE. By A. Robertson Hodgson. (Enoch.)

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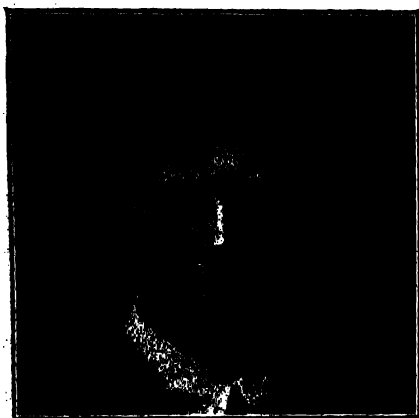
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The Drama.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.



Mr. Graham Sutton.

THE Phoenix Society, founded in 1919 for the production of old English plays, opens its fourth season this autumn. To have survived three years of such heroic adventure is in itself an achievement; and before turning to the new

season's bill it is worth while to consider what the Society has already done, and its manner of doing it.

It is rather reticent about its aims. It has avoided one dangerous pitfall, however—the temptation to stage pre-Restoration plays as they were done in their own day. Former revivalists have put their faith in the apron stage, sacrificing the orchestra; but the apron stage (unless indeed it be all apron) is of no use in the modern theatre, which is designed for the picture-frame mode. Elizabethan actors were seen like statuary—in the round; and the modern producer of their plays, if he is not prepared to dispense with nearly all his stalls into the bargain, may as well leave the orchestra undisturbed. What the Phoenix could do in the antiquarian line, it did; notably by relying for its colour appeal on bright costumes against a natural background. The latter, by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, was not improved by being repainted in brighter colours. But the costumes themselves have been consistently good.

Nor has the Society been less well served in the matter of acting. Despite low fees and little publicity, good acting rallies to the Phoenix in a way which reflects the greatest possible credit both on actors and cause, and the three seasons leave many glowing memories—the Witch and Evadne of Miss Thorndike, in all the terror of applied Grand-Guignolism; the Frank Thorney and Amintor of Mr. Ion Swinley; the Cuddy Banks of Mr. Frank Cochrane, in a welcome resurrection from "Chu Chin Chow." Mr. Baliol Holloway's Volpone, Mr. Ernest Thesiger's Tattle, Mr. Ben Field's Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, Mr. Edmund Willard's Don John (in "The Chances"), and Mr. Stanley Lathbury's Callianax were hardly less good. And indeed the Society's team-work has been no less remarkable than its individual performances, considering the shortness of rehearsals and the fact that the artists were mostly engaged in other work. "Bartholomew Fair" gravelled them—partly because the New Oxford was a bigger theatre than their usual haunt, partly from reasons in the play itself, of which more presently. Elsewhere they have maintained a very

high standard; they were even good in "All for Love"—a play actor-proof in the worst sense, with its conventionalised emotions, its long patches of insignificant conversation and tedious circular argument, its inevitable reconciliations, its too frequent snip-snap jingle of verse made by the mile and cut off as you want it—which leads to the more difficult question of the selection of Phoenix plays.

It would be interesting to know what principles govern the Society's choice, or what malign influence has laid its taboo on pre-Shakespearean drama. I am not advocating "Roister-Doister" or "Gammer Gurton," though I believe even these tedious comedies would be more amusing on the Phoenix stage than some of its recent selections. But what of "The Spanish Tragedy"? What of Marlowe's work? These plays are the embryo of Elizabethan tragedy; whereas the derivative drama of the seventeenth century is little more than its corpse. Even if the Society has purposely limited itself to seventeenth century plays, the selection problem is still paramount. It can hardly hope to do them all within one generation of membership; upon what principle, then, does it select? Literary excellence, antiquarian interest, acting quality? On any of these counts, or on all three, most of us would subscribe to "The Duchess of Malfi," "Volpone," "The Maid's Tragedy," or "Love for Love"—all given within two years. "The Chances," again, was beyond doubt a feather in the selectors' cap, proving how a piece somewhat neglected in the textbooks may yet play well on the stage. "The Witch of Edmonton," unequal hotch-potch though it be, earned its place by the lurid beauty of its best romantic passages, and by its very great historical interest as a study in seventeenth century superstition and domestic life. Elsewhere the committee's choice was more open to question. In topical interest "The Fair Maid of the West" was well enough; but the same author's "Woman Killed with Kindness" is a better play and much more socially significant, being one of our earliest problem plays and (I think) the first challenge thrown to the old romantic convention about a wronged husband's honour. The second Jonson comedy was "Bartholomew Fair"—well enough, again, if he had not written "The Alchemist." The latter play remains supreme, technically, in its achievement of the unities—a problem which has never ceased to engage the attention of English playwrights since the day Sackville and Norton broke their shins over it so disastrously in "Gorboduc." In sheer wit it loses nothing to "Bartholomew Fair," of which Mr. Montagu Summers's laudation as "a supreme effort of Jonson's titanic genius" will be taken with a grain of salt by most readers, even if they do not reflect that the "richest humour and most brilliant realism" he finds in it are often of the slapstick sort much better devised by Mr. Charlie Chaplin. Above all, when Mr. Summers speaks

of its "crowded saturnalia of merriment" he gives his case away; "Bartholomew Fair," like "Coriolanus" in its different way, is essentially a crowd-production. The Society does not run to crowds; and it was unfair to expect a handful of principals, playing at being a mob on an empty stage, to set the table on a roar as triumphantly as they could have done with a full carnival chorus.

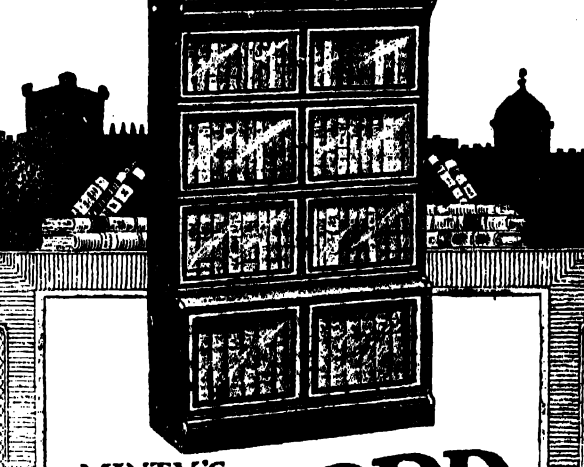
But if we frankly accept the production of "Bartholomew Fair" as an error due to miscalculation of the Society's resources, on what grounds can their selection of "All for Love" be justified? Not as an actors' piece, assuredly; from the actors' standpoint, as I have tried to show, this play "written in imitation of Shakspeare's stile" is a lame mongrel which needs more help in negotiating that stile than the most brilliant acting can ever hope to give it. For the antiquarian's sake, then? We have no chance this side of the grave to tell Dryden what we think of him for so treating Shakespeare; but at any rate we need not perpetuate the infamy by reproduction; far better peruse it in the study, leaving time to re-read Shakespeare's version afterwards and get the Dryden taste out of one's mouth before turning to bed. Was it selected for its purple patches? But we have already had that Brutus-and-Cassius quarrel scene rehearsed in so many seventeenth century plays from "The Maid's Tragedy" downwards—yes, downwards is the word. There remains only the pedantic plea that it is Dryden's best tragedy; Mr. Summers hails it as one of his two tragic "masterpieces"; and if there can be any best of a species which was bad intrinsically, he has the authority of the great academic critics to warrant his choice. Even so, this is a hole-and-corner superiority—I should say "a dunghill victory," but for the fact that Dryden curiously omitted from it that obscene element which is so sure a draw with a certain section of the Phoenix audience. And with all possible goodwill to Mr. Summers one may suggest to him that in ranking "All for Love" "indubitably . . . among the finest ornaments of the world's dramatic store," he is making not only himself but his Society mildly ridiculous.

* * * * *

Since writing the above (mainly from notes made on the several occasions) I have received the new season's bill, which reads as though the Society's policy had been reconsidered. Marlowe comes into his own with "The Jew of Malta," Jonson with "The Alchemist." Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" pipes a new note of pastoral comedy; and Ford's "'Tis Pity," a tit-bit for the expurganda enthusiasts, has the additional advantage of being a pretty good stage play. Altogether a programme which should atone amply for any previous errors of judgment, and more than ever justify the Phoenix's existence.

EAST OF SUEZ. At His Majesty's Theatre.

There are certain sleek individuals who are very fond of referring to "the old days" (which most of them never knew, by the way), and who vehemently contend that we no longer have any real actors and actresses, nor any good plays. I hope these people will go to His Majesty's Theatre and see Mr. Somerset Maugham's "East of Suez." I am



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not going to say that it is perfect play—there are no perfect plays—but there are parts of it which may fairly be called great, and as a whole it is a production that ought to attract and hold large audiences for many a week to come. It is first and foremost Miss Meggie Albanesi's triumph. That young lady has gone on from success to success, but this to me is the best thing she has yet done. She is on the stage during six out of the seven scenes, and her part is an exceedingly emotional one—a crescendo of emotion, so to speak, culminating in a very strong scene prior to the final fall of the curtain. Briefly the story is that of an Englishman who marries in Peking a Chinese half-caste (Miss Albanesi), and brings on himself not only the coldness of other English residents, but the hatred of the girl's former Chinese lover, Lee Tai Cheng (Mr. C. V. France). There is the added complication of the love of the half-caste, Daisy, for another Englishman, George Conway (Mr. Basil Rathbone), who is at once her lover and her husband's friend. So there you have plot enough, in all conscience, and one that produced situations which might very easily have been reduced to bathos by a little over-acting. But Miss Albanesi was sure of herself throughout, and held the scales level, although even that excellent actor Mr. Basil Rathbone was inclined to "My God!" a little too much at times. The scenes between Daisy and her husband (very well played by Mr. Malcolm Keen), and Daisy and the imperturbable Lee Tai Cheng were especially good, apart from the greater emotional moments in which Daisy and George fought out the problem of Love *versus* Honour. Mr. C. V. France, as Lee Tai Cheng, gave the finished study one expects from him, but his brief might have been more carefully drawn, as the lawyers have it—as for example when he is made to call Daisy a "Chinawoman," a thing that is not done among nice Chinese people, don't you know. There are quite a lot of real Chinese in the cast, who are a great help in the first scene (which has, however, nothing to do with the story). The mounting of the play is most artistic and the music (partly by Eugène Goossens, partly Chinese) in perfect harmony with the scenes. "East of Suez," by the way, has just been published in book form (2s. 6d.) by Messrs. Heinemann.

F. D. G.

THE RETURN. At the Globe Theatre.

Mr. Arthur Wimperis has adapted this amusing play from the French of Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset—amusing but strangely unequal. A promising prologue is followed by two patchy and unconvincing acts. But the third act is a triumph. It contains a strikingly original and effective scene, and the play must be seen, as no doubt it was written, for the sake of this last act. A one-act drama in itself, Act III shows the husband about to cross-examine his wife's lover, while the wife, having exacted a promise from the men that there shall be no violence, waits outside on tenterhooks. When the wife enters, alarmed by the sound of their raised voices, she finds that instead of discussing her the two men have been telling one another war stories—the result of discovering that they fought in the same sector in France! And—the last straw—the wife's photograph has been set up on the table to represent a hill-side! The real weakness of the play lies in the hazy characterisation of the husband. As the wife, who out of sheer boredom warns her stodgy, self-centred husband that she is going to be unfaithful, though she hasn't yet selected a lover, Miss Marie Löhr plays with a charm and ease as endearing as ever, and is seen at her very best. She is admirably supported by a brilliant cast—notably by Miss Lottie Venne equipped with fan and handkerchief and a delightful flow of inconsequential humour.

S. H. W.

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When an uncle from America buys the ancestral estate and invites his niece to stay with him, it is not usual for her to disappear, together with one or two others who follow to see what has happened to her. But this makes a very absorbing story, and Mr. E. R. Punshon is able to provide some good adventures for his hero in his search for the lady.

Florence Warden**THE LADY IN FURS**

A murder in a City office happens frequently in fiction; not always, however, has the mystery so unexpected a solution as in "The Lady in Furs." To throw dust in the eyes of the reader is the sensational novelist's privilege, but it is not everyone who has Miss Warden's skill in that delicate operation.

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The Bookman Illustrated Autumn Supplement

THE BLUE GUIDES: WALES.

Edited by FINDLAY MUIRHEAD, M.A., F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

THROUGH YORKSHIRE.

By GORDON HOME. 2s. (Dent.)

HAMPSHIRE.

By TELFORD VARLEY. 4s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

Here are three books more or less of a class. Broadly they are guide-books, yet probably the authors of two would much prefer that their books should not be so called. Such is the strange feeling of many writers that, when they write a book descriptive of any country, the last name by which they desire you to call it is that of guide-book—as though a good guide-book were not one of the most satisfactory pieces of work that a writer could accomplish.

Concerning one, however, there can be no question, for the Muirhead Guide to Wales is guide-book pure and simple, naked and unashamed. It maintains in general the high standard already set, and Mr. Muirhead must feel the glow of a legitimate pride as he sees the series steadily lengthening. There is the usual practical information, which includes a chapter on motoring in Wales and notes by Mr. W. M. Gallichan for fishermen, and there are useful preliminary surveys of the Land of Wales (Professor J. H. Fleure), the History and Social System of Wales and the Welsh Language (Professor T. Gwynne Jones). The bulk of the work is that of Mr. J. E. Morris, B.A., and those familiar with other work of that careful topographer will know what this means in the way of painstaking accuracy, close compression and general completeness.

The time has come, however, when the Muirhead Guides can with propriety be critically regarded. Five of them have been published. The foundation of the series was warmly welcomed, and each volume has been cordially appreciated. Having regard to the nature of the subject, Wales ought to be a little better than the other volumes. It is disappointing to find so little directly bearing on mountaineering, and one would have preferred that Professor Fleure's article should have been less coldly geological and rather more frankly descriptive of the natural charms.

But the least satisfactory feature of the book is the maps. No fault can be found, of course, with the production of the various half-inch maps—as maps—of Bartholomew, but for mountainous country one inch to the mile is the

smallest practical scale for walking. Furthermore there are three district maps (three miles to the inch) which are absurdly antiquated in style and of little more than the most superficial use. It is not as though the proper maps were not obtainable. The Ordnance Survey maps are now so beautiful and effective that it is astonishing that there should be no reference to them, more particularly as there is a new one-inch map of the Snowdon district which is almost indispensable to the walker and climber. On the whole it must be confessed that in the matter of maps and practical general information the volume is surpassed

by Baddeley's "Thorough Guide to the Lake District." It is perhaps due to the weakness on this side that there are numerous slight discrepancies in the heights of mountains, maps and text differing. In some cases both map and text differ from the latest figures of the Ordnance Survey.

Mr. Gordon Home's book is wonderful value at present-day prices. He says he has "endeavoured to indicate where romance and beauty may be found," and it is a tribute to his talent that in less than one hundred and eighty pages he has told so much, and described faithfully and charmingly, such a number of varying things in the huge county. Most books of this type are too sketchy to be of practical use, and one wonders why they are produced and bought, but the user of this book in a tour through Yorkshire can gain thereby such a knowledge of the attractions of the county as to make him something of an authority thereon. The joy which Mr. Home felt in writing it he manages to communicate to others, enriched by his always truthful and delightful drawings.

But I am by no means sure that in many ways Mr. Varley's is not the best book of the three. Dealing as it does largely with what comes broadly under the term physiography, it is a book that is more likely than the others to open the eyes of the tourist and traveller to unfamiliar yet native and really characteristic things. The books of this series cover a wide range of subjects—geology, natural features, history, place-names, industries and communications, archaeology and antiquities, and the like. Mr. Varley's is one of the best of them, and though the plan of the book is educational, it is so in such a sense that it would be a high delight for one who does not know Hampshire to explore the trout-streams and chalk hills of the county, with what remains of man's work from far-away ages, and all other noteworthy features of the county, by the light of this admirable book, which is illustrated with peculiar judgment and aptness. A. H. ANDERSON.



From A History of Art :
Medieval Art
(John Lane).

THE MIRROR. PRINT (LOUVRE).
UTAMARO (1753-1806).



From British North Borneo
(Constable).

BENONI VILLAGE.
Photo by D. J. Rutter.

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

By OWEN RUTTER. 21s. (Constable.)

The very name of North Borneo smacks of adventure, yet Mr. Rutter is right in his statement that few men in the street could answer off-hand the questions: Where is it? What is its size? Who compose its population? To whom does it belong? His book deals exhaustively with this fascinating and little-known corner of the Empire and makes capital reading with its descriptions of native tribes and customs, historical anecdotes and pen-pictures of the wild country and villages. Some democrats of to-day are inclined to doubt the wisdom of forcing western civilisation upon the savage of the East, and there is much to be said on both sides, but one cannot help feeling that the method of arbitration

insisted on by the British North Borneo Company must be more salutary for the natives than the head-hunting expeditions and tribal feuds of their own code. Not that the North Borneo native is a savage in the accepted meaning of the word; Mr. Rutter gives him in the main an excellent character. In fact it is chiefly the author's understanding and sympathy with the people among whom he has lived that lends charm and value to his profusely illustrated work.

AMID SNOWY WASTES.

By SETON GORDON, F.Z.S. 15s. (Cassell.)

Books of travel and natural history have had a prominent place on publishers' catalogues during recent years and the latest addition to the list of handsome volumes sumptuously bound and illustrated is Mr. Seton Gordon's "Amid Snowy Wastes." The book is the outcome of a visit to the Spitsbergen Archipelago which Mr. Gordon undertook in the summer of 1921 as photographer with the Oxford University Expedition. Anyone who has read his



From Amid Snowy Wastes
(Cassell)

THE GREAT WAGON-WAY GLACIER,
MAGDALENA BAY.



From From Switzerland to the
Mediterranean on Foot (Werner Laurie).

LOWER MONTANA.

account of a journey in the Inner Hebrides knows how attractively he writes. In one respect this book is the complement of the earlier volume, for many of the birds that spend the winter on the Hebridean coasts have in Spitsbergen their summer home. Something of the beauty that lies on the chilly wastes blows out from the pages as we read. A pictorial quality in the descriptive passages lets us feel the silence that broods about the lands that approach the Pole. Days may pass when the only sound which breaks the quiet is the wailing note of the long-tailed skua across the tundra or the grunt of the fulmar petrel whose nesting-place is being disturbed. The chapter on the Flowers of Spitsbergen is not the least attractive in this fascinating volume.

FROM SWITZERLAND TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON FOOT.

By J. B. WINTER. 5s. (Werner Laurie.)

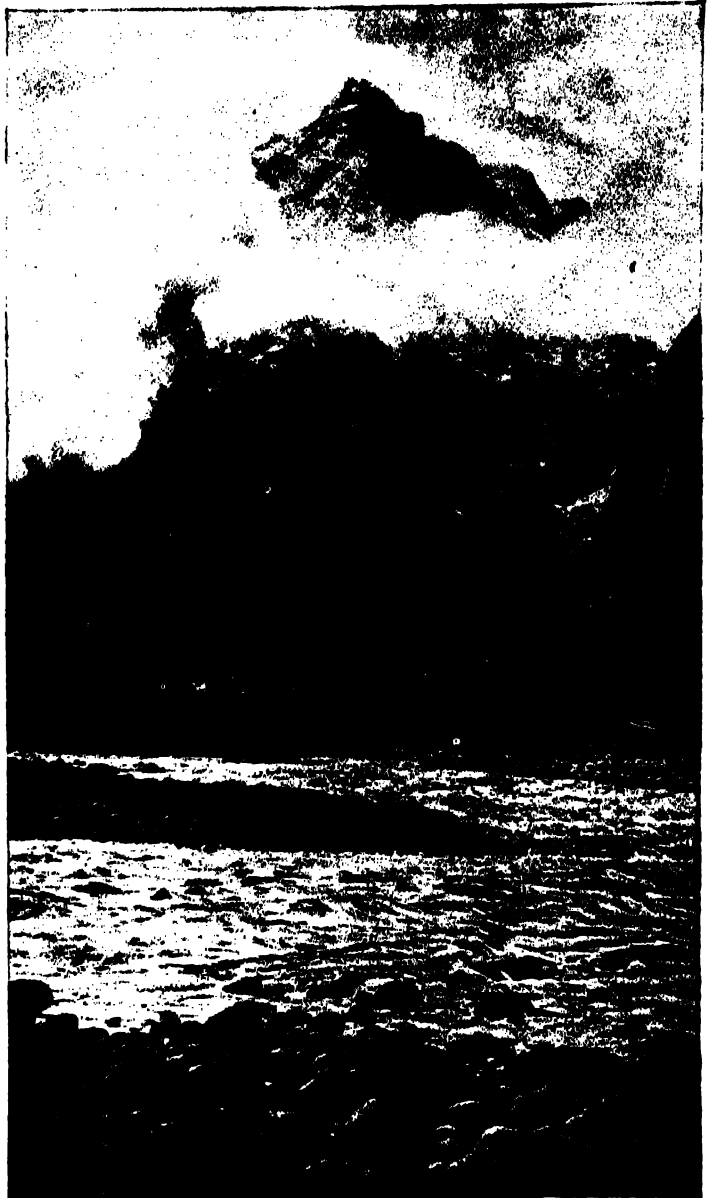
This walk was undertaken by the author and his wife in the winter of 1919-20, the urge being a spell of bad weather which drove them out of Sierre in the Swiss Rhone Valley in search of blue skies and glittering seas. Mr. Winter writes as a walker and climber for other walkers and climbers. He writes simply and with both eyes alert for a striking view, and he does not forget to dwell upon the little anxieties and mishaps that wait upon the pedestrian in a land of snowy roads, shuttered hotels and

dubious parcels delivery. But his pen is most agile when the path is arduous and snow-racquets or ice-axes have to be used. The route taken covers 488 miles and included Martigny, Evian, Chambéry, Grenoble, Entraunes, Cannes. The highest point traversed was the Col de la Cayolle (8,000 feet). The book is illustrated by photographs and the second part consists of a number of entertaining extracts from the author's mountaineering journal.

THE CONQUEST OF THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

By SAMUEL TURNER, F.R.G.S. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps" is a tale of adventure hardly meant for the ordinary reader of books of travel. Doubtless there is something heroic in climbing snow-clad mountains and in running the innumerable risks of breaking one's neck that seem to be the charm of this kind of sport. But there is such a lack of the human element in mastering "high class" ascents and inaccessible altitudes, that one at least of Mr. Turner's readers must confess that he yawned a little as he steadily ploughed his way through the story of the explorer's attempts on Mount Cook and Mount Tutoko. It has real value no doubt to the geographer, and to the botanist; but to the average man who, unlike Mr. Turner, is *not* "a life-long non-drinker and non-smoker," and who is *not* enamoured of the training required for serious mountaineering, it must seem the record of a bleak, stark and Sisyphean labour. Tennis, golf, ball-punching, tree-chopping, Swedish exercises and skipping constitute the methods of keeping fit employed by Mr. Turner. As late as December 16th, 1921, he skipped 10,600 times in one hour five minutes. This, he assures us, is the World's Skipping Record.



From *The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps* (Fisher Unwin).

MOUNT TUTOKO, FROM TUTOKO VALLEY.



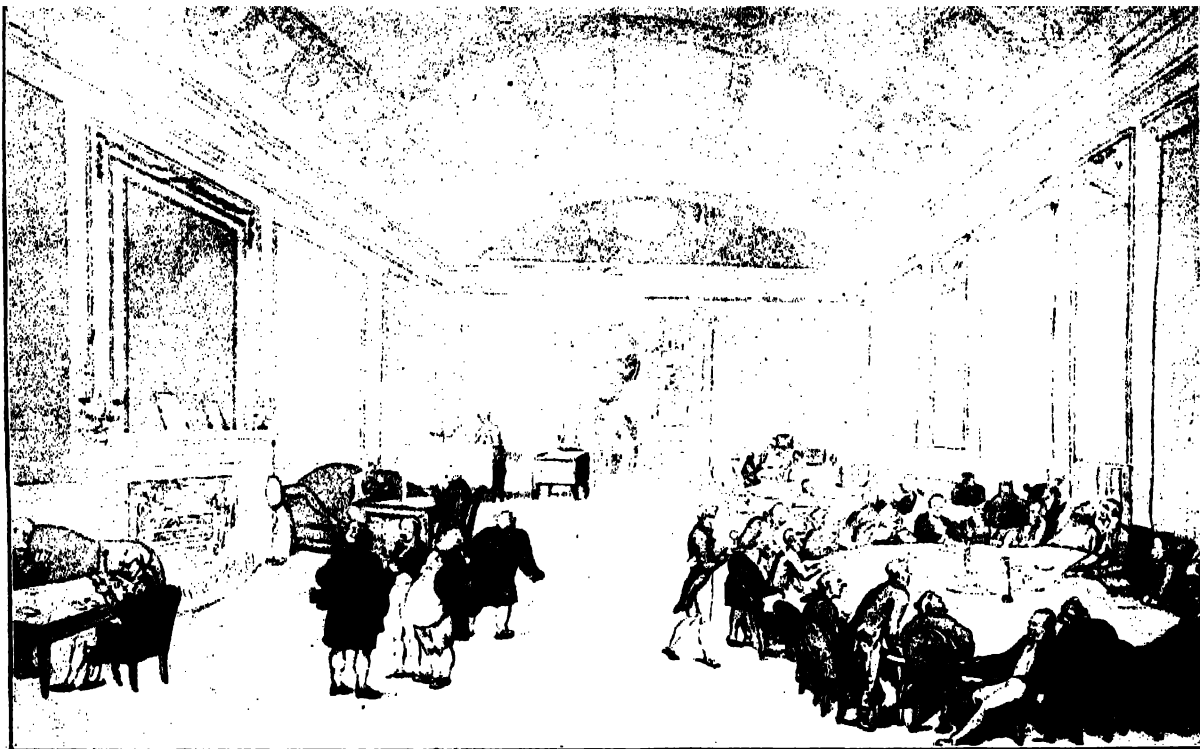
From *From Switzerland to the Mediterranean on Foot* (Werner Laurie).

THE DRAHE VALLEY.

WOODLAND CREATURES.

By FRANCES PITT. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Unaffected, charming essays on various animals which inhabit forest and coppice. Miss Pitt starts with the Badger and gives us a delightful photograph of Badger Cubs, scraping moss off a tree in search of insects and other small things. She then proceeds to tell us her own experience of the creature as a pet. "Diana Muggins, to give her her full name, was brought to me as quite a young cub by a keeper." She proved to be affectionate and gay. There is a good account of the Dormouse, illuminated always by the author's own personal experiments and observations. But we have enjoyed best of all the pages given over to the Fox. Miss Pitt loves Reynard. She begins, "A most beautiful animal is the British Fox, being perhaps as lovely as any creature we have. . . . For perfect beauty, combined with intelligence, the fox, in my opinion is without a rival in all the wide world of wild animals." Most readers we believe will violently dissent. But reading the artless account of the lady's attempt to keep a fox cub, we can understand better; for the young thing gave her lots of pleasure! Yet in the end it strayed away, and she beseeches people not to try and follow her example. "It has no grain in its character of that devotion to man which makes the dog what it is . . . the fox is not a domesticable creature." Printed in excellent, large type and well illustrated, this book is pretty sure to be carried off from the drawing-room bookshelf into the nursery.



From Memorials of St. James's Street
(Grant Richards).

THE CARD ROOM AT BROOKS'S
After Rowlandson.

MEMORIALS OF ST. JAMES'S STREET.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. With sixteen illustrations.
15s. (Grant Richards.)

One would say at a venture that no one street in London has housed so many famous or interesting men and women as have from time to time taken up residence in St. James's Street. To say nothing of aristocratic tenants important in their day. Waller, Pope, Byron, Wolfe, Gillray lived there, and through White's, Boodle's, the Cocoa-Tree, Crockford's, The Thatched House, and other famous clubs that belong to the street it has associations with more celebrities of one sort and another than could conveniently be chronicled here. Mr. Chancellor has consulted early plans, rate books, historical manuscripts, diaries, memoirs and a multitude of miscellaneous records, and has written a complete and detailed history of the street itself and the surrounding neighbourhood from the days of Henry VIII onward. He gives a curious charm to his exact narrative of even the undistinguished residents of early times, and often from out-of-the-way sources is able to throw vivid little sidelights on the characters of those forgotten householders. Perhaps the chief interest of the book

centres on the clubs and the delightful anecdotes of their members in the days of Beau Brummel and the Regent. The whole second part of the volume is given over to the history of Almack's, which was round the corner in King Street, and is crowded with memories of the wits and bucks of the Regency, and had grown from a club to a popular dancing and lecture hall when Thacker-

ray, Dickens and Charlotte Brontë were among its visitors. It is a fascinating theme, and Mr. Chancellor has made an entertaining and intensely interesting book of it. The illustrations from old prints and drawings add not a little to its interest and attractiveness.

RACHEL BLAND'S INHERITANCE.

By W. RILEY. 7s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Another of those charming Yorkshire stories that have given the author of "Windyridge" a place of his own among latter-day novelists.



From The Deep of the Sea
The Diary of the late Dr. Charles Edward Smith
(Black).

THE "DIANA" NIPPED IN THE ICE (ON DECEMBER 2ND, 1886) AND ABANDONED FOR A TIME.
From a sketch made by the late Dr. Charles Edward Smith.



From *Bygone Days in India*
(John Lane).

A BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
CALCUTTA.

his quaint experiences of such "characters" as Colonel North, Parson Parkes, and Abington Baird, *The Sportsman's* special commissioner is always eminently good humoured and well worth reading. To enjoy his flow of anecdotes and comments you need have no more than the man in the street's acquaintance with the turf. You are bound to succumb to the author's genial bonhomie, to his eye for character and oddity and to his keen love of hound and horse.

BYGONE DAYS IN INDIA.

By DOUGLAS DEWAR. 18s. (The Bodley Head.)

To lovers of India Mr. Dewar's glimpses into the past will prove of quite exceptional interest. His book glows with the glamour of yesterday. The India that we shall never know again shines through the old diaries he quotes and their old stories of people long since "gone beyond." In his pages the personality of James Silk Buckingham—"one of the most remarkable Englishmen who have yet lived"—lives again; there is a glorious account of his editorship of the *Calcutta Journal*, the first issue of which appeared on October 1st, 1818; the tremendous fight he put up against the suppression of free speech, his ingenuity in outwitting the Madras Government, his keen sense of fair dealing and his courage to stand and fall—for the things he believed in. Even when ordered out of India he continued to influence the policy of his paper till the Government refused to grant any licence to it "so long as Buckingham had anything to do with it." It is satisfactory to learn that he received a pension at last from the East India Company to compensate him for the treatment he had received. "Home by P. and O. Sixty Years Ago" is a chapter that helps one to realise the immense strides made in travelling since the last century. It took Mrs. Paget from the 5th of June to the 16th of July, 1859, to voyage from Bombay to Southampton—and in degrees of discomfort that seem now almost incredible. Mr. Dewar has collected his facts from various sources and, illustrated with drawings of the period, the volume is full of interest and uncommonly attractive.

MEMORIES OF MEN AND HORSES.

By WILLIAM ALLISON.
21s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. William Allison's "Memories of Men and Horses," dedicated to the Earl of Rosebery, "the only living breeder of three Derby winners," is a delightfully companionable collection of good stories and amusing reminiscences. Whether he is indulging in stray thoughts about trainers and buyers, discussing great mares and classic winners, describing the famous hoax he played on Labouchere, or relating

PARIS A LA CARTE.

By SOMMERVILLE STORY. 4s. 6d. (Philpot.)

Mr. Sommerville Story has a wholesome pity for Thackeray's "Englishman abroad" who insisted on having his steak or chop and potatoes with a pint of porter, and then sat in the lounge to read his *Morning Post*. And we



Drawn by Phil May.
From *Memories of Men and Horses*
By William Allison
(Grant Richards).

THE REIGN OF TERROR:
BURNING LORD SALISBURY
IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1922

defy anyone who dips into the pages of this fascinating little volume not to be sorry for what that Englishman missed. However superior one may affect to be on this tremendous subject of eating and drinking, there are very few of us who have not a streak of the gourmet in our make-up, and if there is one spot in the world where this streak can be satisfied without grossness that spot is Paris. Mr. Story shepherds us through all the best (and some of the least) known places where the Parisian dines and makes merry. He chats to us about their special dishes, their habitués past and present, their etiquette. To all who wish to know more than the out-sides of the Paris restaurants this book is invaluable. It is the best French *aperitif* we have come across.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OXFORD UNIVER- SITY PRESS, 1468-1921.

5s. (Oxford
University
Press)

This is one of those comparatively few books which are a joy to the critical reader both intellectually and typographically, if two such incompatible adverbs may be combined. Yet why should they not be?—for the pleasure of the intellect in good English is certainly enhanced by the setting of those English words in beautiful type; so the juxtaposition may be reasonable, after all. It is an excellent thing to present the story of Oxford printing, from the period of Caxton to the current time, in this attractive manner, and the many illustrations, some of them admirable reproductions of old engravings, add to the general satisfaction of the book. Section two treats of the Press as it is to-day, with its various ramifications, and there are some interesting incidental statistics. The total quantity of type at the Oxford building, for instance, is estimated at over one million pounds of metal, and includes 550 different founts in 150 different characters—some of these representing languages which one has hardly ever heard of; and it is estimated that the warehouses contain some three and a half million copies of about 4,500 distinct books. Many of the workpeople come of families which have been for generations connected with the Press; "and they are

proud," says the unnamed author, "not only of the old traditions of fine and honest work, but also of the usefulness and scholarly excellence of the books on which their labour is spent. The Press is, in all its parts, conscious at once of its unity and of its relation to the University of which it is an integral part." The chapters on the famous Oxford English Dictionary, the Press abroad, the Administration of the Press, and other departments of the immense work, are all fascinating to the reader, whether he be related to print and paper professionally or not; and

as a most happily conceived and written account of the origins and progress of its subject the book is beyond praise.

LOCH LOMOND AND THE TROSS- SACHS.

Described by
G. EYRE-TODD.
Painted by E.
W. HASLEHUST,
R.B.A. 3s. net.
(Blackie.)

The publishers made a happy choice when they entrusted this work to Mr. Eyre-Todd and Mr. Haslehust. To the former it must have been an easy task, inasmuch as it was a labour of love, for he is here writing of things with which he has

had a lifelong familiarity. No doubt, as Mr. Eyre-Todd loyally admits, there is one guide-book to the Trossachs beyond all others—"The Lady of the Lake." Both in topography and in history Scott's inaccuracies have been ruthlessly exposed by pedants times without number, but to no purpose. For his genius has become part and parcel of the places he describes, and the historian's corrections are felt to be an unnecessary footnote. Needless to say, Mr. Eyre-Todd affects no such pedantry. He tells us interestingly and picturesquely the histories of the great families and clans associated with the district, and he leaves us eager, in spite of our new acquisition of knowledge, to re-read "Rob Roy." Mr. Haslehust in his score of drawings has been very successful, and the coloured reproductions reach a high level. We recommend the work cordially both as an introduction and as a souvenir.



From *The Little Green Road to Fairyland*
By Annie R. Rentoul and Ida Rentoul Outhwaite
(Blackie).

THE PIPER.

**THE COMPANION
SHAKESPEARE.**

**As You Like It.
Julius Caesar.
Richard II.
The Merchant of
Venice, etc.**

Edited by J. A. GREEN,
M.A. 2s. net each.
(Christophers.)

Let us first remark that these volumes are extraordinarily well produced and equipped and sold at an extraordinarily low price. We recommend certain other publishers to discover, if they can, Messrs. Christophers' secret. The late Professor Green of Sheffield was a broad-minded, practical teacher. He knew his craft from end to end. Believing that Shakespeare was often badly presented to the reader, he conceived an edition in which there should be no apparatus of commentary or discussion, but instead simple paragraphic remarks introductory to each scene, designed to keep the reader's mind on the essentials of the story, and to stimulate his interest in what was past and to come. The suggestive interrogations are specially good in their challenge to the intelligence. Whether one agrees or denies that the text should be interspersed with editorial matter, one cannot question the skill with which an ingenious idea is here presented. In addition the editor has given some valuable appendices, including one of practical hints on the staging of each play.

**THE HOUSE WITH
THE TWISTING
PASSAGE.**

By MARION ST. JOHN WEBB.
Illustrated in line and silhouette by DORIS PALMER.
5s. (Harrap.)

By the author of that popular book of child-verse, "The Littlest One." The story of nine-year-old Jenny, a dark-haired, imaginative small person, whose father and mother went away to India and left her to the care of Aunt Abby and Aunt Emma. Now Aunt Abby and her husband, Uncle Nichol, were caretakers and "minded" a beautiful old manor house in Surrey. There was a queer twisting passage on the second floor, that ran the length of the house. "Jenny loved to play in this passage. . . . The closed doors along the sides of the passage made it all the more interesting. Jenny used to pretend that different people lived in the rooms behind these doors." She created Phil the Fiddler, Mr. Snatcher (a greedy fellow), Miss Ruby, who wore silk even in the early morning, Tarramina, the



*From The House with the
Twisting Passage
(Harrap).*

GOING TO SCHOOL.
Drawn by Doris Palmer.

foreigner, Peter Bollin, and old Mrs. Bunch, but most of all she thought of a certain real, living Miss Clare, whose picture as a little girl hung in the passage. Jenny found the doll that had belonged to Miss Clare, she discovered Miss Clare's exercise books in the deserted nursery, she

fed on the idea of this glorious Miss Clare, till one day she was able to peep at the real grown-up herself! It was a shock, Miss Clare looked sad and hard. But this is not the end. Lovely, quaint things happened. The manor house became populated with invalids who had come for a rest cure—and to her joy and astonishment she found that they were her dream-folk, come to life. She went to call on them, and one by one they told her stories; some pretty, some curious, some awfully exciting. At the close Miss Clare came herself, after the rest home had shut. And her sad, icy heart was melted by Jenny's earnest devotion. She made up her mind to have the manor house full again of the people who wanted a home. She kissed Jenny, she laughed happily. This book has a wistful and daring charm that lifts it above the ordinary. The little soliloquy, "Sunday in the Shop," is quite perfect in its way. Mrs. Doris Palmer's full-page drawings and silhouette decorations add to the attractiveness of the book.



ROSALIND "I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman."

Act. II. Sc. IV.

From As You Like It

The new volume in "The Companion Shakespeare" series
(Christophers.).



*From The House with the
Twisting Passage
By Marion St. John Webb
(Harrap).*

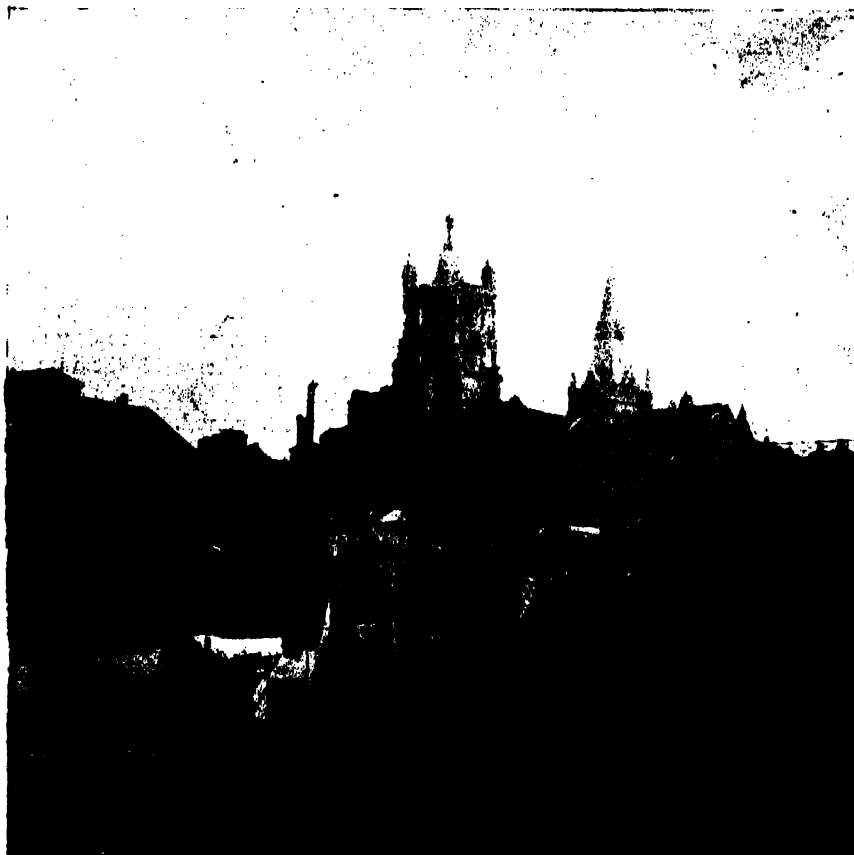
JILL ARRIVES AT AUNT EMMA'S.
Drawn by Doris Palmer.

itself, town and lake, in a general manner which has all the value of giving information and the charm of proper discursiveness. He then goes on a pen-and-ink tour round the Lake—from Geneva to the Dranse, from the Dranse to the Rhone, from the Rhone to Lausanne, from Lausanne to Geneva again. Historically and topographically Geneva

**THE LAKE
OF GENEVA.**

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES.
Illustrated with photographs by the author.
25s. net. (Cassell.)

Sir Frederick Treves has here presented the model of what such a place-book should be. In five preliminary chapters he writes of Geneva is fraught with interest. It is over forty miles long, it is bounded by Savoy on one side and Switzerland on the other; "on one side of the water was an enlightened democracy, while on the other was a dull feudalism"; one side Royalist, the other Republican, one Romanist, the other Protestant. But



From The Lake of Geneva
By Sir Frederick Treves
(Cassell).

added to these bare facts come trooping beauties and curiosities, adventures and events, reminiscences and biographies—persons, buildings, stories, legends—written by one who has become steeped in an affectionate knowledge of his subject and yet has the not too usual gift of selection. Here no picture is blurred by an overcrowding of dry fact. The style has dignity but is never dull, accurate but alive; it reveals the pleasure of the author and passes on that pleasure to the reader. It cannot fail to find a welcome from those who know Geneva, equalled only by the welcome of those who wish to. Too little room has been left us for high commendation of the hundred photographs. Truly they do their work; they decidedly do illustrate the beauties and interests of this beautiful and interesting lake and its surroundings.

ARUNDEL : BOROUGH AND CASTLE.

By G. W. EUSTACE, M.C.,
M.A., M.D. 21s. net.
(Robert Scott.)

Mr. G. W. Eustace says in the preface to his book on Arundel that he has attempted to present "in chronological order a concise and yet complete history of the ancient Borough of Arundel." To do this he has gained access to two sources of information necessary to a

comprehensive survey; these sources, which have been withheld from former writers of Arundel's history, are the Municipal Records and the Collections of the Sussex Archaeological Society. The book is packed with interesting facts, many and varied being the scenes that the wonderful old castle has witnessed. The life and growth of the borough itself provides much entertaining reading. The ancient polity of the borough can be gleaned from the old Court leet rolls, from which the following are extracts: "Henry Gaunt, Richard Clavell, and nine others, butchers, make an exorbitant profit on their meat, and are, therefore, fined in the sum of two pence each. Thomas Downer sells unwholesome meat, and is fined for such offence twenty pence." "John Sonnyng has uttered malicious words against Laurence, the prior of Tortington, for which offence he is fined three pence." There is an old saying that "There are many beautiful places in the world, but there is only one Arundel," and to this truth Mr. Eustace's book, with the aid of the excellent photographs which illustrate it, bears ample testimony.

SNOOKS.

By PAUL LONG. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

An unusual sort of book. Mr. Long has absolutely refused to tinker up his story of a ragamuffin by any of the conventional methods. Snooks is faithfully described, child of a drunken father, lover of a gentle but foolish mother. He becomes the breadwinner, acts as a programme-seller, then goes out to Egypt as a waiter. The character is not over-emphasised in any way; it is one of the most lifelike studies we have met for many weeks in fiction. Snooks is impulsive, loving, unscrupulous, tender-hearted. He saves up sovereigns for his beloved mother, returns home to England to find his brother and sisters impudent and unmanageable; tries to reprove them; is checked by his mother and goes miserably out of their lives, having first done his best for them with a rich relation.



From Arundel : Borough and Castle
(Robert Scott).

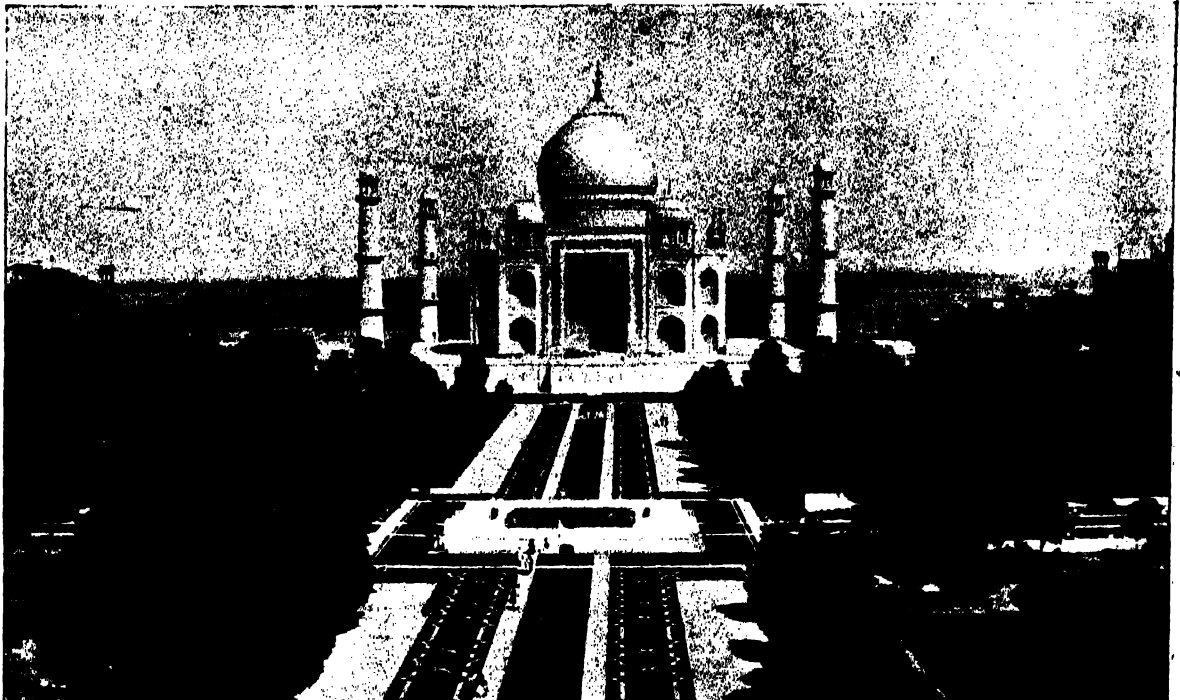
ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THE
A B C
OF
INDIAN
ART.

By J. F.
BLACKER.

15s.
(Stanley
Paul.)

The writer of "The A B C of Collecting Old Continental Pottery" has now compiled a volume on Indian Art, which is certain to find keen readers among those of the public who wish to possess a simple, comprehensive account. The book does not claim to be original; the author probably has never been to India himself. But he is a wonderfully patient and skilful scanner of old records. "The work has been full of attractive research," he says cheerfully in his preface; "... an abundance of material amply repaid the time and care bestowed upon its acquisition." Mr. Blacker has an interesting chapter on "Furniture and Woodwork," but, summing up the position of Indian production in relation to the English home, cannot express a favourable opinion on its progress. Many people will read with attention his section on Jewelled Jade: "The gem-encrusted jade of India is now sharing the favour of collectors, with the inevitable result of forcing up the prices." But the past of India is more absorbing artistically than its present. Most fascinating are the reproductions of ancient pictures of mythical subjects on page 243—"Arjuna sitting by the side of his divine father Indra, in his kingdom of heaven," and "Creation of Raja Prithi, first anointed God of War." "The A B C of Indian Art" will encourage students to proceed with their study of the subject; and that, we take it, is Mr. Blacker's desire.



From The A B C of Indian Art
(Stanley Paul).

THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

By ERNEST LAW. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Law, who is one of the trustees of the National Memorial, gives here a very interesting account of the efforts made during the past few years to recreate Shakespeare's Garden. The object has been not merely to bring together all the flowers and herbs mentioned in the plays but to adhere in the method of laying out the garden to the directions of the best Elizabethan writers on horticulture. It is good to know with what enthusiasm the work has been undertaken by willing volunteers. From all classes of the community—from the Royal gardens, from Kew, from the gardens of our oldest castles—generous contributions have poured in, and not less



From Shakespeare's Garden
(Selwyn & Blount).

OUTSIDE THE "KNOTT" GARDEN.



**A' LOTU OR CHRISTIAN FIJIAN
OF THE PRESENT DAY.**

His short hair and aila, or waist cloth, shows his renunciation of cannibalism.

From *The Hill Tribes of Fiji*
(Seeley, Service).

of Shakespeare's house and garden, and his narrative is very useful because authoritative. A very notable feature of the book is the score of splendid illustrations showing what has been and what is to be. The Shakespearean student will find much to interest him in this little book. The illustrations do more for some passages in the plays than a mass of annotation.

WITH GUN AND ROD IN CANADA.

By PHIL H. MOORE. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

You should add the name of Mr. Phil Moore to your private list of people who may some day be useful to you. The first time you go on a hunting and fishing trip in Canada you should appoint him to an important position on your personal staff—no less than that of the man who will have to see that you do not cut your foot off with an axe, blow your head off with a Winchester rifle, empty yourself out of a birchen canoe into deep, cold water, or fall into

welcome have been the humbler gifts of familiar flowers from the children of East End London. Oddly enough it has to be recorded that the actresses of England have not had sufficient interest or leisure to send a single flower. Mr. Law retells very briefly the known facts about the history

any of the other pitfalls spread for the unwary. He mixes instruction and amusement throughout his book, and illustrates both by photographs from his own camera. It is a book a little out of the common, and none the less worth reading for that. On one page you may find a picture of a durn fool looking down the barrel of his rifle to see what is inside, and a few pages further on a photograph of the head of a moose. Anecdote is followed by admonition, and experience by speculation. It is a book that should be of real value to the sportsman, and is certainly of considerable interest to the poor wight who sits at home and bangs at a typewriter.

THE HILL TRIBES OF FIJI.

By A. B. BREWSTER, F.R.A.I. 21s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Mr. Brewster is Governor's Commissioner for two Fijian provinces, Resident Magistrate and Deputy Commandant of the armed native constabulary, which means that the volume he has given us is full of weighty and valuable matter relating to the people with whom he has lived for forty years in intimate contact. And the information is imparted in an interesting and lively way. Mr. Brewster has quickened the dry bones of statistics and historical fact and enriched the whole with a store of legend and



From *With Gun and Rod
in Canada*
(Jonathan Cape).

**CORRECT WAY TO CARRY A GUN
WHEN SHOOTING FROM A CANOE.**



From *Ulster*
By George Fletcher
(Cambridge University Press).

ENNISKILLEN, FROM PORTORA.

anecdote, quaint, naïve and humorous, in a manner wholly absorbing. To the Wesleyans belong the honour of having converted the inhabitants from cannibalism to Christianity. In a chapter entitled "A Fateful Tambua" the story is told of how one of the earliest missionaries, Mr. Baker, fell a victim to cannibal tastes. The author has much that is gruesome to tell of old traditions, much that is quaint and unique to recite about old customs connected with birth and marriage. Mr. Brewster appreciates the beauty of the scenery and conveys its beauty to us; particularly when he tells of his own house at Vunindawa, which was built in three days at the cost of feasts for the native labourers. He makes us think of the Fijians as a charming and courteous people, generous to a fault, and we feel in reading this record of a life work, how much we owe to the character, stability and righteousness of those men who serve in the lonely outposts of the Empire.

YOUNG BOSWELL.

By CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER. 15s. (Putnams.)

Professor Tinker has already given to the noble company of Johnsonians cause for gratitude with his volume on Fanny Burney. He has added now to his bounty by writing this book, which to some extent redresses the balance hitherto weighed against Boswell; for most of us had fallen into the habit of thinking of "the biographical, anecdotal memorandummer," as Madame d'Arblay called him, in the terms of Macaulay; somewhat forgetting the great praise which accompanied the splendid detail of damnation.

Professor Tinker treats of, and entitles his volume, "Young Boswell," because the spirit which imbued his literary work was essentially youthful, showing the qualities of confidence, buoyancy, hope, and an appetite for experience, with those common faults of youth, self-indulgence and self-esteem. Moreover, as Professor Tinker makes no claim to being Boswell's complete biographer, he is able to ignore those painful ultimate years, which showed his virtues and vices as grievously run to seed. He has done well so, for he is able to show that Young Boswell had very excellent parts; and it is always pleasant to know that one who has given the world such volumes of information and delight as his "Corsica," his "Hebrides," his "Johnson," was not so bad a fellow after all.

Essentially human, however, was our young friend. Almost the earliest record in this book shows him as an unauthorised father—an adventure into low life repeated later with the birth of a daughter, "Sally," in the very hours when he was placing his experienced young heart at the feet of a demoiselle of charm and money-bags, wooing a wife which, in this case as in others, proved to him a baffling enterprise. Well, often the natural man is composed of such wildness and follies; and we like to know—without cant or carping—of the little weaknesses and foibles of the men who have lived and written great things. Isn't Charles Lamb even the more lovable because his wit and goodness went with a liking for gin-and-water? Of course it is! Your plaster saint—the "your" is impersonal—was never worth the loving or the burning, in spite of his tin harp and his polished halo and his greenery-yallery attitudes.

Yet it is Boswell the biographer in whom interest is keenest, and in these respects the research of Professor Tinker has gathered some valuable information. His ways of taking notes, of interviewing his great men; the enormous labour he endured in his chase of "copy" (oh, these modern phrases!). The method in which his "Life of Johnson" was set by the printer. How the proofs were received and revised; the additions made in them and—what is rather more interesting in this later day—the instructive cancellations—as that Goldsmith's dress was "unsuitably gawdy and without taste," the deliberate omission showing, in this case anyhow, that Boswell was capable of rising above the slumbering jealousy of Goldy. All that Professor Tinker says on these particulars is

luminous and makes lovely pabulum for the mental nourishment of Johnsonians.

So too is all we are shown of Boswell's approach to his great men. It was not worldly circumstance, that base allurements of the snob, which drew him, but intellectual worth—I had almost said spiritual worth too. As, however, Wilkes was among these super-people, that could hardly be true. Anyhow, a man had to be a personality outstanding, and worthily outstanding (as in many ways even Wilkes was), to win Boswell's devotion and his indelicate, businesslike manner of taking notes. The account of his first meeting with Paoli in Corsica is amusing. The General, according to his own confession, took his visitor for an "espy" because he noticed him recording his remarks, at the moment and on the spot, in a notebook—a dangerous habit in the island of unlimited vendetta and theatrical curses.

The result of reading this book, with its limitation to the (fifty-odd) years of Boswell's youth, is to leave on the heart and mind a happy impression of him. Samuel Johnson knew what he was saying—as always—when he declared that everybody liked Boswell; and assuredly he himself would not have put up with his often peculiar ways if Boswell had really been the mere bibbling, babbling parasite of the judgment of some. Professor Tinker has penned the right word on the subject—for the present. Boswell had genius, as his works prove. He had gaiety, as well as some melancholy, and loved drollery more than most; while even in his folly he was "more natural than most human beings will care to admit."

C. E. LAWRENCE.



From *Frequented Ways*,
By Marion I. Newbigin
(Constable).

AN OLD STREET IN ANNECY,
A TOWN OF THE SUB-ALPINE
REGION.

FREQUENTED WAYS.

By MARION I. NEWBIGIN, D.Sc.(Lond.), F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 15s. (Constable.)

Here is a really delightful book, practical in its application and stimulating in its theme. It is a study and "general survey of the land forms, climates and vegetation of Western Europe, considered in their relation to the life of man," and includes a detailed study of some typical regions. Dr. Newbigin claims that although Europe is the smallest of the continents, it shows more variety of scenery, of climate, of vegetation than is to be found within a similar area elsewhere. For a Londoner can find, say, glaciers at Chamonix seven hundred miles away, and within twenty-four hours, while a native of Montreal will have a journey of two thousand three hundred miles to get to the nearest glacier in the Rockies. And the same with every kind of natural phenomenon in earth structure, climate, botany, etc. Having indicated the interest that modern methods of geographical investigation may give to travel, the author applies these methods to a few type regions, the highlands of Scotland, the Alps, the Dolomites, France, North Italy, Provence and Trans-Apennine Italy. The reader is given almost a new window to look upon the world, and a fascinating panorama is laid invitingly before him.

DRYBURGH ABBEY IN THE
LIGHT OF ITS HISTORICAL AND
ECCLESIASTICAL SETTING.

By the REV. D. G. MANUEL, B.D. 21s. (Blackwood.)

This interesting book, with its well-produced illustrations, which was a labour of love to the late Mr. Manuel, was practically finished at the time of his death. Mr. Manuel has little to say of the architectural features of Dryburgh Abbey; his object was "to tell from the spiritual point of view with all truth and charity the story of the Abbey as a Religious Institute, in order that his readers might draw from it certain solemn lessons which were perhaps never more needed by the Church than they are at present." It was Mr. Manuel who held, with the owner's permission, an annual service on a summer Sunday afternoon within its roofless walls: as an ancient ecclesiastical building it made a spiritual appeal to him which in this volume he endeavours to impress upon his readers.

THE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.

By G. ARNOLD WOOD. With Illustrations and Maps. 25s. (Macmillan.)

The author of this account of the discovery of Australia is Professor of History in the University of Sydney, and the book is made up of lectures delivered to a class in the University in 1917. He begins in a very remote and leisurely fashion by discussing the geographical knowledge and theories of the ancient world, from the Greek geographers through the Arabs to the Middle Ages when certain travellers began to penetrate into the Far Far East and brought back glowing accounts of the marvels they had seen and encountered. Marco Polo was the greatest of these and after him came a period of eager search and thrusting



From *The Black Gang*,
the new "Bull Dog Drummond" novel by Sapper
(Hodder & Stoughton). WRAPPER DESIGN.

forward, men looking for ways of getting at the riches of those fabulously rich lands. In the early fifteenth century Portugal was the great adventurer, then Spain, Holland, England took up the hunt. Australia proper was not touched until the sixteenth century had closed.

THE PROVINCES OF IRELAND.

ULSTER, MUNSTER, CONNAUGHT, 6s. 6d. each; LEINSTER, 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Cambridge University Press has done well in issuing these four volumes, each of which in very compact form deals with one of the provinces that make up Ireland—Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught, giving an account of each from the historical and geographical standpoints, also a description of the industrial activities, the social and economic conditions found within its boundaries. The plan for all four volumes is the same. First comes a note by Professor R. A. Stewart Macalister on the ancient geography and population, then Mr. R. Lloyd Praeger describes the topography, the mountains, lakes and rivers, traffic routes, the coast, the separate counties and their towns. The next section deals with geology, and is by Professor Grenville A. J. Cole. Next comes a highly condensed but very comprehensive note on the botany of the province, also by Mr. Praeger, and then two sections by Mr. E. C. R. Armstrong of the Dublin National Museum, dealing with antiquities and architecture. The general editor of the little series, Mr. George Fletcher, contributes a section on administration and another on industries and manufactures, and lastly Mr. Richard Irvine Best, of the National Library, sets forth a list of distinguished men born in the province.



From *The Vision of Desire*,
the delightful new novel by Margaret Padler, just published by
Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. WRAPPER DESIGN.



From *Silent Highways of the Jungle*
(Chapman & Dodd).

SILENT HIGHWAYS OF THE JUNGLE.

By G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S. 25s. (Chapman & Dodd.)

This is the record of an adventurous journey across Peru to the Amazon. It was undertaken at the instigation of Mr. A. B. Leguia, now President of Peru, with a view to ascertaining the feasibility of aerial transport into these remote but exceedingly rich sections of the Republic, where it is obvious railways cannot penetrate for many years to come. Mr. Dyott thinks favourably of the prospects. The book deals almost exclusively with remote parts of the interior on the eastern slope of the Andes, and gives a most dramatic picture of the climate and conditions. Mr. Dyott endured bitter cold and frightful heat; and had to cope with the almost unbearable slackness and unreliability of the native. "For those who have anything to do with Latin-American countries the greatest of all virtues necessary is patience." Almost all the chapters are exciting, but those dealing with the author's struggle with the mighty Amazon river have most fascinated the reviewer. "I had learned," he writes at length, "to hate the river; because, like some animated being, it had opposed me at every turn, tried to rob me of my possessions, tried to strangle me in its subtle grip. . . ." It is a miracle that Mr. Dyott won through. At the most difficult

stage of his journey he was forsaken by his Indians, left battling with invisible monsters, in the dense green solitudes without food; "it was as if my life was running backwards . . . and that I was acquiring a new faculty of moving out of time." A stirring and wonderful book.

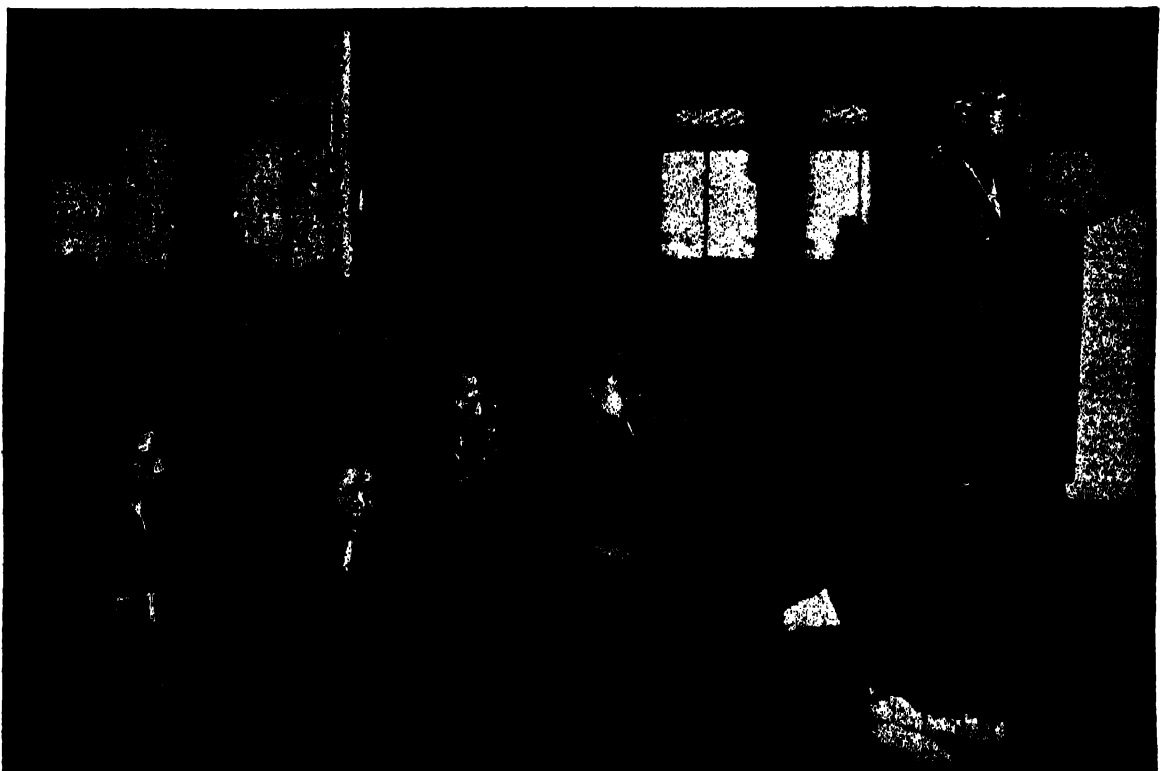
THE FOUNDATIONS OF JAPAN.

By J. W. ROBERTSON ("Home Counties"). 24s. net.
(John Murray.)

The untravelling European is disposed to think of Japan in terms of musical comedy. Visions of almond-

blossom, pergolas and dainty dancing girls flit through his fancy at the mention of the name. But to the Japan of reality the chink of coin is more precious than the scent of almond-blossom, and after reading Mr. Robertson's very able and interesting book one is inclined to lose the pergola in the shadow of the modern factory and to change one's picturesque dancing-girl into an overworked factory hand, slaving from 4.30 a.m. till 7 p.m. seven days a week, under iron conditions. "No money was paid for the first year. . . . The girls were driven at top speed by a flag system in which one boy competed with another and was paid according to its earnings." The girls live and sleep at the factories, and in some cases, if a girl "breaks her contract" her name is sent to other factories to prevent her getting work elsewhere. "The Japanese in their present factory system," says Mr. Robertson, "as in other developments, insist on making for themselves all the mistakes that we

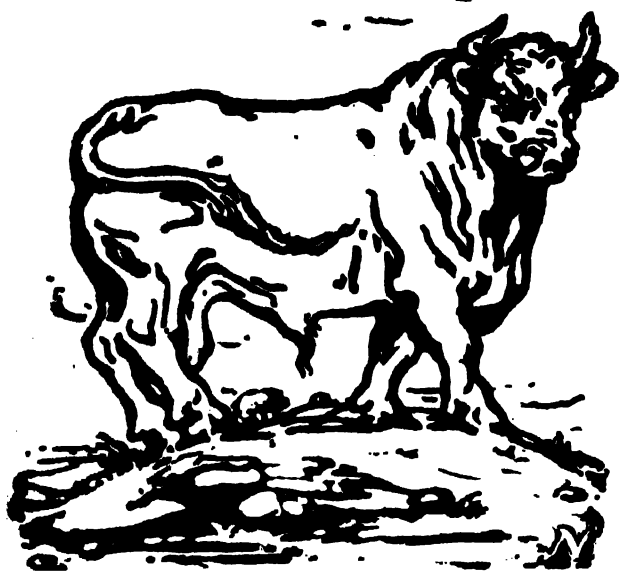
TYPICAL VILLAGE IN THE ANDES.



From *The Foundations of Japan*
(John Murray).

THE MERCY OF BUDDHA.

The worshippers in the front row lost relations by a flood.



From *The Hour of Magic and other poems*

By W. H. Davies. Decorated by William Nicholson
(Jonathan Cape).

have made and are now ashamed of." Mr. Robertson, whom many better know under his *nom de guerre* of "Home Counties," went to the East with an unbiased mind to study agricultural conditions and the general life of the people; his testimony is valuable because he has no axe to grind—he merely describes things as he found them. The student of Japan will find his book a mine of information; the general reader will find it of absorbing interest as well as a wonderful eye-opener.

FROM AN ABBEVILLE WINDOW.

By MARGUERITE FEDDEN. 5s. (Arrowsmith.)

Miss Fedden was in Abbeville from 1918 to 1919, looking after the Relatives' Hostel there. She tells her interesting tale vividly and well, her descriptions of the different people she met are excellent, more particularly her sketches of French domestics who worked for her. "One thing about French servants is that they are not in the least ashamed of being servants, but are proud of it." The pictures given of the relations are drawn with understanding and sympathy: "What a boon was tea at the Relatives' Hostel! We could almost always tell the state of the patient by the gait of the returning relatives as they crossed the courtyard. . . . If a relative came back in dead silence and entered the double doors of the drawing-room without a word, then was the time to ring and order hot, strong tea." We are sure that the kindly word, the friendly consolation proffered by this Englishwoman helped too.

SONG DEVICES AND JINGLES.

By ELEANOR SMITH. Pictured by FLORENCE YOUNG, S. B. PEARSE and KATHLEEN NIXON. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Divided into Dialogues, Rhythmic Games, Songs, and Greetings. Some of these are simplicity itself and will be enjoyed thoroughly by those mites who cannot concentrate for more than two minutes at a time. Take "Ages" for example. The teacher sings, "How old is Polly?" the children

sing, "Four years old"; the teacher inquires, "How old is Molly?" the children reply, "Five years old"; the teacher asks, on B flat, "How old is Dolly?" and the children round up tunefully, "Six years old." That is all, and we submit that it is the very thing that we have been waiting for, to give the youngest class of all. But there is more than this. The children may be led gradually through these first simplicities to such tuneful songs as "The White-Throat" and "A Thanksgiving." Miss Smith has got hold of fresh, pretty verses, and the mother who feels she is not musical but would like her children to have music, can easily tackle the very easy harmonies presented here. Babies will love the Street cries, the constant references to animals and weather, and the joyous coloured pictures.

THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN.

By W. F. ALDER. 8s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

A narrative of adventure in Cannibal-land. You are transported by the author into that out-of-the-way island, New Guinea, where men and women still relish the taste of human flesh. ("There is no morsel that equals the left shoulder-blade of a ten- or twelve-year-old girl.") What a weird place it is, to be sure! Mr. Alder's account, though not very lengthy, is yet most convincing, and of course the admirable pictures are a great help. He gives us several snapshots showing the native with his hideous nose ornaments—"enormous tubes of bamboo, which entirely close the nostrils, making breathing possible only through the mouth." There is one very sinister picture of a hefty, much-decorated man, with a wild look, under which is written, "They may be friendly at one moment, and turn upon one the very next." We hear about the daily life, the laziness of the men, the industry of the women, the universal passion for tobacco, the kangaroo hunts, the feasts and orgies. A remarkable record of an intrepid party who fortunately escaped untouched.



From *The Trail of the Elk*

By H. FENNER. Illustrated by Harry Rountree

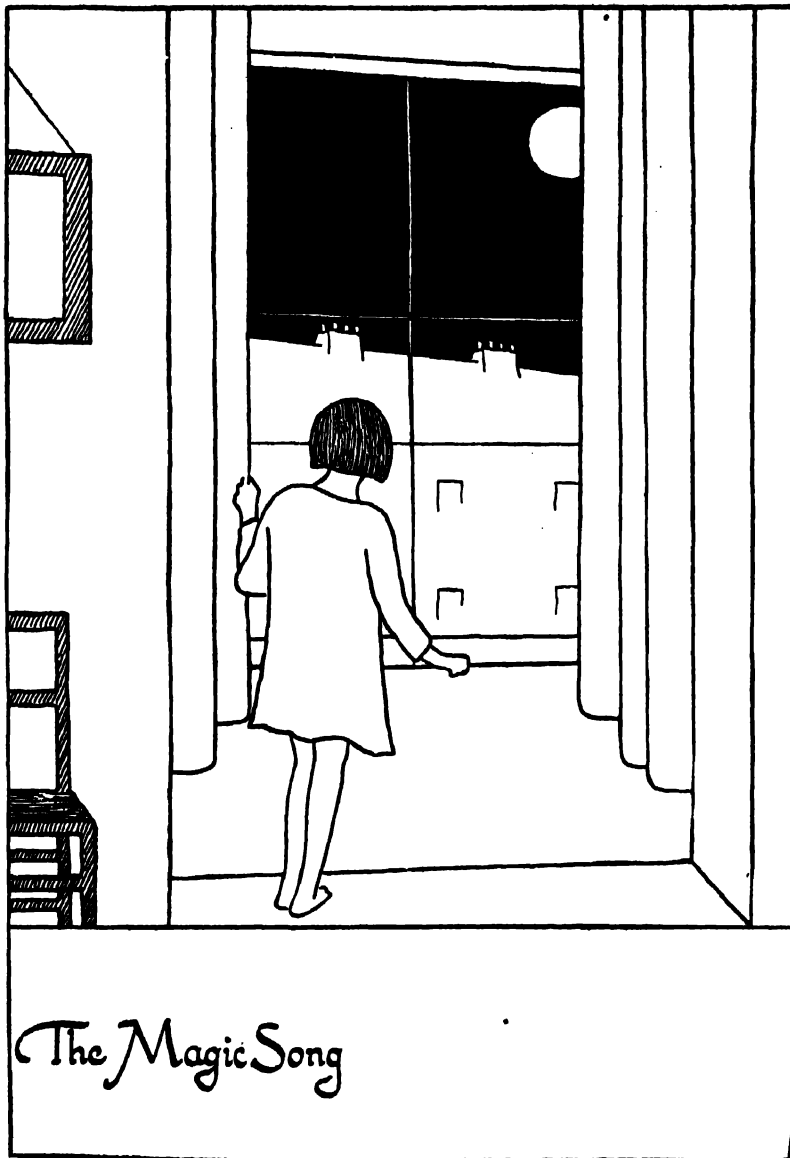
(Jonathan Cape).

IN THE HILLS

HALF-PAST BEDTIME.

By H. H. BASHFORD.
5s. net. (Harrap.)

This is a most attractive book for children of all ages. The stories are full of quaint, whimsical ideas that make the book distinctly out of the ordinary. The author has a charming style, with more than a touch of poetry in it. There are fourteen "Half-Past Bedtime" tales, each separate, yet connected with each other by certain characters which take part in all the stories from first to last. At the end of each tale there is a short poem, which should give great pleasure to older readers—the younger will find the poems for the most part above their heads. Special mention must be made of the illustrations. They are by the author and add just the right touch. The clean, bold lines of them are a joy to the eye.



The Magic Song

A CRICKETER'S LOG.

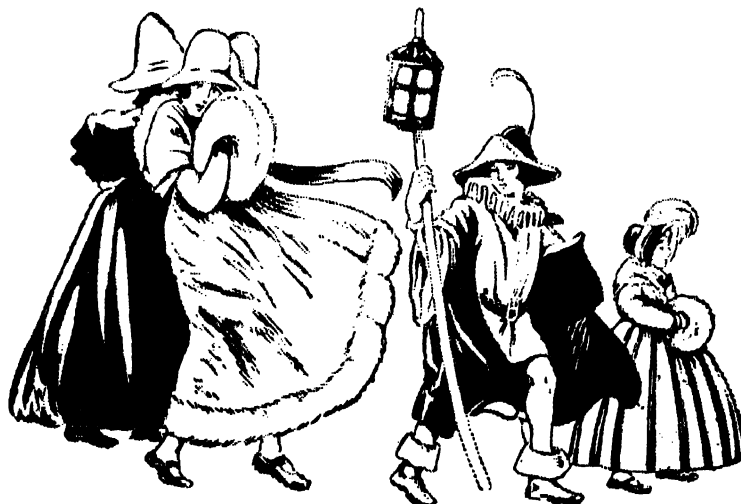
By GILBERT L. JESSOP.
16s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If anyone ought to be able to speak with authority on the national game it should be Mr. Jessop, and he does so with equal modesty and interest. His recollections of the great "W.G." are not the least interesting of his reminiscences, although to the cricket enthusiast of to-day his accounts of the newer men may be more immediately engrossing. However, that is as you will; there is matter old and new, and Mr. Jessop's descriptions of some Homeric contests are very well done. He covers a wide field of play, so to speak, and the purely historical record is very pleasantly relieved by those little personal anecdotes which, especially to the general reader, are quite as interesting as the actual scores. The book is well illustrated and is wrapped in a jacket bearing four of those clever cartoons for which Mr. Frank Reynolds is justly famous. No lover of cricket can afford to omit this book from his library.

From *Half-Past Bedtime*
(Harrap).

THE MAGIC SONG.

"floating." "Like a bit of thistledown borne on the wind, the Grey Hunter went over the field and just as quietly and softly he settled on the gate." His beautiful night studies are the result of hours spent summer and winter alike lying in wood or by hedgerow when he might have been in bed. He cries "mercy" on behalf of the harmless creatures against whom are raised the ignorant hands of farmer, gamekeeper and squire. It is a book that will make you happy to read.



From *Christmas Carols*
Selected and edited by L. Edna Walter.
Harmonized by Lucy E. Bradwood.
Illustrated by J. H. Hartley.
(Black).

THE CAROL SINGERS.

WILD NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By A WOODMAN. 6s.
net. (Fisher Unwin.)

H. J. Massingham's Foreword to a book is its sufficient passport to any nature lover's library. There is something of the primitive charm of the old Saxon writers in these homely tales of bird, beast and flower. They bring our staled senses close to the wholesome earth. The "Woodman" from boyhood led the hard life of an outdoor worker and there is nothing scientific in what he has set down, nothing but what we could see and hear for ourselves if we were not blind and deaf to all beyond our limited circle. He is an artist, a musician, a priest. He delights in colour, attitude, grouping; he recognises the voice that belongs to each insect, bird and beast, he has the soul of a priest who for ever sings a Te Deum to the great Creator. He is a poet too in his choice of words when he calls the owl's flight

KITCHEN ESSAYS.

By LADY JERVELL, D.B.E.
(Nelson.)

Certain books make us feel that in not having met their authors we have missed something that would have added a pleasant savour to life. We cannot help feeling that the writer must be as delightful to talk with as her book is to read, that she has "turned off

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1922

the tap whilst yet there is water in the cistern," and that we would like more of her refreshing humour. This is certainly the case with "Kitchen Essays"; and if it cannot be said that Lady Jekyll's stories are new, her chestnuts are "masked to whiteness with thinly-whipped sweetened cream"; and, glad to be reminded of old favourites, we cannot but enjoy the dish. And she is so understanding. She knows our breakfast feeling is that of the man who, meeting a bore, said, "If you have got anything to say to me, I wish you would kindly say it to somebody else." She knows the number of quarts of clear soup required for a hundred guests, the right cake for a syren's tea-party of two, and the propitious moment for asking a favour. She has even a suggestion for passing over pauses in the service at dinner, for, says she, "Puffed Wheat in labour-saving mother-o'-pearl shells will promote such conversation as Lord Acton yearned for when he bade his friend remember that 'one touch of *ill-nature* makes the whole world kin!'" The knowledge of our weaknesses, the kindly human fillip she gives us, make this book a joy to possess. The recipes are excellent—I speak as one who on receipt of it at once began to try them—and will prevent countless housemaids from sitting down under a rule of what the schoolboy alluded to in an examination paper as "that practice introduced by the Greeks of a man having only one wife, which was called *Monotony*." Let us hope Lady Jekyll will give us more of these delicious dishes and drinks for all occasions.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

By HENRY JAMES. With illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. New Edition. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

There will always be a steady flow of readers



From George Borrow: *Lord of the Open Road*
By R. Thurston Hopkins
(Jarrolds).

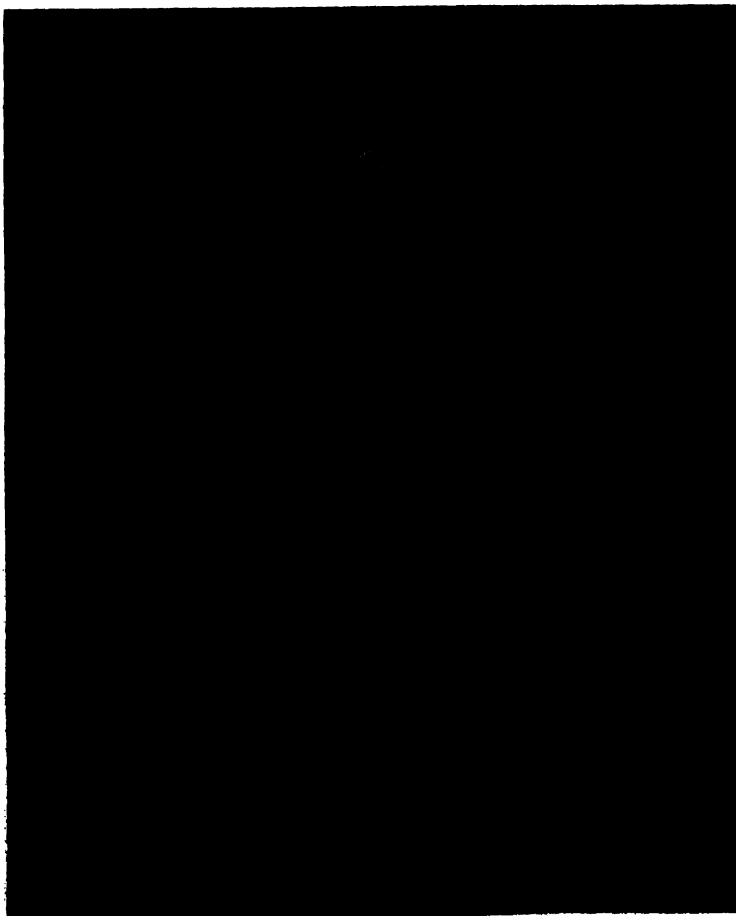
GEORGE BORROW.

for this pleasant, intimate book by Henry James, and a new edition—the first since 1907—is particularly welcome now that there is also again a steady flow of tourists to the parts of France that are not Paris. It is more than twenty years since the author started out, wishful to shake off the assumption, so generally held, that Paris is France; and he began one rainy morning in mid-September by journeying to the lovely land of Touraine and through the chain of beauty—Tours, Blois, Chambord, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Langrais, Loches, Bourges, Poitiers, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Montpellier, Arles, Avignon, Vaucluse, Beaune, and many another joy—till he reached the end of his tour and the completion of his plan at Dijon. The book has a charm as of letters written to a friend, and nothing could better enhance the descriptions than the delicate art of Joseph Pennell.

J. S. BACH'S ORIGINAL HYMN TUNES FOR CON- GREGATIONAL USE.

Edited with Notes by
CHARLES STANFORD
TERRY. 3s. 6d. (Oxford
University Press.)

After a careful study of the sixty Hymn tunes attributed to Bach, Dr. Terry has selected for inclusion in this volume twenty-six which may be taken as authentically his and are not only beautiful in melodic and emotional quality, but are fully characteristic of his work. Old and modern English hymns in common use in the official Hymn books of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches have been found for most of these tunes, and when none such are to be had Dr. Terry supplies translations of the German originals. A very interesting compilation which renders some noble melodies of this master of music available for our Church services.



From *The Discovery of Australia*
(Macmillan).

WILLIAM DAMPIER.

From the painting by Thomas Murray in the N.P.G.

VOLTAIRE.

By J. M. ROBERTSON. 3s. 6d. (Watts.)

This is the latest addition to Messrs. Watts's admirable series of Life Stories of Famous Men. For years after his death, down even to the beginning of this century, Voltaire was imposed upon the general imagination as a sinister and incorrigible atheist, a mocker of religion, a scorner of all things good. That misrepresentation of him has now no more than a lingering and limited vogue, and is only accepted by those who are unacquainted with the facts of his career, especially those facts to his credit which roused the anger of the Roman Catholic hierarchy against him and brought down its denunciation upon him as an enemy of the Church, when he was (in that terrible case of the persecuted man, Calas) merely the resolute enemy of injustice, championing the good name of an innocent



From Voltaire
(Watts).

From the pastel of Latour, preserved at Ferney.

Protestant against his bigoted and merciless accusers. Mr. Robertson has written a very concise and impartial biography, supplementing it with a character-study of the man and a careful, discriminating criticism of his work. The book is illustrated with four portraits.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN CHINA.

By YAN PHOU LEE. (Harrap.)

We have found this modest little book of real interest. The author has simply explained briefly his youth in China. He chats of early days, when he has to be respectful to seniors and dignified of demeanour, constrained, sober and dull. We have a glimpse of a Chinese evening, when the ladies, young and old, sit down to a game of dominoes. Yan Phou Lee went to school at six and studied the "Thousand Word Classic." He dwells on the passion of the race for stories and storytelling. "In the public streets and squares, professional storytellers congregate from noon to midnight, going over the achievements of a hero, or portraying the despair of a lover." This slender

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By BARONESS ORCZY.
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As packed with incident as its predecessors. The stage is crowded, and Theresia Cabarrus, the wicked Chauvelin and the flashing Pimpernel play great parts. Excitement in the book steadily runs higher and culminates in the kidnapping of Lady Blakeney, who is made prisoner by her husband's enemies. "After a while a curious scent pervaded the interior of the



From *The Covered Wagon*
A new novel by Emerson Hough
(Appleton).

"I'LL RIDE HIM NOW,
TO SHOW YOU."

coach—a sweet, heady scent that appeared to weigh her eyelids down and give her a feeling of delicious and lazy beatitude." She finds herself in a Parisian attic, sick with fear that, when her lord comes to rescue her, he will be seized by his foes. The Baroness is luckily not at all tired of Sir Percy. We find him in these pages in his full glory; languid, supercilious, his slender hands framed in priceless Mechlin lace. Needless to say he rescues his wife, and speaks thus in his disguise: "'I must indeed crave your ladyship's forgiveness. In very truth I am a disgusting object!' Ah! there was the voice, the dear, dear, merry voice! A little weary, perhaps, but oh! so full of laughter and a boyish-shamefacedness! To Marguerite it seemed as if God's own angels had opened to her the gates of Paradise...."

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From The Story of Southwark Cathedral (Sampson Low).

THE CATHEDRAL, AS SEEN FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

THE STORY OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

By the REV. T. P. STEVENS. 2s. net. (Sampson Low.)

This excellent little guide is inscribed to The Man on London Bridge of whose knowledge of London's history the author is justifiably sceptical. It is like the subject of an impressive and somewhat saddening allegory to think of the endless crowds who hang over the bridge, caring nothing for and knowing nothing of the storied past. We sincerely wish that this little book will find its way into the hands of many of them. It is written simply and attractively and without any of the usual architectural or antiquarian pedantry. After a general sketch of the history of the cathedral, the original of which "was almost finished before Westminster Abbey was begun," Mr. Stevens takes us round the building in detail and comments on its chief architectural features and on its impressive literary associations. It is characteristic of Mr. Stevens's thoroughness that he does not forget among so many great names to chronicle that of Alice Ayres, the poor little seryant girl, whose gallant self-devotion is celebrated by the books on the shabby lectern. We endorse Mr. Stevens's hope that "whoever gives a new one will place upon it an inscription to the effect that it is a memorial of one of whom it may be said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

THE LADY OF LEYBOURNE.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We regret that, by inadvertence, we failed to acknowledge in our October Number that the portrait of Anatole France reproduced there, on page 17, from "Anatole France and His Circle," by Paul Gsell (John Lane), is the copyright of the Paris and London Studio.

The December BOOKMAN, a Christmas Special Number, will be a handsome volume (6s. net) which, in literary and artistic quality and variety of interest, will fully maintain the reputation of the Christmas BOOKMAN as the best of the literary Annuals. The contents will include "Shakespeare and His Characters," by George Saintsbury; "Matthew Arnold," by T. Sturge Moore; "Nietzsche and Wagner," by Gerald Cumberland; "A Twentieth Century Genius," by R. L. Mégroz; "Surtees," by S. M. Ellis; "Little Women," by Angela

Brazil; "Some Colour-Book Artists," by G. S. Layard; "Humour in Art," by A. St. John Adcock; "The Vaughan Tercentenary," by A. E. Waite; "More Outspoken Essays," by Dr. James Moffatt; "Sir Algernon West," by Lewis Melville; "An American Poet," by Thomas Moulton; "Pribbles and Prabbles," by C. E. Lawrence; "Elroy Flecker," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Beachcomber," by Walter Jerrold; "The Modern English Essay," by Gilbert Thomas; "The Hour of Magic," by John Freeman; "Dante and His Critics," by Robert Birkmyre; "David Cox," by Frank Rutter; "Christmas and the Great Composers," by Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull; "English Songs from Paris," by Herman Klein; "The Book of the Play," by Graham Sutton; "Caruso," by George Sampson; "Kathlyn Rhodes" (THE BOOKMAN Gallery), by W. H. Chesson; four large and copiously illustrated Supplements, dealing with the books of the season, etc. The illustrations will also include a Portfolio of Colour Plates, and many plates by well-known artists in colour and black-and-white.

Mr. Claude Houghton's poetical play, "Judas" (Daniel), which we review in this Number, did not easily find a publisher, but is steadily winning

recognition as a very considerable achievement. He was born at Sevenoaks in 1889, went to Dulwich College when he was twelve, and six years later started to write verse. Every MS. he offered to anybody during the next four years was unflinchingly declined, and he owns he is no longer sorry that this was so. In 1914 the Army rejected him on account of defective eyesight, and early in 1915 he joined the Civil Service. His first book, "The Phantom Host," published by Elkin Mathews in 1917, was written amid the stress of official duties that kept him busy till eleven every night. His second, "The Tavern of Dreams," published by Grant Richards in 1919, was finished two years before. "Judas" was written in 1918, the first two acts in Greek Street, Soho, where De Quincey lived when he wrote an essay on Judas Iscariot, and the third in Devonshire. Mr. Houghton says that "Judas" is chiefly associated in his mind with air-raids. On many occasions, while he was working on those two first acts of the play, the maroons exploded, and gathering up his MS. he would sally forth to the theatre where his wife was performing, in order to keep her company. Having revised and rewritten the whole work, he started early in 1920 to look for a publisher. Several were polite and complimentary, but drew the line at that. For two years he continued his quest, then "Judas" was accepted by Messrs. C. W. Daniel, who published it last April, and the book is now in a second edition. Having lately completed another volume of verse, Mr. Houghton is at present engaged on a new play.

A new novel by Mr. Keble Howard, "King of the Castle," the first long novel he has written since the war, will be published this month by Messrs. Arrowsmith of Bristol, who were the publishers of his first book, "The Chicot Papers," in 1901. Mr. Keble Howard has been living for some time past at Hove, but is shortly coming back to town and taking up residence again in London.

If you are interested in the men who write books as well as in the books they write, you will get good entertainment from "When Winter Comes to

Main Street," by Grant Overton, which is published by the George H. Doran Company, of New York. Overton deals only with authors whose works in America bear the Doran imprint, but such a book was bound to have a limit of some sort, and might as well have that as another; and quite a large percentage of his authors belong to this (at present) distressful country. It is a blend of criticism and personal talk that makes the kind of pleasant, familiar gossip all of us read, though severely literary persons, who seem above these frivolities, only do so when nobody is looking.

After all, even the most gifted writer is as human as the rest of us, and it is natural and healthful that we should have a neighbourly curiosity about each other. So, unless you know it already, you will be glad to be told by Mr. Overton that Rebecca West's new novel, "The Judge" (which we recently reviewed) "is certainly autobiographical in some of the material employed," for she "went to school in Edinburgh, attending an institution not unlike John Thompson's Ladies' College referred to in

"The Judge," and, like her heroine, she used to be an ardent suffragette. You will be glad to be reminded of the apologia for his outlook on life and for his own stories by Thomas Burke, whose new book, "The London Spy," is due from Thornton Butterworth; of Somerset Maugham's successes, after his rise to fame with "Liza of Lambeth," and of the doings and opinions of many another who has written books, in prose or verse, that have proved something more than books of the week.

There is a capital dissertation on Arnold Bennett ("Audacious Mr. Bennett"), whose "Lilian" has just been published here by Cassells. Bennett is a self-made author, and has explained in two or three wise and witty books how the thing was done, so that anybody with his energy, determination, practical common sense and incidental imaginative gifts can likewise go and do it. But it is not easy. Bennett worked for some years before he had sufficiently found his feet in free-lance journalism to drop work in a London lawyer's office and make a living, and that at first a spare one, with his pen. "When he was thirty-one his first novel, 'The Man



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. A. E. Housman,

whose "Last Poems" has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

from the North,' was published, both in England and America, and with the excess of the profits over the cost of type-writing he bought a new hat. At the end of the following year he wrote in his diary: 'This year I have written 335,340 words, grand total: 224 articles and stories, and four instalments of a serial called "The Gates of Wrath" have actually been published, and also my book, of plays, "Polite Farces." My work included six or eight short stories not yet published, also the greater part of a 55,000 word serial, "Love and Life," for Tillotsons, and the whole draft, 80,000 words, of my Staffordshire novel, "Anna Tellwright."' This last was not published in book form till 1902 under the title of 'Anna of the Five Towns,' but in the ten years that had elapsed since he came to London, Bennett had risen from a clerk at six dollars a week to be a successful editor, novelist, dramatist, critic, connoisseur of all arts with a comfortable suburban residence." It was his twelfth novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," that carried him beyond all that and put him among the famous.

Three other novelists who figure in Mr. Overton's pages are Hugh Walpole and Stephen McKenna, whose new novels we review this month, and Frank Swinnerton, whose "The Three Lovers" Methuens are publishing. Overton quotes Arnold Bennett's description of Walpole as "a man of youthful appearance, rather dark, with a spacious forehead, a very highly sensitised



Lady Susan Townley.

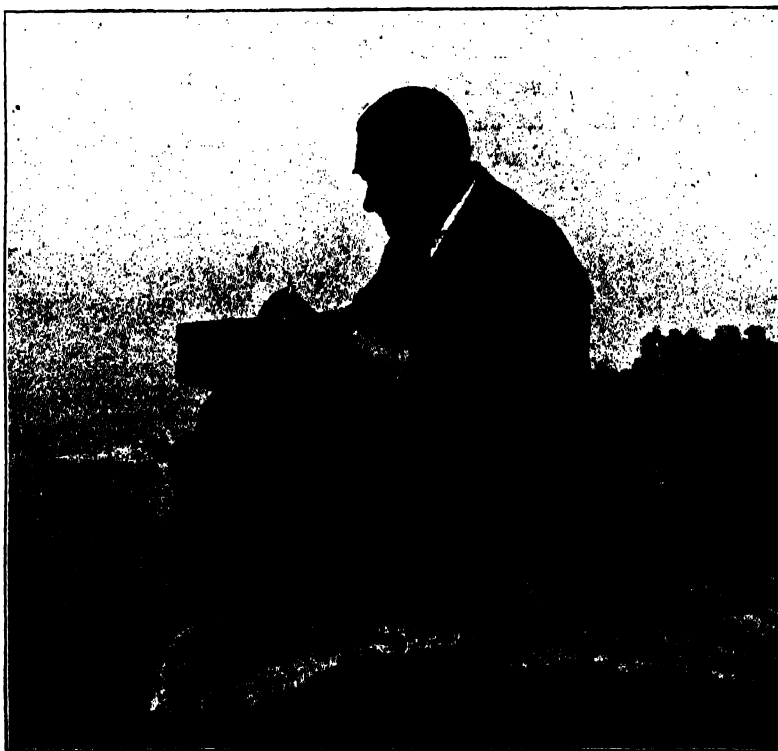
whose "The 'Indiscretions' of Lady Susan" (Thornton Butterworth) is reviewed in this Number.

organisation, and that reassuring matter-of-factness of demeanour which one usually does find in an expert. He was then busy at his task of seeing London. He seems to give about one-third of the year to the tasting of all the heterogeneous sensations which London can provide for the connoisseur and two-thirds to the exercise of his vocation in some withdrawn spot in Cornwall that nobody, save a postman or so and Mr. Walpole, has ever beheld. During one month it is impossible to 'go out' in London without meeting Mr. Walpole—and then for a long period he is a mere legend of dinner tables. He returns to the dinner tables with a novel complete."

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, who describes him as an optimist, with a great love for and a great belief in human nature, says that it is one of his superstitions that "he should always begin his novels on Christmas Eve. He has always done so, and believes it brings him luck." He was born in Auckland, the son of Bishop Walpole, and came home with his family to settle in the cathedral town of Durham when he was twelve. "'The Cathedral,' as his new book

is called," writes Mr. Overton, "rests the whole of its effect upon just such an edifice as young Hugh was familiar with."

This is Mr. Overton's own portrait of Stephen McKenna, and it is as accurate as it is vivid, though McKenna is much too reticent to have allowed it to be printed if he had been given a chance of putting his pen through it: "In person, Stephen McKenna



Mr. Koble Howard,

whose new novel, "King of the Castle," Messrs. Arrowsmith are publishing.

is tall, with a slender figure, Irish blue eyes, fair hair, regular features and a Dante profile. He has an engaging and very courteous address, a sympathetic manner, a ready but always urbane wit and great conversational charm. He possesses the rare accomplishment of 'talking like a book.'

His intimates are legion; and, apart from these, he knows every one who counts in London society. He is never known to lose his temper; and it is doubtful whether he has ever had cause to lose it." There Overton is wrong. I know of at least one occasion when he had cause to lose it, but did not.

Says Grant Overton: "It is as an analyst of lovers, I think, that Frank Swinnerton claims and holds his place among those whom we still sometimes call the younger novelists of England." If I thought the same, I should not dare to tell Swinnerton that in those words; he has a streak of frivolity in him and would either laugh at me or, with a deceptive gravity, consult me as to the desirability of affixing a brass plate to his front door proclaiming: "FRANK SWINNERTON. *Analyst of Lovers*. Office hours 10 to 4." As a matter of fact, Swinnerton is much more than that and, to give you an idea of how much more, I, like Overton, fall back on Arnold Bennett, whose appreciations are the more valuable because they are not too general. He says that when "The Casement" came to him, he left it unread for weeks, then, picking it up, "I had read, without fatigue, but on the other hand without passionate eagerness, about a hundred pages before the thought occurred suddenly to me: 'I do not remember having yet come across a ready-made phrase in this story.' Such was my first definable thought concerning Frank Swinnerton. I hate ready-made phrases, which, in my view—and in that of Schopenhauer—are the sure mark of a mediocre writer. I began to be interested. I soon said to myself: 'This fellow has style.' I then perceived that the character-drawing was both subtle and original, the atmosphere delicious, and the movement of the tale very original, too. The novel stirred me—not by its powerfulness, for it did not set out to be powerful—but by its individuality and distinction. I thereupon wrote to Frank Swinnerton. I forget entirely what I said. But I know that I decided that I must meet him.

He proved to be young; I dare say twenty-four or twenty-five—medium height, medium looks, medium clothes, somewhat reddish hair, and lively eyes. If I had seen him in a motor-bus I should never have said, 'A remarkable chap'—no more than if I had seen myself in a motor-bus



Mr. Edwin F. Edgett,

Literary Editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

was as much pleased by what he didn't say as by what he said; quite as much by the indications of the stock inside as by the display in the windows . . . I now know Swinnerton—probably as well as any man knows him; I have penetrated into the interior of the shop. He has done several things since I first knew him—rounded the corner of thirty, grown a beard, under the orders of a doctor, and physically matured. He is still in the business of publishing, being one of the principal personages in the ancient and well-tried firm of Chatto & Windus." Mr. Bennett testifies, too, that Swinnerton excels not only in fiction, "he also excels in literary criticism." To say nothing of his miscellaneous reviewing, his "George Gissing" and his devastating

study of Stevenson prove that. I agree with Grant Overton that "Nocturne" is Swinnerton's masterpiece, so far, but that other of his novels are more characteristic of him—notably "Coquette," "September" and "Shops and Houses."

Another book that has come to me from America is "Slings and Arrows," by Edwin Francis Edgett, literary editor of that admirable journal, *The Boston Evening Transcript*. Editors seldom write poetry, either because they haven't time, or can't afford to. But Edwin F. Edgett does it; he writes little poems in his paper as another might write little leaders. He does not do things that would justify him in not having his hair cut; he just surveys mankind, not from China to Peru, but round about where he lives and, with a quiet humour and irony, shoots folly as it flies, or walks, or sits at home, or worries him in his office. He does this in lines which he says "are not verse, either free or shackled," but masquerade in that form:

"For the obvious purpose
Of hitting the eye
Of the reader
With the sense
Or nonsense

Of their prose reflections
Upon certain ways
Of masculine and feminine
Humankind."

Sometimes he writes "shop"; as when he comments on the get-up of the lady novelists who pose for the photographer; or when, reflecting on the frequent invocation, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," he feels it would be better to say:

"Oh, that my friends
Would write
No more books"—

or, protesting that "Editors have some rights," declares that a contributor is welcome

"To no editorial haunts
If he rolls his manuscript"—

or as when he crushes "The Uplifter"; or, inconsistently writing in what looks like free verse, scarifies "The Pomeless Poet" who, unlike the poet of old days, writes "Prose":

"And by simply
Calling it
Free verse,
Or something
Equally indefinable,
He places himself
Or is placed by others
In the halls
Of the great."

The worst of free verse is that it takes up such a lot of space, otherwise I would like to extract some of Mr. Edgett's wry comments on things and people in general. As it is, there is only room left to say the book is cleverly illustrated by Dwight Taylor, and that if you want to be pleasantly entertained for an hour in reading a series of shrewd, tabloid satires in free and easy verse on familiar details of everyday life, you should send a dollar and a half to the Brimmer Company, of Boston, and get "Slings and Arrows."

THE BOOKMAN.

"The Unfortunate Colonel Despard, and Other Essays," a new volume of historical studies by Sir Charles Oman, will be published by Messrs. Edward Arnold in December.

Messrs. Leonard Parsons have just added to their Contemporary series a study of "Some Contemporary Artists," by Frank Rutter.

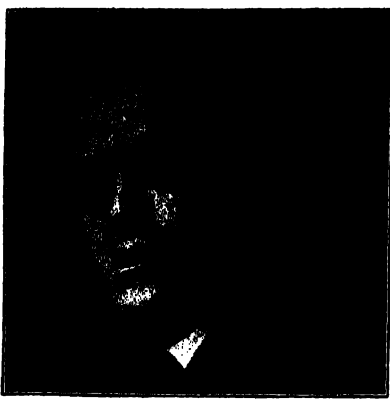


Photo by E. O. Hopf. **Mr. Hugh Walpole,** whose new novel, "The Cathedral" (Macmillan), is reviewed in this Number.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Fred Lambourn, the hero of "The Tactless Man," by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall (7s. 6d. net; Duckworth), was devoid not so much of tact as of sense. And the whole cast of this complicated comedy appear to have been touched by the sun. We start in Lambourn's country house. Fred is very much in love with his wife, Frances (a painful lady), but she is not very in love with him. She esteems him highly, which we do not, but that is all. There is also a visitor, one Clara, and a sister—Anna. To prove his love for his wife, Lambourn departs ("elopes"

is not the word, for the business is strictly proper) with Clara to California. His intention is to make her a great film actress. To show you how "film-stars" may be misjudged you now learn that in California Clara and Fred reside in the same house yet without offence—except to the theory of probabilities. Fred is so busy making the fortune of Clara that he has no time to guard his own. His business goes to the dogs. Also Clara has expensive habits. This prompts the brisk young lady to marry a rich old German Jew, who beats her. So she carries on with a lover, and has a child. All seems turning out for the best, however, for the old Jew dies; but he leaves his vengeance behind him, and all his money willed away from the faithless Clara. Fred now remembers that he has a wife in England, and that he loves her. So he returns to the fold, a sadder, but not obviously a wiser man. The only person in the book who is in the least degree likeable or believable is Clara. The others are puppets. As for the tale—well, we have told you that. Nevertheless, Mrs. Dowdall has the knack of easy narrative; and if the tale was first of all published in serial form perhaps its *non sequiturs* were not then as glaring as they are now.

"The Etchings of Charles Meryon," by Campbell Dodgson, M.A., C.B.E., edited by Geoffrey Holme (£2 2s.; *The Studio*), is a magnificent book, which will give joy to all

admirers of Meryon. It opens with articles on the early life and the early etchings; continuing through the Paris etchings, and others of the fifties, to the last work. Here will be found, in the set of etchings reproduced, all that are of importance, including the fine *Rue des Toiles à Bourges*, the simple, splendid "*Porte d'un ancien Couvent, Bourges*," the masterpiece "*L'Abaye*," for which higher sums are paid to-day than for any other etching, except some of Rembrandt's. Altogether a valuable and most fascinating volume.



Drawn by R. J. Swan.

Mr. Stephen McKenna,

whose new novel, "Soliloquy" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

A "Cambridge History of India" brings its own wel-

come with it most of all when it is planned on the same broad and catholic lines as the same university's "Modern" and the "Mediæval" series. No time could be more appropriate than the present, when the very foundations of British influence in India are being overhauled, and there is good reason for showing that there is nothing in the extreme pro-native cry that we have been unmindful of her past. The very faction which is now trying to turn epic fables into serious claims and to pretend that the pre-European era of India was a golden age are indebted for half their facts to Western historians like the late Sir Henry Maine, one of the wisest and most devoted of Anglo-Indian pioneers. Maine will doubtless

find due honour when we come to the modern ages; for the present we are content with this first volume of six (42s. net per volume) which brings us down from remote antiquity to the Christian era. Professor Rapson has well assembled the nearly thirty chapters by various experts in chronological order, and equipped them with an admirable apparatus of maps, plates, bibliographies and tables of numismatic evidence and monuments. If there is a fault apparent—and it is less a fault, perhaps, than a tendency—it is on the editor's part to yield to the side of least resistance, and give rein to the drier and more learned presentment of things. Professor Rhys Davids has made a masterly beginning of a great task.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ERNEST RAYMOND.

TO produce two successful novels within twelve months is an achievement which would occasion no surprise if they were from the pen of a long-practised hand, but coming from a young curate quite unknown to the world of letters, immersed in the daily duties of his parish, and without experience either in journalism or short story writing, the event—even in these days of flooded presses—prompts inquiry as to their author and their origin.

Before the appearance of his first novel, "Tell England,"* early this year, the name of Ernest Raymond was unknown beyond the borders of Brighton. It is true that in the previous year he acted as an associate editor, with Mr. H. M. Walbrook, of the Sussex number of "The Poetry Review," to which he contributed two poems entitled "The Psalm of the Fal-side Warriors" and "Loveliness Too Full," and a short article on "New Verse from Sussex." In this he remarked that the green places of Sussex have always been a nursery for poets and that the county will always breed true singers as long as its rolling weald sweeps to the South Downs, and as long as sheep move slowly over those Downs at sunset.

Sussex, too, is proud of that goodly list of men and women novelists who have found their inspiration in these majestic and silent Downs, but Mr. Raymond's name does not fall into that list, for, though in "Rossenal"* (also published this year) some of the action takes place in Sussex, his work has not grown from Sussex soil.

Although "Tell England" was an immediate success—to use a stereotyped phrase—and was one of the most widely-discussed novels of the season, the fact that its creator was a curate has been apt to be overlooked.

Certainly no one who read the book would identify Mr. Raymond with the conventional idea of a meek and timid parson, or with Gilbert's "mildest curate going." On the other hand, if, when reading the story, you knew the author to be a curate you would rapidly conclude that he must be typical of the curate of the new day—born of the war maybe—a type which has attained to

a greater vision, and which has rejected the old narrowness, the old prejudice, and the old intolerance.

Like David, the hero of "Rossenal," Mr. Raymond has cherished the ambition since boyhood to write a book, and for him that day arrived with the coming of the war. As a boy he was educated at St. Paul's School; for three years he was a schoolmaster at Eastbourne, then passed on to Chichester Theological College, and within a month of being ordained he was given a chaplaincy. He saw active service in Gallipoli with the 10th Manchesters and was present at the evacuation. The following year he went to Egypt and was sent with the Desert Column that conquered the wilderness of Sinai, and entered Palestine. Later, he was at the Battle of Passchendaele, was ordered to Mesopotamia, joined the "Hush-Hush" Brigade in Persia, and in 1919 was with our troops in Russia.

A few days ago he told me of the genesis of "Tell England." It was while he was on a flat-bottomed steamer pushing up the Tigris on a week's journey to Baghdad, watching the muddy current rushing past the boat's hull towards the Persian Gulf, that he began to wonder if it were possible to give, if not the present generation, perhaps the generation to come, a vivid entry into the experience of the passing of those hundreds of boys, who fell in the Great War, into the dark land of Unfulfilment.

"On the *Redbreast* we leaned upon the rail, looking back. The boat began to steam away, and Monty, knowing with whom the thoughts of both of us lay, said quietly:

" 'Tell England——' You must write a book and tell 'em, Rupert, about the dead schoolboys of your generation——"

'Tell England, ye who pass this monument,
We died for her, and here we rest content.'"

This passage from the book itself describes the story precisely. Its three young heroes, Edgar Gray Doe, Rupert Ray, and Archibald Pennybet, were designed to be the type of their generation, and "Tell England" is the joyous, tragic history of their brief career from school days to death on battle-fields. There is no plot in this novel; it is just the record of these happy public schoolboys suddenly taken from playing-fields to trench,

* (Cassell.)

mud, and the horrors of war. Mr. Raymond has told me that when he started writing he could not stop, nor keep pace with his surging ideas. He had no sense of inventing the doings of his heroes; he simply watched and reported them faithfully. Sometimes he tried to make them do certain things, but they resisted his pressure, and went their own way. That is why it is a novel without a plot—these things had to be written because they happened: to use the author's own words: "I could not lie about them; I could not fight against Truth."

The first half of the book is occupied with an account of life at Kensingtowe, "the finest school in England," and, like other writers of school stories, Mr. Raymond, because he has dared to draw his schoolboys as "sentimental" has been charged with "sentimentalism." He is, however, impenitent, and believes that they live in a fool's paradise who think that the average young boy is highly masculine. On the contrary, he takes the view that boys are strangely feminine—which is not the same as effeminate—and maintains that the real sentimentalist is the one who funks the issue that the schoolboy is shy and sentimental. Some of the characters are confessedly sentimental and must continue to be. But (and here I again use Mr. Raymond's own words) "if by sentimentalism is meant an abdication of hard brain-control in the interest of emotion or prettiness, then, indeed, it is the touch of death, for the author has betrayed Truth. That is why, it seems to me, the Happy Ending is often criminally sentimental—it is a betrayal. But if the author allows himself only an indulgence towards the sentiment of his characters, convinced that they are none the less attractive for this quality, and spices his indulgence with a flavour of irony, then surely he has retained his soul."

But if some of his critics have quarrelled with Mr. Raymond on this account, "Tell England" as a whole rings true. It is full of inspiration and of a courage that dares to face not only the national issues of the time, but also those spiritual doubts and agonies which beset both the young men who went cheerfully to the trenches and the parents who silently bore the sacrifice of the nation's youth. Its penetrative analysis of the feelings and thoughts of that gallant procession on its march to almost inevitable doom contains passages of moving beauty and tenderness which must have brought consolation to many desolate homes, and though, as Padre Monty says, "we have sown the world with the broken dreams and spilled ambitions of a generation of schoolboys," one closes the book with the conviction that the sacrifice was not in vain. This is what Rupert

writes, sitting on the floor of his dug-out in a Belgian trench; to-morrow he is to go over the top: "In the Mediterranean on a summer day, I learned that I was to pursue beauty like the Holy Grail. And I see it now in everything. I know that, just as there is far more beauty in nature than ugliness, so there is more goodness in humanity than evil. There is more happiness in life than pain. . . . Life is good—else why should we cling to it as we do?—oh, yes, we surely do, especially when the chances are all against us. Life is good, and youth is good. I have had twenty glorious years."

Sometimes, in this wonderful tribute to the junior subaltern of the war, the boy officer under sentence of death, who was "so boyishly unconscious of his grandeur all the time," Mr. Raymond comes near to the realm of true poetry; he gives us both an epic of human suffering and a story of that valiant, gallant spirit that has made England great.

"Rossenal" belongs to a totally different category: "Tell England" was a novel without a heroine, but here we have a love story, and in this second novel it is again the spirit of youth, its freshness, its quickness, and its eternal vitality that reveals itself and stamps the book with the author's individuality. Again are

Mr. Ernest Raymond.

we given an account of the hero as a schoolboy, this time at Westminster, and we watch David's development from the time when he suffers from the night terrors of childhood. There follow, through the death of Sir Gordon Hay—his father—disappointed hopes of Oxford, a brief experience in a humble capacity at the Army and Navy Stores, some time spent as a junior master at an Eastbourne school, the dawn of love, aspirations towards authorship, an exploration trip to Persia, his return and marriage to Eileen, and a career as a writer.

As will be seen from this brief sketch, there is nothing in the plot to lend distinction to the book, and yet it holds the reader to the end. It is an engaging, pleasant story, containing some unpleasant revelations, such, for instance, as David's parentage and Sir Gordon Hay's relations with Mrs. Macassa and Madame Chartreuse, David's mother. These may not be pleasing characters, but they are realised and revealed with great skill; it is David himself, however, who makes the book.

The successor to a successful first novel always invites inquiry as to ultimate achievement, and there will be many of Mr. Raymond's readers who will wonder if he has in his first efforts reached the limit to his powers. From my own reading of him—apart from the eulogies his work has received from the Press and the public—I have no doubt he will travel far, and that he is destined to rank with the greatest of our writers of fiction. W. H.



THE READER.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I.

MR. CHESTERTON'S friend, Mr. Edmund Clerihew, whose biographical masterpiece G. K. C. adorns with certain curious cuts, complains that Mr. Belloc's



Photo by
Central News.

G. K. Chesterton.

activities have been distributed in too many directions; and that the public are inapt to do that author the justice which can so easily be rendered to the author of "Lucy's Flower Garden," "More Flowers of Lucy's," "Lucy's Nettle-bed," etc., or to the no less celebrated novelist who wrote, in a severer style of realism, "The

Soap Box," "Suds," "The Sink," "Drains," "Cess-pools" and other masterly works in analytic fiction. Mr. Chesterton himself is chargeable with the same offence as that committed by Mr. Belloc. It is not easy to know what he will be doing next: it is not easy for anyone to be certain, when Chesterton is mentioned, that the same idea is presented to the speaker and the hearers. To one man G. K. C. may mean nothing but the writer of causeries; to another it will mean the author of the "Father Brown" stories; to another the apologist for Orthodoxy; to another the political controversialist; to another the poet who has given us some of the best love poems of the century; to another the man who wrote a history of England without dates; to another the man who has written some of the justest literary criticism of our day in his "Browning," his "Dickens," in "The Victorian Age in English Literature," and in some dozen of scattered appreciations and introductions. All these Chestertons have produced good work; but the most essential Chesterton is, to my mind, to be found in the poems.

II.

It must be over twenty years ago that "The Wild Knight" was first published in that pleasant series of Grant Richards which included among its early volumes Alfred Douglas's "City of the Soul" and a book of a poet now almost and unjustly forgotten, Nora Hopper. I was at Oxford when "The Wild Knight" appeared, and the sentiment it created was very genuine, if not very widespread, for Oxford in those days had not the zest for poetry which it has subsequently

showed. I do not know that sufficient justice has yet been done to that volume. It contained youthful and crude things; but there is scarcely a poem in the book which does not contain an idea, not a poem which is not sincerely felt, not a poem which does not obviously display character instead of attitude—and how rare that was in the early days of the century. The book had one rare gift. It combined sincerity with rhetoric. Mr. Chesterton is the only considerable poet of our time who is at once not afraid of rhetoric, and who uses it to display his feelings instead of to hide his lack of them. It is a natural mode with him; and it brings many of his poems far nearer in spirit to the Greek than are the works of deliberately Hellenising authors. The same spirit is shown in some of his later satirical poems, and also in those great ballads of fighting of which, in "The Wild Knight," the ballad of Joshua and the Kings is so good an example. Then, in that book, there was a subtle use of the language, the ornament and the rhythm of the decadent school, in defence of common things. Mr. Chesterton could praise grass in the tones others used to hymn orchids; he sings of wine and beer when others chant love songs to absinthe; and he meditates on the possible ruins of Euston Station ("What giant race reared these Cyclopean arches to the sky?") with a fervour which the decadent kept for the ruins of Babylon or the broken visage of the Gizeh Sphinx. Influences in the book were evident, not only of the French and English decadents, but of Blake, of Swinburne and of the old ballads. In this volume too—in "The Lemon Tree," for instance—are many signs of the obscurity to which Mr. Chesterton has yielded too much in some of his later work; an obscurity which springs from impatience and a certain inability to resist his own verbal music. Since that first book we have had from Mr. Chesterton "The Ballad of the White Horse" (1911), "Poems" (1915), the little book of songs from "The Flying Inn" (1915) and now "The Ballad of St. Barbara,"* which contains the verse he has written or left uncollected since the volume of 1915.

There is nothing in this volume as good as the love poems of that volume, nothing as certain to live as the great ballad about King Alfred; and there are certain poems which I think Mr. Chesterton would have been well advised not to reprint, poems which are almost like parodies of himself. When that is said, the true Chestertonian's feeling for this volume will be one of pure thankfulness. I say the true Chestertonian—for there will always be some grey-minded, secluded, somnolent souls who will shy away from G. K. C., just as they shy away from scarlet, or trumpets. For Mr. Chesterton's poems are, whatever else they are or are not, a gay noise, a jolly noise, a sound as of the music played outside the fiery furnace of Daniel;

* "The Ballad of St. Barbara." 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

for Mr. Chesterton's voice also disguises the fire of a great furnace, and behind all his rhetoric is heat. In his recent book on his visit to America,* Mr. Chesterton refers to "the suggestion of some verses that I shall never finish, 'If I ever go back to Baltimore'"; and it was a glorious surprise to find the poem, finished, in this new volume. It is not perhaps the best poem in the book, but it has the unmistakable pathos, the sense of something beyond, of some inexplicable and not quite comprehensible beauty which haunts Mr. Chesterton's Muse. It is called "Memory":

"If I ever go back to Baltimore,
The city of Maryland,
I shall miss again as I missed
before
A thousand things of the world
in store,
The story standing in every door
That beckons with every hand.

"I shall not know when the bonds
were riven
And a hundred faiths set free,
When a wandering Cavalier had
given
Her hundredth name to the
Queen of Heaven
And made oblation of feuds
forgiven
To Our Lady of Liberty.

"I shall not travel the tracks of
fame
When the war was not to the
strong;
When Lee the last of the heroes
came
With the men of the South and a flag like flame,
And called the land by its lovely name
In the unforgotten songs.

"If ever I cross the sea and stray
To the city of Maryland,
I will sit on a stone and watch and pray
For a stranger's child that was there one day;
And the child will never come back to play
And no one will understand."

There are some of Mr. Chesterton's most effective satires, some of his most irresistible gibes in verse in this book; the title poem has beautiful passages in it, things for which he blends gravity of purpose with a rare passion of language, but as a whole it is obscure and rather inconsequent.

III.

In an earlier poem of Mr. Chesterton's may be found the key to his whole philosophy, a philosophy which has often been stupidly attacked and ignorantly defended. He took a phrase from an early poem of Mr. Yeats as a challenge, and wrote "The Mortal Answer":

"The strange strong cry in the darkness
Of one man praising God,
That out of the night and nothing,
With travail of birth he came
To stand one hour in the sunlight
Only to say her name.

* "What I Saw in America." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Falls through her hair the sunshine
In showers; it touches, see,
Her high bright cheek in turning;
Ah, Elfin Company,
The world is hot and cruel,
We are weary of heart and hand,
But the world is more full of glory
Than you can understand."

All Mr. Chesterton's novels are tributes to the glory he has found in the world. He has sometimes, I think,

found it at the expense of truth. The great fault of his novels is that, with all his powers, Mr. Chesterton has very little gift for characterisation. He not only sees the world as a world of types; he believes that his vision is praiseworthy, and in his book on America praises the American people because it believes in an immoral class at the top as well as at the bottom of society, whereas the English only believe in an immoral class at the bottom. The truth is, of course, if you hold to Christian philosophy, there is no criminal class, nor any other class—only sinners, distinctive, individual, varying in responsibility, but each separate and entitled to entirely separate treatment. Mr. Chesterton as an author is always forgetting this. His writings on the feminist question are full of the assumption

that because a woman takes a personal, un-principled interest in things, therefore she should not vote; he ignores altogether the point of view of those who believe that there is no healthy political future possible until the world accepts and adopts that feminine attitude towards politics—if it be feminine. It is, this tendency of his mind to generalise, responsible for the gravest inconsistencies in his thought. He praises and loves the peasant, who almost always takes this personal attitude to great questions: and he is, no doubt, glad that this trait in the peasant has checkmated Bolshevik theory in Russia. The novels, then, suffer to my mind because the characters in them are not sufficiently individualised—they are fantastic prose-lyrics rather than novels; but in some, and in the short stories written around Father Brown, Mr. Chesterton shows a Dickensian capacity for the invention of "characters"; his talent for the grotesque and the whimsical is one of the most charming things to meet in a literary world so given over to the drab and the dull.

There is no space to attempt any adequate discussion of Mr. Chesterton as a critic. His soundness, his wide knowledge and his very sensitive taste are sometimes forgotten by people who do not associate the exuberant and the exquisite. Yet exquisite, in its proper sense, is the right word for much of the books on Browning, on Dickens, on Watts, for the essays in "Twelve Types" and later volumes of collected prose. There are two distinctive features in Mr. Chesterton's criticism which make it remarkable in our time: he never forgets the



Photo by F. A. Swaine.

G. K. Chesterton.

European standpoint, and he never makes the gross but still very common error of censuring a sonnet because it is a very poor detective story. I do not know where you will find a better introduction to the peculiar virtues and faults of Victorian literature than in the little book Mr. Chesterton contributed to the Home University Library. It has one grave blunder—the treatment of Mr. Hardy; in his pages on that author Mr. Chesterton repeats the error he so often makes in his political writing, he insufficiently accounts for the personal equation, and I must say that I have sometimes suspected that the pages were written from an insufficient acquaintance with Mr. Hardy's work. He was not, it is true, dealing with his poems; but the mere memory of "The Dynasts" should have given him pause before he penned the phrase, "a sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." As a rule in this book Mr. Chesterton employs at its highest his splendid faculty for getting

a man into a phrase; many have stolen, since he wrote it, that sentence which sums up his view of Ruskin: "It is not quite unfair to say of him that he seemed to want all parts of the Cathedral except the altar"; or there is his comment on the choice of Beardsley to illustrate the "Morte D'Arthur": "They might as well have employed Burne-Jones to illustrate 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'" There are few better illustrations of the European outlook than the beginning of the chapter on the Victorian poets, in which Mr. Chesterton arraigns the provincialism of England in the nineteenth century. Here perhaps is one of his greatest services to our age, that while the decadents of the nineties may shock their parents and the burgesses by insisting on the fascinations of Paris, Mr. Chesterton led the revolt against our insularity by insisting on the rights of France and of Europe. He may be an apostle of nationality, and of the sword; but he fights for union, and he rejoices in the beauty of the diversity he advocates.

JAMES GRANT.

BY S. M. ELLIS.

THIS year marks the birth centenary of James Grant, the military novelist, who was born on August 1st, 1822, in Edinburgh. He must not be confused with his namesake and contemporary and fellow-Scotsman, James Grant (1802-1879), the editor of *The Morning Advertiser*, and an acquaintance of Dickens in his early days as a parliamentary reporter. During their lifetime there was, inevitably, confusion about the two James Grants, much to their indignation, for though both were authors, their styles were widely different: the one wrote dashing romances of love and war, the other religious books bearing titles such as "God is Love" and "Grace and Glory." Consequently the fury of each author can be imagined when some remark was made about the amazing fertility and versatility of James Grant who, within a few days, had produced two widely different works—the first, perchance, relating the reprehensible escapades and amours of a gay young cavalier in the time of Charles II, and the second providing devotional solace for people who never read novels.

As Sir Walter Scott said, "Every Scottishman has a pedigree," and that of James Grant, the military novelist, now claims some attention. He was in direct descent from John Grant of Freuchie, the common ancestor also of the Ogilvie-Grants, Earls of Seafield. The novelist's great-grandfather, Alexander Grant, of Corrimony in Urquhart, Inverness, was a Jacobite of 1745; he married Jean Ogilvy of Kempcairn, and their

son (the novelist's grandfather), James Grant (1743-1835), became a noted Scotch Advocate, and the author of "Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael and Observations on the Poems of Ossian," 1814.

He had a gift for friendship, and though he lived to the age of ninety-two, "he retained his faculties to the last, and from the extent and variety of his attainments was a delightful companion." Like his father before him, he was an ardent Jacobite; but he was born too late for any active part in the attempts to restore the Stuarts, and his Jacobitism was probably that of the kind described in Scott's "Redgauntlet." However, it may be assumed that it was from his lips that James Grant the younger gleaned those stories and that enthusiasm for the Jacobite cause which recur so constantly in his literary work, for the future romance writer was thirteen by the time his picturesque old grandfather departed this life.

The novelist was the son of Captain John Grant, of the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders), by his marriage with Mary Ann Watson. The mother provided further interesting consanguinity, for her father, Captain Andrew Watson, of the 57th, was a second cousin of Sir Walter Scott; and, through the Veitches of Peebles-shire, James Grant's Border strain of blood was to bring him a distinguished third cousin in the person of the present Earl Haig. Sir Walter Scott, James Grant and Lord Haig all have a common ancestor in Sir John Swinton of Swinton. It was Mrs. Margaret



James Grant
as a youth.

From a portrait in the possession of Mr. Francis Grant.

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Swinton who figured in Walter Scott's tale, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

James Grant's mother died when he was very young, and his father, Captain Grant, being appointed to a command in Newfoundland in 1833, took his three young sons with him. Six years were spent in transatlantic barracks, where no doubt the youthful James acquired much military information which proved useful in later literary work. The family returned to Scotland in 1839, and in the following year, James Grant, at the age of eighteen, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 62nd Foot on the recommendation of Lord Hill, with whom his father had served in the Peninsular War. He joined the provisional battalion at Chatham, but his actual experience of the Army lasted but a short time, for he resigned his commission in 1843. He then entered the office of Mr. Rhind, architect, of Edinburgh, where he soon became a skilful draughtsman.

At this same time his literary abilities were developing and he commenced to write "The Romance of War, or the Highlanders in Spain," which was largely based on anecdotes related to him by his father, who had fought with the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders) during the Peninsular War. For a narrative at second hand, the work was excellently done, vivacious and picturesque in style, displaying the lights and shades of the ever changing panorama of the great campaign, and incidentally detailing every aspect of active military service of the period described. The book was published in 1846, and though the young author of twenty-four only received, it is said, £20 from the publisher Colburn, it was very successful, so much so that a continuation was called for, which duly appeared in 1847, relating the services of the Gordon Highlanders in France and Belgium to the time of Waterloo. In 1847 he also published "The Phantom Regiment," and now successfully started on his literary road, James Grant, during the next fourteen years, produced a series of books of remarkable merit in view of their number. In-

evitably he exhausted his vein of talent as time went on; in later life he often wrote three novels a year. His total output in forty years was sixty-one novels, and twelve works of historical records. His amount of fiction thus exceeded that written by G. P. R. James who was the prolific author of fifty-six novels; but James's miscellaneous works bring his total to eighty-seven



James Grant
at about the age of 45.

From a photograph sent by Mr. Francis Grant.



James Grant
at about the age of 58.

in a photograph sent by Mr. Francis Grant.

books, thus beating James Grant's total of seventy-three. These figures may be impressive as evidence of energy, ingenuity and mental power, but are deplorable from an artistic point of view. No man has it in him to write more than twelve or so superlative books.

To return to Grant's early and best work,

perhaps the most characteristic of his dashing style is "Harry Ogilvie, or the Black Dragoon," a most excellent romance of Edinburgh in 1650-1, when the youthful Charles II was in the austere grip of the Covenanters. Equally good is "The Scottish Cavalier," 1850, which pictures Edinburgh nearly forty years later, and relates the adventures of the loyalists who fought for King James II (and VII of Scotland) after his downfall. This story introduces Annie Laurie (one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., of Maxwellton) and Finland, who wrote the beautiful song bearing her name: but the fickle lady married another, Colonel Craigdarroch, an officer in the service of William III—alas! for romance. "The Scottish Cavalier" may claim to have influenced the imagination of Mr. Thomas Hardy, for he has told me it was one of his favourite books in boyhood, and seventy years later he still retains vivid memories of the scenes and characters in this picturesque romance. "Jane Seton"; "Bothwell, or the Days of Mary Queen of Scots"; "The Yellow Frigate"; "Philip Rollo"—a tale of the Thirty Years' War; "Frank Hilton"; "Legends of the Black Watch" were all written in the fifties, and represent Grant's best work in fiction. He was also at this time writing books of a more strictly historical nature such as "The Memoirs and Adventures of Sir J. Hepburn," "The Memoirs of Montrose" and "Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh."

"Hollywood Hall," 1857, is a tale of the Jacobite rising of 1715, and incidentally includes the escape of Princess Clementina Sobieski from Innsbruck to Bologna before her marriage to James III—an incident which has been utilised in later years by Mr. A. E. W. Mason in his romance, "Clementina." In "The Adventures of Rob Roy," 1864, James Grant invaded the realms of his famous cousin, Walter Scott, and, further, provided a ghostly adventure in the style of "Wandering Willie's Tale" from "Red-gauntlet." Grant wrote ghost stories well and impressively, for he treated the

supernatural seriously. His best essay of the kind, "The Phantom Regiment," is wonderfully well done—the storm, the scenic setting prelude the apparitions with a fitting artistry. Two other short tales in this vein, "The Dead Tryst" and "A Haunted Life," appeared in 1866. James Grant has been compared by some critics to G. P. R. James, but in reality he approximates much more closely to Harrison Ainsworth, both in mentality and style. James was ponderous, pompous and picturesque; both Ainsworth and Grant were picturesque, but gay and light-hearted; they were both ardent Jacobites; both could write a good ghost story or relate a mysterious incident with the right atmosphere, and both, despite their gaiety, had a taste for depicting the macabre, scenes of bloodshed and human suffering.

James Grant married a daughter of James Brown, LL.D., well known as the author of "The History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans," and editor of *The Scots' Magazine* and "The Encyclopædia Britannica." There were two sons, James, who died before his father, and Roderick, who became a priest in the Roman Catholic Church.* James Grant himself joined the Church of Rome in 1875. During the more eventful years of his life, Grant lived at 26, Danube Street, Edinburgh, from about 1856 to 1870. At that time he busied himself with many interests in addition to his literary work. He founded in 1852 the National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights, which received a good deal of satirical attention from *Punch* and the comic journals. He was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic members of the Volunteers, becoming a Lieutenant of the 1st Highland Company. He

* The present representative of the family is the novelist's nephew, Mr. Francis J. Grant, *Rothesay Herald* in the Court of the Lord Lyon, Edinburgh, son of the late John Grant, *Marchmont Herald*.

ardently supported Lord Archibald Campbell's agitation for the retention of the military bonnet as the national head-dress of Scotsmen. He became an authority on matters of military costume, and was consulted by the War Office: many of the facings now worn by the British Army emanate from him, and his suggestions before a committee of the War Office bore fruit years later on the formation of the territorial system. The plans for the proposed alteration of Edinburgh Castle were also submitted to him for his approval.

James Grant was essentially and entirely a Scotsman, and it is therefore difficult to explain why he decided, in 1870, to leave his native city where he had lived most of his life, and the beauties and antiquities of which he had described in many a book. In Edinburgh he was a notable personality and had hosts of friends. In London he was no one in particular, and seemingly unknown in literary and social circles, for his name does not appear in any memoirs of the period. He settled at 25, Tavistock Road, Westbourne Park, in those days a new and unattractive district arising from rough fields. It was then on the extreme edge of London and remote from the important and interesting centres of the capital. There, however, James Grant lived for the last seventeen years of his life, producing every year two or three books, which could not have been very successful, for even the names of most of them are forgotten now. He saved no money during the days of his prosperity in Edinburgh when his best work was written, and he died, almost in poverty, on May 5th, 1887, at the age of sixty-four, the cause of death being liver trouble and jaundice. He lies buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green, far from the romantic scenes of his native land which he had loved lang syne.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most glaring example of bathos in serious verse.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

NOTE.—As the Christmas BOOKMAN goes to press before the 14th November, results in the above Competitions will be given in our January Number.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- I. The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to L. M. Priest, of 71, Gipsy Lane, Norwich, and Eva Dobell, of Fair View, Lower Wyche, Malvern, for the following:

SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS.

Down the wide street they press and flow
With a rustling, hurrying, gentle sound,
As of crispèd, withering leaves that blow
Over a frosty ringing ground.

With golden, stupid eyes the sheep
Surge by in waves of dirty grey;
The clamorous mongrels snarl and keep
Their going to the middle way.

And as the acrid smell of wool
Stings in my nostrils, once again
The frostbound thoroughfare is full
Of ghosts of vanished shepherd-men ;

Grey-eyed philosophers whose years
Were full of tinkling bells of rams ;
Whose deepest thoughts and gravest fears
Were for the little new-born lambs.

That peace to wiser men denied
Was theirs out of a changeless mood,
Where contemplation opened wide
The cloud-wrought gates of solitude. . . .

I never watch the flocks go by
Along the streets of Salisbury Town,
But I hear the sheep-bells far and nigh
Ring peace across a windy down.

L. M. PRIEST.

THE QUEST.

When dreaming Youth fares forth on pilgrimage,
Fresh from the dews of childhood's chris-m-well,
Through this rich world, his wondrous heritage,
The enchantress, Beauty, binds him with her spell ;
Her veiled form through the columned pine-wood slips,
Her bright hair streams across the sunset blown,
She beckons from white sails of fading ships,
Bound for strange havens and far seas unknown.
He sees her where the battle standards pass,
Her voice rings in the bugle's silver call,
Her footstep twinkles in the April grass,
Her white arms glimmer where the moonbeams fall.
Still as he follows, mocking Beauty flies ;
Then turns to smile upon him through Love's eyes.

EVA DOBELL.

We also select for printing :

MY GHOSTS.

Not in the crumbling cloisters' moon-pierc'd shadow,
Nor mystic heart of forest grey and old ;
But where the shining god of day is turning,
With Midas touch, all common things to gold :
When mirthful voices ring, when skies are smiling,
And Summer's loveliness is round me spread ;
She comes, and stands before me in the sunlight—
The ghost of Beauty Dead.

When music trembles from the heart, with tripping
Of busy feet, pursuing golden hours,
O'er silver cup that waits for lovers' sipping
Amid the drifting scent of wedding flow'rs :
When Youth and Hope, beneath a rain of blossoms,
Essay the path that mem'ry knows of old ;
Shiv'ring he draws his scanty shroud about him—
The wraith of Love Grown Cold.

The shadows of the night are only shadows,
Or evil dreams, lost in the coming day.
Faith holds a torch when fears would cling about me :
From grief new-decked old sorrows creep away :
But when my little ones press softly round me,
Or time brings true the dreams I wrought for most,
Who shares my joy, who crowns the day's achievement
But one beloved Ghost ?

(O. R. Bridgman, Oudtshorn, West Bank, Cape
Province, South Africa.)

THE GREATER GAIN.

For him—great wealth and rank and power.
Men's lives to sway and to control ;
Duties and cares his birthright's dower,
Fame and a name his aim and goal.
For social claims a crowded hour,
Small rest for body or for soul.

For me—enough—not much to spare,
Earned by the toil of hand and brain ;
Two precious lives my lot to share.
Their good my joy, their need my pain ;
Moments for leisure and for prayer
When work is ended still remain.
Seems his or mine the richer gain ?

(B. M. Wills, Hiradungie, Almora, North India.)

WHEN I WAS QUEEN IN BABYLON.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the rare,
A thousand slaves, each day, I ween,
Did plunder diamonds for my hair—
Chalcedony—rich merchandise—
Great opals, gold, to glad mine eyes—
And many princes found me fair,
In Babylon, when I was Queen.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the wise,
Cut emeralds blazed out their green
Upon my arms—between my eyes—
Ten slaves stood o'er me, with a fan
Of peacock plumes, from Turkistan—
Mine ears were set with pearls of size,
In Babylon, when I was Queen.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the white,
I was more fair than man hath seen—
My robes flashed forth a golden light—
Sapphires burned among my curls,
And half a score of dancing girls
Capered for ever in my sight,
In Babylon, when I was Queen.

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the great,
Men kept their knives and daggers keen,
For woe to him who earned my hate !
Two snow-white leopards worked my will,
On those whom I had deigned to kill—
Yet—at my summons, none came late
To Babylon, where I was Queen !

When I was Queen in Babylon,
In Babylon, the old, the gay,
Kings kissed my jewelled sandals' sheen,
Great chiefs bent humbly to my sway.
And if I chose to kill them all,
'Twas done—ran red my banquet-hall,
And none would dare to say me nay,
In Babylon—for I was Queen !

(Margaret C. Huggins, 5, Hartley Road, Exmouth,
South Devon.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by
Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Enid Blyton (Beckenham),
K. I. Noble (Forest Rise), Constance I. Davies
(Hamilton, Ontario), Jane Franklin King (Hobart,
Tasmania), Ernest F. Seymour (Shepherd's Bush),
Arch. H. Newman, Jun. (Montreal, Canada), Marjorie
Crosbie (Wolverhampton), G. D., Archie L. Pearce
(Sydenham), S. G. Gillett (Malta), Floyd Meredith
(Pennsylvania, U.S.A.), Kathleen R. Steel (Hastings),
J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), Melfin Jones
(Cardiff), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Mariquita
Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Agnes D. Scott
(Woolwich), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), Jean M.
Craig-Brown (Bournemouth), James Paton (Natal,
South Africa), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley),
D. D. C. (Canterbury), Mrs. W. E. Hobart (Little-
hampton), Pauline Meadows (London, N.W.), John

Smellie Martin (Motherwell), James William Merridew (Stoke Newington), Marion Elizabeth Stark (Wellesley, Mass.), H. Baxter (East Finchley), S. G. August (New Zealand), "Roslyn" (Auckland, New Zealand), Rudolf Robert (Hammersmith), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), A. C. Pryer (Luton), Doris Wilson (Sunderland), Margery Sykes (Persore), Doris May Wibberley (Burton-on-Trent), Kathleen M. Gush (Sydenham), Sybil Milnes (Clapham), W. Handlen (Oxford), Kathleen Pawle (Lustleigh), Ellice Beere (Streatham), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Port Elizabeth), J. Thomas (Manchester), A. A. Biss (Bournemouth).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to M. Steele, of 100, Norroy Road, Putney, S.W.15, for the following:

THE PRELUDE TO THE REFORMATION.

BY REV. R. S. ARROWSMITH. (S.P.C.K.)

"Turn down an empty glass!"

FITZGERALD, *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*.

We also select for printing:

FLOWING GOLD. BY REX BEACH.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Alas! for the rarity."

THOMAS HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*.

(N. Stuart-Shepherd, The Vicarage, Alfrick, Worcester.)

THE MAN WHO WAS TWO. BY FRED WHITE.

(Ward, Lock.)

"Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

G. COLMAN, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

(Mrs. Monk, 5, King's Park Road, Bournemouth.)

SUDDEN LOVE. BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn."

COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*.

(H. J. Norton, Lansmere, Leamington Spa.)

QUEER PEOPLE. BY SIR BASIL THOMSON.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet."

SHAKESPEARE.

(Muriel Joan Nudd, Clare Villa, High Street, Yiewsley, Middlesex.)

TREBLED PRICE. BY "Y."

(Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

"O, the wild charge they made."

TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the three most telling metaphors or similes selected from English literature is awarded to J. W. Banister, of Malden Street, Leyland, near Preston, Lancs, for the following:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration . . ."

WORDSWORTH.

"Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."

KEATS, *To a Nightingale*.

"Poetry is—

The grandest chariot wherein
King-thoughts ride."

ALEXANDER SMITH, *A Life Drama*.

Among the numerous other selections received, several competitors have chosen one metaphor that is more telling than any of the above, but the award has been made to the sender of the three best. We have selected for special commendation the metaphors

sent by the following twelve competitors: Kate Johnson (Bradford), M. E. Wyley (Slough), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Ella F. Wright (Glasgow), A. M. Hillier (Highbury), Marian Turner (Ripley), Eirlys Davies (Portmadoc), Lucy Malleon (London, W.), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), F. Colby (Norwich).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to C. M. Young, of 19, Woodside Park Road, North Finchley, N.12, for the following:

THE JUDGE. BY REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson.)

This book is remarkable for its strange mixture of beauty and ugliness. It abounds with vivid descriptions of beautiful scenery, whether of the mountains of Scotland, the marshes of Essex, or the sun-lit lands of Brazil, and it dwells tenderly on the physical beauty of Ellen and of Richard, and the almost spiritual beauty of their love. But all this loveliness is brought to naught by the development of an unusual plot, which takes as its theme a degradation of human beings and their love, revolting in its baseness and hardly conceivable in the intensity of its suffering.

We also select for printing:

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

BY LEONARD MERRICK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Leonard Merrick has proved himself a perfect master of the art of short story writing. It must be no small delight to him, as well as to those who know, and have learned to love, his earlier books, to find that in this latest volume his pen has in no wise lost its cunning. "To Tell You the Truth" contains stories grave to gay, whose settings are frequently Bohemian, their characters bizarre though often lovable, and their conclusions delightfully unexpected. The author writes, as ever, with ease and grace, and makes an intense appeal to the emotions.

(Helen Louise Bell, Brae Gorsie, Higher Broughton, Manchester.)

THE FIRE BIRD. BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

(John Murray.)

"The Fire Bird" seems to indicate a desertion of certain of the principles Mrs. Porter has followed in fiction. It is a moving epic of aboriginal America, now plumbing the depths of tortured souls, now soaring on wings reminiscent of the poetic beauty of the Psalms or the austere magnificence of Job. So accurately attuned is Mrs. Porter's ear to the voice of Nature, from "the little secret whispering among the dry grass" to the sonorous beat of the surf, that one would wish her never to depart from the interpretation of Nature's rhythms as evolved in this volume.

—(Louise Hayward, 2470, Bowker Avenue, Victoria, British Columbia.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), J. Harold Armstrong (Harrogate), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), E. M. Nicholson (Cologne), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), A. M. Hillier (Highbury), J. W. Mayer (Colwyn Bay), Mrs. Dixon (Worthing), H. M. Creswell Payne (Newquay), Frederick A. G. Service (Penge), B. Noël Saxelby (Buxton), Kathleen Rice (Harpending), Douglas Harrison (Bromley), B. van Thal, Jun. (London, N.W.), Gladys H. Cocks (Newport, Mon.), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Lucy Malleon (London, W.), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), F. Oliver (Norwich), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Sybil Dean (Exmouth), H. V. Lowry (Bournemouth), Petrie Townshend (London, E.C.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Ernest A. Fuller, of 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.

THE SECRET OF HAZLITT.*

BY J. CUMING WALTERS.

MR. HOWE has long been known as a loving and devoted student of Hazlitt and his works. His present volume is a rich treasury of facts, although he modestly says that he has only sought to make Hazlitt's life "less imperfectly known" than it was. His diligent researches have been rewarded by good discoveries, including eighteen hitherto untraced letters: and he has added to our knowledge of the man and given us new material for his biography. For this we are grateful. He draws largely on Crabbe Robinson, Patmore, Talfourd, and Lamb, as was inevitable. But the authentic and complete biography is yet to come, a biography which will not only contain history but exposition.

It is a remarkable fact that two of the most acutely analytical works on Hazlitt have come from foreign critics, Dr. Zeigel and M. Jules Douady, though Mr. Howe barely mentions them; nor has he anything to say of the compendious labours of Alexander Ireland. There are other lapses which, in a volume of this magnitude, are surprising, though they may not be serious. The youthful life of Hazlitt in America is too curtly dismissed; its influence upon his impressionable nature was stronger than Mr. Howe thinks. His first experiences in London, emphasised in the essays, are very lightly passed over by Mr. Howe. The *Norham Court* romance is relegated to a foot-note; the episode may be obscure, but it seems certain that Hazlitt's idealistic nature had been deeply agitated, and that from here sprang his wistful retrospection of a happiness that had eluded him. A couple of incidental sentences suffice to dispose of "Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England," a mighty favourite with ourselves, and containing, we think, some of Hazlitt's finest writings, best judgments, and most characteristic expressions of opinion.

By way of compensation, Mr. Howe devotes a disproportionate amount of space to Hazlitt's quarrels with Leigh Hunt, and to the incidents leading up to the tragedy of John Scott. These are of course expressions of opinion, and not to be too strongly insisted upon. But where, we think, there will be general agreement is in the fact that Mr. Howe cannot—or,

at least, does not—tell his stories with ease and clearness: he is given to breaking them up with incidentals, and he takes us backwards and forwards, and is an unconscionable long time in reaching his conclusion. This is particularly evident in the account of Sarah

Walker and the "Liber Amoris," when the romance (squalid as it may be in parts) loses interest and is deprived of glamour because it is overburdened with details and spoilt by interruptions. These, however, are surface-flaws in a really sound work; and there is so much that is good, profitable, and original in Mr. Howe's volume that it would be ungracious indeed to dwell upon minor defects.

The work is usefully divided into sections dealing with the various phases of Hazlitt's career—his painting, journalism, lecturing, and essay-writing; to which one more might well have been added, his pedestrianism, a subject in itself. His foreign travels, his worship of Napoleon (we are not sure that full justice has yet been done to Hazlitt's "Life" of his hero), together with the amazing story of the infatuation of his later years, round off the biography; and on the whole we may say that Mr. Howe has left little for future chroniclers to do. But

does the mass of facts, laboriously accumulated and carefully collated, take us to the very heart of William Hazlitt and solve for us the mystery of a baffling personality? We think not. It is excellent biography, but incomplete elucidation.

Hazlitt's history is so interwoven with his writings, and from his writings may be drawn so much material for his history, that to sever the threads is to spoil both the personal and the literary fabric, one and indivisible. His life is easier to reveal than to relate, to deduce than to describe. His books supply us with the chief means of understanding him. Outwardly cold and reserved as a man, he becomes warm, intimate, communicative as a writer. He is a Rousseau at self-confession, and sometimes tells us too much for his own advantage; the restraint he exercised in speech he could not exercise with his pen. If his reputation has somewhat suffered by his impulsive avowals, we profit by his candour. He solves the enigma which he alone could solve, this man of many contradictions—the man who made foes yet hungered for friends, who was a failure as a husband and an idealist as a lover,



William Hazlitt,

From a bust by Joseph Durham.

* "The Life of William Hazlitt." By P. P. Howe. 248. (Martin Secker.)

who lashed others and winced under a cut, who was a penetrating critic of men and unconscious of his own failings, who was quick to quarrel and then pathetically inquired why he was hated, who was obstinate in his convictions and capricious in his moods, who had clear vision but lacked worldly wisdom—this man who spent so many years in despondency and sorrow, and then died exclaiming: "Well, I have had a happy life."

Only can we reconcile the contradictions by understanding the inner Hazlitt, and to do this we must study his introspective and autobiographical essays. For Hazlitt's favourite theme, when all is told, was William Hazlitt. His attitude was self-contemplative. When he wrote of art, it was as Hazlitt the painter; when he wrote of drama, it was as Hazlitt the admirer of Kean and Siddons; when he dealt with letters, it was as Hazlitt the hierophant of Wordsworth and Coleridge, or as Hazlitt the censor of Crabbe and Moore. In politics, it was Hazlitt the hater of the Bourbons who predominated, and whether he spoke of Pitt, Burke, Cobbett, or Brougham, it was always as the "child of the Revolution" that he decided their merits or denounced their crimes.

The personal note is clamant, unsubduable. Hazlitt, the friend of Lamb, the youthful hero-worshipper of Coleridge, the hater of Gifford, the lover of the woman unattained and the scorner of the woman won; Hazlitt the pedestrian and the frequenter of the Fives Court, the admirer of the old poets and dramatists and the contemner of most of the new; this is the Hazlitt who emerges from the essays, and it is Hazlitt the real man.

His biography would be commonplace indeed without his disclosures; with their aid, if it be not actually romantic, it excites curiosity, and provides us with a psychological study alike uncommon and interesting. His struggles, his rebuffs, his hopes, his successes, make up a story of some worth, and, by compelling us to seek fact, illustration, and interpretation from his own books, send us to that rich and not easily exhausted repository which has come to be more valued with the passing of time. Whatever his fate at the hands of contemporaries and rivals he is now a classic, the chosen companion of our serene hours, a source of pleasure and instruction. He has come into his kingdom. How well do his words apply to himself!

"All reputation is hazardous, hard to win, harder to keep. Many never attain a glimpse of what they have all their lives been looking for, and others survive a passing shadow of it. No man is truly great who is great only in his lifetime. The test of greatness is the page of history. I myself am neither a king nor a shepherd: books have been my fleecy charge, and my thoughts have been my subjects. But these have found me sufficient employment at the time, and enough to think of for the time to come."

Was ever the revealing of a tortured mind more pathetic than this, among the last that came from Hazlitt's pen?

"My little boy said the other day, 'He could not tell what to do without a book to read: he should wander about without knowing what to do with himself.' So have I wandered about till now, and, waking from the dream of books at last, don't know what to do with myself. My poor little fellow! Mayst thou dream long amidst thy darling books, and never wake!"

When he thus wrote, not only was his dream of books fading, but so was the longer dream of life. The last days in Frith Street, Soho, are not pleasant to reflect upon, although, as Mr. Howe reminds us, Hazlitt was by no means so deserted as for a time was reported. His valedictory writings were poignant; but he still dreamed:

"I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb: 'Grateful and Contented!' But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain."

In the light of the self-revelations the secret of Hazlitt's life becomes clear, and his "happiness" is explicable. He had craved for the sympathy he appeared to disdain, and was eager to pour forth the feelings pent in the proud heart. He was no stoic, though he posed as one. But the hard realities of the world were too much for him, and he took refuge in the comfort of dreams. His friends were his books; his loves were his ideals. "If I have had few real pleasures," he wrote, "my ideas have been to me in the nature of realities." His joy was in memory, in fond illusion, in the glamour of the past, and in his peculiar capacity to live precious hours over again. The material world with its squalor and disappointment was less substantial to him than that visionary world in which he fashioned airy romances and created rainbow hopes.

Hazlitt's "happiness," then, was not happiness among men or in the atmosphere of the world: it was the happiness of a spirit that had feasted on the beauty of nature, the charm of art and books, and had had the inspiration of dreams though finding all was vain. Churton Collins called Hazlitt's farewell "the last thrust of defiant pride." It was not that—it was only the soothing assurance of the dying man who remembered once more the motto on the sundial, *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, and the glad words on the ancient statue, "I too have lived in Arcadia."

"He is dead," wrote his friend Patmore, "and with him died strong intellect, powerful passions, fine taste, and many rare qualities. . . . He had faults, but he was incomparably superior, in acuteness of mind and honesty of purpose, to what his enemies supposed or asserted." But to this just eulogy we must add the pathetic reflection of Hazlitt himself: "To be remembered after we are dead is but a poor recompense for being treated with contempt while we are living."

AN AMERICAN SURVEY.

By G. H. GRUBB.

THIS article cannot comprehend the enormous activity in the world of books that is to be found this autumn in the United States. To cover the field of authorship, publishing and circulation would

require most of the pages of THE BOOKMAN, and I am afraid the editor would not be in a position to grant such a privilege. Yet the American book abounds with so much virility and genius, nowadays, that its insistent

demand for a place among the world's greatest in literature must be considered with the gravest attention. But let it not be forgotten that American literature has been an undeniable fact for many years, although there have been some lean periods, as in all phases of national development. Of late years, however, there has been a crescendo of brilliant and able spokesmen of the richening evolution of the intellect of America, until it has reached a height that is broadcasting its influence abroad, and, perhaps, more particularly in England. Who are these forces? Many of them have been writing and ascending for years. From lowly valleys of unknownness they have reached high altitudes of esteem. "There is a group," said Mr. John V. A. Weaver, of *The Brooklyn Eagle*, to me the other day, "never still, of writers under thirty-three years of age, who are making a place for themselves with great rapidity—a 'younger generation,' if you will." Mr. Weaver is a shrewd judge, and I should give him a place in this "younger generation" because he justifies it in his vivid portrayal, in laughter and tears and in passionate realism, of the everyday existence of the American city worker, in his volume of poetry entitled "In American." He spoke to me of the "white hope" of the American drama—Eugene O'Neill. Then he proceeded to emphasise the distinctive values of Dos Passos, of Stephen Benét, Ben Hecht, Robert Nathan, Edmund Wilson, John Peale Bishop, and John Farrar, editor of the *AMERICAN BOOKMAN*. Mr. Weaver reminded me of two real women poets of the younger school—Edna



BOOKS

for the
Week-end

American Bookselling
Committee Circular.

St. Vincent Millay and Elinor Wylie. There is, too, in a different vein, Ring W. Lardner and Donald Ogden Stewart, and I must not forget Van Loon, whose "Story of Mankind" has sold well over fifty thousand, and seems to be succeeding in England. But there are others, of whose books English readers would do well to acquaint themselves. Scott Fitzgerald, Heywood Broun, Floyd Dell, Wallace Irwin, Burton Roscoe, Charles Hanson Towne, Waldo Frank, Don Marquis, Francis Hackett, Carl Sandburg, and Robert Frost—though Frost had really something of an English public before he found one in the U.S.A. All these writers are somewhat older in years than the first group, and perhaps are richer in experience, while authors such as Mrs. Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Dorothy Canfield, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Silbur Cather, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Edgar Lee Masters, Gertrude Atherton, Christopher Morley, Amy Lowell and Joseph Hergesheimer have long had a big field of followers in America, and many readers in Great Britain. This is but a very sketchy list of some of the minds which to-day are influencing the people on the other side of the Atlantic. I have omitted one writer. Whom he is I do not know. He is known to three people, himself and two others. I refer to the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." Another brilliant work has just come from his penetrating mind—"Behind the Mirrors." His subjects are weighed, with damning ruthlessness, in his cold balances, and found veritably wanting. No one of note escapes. He operates pitilessly, calmly, almost devilishly—but nevertheless truthfully. He has the gift of being able to give his skilful operations a colouring touch which at once makes them fascinating and constructive. But I would rather not have the honour of being carved by this extraordinary surgeon of American political life.



American Bookselling
Committee Circular.

Sent out broadcast in the U.S.A. by the National Association of Book
Publishers and found very efficacious in selling books.

I have, even in this very bare outline, devoted too much space to this new, moving force in American literature, and I must hurry on and speak, very briefly, of one or two other happenings. I would like to write at some length of a new feature which has become prominent in current American authorship. There is growing up a spoof literature, heralded by that extraordinary extravaganza, "The Cruise of the Kawa." Last year its humour caught the fancy of the United States so definitely, that Dr. Walter E. Traprock—it is an open secret that he is George S. Chappell—discovered himself one morning to be almost as famous as President Harding, and I do not know how many millions of cables Traprock received from all parts of the country, ordering lectures. He gave them forthwith, but he had to break off to keep his date at the North Pole. He has just published a volume about his wonderful experiences, under the title of "My Northern Exposure: the 'Kawa' at the Pole." Apparently, the "Kawa" book brought him so much notoriety, that his many admirers are trying to get hold of his earlier books, particularly "Curry-Dishes for Moderate Incomes," which, I understand, is *very* scarce, and worth as much as fifty pounds. So far, I have not heard of a copy. Then there is "The Queen of Sheba," by Professor Phinneas A. Crutch, described as "a-tongue-in-the-check" biography, while George Chappell has modernised, in "Rollo in Society," the "Rollo Books," so famous in the fifties and thereafter. Although not actually belonging to this phase, I might mention here a volume of "sundry observations concerning prohibitions, inhibitions, and illegalities." In many respects it is a serious, biting castigation of the mad demand by the "blues" for censorship of everything in the United States. It is a collection of daring yet amusing comments on subjects of more than national interest, gathered together under the very clever title of "Nonsenseorship," to which three notable English writers—Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson and Robert Keable—have contributed chapters. The American contributors are Heywood Broun, Alexander Woolcott, George S. Chappell, Charles Hanson Towne, John V. A. Weaver, Ruth Hale, Dorothy Parker, Helen Bullitt Lowry, Wallace Irwin, Ben Hecht and Frederick O'Brien, the "Mirrors of Washington" author, and G. P. P. And I must not forget, in this

paragraph, that clever "Parody Outline of History," by Donald Ogden Stewart, published last year.

It had been my intention to say something about the very fine plans of the "Year Round Book-Selling Committee" of the National Association of Book Publishers to popularise the book, and therefore to increase the sales of books. The scheme is the most embracing of any that has been conceived, to bring the people to the bookshop, and the book to the people. Between May, 1921, and May, 1922, 1,507,874 posters, circulars, circular and personal letters were dispatched to booksellers, librarians, churches, clubs, schools, newspapers, magazines and individuals; and it has all been of the most attractive kind. A reproduction of two circulars will be found on another page. Always there is a good slogan. And there are some excellent American books appearing, apart from American editions—and their numbers are legion—of English books. I can but mention one or two before I close this "survey," in which I had hoped to find room for a consideration of the distinctive books of this autumn; English best sellers; actual aggregate figures of sales, in the various sections, to date; the English book in America; the increasing pilgrimage of American authors, every year, to England; and the great literary journals. Here are, then, a few of the many important books, general and fiction: Broun's "The Boy Grew Older," Towne's "The Chain," Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon," "Behind the Mirrors," Lewis's "Babbitt," Lincoln's "Fair Harbor," Norris's "Certain People of Importance," Burnett's "Robin," Bachellor's "In the Days of Poor Richard," Traprock's "My Northern Exposure," Rinehart's "Breaking Point," Hendrick's "Walter Hines Page," Marquis's "The Revolt of the Oyster," Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles," Morley's "Where the Blue Begins," Le Gallienne's "Jongleur Strayed," Dreiser's "Book About Myself," Hackett's "The Golden Calf," Cather's "One of Ours," Canfield's "Rough Hewn," Gardner's "The Book of the Indian," Gavitt's "Americans by Choice," Grey's "Tales of Lonely Trails," Beach's "Flowing Gold," King's "Dust Flower," Howe's "Memories of an Hostess," Barrington's "The Ladies," O'Brien's "Atolls of the Sun," Pattee's "Sidelights on American Literature." These are but a few of what have appeared this autumn, or are to appear before the end of the year.

New Books.

COMPLETING A PICTURE.*

The French contribution to education is known to our English students by a series of vivid flash-lights, with great gaps of darkness between. Rabelais, Montaigne, Rousseau, the Jesuits, the Port-Royalists are the commonplaces of the examination papers of our training colleges; but they are often projected against a background of ignorance that is profound. Mr. Barnard has set out to lighten this gloom. His work follows traditional lines: he deals with his subject by means of type and biography. He keeps close to facts that are definitely established, but at the same time allows himself to generalise judiciously from this basis. He holds an even keel between trifling personal detail on the one hand, and on the other that

"reading into" biographical facts that so often distorts the truth. While the author draws from the various persons selected the special contribution made to education, each is allowed to speak for himself, and the reader cannot but admire the fairness of the selection of quotations. A special merit of the book is the skill with which persons are correlated with institutions. Thus, there are two separate accounts of the University of Paris, the earlier embodying the personality of Peter Ramus, the later that of Charles Rollin. The result is an excellent presentation of the university from two quite different points of view. The other prominent personalities treated in the book are Anne de Xainctonge, Calvin, Bossuet, de Bérulle, de la Chatolais, and Madame Necker de Saussure.

The experienced reader will note that Mr. Barnard has succeeded in combining the merits of Mr. R. H. Quick and Professor J. W. Adamson. Like the first he has been

* "The French Tradition in Education." By H. C. Barnard. 60s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

able to make biography conform to the needs of educational exposition: like the second he has managed to convey to the reader a vivid conception of what was actually done in the schools and other educational institutions of the time. We are conscious all through that we are in the hands of a man who is at once a practical educator and a competent theorist and historian. The experienced schoolmaster peeps out every now and again—in a reference to "middle school thicks," the dreariness of "proses," the relegation of the brilliant young master to the higher forms, Lamy's adumbration of the direct method.

There are three matters that are of specially sharp interest in this work. It is a helpful point to make that in the education of princes and the great ones of the earth we are exemplifying at the other end the remark attributed to Lowe—and to others—that one of the main functions of the teacher is to educate our masters. This completing of the circle of educational influence from prince to proletariat supplies room for thought. The next point on which Mr. Barnard has something fresh to say is the importance of the contribution of the Oratorians. Hitherto they have been treated rather perfunctorily as a set of people who came in somewhere between the Jesuits and the Port-Royalists, but had no first hand contribution to offer. Mr. Barnard shows that while they had not such a wide range as the Jesuits, nor such an intensive application as the Port-Royalists, they got nearer to the essentials of the educational process than their rivals, and the reader is led to accept his conclusion that "the Oratory easily wins the suffrages of the modern critics." The third fresh point is the thesis that *national* education received its first effective treatment at the hands of de la Chatolais. In the text this lawyer of Rennes is made to represent not only a body of administrative officials scattered all over France, but also the typical intelligent outsider looking into education from the lay point of view, and thereby greatly helping the teachers. Wise people will be able to read between the lines of this chapter, and learn many things that may be applied with great advantage in the discussion of the present political position of education. Frenchmen are not inclined to give this lawyer such a high place as is here claimed for him, but a rather good case is made out for the thesis that the school-system of the present French Republic traces directly back to Chatolais.

Feminists will not like the treatment of Madame Necker de Saussure as a second-rate Rousseau, but they will have the comfort of learning that her womanly good sense made her a valuable corrective. Much could be said on this point did space permit. The book has some most useful appendices, a bibliography and an index.

JOHN ADAMS.

PLAYING FIELDS.*

It would not be easy, in fact it would be rather silly, to prophesy definitely that Mr. Eric Parker's story of school life is destined to replace an earlier classic which has known no dangerous competitor for three generations. But good book as "Tom Brown" was, "Playing Fields" strikes me as a better. Of not a few stories that one remembers, sober or frivolous after their kind, has "Florent Etona" stood for motto or refrain, and has still left most of us a little cold. Either the books were bad, or we were suffering from an inverted snobbishness. But "Playing Fields" is a different pair of shoes. Old Etonians of any and every shade of temperament it cannot fail to enrapture, people who merely went to ordinary schools or perhaps to no schools at all but have yet contrived somehow to learn the difference between good literature and bad will be, if not enraptured, at least generously enthusiastic. Martin Wardon and his friends are not super-boys, Stalkys,

* "Playing Fields." By Eric Parker. 10s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)



Entrance to School Yard.

From "Playing Fields" (Philip Allan).

McTurks, or Beetles. Just boys. Martin especially is a charming youth, and Mr. Parker writes charmingly of the things that mattered to him, the striped perch and the crawling caddis in the river, the jackdaws' nests in the chestnuts, and peacock butterflies on dry leaves in the sun, the ecstasies, the dolours and the thrills of hard games hard played, and the winning and losing of prize poems and scholarship exams, of friendship, of Martin's sister, and his father, and his mother. Eight delightful drawings, in which picturesque corners in and about the school have afforded scope for Mr. J. D. M. Harvey's delicate talent with the pencil, add to the attractiveness of a first-rate book.

FOGAZZARO.*

No Italian author of modern times achieved anything like Antonio Fogazzaro's popularity in this country during the last decade of his actual life, and the explanation would appear to lie in the appeal of all his work to our essential English seriousness. Fogazzaro held and, as his correspondence shows, was never tired of labouring the point, that the moral value of an artist's work transcends its aesthetic value, or in any event if that could not be held true in all cases it was decidedly true in his own, and that he himself chose and intended to be so judged as a writer. It was an attitude that brought sneers from some of his contemporaries. If Fogazzaro needed any vindication from such a charge as that of insincerity, it is amply forthcoming in the masterly work of Signor Gallarati-Scotti, here ably translated by Miss Agnetti, and which, barring the unfortunate omission of an index, is all that such a biography should be. Parts of the memoir of the greatest value and interest derive their importance from the fact that Signor Scotti, alone among Fogazzaro's

* "The Life of Antonio Fogazzaro." By Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

circle, had access to correspondence in which his subject continued to lay bare his most sacred feelings and emotions throughout the most significant crises of his life, though here we would say at once that, in utilising the "Elena" letters, Fogazzaro's biographer has nowhere abused the confidence so unreservedly and generously placed in him. The note throughout of this pious monument to friendship is the note of conflict, the almost ceaseless strife of the spirit and the flesh. But there were lulls in the storm, and it was in perhaps the serenest of all these, when Fogazzaro felt himself to have attained, if only temporarily, a condition of perfect poise, that he accomplished what innumerable Anglo-Saxon admirers must regard as his best work, "The Patriot."

Fogazzaro died full of years and honours, famous in three continents, but his early struggles were bitter enough. His family was of humble though respectable origin. "The Fogazzaros of old were mountaineers, and the love of the hills is in my blood," he was proud to write of himself. Though he married at twenty-four, it was not till two years later that he found himself "a full-fledged barrister, which is a blessing for my future clients." But it was not with clients that he concerned himself, or efforts to secure them, rather with the subject of "religious poetry in Italy, beginning with the earliest development of the poetic sentiment in Christianity." Much to the alarm of his seniors he insisted on trying his own hand at "religious poetry." The result was "Miranda." His father read the MS. and thought well enough of it to forgive its author's refusal to take law seriously. Whether this change of heart found tangible expression is doubtful. Writing long afterwards, Fogazzaro declared his belief that few young men of his age had so little money in their pockets as he. But he "never complained nor owed a penny." Before he married his allowance was 20 lire a month. After marriage and fatherhood, this became 500 lire per annum, out of which he clothed himself. He prided himself on never having touched his wife's fortune. One gathers that independence only came with the publication and immediate success of his first novel, "Malombra." He was thirty-nine by then, no early maturity for one of his race. Too old to retrace his steps, had Fate condemned him then he might well have known himself a failure. It may surprise English readers to learn that he was accused of imitating Dickens. His love of and familiarity with the best English writers are remarked by his biographer, who reports that when the news of his adored son's death was brought to him his first words were "Not dead, but gone before."

A. G.

SOLILOQUY.*

There is an old shibboleth that women novelists are never able to delineate men, and that men writers are incapable of picturing women. I think the prejudice is unfounded, as regards our own immediate day. If Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith had elected to write under the pseudonym of a man, how few critics would have pierced the armour of the author of "Sussex Gorse." Mr. Stephen McKenna's "Soliloquy" would similarly, if he had chosen a feminine *nom de guerre*, have escaped general challenge. It is quite the best thing that McKenna has done, immeasurably superior to his previous rather crude "The Confessions of a Well Meaning Woman," in which the lady concerned smiled and smiled and was a villain.

In "Soliloquy" Marion Shelley, who, on her death-bed, tells her own story in letters to her youngest sister, Ada, is a woman of some heart and audacious courage. Her predecessor in print was merely an old back-biter, swollen with snobbery.

The exposition of Marion from the days of her youth to the days of her ignominious vanity is an extraordinarily capable and convincing piece of psychology. "The confessions" suggest a discreet blend of H. G. Wells and Violet Hunt. The book is to some extent political. That is to

* "Soliloquy." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

say it touches politics from the social side—from that of a clever woman who entertains Under-Secretaries, not unawares. In this connection, Marion Shelley muses:

"I have always thought that Mrs. Humphry Ward's political novels are beneath contempt, but 'Marcella' and her successors, if they were nothing else, were powerful to the extent of seducing the minds of otherwise quite harmless girls. In that generation, if you followed the Parliamentary debates, or did a little slumming or read a few pamphlets and biographies or met a minister at luncheon, you saw yourself as a political hostess."

Marion had a more complete training. The most beautiful and accomplished of the daughters of a famous Oxford professor, she had gradually to learn the lesson that men distrusted too much cleverness in a woman. Marion was afflicted by a mother who so paraded all her daughters that possible suitors were frightened off. The one man in Marion's heart was Spencer Woodrow, who had not the courage to marry her when she offered to share his poverty. The pictures of life at Oxford are illuminating. The town of Polehampton, with its raw barracks of a university, is done faithful justice by.

In her period of early disillusion, Marion, having failed to capture what is called a "rising politician," George Creal, the heir to a barony, marries, after most acute consideration, Martin Shelley, a drunken man of letters.

She rouses him for a little out of his hoggishness, and immeasurably increases his reputation as a journalist and playwright. Handicapped by such a man she begins her conquest of London, and becomes a great society hostess. It sounds improbable, but Mr. McKenna tells you exactly how it is done.

Spencer Woodrow has been unhappy in his marriage, and dies early in life, leaving a boy who resembles him so completely that Marion, who is still a beautiful and youthful looking woman, falls in love with him after some years of fairy-godmotherdom. Spencer the second, however, falls even more violently in love with a little moon-maiden, and Marion's jealousy is bitterly aroused. The situation is rather an unpleasant one, but McKenna treats it dexterously. The supreme value of this book of a bitter woman is in its faithful atmosphere of latter Victorian and Edwardian times.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

COMMON-SENSE THEOLOGY.*

Although very young, Mr. Joad has already won some reputation as a philosopher. That reputation will be increased by the larger volume now before us. His book will not satisfy those who hold by the older and more restricted interpretation of the word "theology." "Although the title of this book is 'Common-Sense Theology,'" he says, "it is not about God." Indeed, if Mr. Joad were not endowed with unfailing good humour he would, we feel, be a little impatient with those who believe in the God of orthodox religion. Man, he asserts, creates God in his own image, "because the existence of an all-powerful and all-kindly Being, working and watching in their interests, flatters their conceit and invests their existence with purpose and significance." The author will have nothing to do with such a God—because he can find no evidence for His existence. He can, however, find evidence of the existence of a Life Force, a belief in which "panders to no innate longing and satisfies no deep-seated need." Why should one hold this belief?

"I am afraid," says Mr. Joad, "that the only argument I can adduce in its favour is that it appears to square with the evidence. To judge from the history of speculation, this has usually been found an unconvincing reason for entertaining a belief; but I can offer nothing better, and those who prefer beliefs which are dictated by considerations of comfort and cheerfulness to those which are merely true, will find the Life Force as a form of mental diet arid and unsubstantial enough."

Mr. Joad admits that "our old friend the Life Force" has become so familiar as to pass into a jest. But he maintains that a doctrine need not be untrue because it

* "Common-Sense Theology." By C. E. M. Joad. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

is familiar. And in fact he gives something of a new interpretation to it:

"That there is an immanent principle of life which expresses itself in all the thrustings and pulsings of the world of sense, of thought, and of matter, has been a commonplace since Schopenhauer. But the attempt to saddle the immanent principle with the responsibility for some part of reality only, leaving the whole realm of matter outside its scope, has been made less frequently."

Mr. Joad, in a word, is a dualist; and, using the dialogue form and drawing many happy illustrations of his theory from the realms of education, art, literature and metaphysics, he sets forth his faith in a Life Force whose struggle against matter seems to explain the facts of existence as we know them. His conclusions may not satisfy every reader; but he brings so much humanity, vitality, and irresistible good-humour to his task that he has succeeded in writing a long philosophical work that is more readable than many novels.

GILBERT THOMAS.

ARTHUR MEE'S GOLDEN YEAR.*

"This is no guide-book. It is a picture of things that a busy man has seen, when he has found the courage and the time to say good-bye to Little Treasure Island, and to run over the hills and far away. It is a notebook of three hundred and fifty wander-days about the world, and what a traveller saw in them . . . the memory of a Golden Year." This from the preface to another fascinating Mee volume, which lucky girls and boys will place happily on



Mr. Arthur Mee
In his garden at Eynsford
Hill, Kent.

Mr. Mee is issuing, in fortnightly parts, a revised and largely rewritten and re-illustrated edition of his enormously successful "Children's Encyclopædia."

the shelf beside their beloved Hero Book. We would sincerely congratulate Mr. Mee, first of all, on the way in which he contrives his illustrations. Other books of the kind have pictures, but they are, in comparison, hackneyed and dull. Real freshness and originality are here. Let us quote one or two titles, and this will be apparent: "Giotto immortalises Saint Francis on the walls of Assisi,"

* "Arthur Mee's Golden Year: Over the Hills and Far Away." By the Editor of "The Children's Encyclopædia." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The City sealed up by a storm of fire—Pompeii as it lay hidden from sight for eighteen centuries," "The Sweet Simplicity of a Pasture in the Alps," "Calm and unafraid—Pliny goes to his bath," "The quaint boats we see in the waters of Norway," "Rameses goes for a ride" . . . Far and wide has the author travelled, and as he looked at the wondrous cities and plains, his mind seems never to have been forgetful of that great public of small people at home, who waited to hear what he had to tell them. Mr. Mee will have to go further and see more before his task is over. Other folk may write of places over the sea but their pens have not the earnest magic that drips from Mr. Mee's pen. Old legends and bright visions of the future are twined in these records of things seen. "I believe in the possibility of almost everything. . . . I believe that the poor will be rich, and that life will be beautiful for all. I believe disease will disappear. I believe that we shall see and speak to people anywhere. I believe we shall control the weather." We are confident that this brave and comely book will be a delight to the children, and a tonic for Christmas-worn fathers and mothers who feel they will never be able to afford to travel again. C. M.

THE BEST OF THREE.*

Wendell Holmes used to say that every man who had lived a full life and lived long enough could write one good book about himself if he tried. But Mr. Burgin has knocked that record all to pieces. He wrote his one, and it was good; but he remembered some more and wrote another, which surpassed the first; then he turned over his memories again and has written a third, which eclipses the other two. Every way in every book he has grown better and better, yet he announces that this third is the concluding volume of his recollections. In the circumstances, there seems no reason why it should be, but if it is, we can, anyhow, congratulate him on having come to a good end. One thing, I think, that makes this book more interesting than the other two is that here Mr. Burgin attempts to become more personal; instead of leaving himself quite in the background and telling of his friends, famous or infamous (in the innocent meaning of the word), he brings himself—at all events at intervals—more prominently before the footlights and goes, to some extent, through the story of his own career. The truth is that nearly everything he tells you of himself reminds him of a tale about something or somebody else, so that at times you can scarcely see his own story for the anecdotes it reminds him of. But he takes up the thread and goes on again, and, one way and another, you do get some of his autobiography unrolled at last and are delightfully entertained in the process.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that in which Mr. Burgin relates his experiences on the *Idler* with Jerome (his editor) and Robert Barr, Barry Pain, Eden Phillpotts, Conan Doyle, Zangwill and Sims, who were numbered among its contributors. Not less interesting is the chapter on "A Dead Friend," from whose breezy, discursive and often charming letters he quotes freely. But wherever you turn, in all his moods, serious or humorous, thoughtful or flippant, Mr. Burgin keeps you fully and variously entertained. He has written the most shapeless and informal autobiography that was ever published. He still contrives to tell you more about all sorts of other people than about himself; just as you think you are really getting hold of him and going to be taken into his confidence you find he has evaded you and you have got hold of somebody he used to know, who has dodged in betwixt him and you and temporarily cut him out. Which makes you feel rather as if you were playing blind-man's buff and didn't know whom you would catch next, but adds not a little to the life and movement and attractiveness of the whole thing. If these "Many Memories" really do not make up the autobiography Mr. Burgin seems to promise in his Prologue, they make a delectable

* "Many Memories." By G. B. Burgin. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

book of genial gossip about literary persons and literary affairs with enough autobiography for them all to float in, and whatever else you may decide to call it you can never call it dull.

R. P.

THE BOOK OF AN IMPATIENT JOB.*

The easiest thing to say of Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel is that it is the book of an impatient Job. Its aim is to exhibit an Archdeacon in the process of slow and grinding tribulation, and if Mr. Walpole is more pitiless than Jehovah, he is justified by the impenitent self-sufficiency of his victim. But the easiest judgment is not the whole verdict. Mr. Walpole has called his novel "The Cathedral" with definite intention. In it he is asserting that there are greater forces in play than the cold, unappeasable pride of Archdeacon Brandon and the sleek Machiavellianism of Canon Ronder, who manipulates the personal tragedy of the former and the book. His real villain is the Cathedral of Polchester, that immense, brooding and sardonic structure which, impregnated by centuries of worship with a life of its own, "has become a god demanding rites and worshippers," and a jealous and cruel god at that. Ominous and implacable the Cathedral masses behind the human story. It is the Cathedral itself, affronted by Brandon's self-importance, that determines to crush him, as the drunken artist Davray (himself a victim to its austere and monstrous beauty) declares. It is against the power and domination of the Cathedral that Falk Brandon rebels, and goes off in scandal with the fine-fibred daughter of Polchester's wickedest son. It is the stony and dehumanised lovelessness of life in the shadow of the Cathedral that drives the insubstantial and pitiable Mrs. Brandon first to hatred of her husband, then to revolt and flight with a clergyman. The power of the Cathedral is the black and icy power of a carven joss, and its natural ritual is the furtive and spiteful intrigue which ultimately brings Brandon to madness and ruin.

Here is Mr. Walpole's intention, but one feels that actually the Cathedral is a monster too rigid and cold for a gift so human as his. That is, one accepts his idea without quite feeling it with that sense of active power in cruelty and hate which he meant it to inflict. And the reason for this, one feels, is that from the moment Mr. Walpole became absorbed in his human characters and their human stories he found them greater than any building of stone, and so forgot his Cathedral altogether for long periods.

He fingers in his *motif* throughout the book, but the real force of it is the human story, and for a writer who deals so finely, surely and warmly with humanity as Mr. Walpole undoubtedly does the story alone is the main delight. One becomes more and more convinced that Mr. Walpole is taking his place among those writers who inhabit what may be called an extra-novelist plane. These writers are outside and, one rather thinks, above the usual literary considerations, tendencies, fashions, schools and even the critical attack of their time. Their attributes may differ, they may even be less brilliant or sound than their contemporaries, but all of them from Geoffrey of Monmouth to Seton Merriman, Rudyard Kipling and beyond, have a quality that gives them the immense human franchise which is the wonder and often the despair of other writers. That quality—the most discussed thing in the world—fines down to the fact that they are great, natural story-tellers.

The feeling that Mr. Walpole is a great natural story-teller grows. "The Cathedral" as sheer story, as a thing to absorb, stimulate, please, pique and carry one irresistibly forward, is a delight. The characters, put in firmly as though with a graving tool, are unmistakable, intimate and romantic from the first; and they march with an inevitable stride along the natural and exciting

* "The Cathedral." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

road of their destiny. Each dramatic scene flows into the next. There is about the end of every chapter the tingle of a serial. One finds that atmosphere in all great story-tellers—in Seton Merriman for example, whose chapters ended on an absolute command to go on to the next. Mr. Walpole is as imperative. And things happen. Falk's love affair with Annie Hogg, the scandal of it, and the break it causes with the father have as much force and thrill as any violent melodrama, only the power is suaver. The intrigue between the faded wife and the faded clergyman visibly and dramatically undermines the power of the Archdeacon husband. The plotting of the intelligent and moon-glassed monster Ronder with the gaitered bravos of the Chapter is, in its more real and naturalistic style, as full of sensation as any conspiracy of Mr. Oppenheim's international crooks. The story is the thing first and last with Mr. Walpole; the clash of human interests, the fury of Brandon at bay, the pull of different temperaments, the passion of life, hatred and courage, all these things are only materials by which he builds up through a series of intense and dynamic pictures his story of proud Job at bay.

And it is done in the master manner; the characters are real, the impulses are natural, the crises grow inevitably out of characters and events—are not artificial, not manufactured to produce the climax. One can say of this book, "These things have happened, and would happen." One can discuss his characters, even argue about them—and that is a sure test of great popularity—but one argues about them as one argues about real people. That is, though some might say that "Falk wouldn't love a girl like that," or, "An Archdeacon's wife would not go off like Mrs. Brandon," there are others who will insist that Falk would, Mrs. Brandon would. That is human life. One argues about realities, not artificialities.

And there should be some arguments around "The Cathedral." There should be some blows, for instance, about the religious atmosphere of the Precincts. To an outsider it is remarkable. The one outstanding factor about these leaders of religion is that they have no religion whatsoever. There never was a more appalling collection of godless priests. It is perfectly obvious that not one of them has the faintest sense of spirituality. They are instinctive materialists to a man. Here, one would say, is the explanation why the Church has no significance in national life. There are those who will argue that this is what Mr. Walpole is out to prove, and that it is what he *does* most powerfully prove. But there will undoubtedly be others who will insist that Mr. Walpole has drawn his priests like this because, penetrating as he is in other ways, he cannot appreciate and therefore cannot understand or depict the spiritual life. They will point out that even Mr. Walpole's "good" priests seem absolutely to have no sense of religion or of the love of God, and that the best of them, the Bishop, whom Mr. Walpole calls a saint, is so lacking in these spiritual qualities that when Brandon goes to him for help and consolation, he is an utter failure. They will also, no doubt, point out that while the "modernists" declare that they aim to do away with dogma in their hope of revitalising faith, there are no indications of any sort of dogma at all in the book (save that of self-aggrandisement), and that, in fact, a little more dogma introduced into the Precincts might have had an excellent, bracing and stabilising effect on minds so "free in religion" that they naturally turned to material things.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE.*

When we were in our early teens, bald-headed old gentlemen told us that the best and happiest days of our life are spent at school. Did we believe them then? No, but we do so now.

* "Public School Life." By Alec Waugh. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The average Englishman looks back on his school days with regret and sees through the avenue of years his old school in a mist surrounded by a luminous halo. All evil and all dullness are forgotten. Thus we are led to believe that all is well in the world of school. This love of Alma Mater is one of the best characteristics of the Englishman; it was much in evidence during the late war.

But Mr. Waugh is unaffected by this glamour of distance; it is not so very long ago since he was at school, and no one will deny his qualification to criticise the public schools, but even he has his limitations, in the fact that he has only an intimate knowledge of one school. It is impossible for one man to have more, except in very exceptional cases. And all schools differ in many ways; each has its own traditions, its own moral tone and its own attitude towards athleticism and the playing of games. "Farnhurst" may differ in detail from Winchester, Bradfield or Repton. Yet many of the evils discussed by the author of "The Loom of Youth" in this book are common to all schools in one degree or another, and no one can deny that the whole system of public school education is in urgent need of reform.

Undoubtedly there is much truth in what Mr. Waugh has to say in the book under review. He traces the life of an average schoolboy from his first days at a preparatory school to his last term at his public school. According to Mr. Waugh he learns much more at the former than at the latter and is also well grounded in manners and *esprit de corps* at the preparatory school. Incidentally the author deals frankly with such important subjects as Athleticism, the True Ethics of Cribbing, Morality and Romantic Friendships and other phases of public school life. He contends that the above-named are the main objects of criticism in the present system. The cult of athleticism because it realises a false scale of value; in the eyes of a schoolboy the playing of games is the all-important thing in life. This is wrong and handicaps him after he has left school. Cribbing may not always be dishonest, it is merely done out of laziness. "No one ever cribbed to gain marks." If a boy should do so he is distinctly anti-social and his conduct would meet with the disapproval of his friends. Mr. Waugh also contends that if the moral tone of a public school is to be changed we must either attempt an alternative system, or we must modify the existing system. After discussing the alternatives—co-education and the substitution of day schools for boarding schools, Mr. Waugh decides in favour of the modification of the present system, and his own remedy for these evils is that boys should leave school at the age of seventeen instead of nineteen, as at present is the case.

Mr. Waugh believes that the change should take place without appreciably altering the principle of public school education. What is needed is co-operation between boys, parents and masters. He emphasises this fact:

"For nothing can be done until the conspiracy of silence, the policy of self-deception, the diplomacy of the merchant and his goods is broken down, till, that is to say, parents and schoolmasters meet on the common ground of co-operation, till they can look each other in the face and say, 'Things are so and it is for us to remedy.'"

This book is most interesting and sincere and we believe that it will meet with the approval of all those who are concerned in the future of the public schools; though it is sure to arouse great controversy and may shock many schoolmasters of the older generation.

For ourselves we believe that the public schools will continue to mould the character of the nation, in spite of the materialistic age in which we live, for many years to come. But they will never come into line with the trend of present-day events until their teaching has become more practical, and if they are to take their rightful place in modern democracy the cult of athleticism must be considerably modified.

EDWARD DACRE LACY.



Photo by Langier

Mrs. Margaret Pedler.

THE VISION OF DESIRE.*

In a day when so many novelists, given over to more or less pretentious studies in what passes for psychology, have no more story to tell than had the Needy Knifegrinder, the popularity of Mrs. Margaret Pedler is not at all surprising. For she always has a story to tell, and brings imagination, a sense of character, and a feeling for romance to the telling of it. Since the appearance of "The Hermit of Far End" she has been one of the most widely-read novelists of the day, here and in America, and in none of her stories has she woven a plot at once so simple and ingenious, or stronger in dramatic and emotional interest than she unfolds in "The Vision of Desire."

It is the story of a girl who has endured so much of poverty that she cannot bring herself to marry, though she loves him, a man who is poor. She owns her love for him, but tells him she dreads the thought of sharing even with him the poverty-haunted life that she has known too well already, and she gives herself to a wealthy lover, but knows no happiness. By the irony of circumstances, the first man inherits a fortune soon after her marriage, but he is disappointed, soured, disillusioned, a misanthrope whose faith in the goodness and honesty of women has been destroyed. Presently he meets with Ann Lovell, and after suspecting and distrusting her unconventional frankness and charm, comes to understand and to love her at last in spite of himself. There had been a little incident in Ann's past, harmless and innocent enough in reality, but capable of sinister construction. His rival for her love, in casual talk, cunningly reveals this to him, in such subtle manner as to give it its worst significance. All the doubt and cynicism his past experience had implanted in him revive; he believes the worst against her and that she has been cunningly deceiving him, and for a while there is estrangement, and all seems at an end between them. But by chance he stumbles upon the truth; his eyes are opened, he returns penitent and is forgiven. Then comes a greater test of his faith in her; or it would have come, but the woman who first wronged him has by now become the friend of Ann, and risks her own reputation to save her from a compromising experience that might have shattered again the happiness of the man whose life her own perfidy had darkened in the years that were gone. This is the mere sketchiest outline of an intensely

* "The Vision of Desire." By Margaret Pedler. 7s. 6d (Hodder & Stoughton.)

interesting story that is full of varied incident and character. Cara Hilyard's courageous offering up of herself to save Ann and avert disaster from the man she had wronged and still loved is admirably developed and almost as poignant as the sacrifice of Sidney Carton for the sake of the woman he loved who did not love him.

R. G.

"UPLIFT" IN ART.*

The practice of analysing the why and wherefore of æsthetic pleasure is almost as repugnant to some of us as would be the holding of an autopsy on the mortal remains of the person most dear to us in the world, as abhorrent as botanising on a mother's grave. On page 93 of "The New Art, a Study of the Principles of non-representational Art and their application in the work of Lawrence Atkinson," Mr. Horace Shipp is apparently in agreement. Certainly the manner in which he expresses his concurrence is not our way, for he affects that dreadful "uplift" which spreads like a miasma over the popular organs on the other side of the Atlantic. But in the welter of words he seems to be driving at the same thing. This is what he says and how he says it:

"The success of the appeal of an art of this kind"—he is referring to Mr. Lawrence Atkinson's abstract work in stone, marble and wood—"depends somewhat on the preparedness of others to achieve a similar receptivity and a like unsophistication. If we approach it with our theories of art, with minds stocked with intellectual cross-references in æsthetics, its appeal is more likely to be potent than is that of simple faith to the professors of dialectics and theology. That is not to say its appeal cannot be analysed, but analysis and intellectualism do not constitute the atmosphere in which its power operates."

We agree so far as we can understand the long words and turgid sentences. Why, then, does Mr. Shipp waste pen, ink and quite nice paper on a treatise which is so compact of analysis and "intellectualism" that the very atmosphere in which, according to him, this unsophistication may operate is for ever destroyed?

Let me say, parenthetically, that one or two of the plates of Mr. Atkinson's productions, for example those entitled "Memorial" and "Aloof," have some impressiveness until we have read Mr. Shipp. Then such glory as there is fades, as does that of a joke requiring explanation. But apart from these examples, I find little that commends itself in Mr. Atkinson's work as here presented. "Sculpture Alabaster" appears to be just an amorphous block of fine-grained gypsum with meaningless lines scratched upon its surface, "Marchers," a poor parody of one of Mr. Nevinson's war pictures, "Vital," "Dance Movement" and the like sheer impertinences; whilst in the "Study of a Figure in relation to its Environment," I discover no Figure, no Environment and no evidence of Study.

But I am not so much concerned here with the artist as with his herald. Indeed, there is no indication, save the artist's portrait as frontispiece and the illustrated plates, that Mr. Atkinson is privy to Mr. Shipp's exploitation. If he has any particle of humour I would hope not. Occasionally Mr. Shipp happens upon a truth or, rather, a truism. But the exasperating thing is that he treats what we have all discovered for ourselves long, long ago as a new and wonderful revelation. Take an example at random, "Art is a language. It has a function to perform of conveying beauty or truth from the sensitive mind of the artist to the less sensitive mind of his fellow creatures." That is correct, only it is a function not confined to the artist. It is equally applicable to the writer and reader of this present humble review, which does not pretend to be art. But read what follows: "The problem which confronts the artist is the conveyance of his own vision without degrading it so that his fellows shall be lifted up"

* "The New Art: A Study of the Principles of Non-Representational Art and Their Application in the work of Lawrence Atkinson." By Horace Shipp. With 24 full page plates. 15s. (Cecil Palmer.)

—ah! yes, I knew that that blessed word must be in Mr. Shipp's vocabulary—"to the point of contact with the universe which has inspired him, shall see as he has seen, hear as he has heard, vibrate with his thrill, and receive through his work a like power of understanding." Prodigious, isn't it? And so on and so on through a hundred and fifteen Pecksniffian pages. Does not Mr. Shipp know that the pure artist has no more to do with ethical exaltation than the scavenger has to do with the chemical properties of his road scrapings? Does he not know that that was where G. F. Watts failed as artist, Charles Reade as novelist, Christina Rossetti as poet? Admitted that to be good is the greatest adventure in the world, but goodness has of itself never produced great art, and never will. Art's fundamental appeal is to the senses. It has been pressed into the service of religion as have incense, music, dancing and other pagan things, but it is nonsense to say that it is primarily and essentially an aid to the true religion of love and virtue. It may make some people "feel good," but it has never made anyone love his fellow better than himself. This book, with its melange of "uplift" and æsthetics, is a terrible example of confused thinking. To claim as it does as the ultimate function of paint and marble the non-representational potentialities of music is as convincing as to claim that the ultimate sublimity of music is to be found in the representational possibilities of a Toy Symphony orchestra. Many years ago Paul Mallarmé wrote a string of meaningless words in the form of a poem, which when recited in the mellifluous tones of M. Robert de la Sizeranne, the eminent critic of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, suggested the sighing of the wind in forest trees, but neither he nor his reciter claimed that such an experiment proved anything more than that occasionally verse might succeed in mimicking the function of music. I would therefore earnestly beg Mr. Shipp to waste no more ink in sophistries and special pleading, but to confine himself in the lectures on modern art, which I gather he is in the habit of delivering, to such things as will make for sanity in a world that is badly in need of secure mental footholds.

G. S. LAYARD.

LADY TOWNLEY'S "INDISCRETIONS."*

A list of the countries in which Lady Susan Townley, as the wife of Sir Walter Townley, K.C.M.G., has travelled and lived makes the reader think that a diplomatist's career must be most enviable. Lisbon, Berlin, Rome, Peking, Constantinople, Washington, Buenos Aires, Bukarest, Teheran, The Hague—these were the centres, in order of time; and our sympathy goes out to the author of this charming record that her so-called "indiscretions," in the view of the Foreign Office, should have "made it impossible" to advance her talented husband further in the Diplomatic Service. The reader will feel that something underhand must have occurred, though what that something was may never come to light. No personal explanation or investigation has yet been permitted, in spite of Sir Walter's requests, and he felt that no step but his resignation was adequate. Mr. Balfour, then Foreign Secretary, although accepting the resignation, begged him to remain at his post until Peace should be signed. And, says Lady Susan, "on July 1st, 1919, my husband made his bow to the public, retiring from the stage of Foreign Affairs after playing his difficult part thereon for thirty-four years." She concludes, rather sadly: "We are now living in the country and breeding large black pigs, which, if not quite so interesting, is at least more remunerative and less exacting than Diplomacy."

"After twenty-five years devoted to playing my humble part in my husband's life-work for his country, to be branded as 'indiscreet' is no light matter, nor was it pleasant to be used as the whip to lash him out of the Service." With these words we must leave the more grave aspect of Lady Susan Townley's book, and consider it as a record of her varied experiences in many lands.

* "Indiscretions of Lady Susan." By Lady Susan Townley. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

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As Lady Susan Mary Keppel, daughter of the seventh Earl of Albemarle, she has many interesting reminiscences to tell of her family. Her grandfather was present at the Battle of Waterloo, having a very narrow escape of being killed by a flying fragment of shell; he remembered seeing Queen Victoria as a child of seven, and attended her as groom-in-waiting at the opening of her first Parliament in 1838, at her coronation, and at her marriage. Her first chapter is occupied with these echoes of history; then, with her marriage to the Second Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, who was to maintain honourably the name of England wherever he was sent, begins her record of travel. Lisbon, in 1898, was her first foreign home, when King Carlos and Queen Amelie were ruling; next year came Berlin, and we have some vivid pictures of the ex-Kaiser. "Frequently he expressed a half-despairing admiration for the British Navy. 'Ah, never can my Navy equal yours,' he would sigh, 'for you can man your ships with sea-born crews, whereas mine come from the interior of Germany—my sailors are made, not born, and that means so much, all other things being equal!'" The outbreak of the Boer War brought embarrassments for the British, and there is an amusing epigram on the ex-Kaiser in this connection—by a German: "The Kaiser is still the same. He insists on being the infant at the christening, the bridegroom at the marriage, and the corpse at the funeral." To his personal charm the author pays tribute.

From Berlin to Rome, from Rome to Peking, from Peking to Constantinople, and then to America, where her husband was appointed Councillor of the Embassy at Washington, Lady Susan's pages run racy, and some of her most entertaining comments are caused by American social manners and the methods of the Press; of the "yellow" journals and their ways she has several scathing things to say. About her family connections the reporters became hopelessly mixed:

"They found out their mistake in time, however, and got on the right track at last when they discovered in Lady Susan 'the real daughter of a *bona fide* Earl who goes to parties duly tagged and labelled as such.' Not only was I 'the daughter of the late belted Earl of Albemarle,' but incidentally I was also 'the sister of the present holder of the belt.'"

Soon after their arrival in America the Foreign Office ordered an official inspection to be made of all the British Consulates in that country, and this duty meant enough travelling to satisfy anybody. Lady Susan used her eyes and her notebook well, and the chapter on these impressions of various places is one of the best in her book. Her excellent "score" off a too-pertinacious reporter is very funny; but in the end the Press scored back—rather nastily—by printing absurd scandals about her, some of which were even quoted in *The Times* and caused her considerable distress.

It would be pleasant to follow Lady Susan Townley through her other journeyings—her tour in the Holy Land, her account of Buenos Aires, her visit to Belgium and the war areas; but we must refer readers to the book itself for these. It is one of the notable volumes of its kind, partly because of its unfailing vivacity, partly because it throws, towards the end, some light upon the narrow ways of diplomacy and the ease with which the most innocent actions may be misunderstood. The illustrations are well reproduced, and add to the pleasure of reading a personal narrative so well conceived and carried through.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

AN ORGY OF CRIME.*

After indulging in an orgy of crime—by proxy—one feels rather exhausted, especially when one of the crime-books is of the order of Mr. Wm. Le Queux's "Tracked by Wireless." The publishers send out with it a neat type-written document giving a number of thrilling facts about

* "Out of the Darkness." By Charles J. Dutton. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head).—"The Crimson Circle." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"The Eight Strokes of the Clock." By Maurice Leblanc. 7s. 6d. (Cassell).—"Tracked by Wireless." By William Le Queux. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

the author, who is stated to be "one of the best-known wireless-experimenters, and a fully qualified wireless engineer." Whether he has wires concealed within him or not, I have hitherto regarded him (with pleasure) in his capacity as a prolific novelist, and his scientific achievements leave me cold when they lead him to produce a book which makes some incidents the vehicle for a good deal of technical talk.

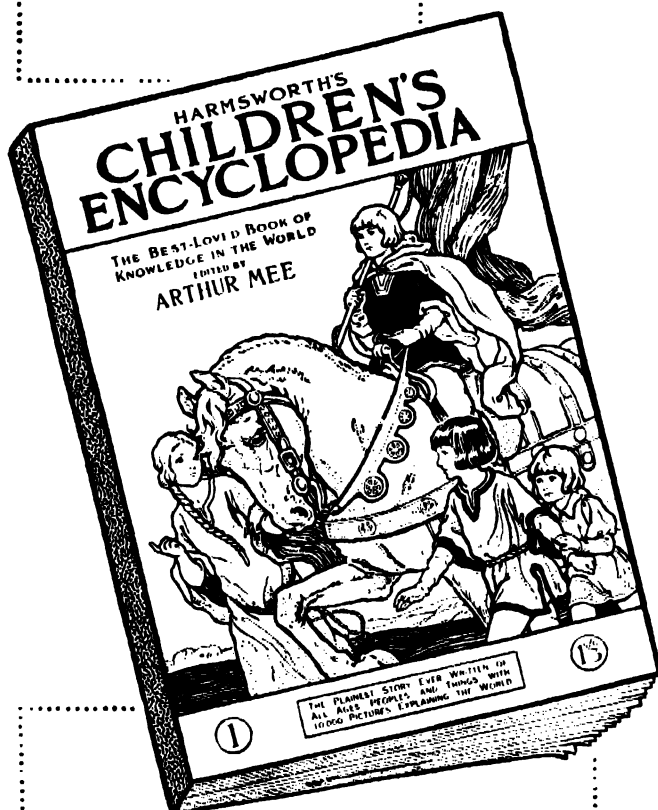
Turning to M. Maurice Leblanc's new book, "The Eight Strokes of the Clock," I was again disappointed. It has something of that *verve* which made the creator of "Arsène Lupin" so widely popular, but somehow it does not carry the same sustained interest. I felt myself perilously near a yawn at times. There is a certain prince who achieves surprising things by a mysterious intuition, and he has as his Greek chorus and Dr. Watson a beautiful young woman who eats out of his hand and says all those things which are necessary to allow him to produce sparkling replies; at least, they are evidently intended for such. But, frankly, it is not Leblanc at his best.

Come we to "The Crimson Circle," in which Mr. Edgar Wallace, with characteristic energy, rushes us at once into one of those muddling mysteries in which his soul delights—muddling to the reader, I mean, for Mr. Wallace has the end of the thread in his left hand all the time he is scribbling away with his right. (I hope he does not use a typewriter; it would spoil my nice illustration.) Mr. Wallace does not believe in gently puzzling his readers; he likes to "hit them a kick," as the Irishman said, and then another kick, and then punch them in the stomach with a totally unexpected ending. I like that. If I am going to be assaulted, I like to succumb to a hurricane of straight lefts and rights, not a miserable little scientific tap on the point of the jaw at exactly the deadly angle. Thalia Drummond cheered me immensely; she says things of the kind a clever, but not impossible girl would say. Her repartee is not always delicate—if ever—but it is tremendously to the point. I am never quite sure whether Mr. Wallace was a criminal or a detective in a previous existence, but whichever he was I am sure he was a hugely jolly one. The story is really thrilling, and the secret is not easily guessed; at any rate, it was too much for my innocent mind. As long as the author can go on turning out books of this kind he should lack neither publishers nor readers.

Mr. Charles J. Dutton, the author of "Out of the Darkness," is a stranger to me. Possibly I confess myself an ignoramus in the world of criminology by the admission, but let me hasten to add that I shall look forward to seeing another book of his. "Out of the Darkness" comes nearer to the thoughtful style of the Gaboriau novels than any I have seen for some time. I do not say that it reaches so high a level, but there is a careful attention to detail, and there are certain small delicacies of touch that make it very pleasant reading. I do not forget what I have just said about the big blow; but Mr. Dutton gets in his big blows too, though in a different way. The scene is laid in America and concerns a murder, and the chief personage is a highly refined and educated investigator whose hobby is rare books. I liked him very much, save for one thing: the author *will* make him "grin" and "turn an amused look" on his friends at moments at which I am quite sure he would never have done such things. For Mr. Bartley was a nice man. Apart from that the story is excellent. It is related by a friend who is frankly a humble admirer of his chief, but who dares to have an opinion of his own, and does not invariably utter those irritating fatuities which some authors consider it necessary to place in the mouth of their Dr. Watson. Nor is Mr. Bartley always maddeningly superior. Altogether, I read with deep interest the account of the mysterious death of one Slyke, found in his bed with a revolver clasped in his hand. Bartley is already on the spot by a perfectly allowable coincidence, and he at once takes up the case. The local chief of police frightened me at first; I thought he was going to prove the conventional silly ass. But not so. Indeed, I caught myself sympathising with him once or

H.M. The Queen

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twice, and sneering privately at Bartley's statements, until the latter explained to the pair of us the observations and deductions which we ought to have made ourselves.

It is a fascinating business, this detection of crime. But it is a little hard on the criminal, don't you think? He is always found out.

F. D. G.

IRISH SECRET SOCIETIES.*

The task which Captain Pollard has set himself is by no means an easy one. The very essence of the so-called "secret" societies of Ireland lay in the care with which their records were preserved from prying eyes. The influence which they exercised over a superstitious peasantry was largely derived from the prevailing ignorance of their actual membership and actions. They were popularly credited with influencing events to a degree entirely beyond their powers, and thus by virtue of their very "secrecy" they obtained a hold upon the imagination of the people which no public organisation could have hoped to secure.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining definite historical data, Captain Pollard has written a most readable book, and one that will take its place as a source of future histories. Where he speculates, he does so in the light of information laboriously collected; where he quotes authorities, they may be relied upon as authentic. If the net result is not a collection of facts as accurate as those of a mathematician, it is at least a truthful picture of the Irish societies as seen through the eyes of the average Englishman.

The author, probably wisely, does not concern himself with the semi-legendary societies of the Middle Ages, which had their origin with Finn MacCool and his band of associates, the Fianna. His record begins with the Defenders of the seventeenth century, between whom and the Spanish *Garduña* he traces an affinity. From the Defenders he passes to the United Irishmen and so to the Fenians and the Irish Republican Brotherhood. The greater part of the book is devoted to the various developments of these latter during the last hundred years. In an extremely interesting chapter he gives a sketch of the international secret societies as they existed during the wave of unrest which passed over Europe in the middle of the last century, and demonstrates how the I.R.B. borrowed from the *Carbonari*:

"There is, as yet, no definite proof of direct affiliation between Carbonarism and any Irish society, but there are marked analogies, both in object and mechanism, and there is always the fact that any revolution in Europe has had an immediate echo in turbulent Ireland without the need of propaganda from the European source."

Of the capture of Sinn Fein by the I.R.B. Captain Pollard says:

"In 1906 the policy of Sinn Fein was adopted by the I.R.B. and the Clan-na-Gael. . . . But the leaders of the secret societies never lost faith in physical force and armed rebellion as the only possible solvent of the Irish problem. They knew Irish character better than did Arthur Griffith, and they knew that physical force is the only convincing argument that an Irishman really understands."

The present year has seen the end of the unholy alliance between Sinn Fein and the I.R.B., which are now represented by the Free State and Republican parties respectively. Captain Pollard chronicles the principal events of the intermediate period, and also the reactions produced by these events upon the American societies, notably the Clan-na-Gael. On the subject of the latter society he has collected some very interesting documents, of which the most arresting are the "Ritual" of the Society and a report of its annual Convention at Boston last year.

The final chapter of the book is entitled "The Psychology of Irish Crime." Admirable though it may be as an essay upon the subject with which it deals, one cannot help feeling that it is out of place in a work which is otherwise

* "The Secret Societies of Ireland, their Rise and Progress." By Captain H. B. C. Pollard. (Philip Allan.)

valuable from its impartiality. That the author himself to some extent shares this feeling is evident from almost the first sentence of the chapter:

"Ideas on the subject of the psychology of the Irish Gael must necessarily be purely individual theories and may quite conceivably reinforce the old-established truism that the English can never understand the Irish."

If this sentence be borne in mind, there is no reason why the chapter should detract from the value of a book which is undeniably one of the most important contributions to the record of Ireland in modern times.

A series of appendices contains certain documents bearing on the subject of the book, such as a reference to *An T'Oglac*, the organ of the Irish Republican Army, and a transcript of the "Laws, Rules and Regulations for the Government of the I.R.B." A carefully compiled index and copious notes referring to authorities quoted add greatly to the usefulness of the book.

C. J. C. STREET.

ELLE ET LUI.*

This is a wonderfully fascinating volume. It is both charming and searching; for, in the most cordial and delightful way, it discusses some of the deepest problems of art and life. The matter discussed, the method of discussion and the persons discussing might all have been chosen by a master of the philosophic dialogue, so apt is everything to the purpose; and yet, what we actually have is nothing ordered or arranged, but the written gossip of two old friends, novelists both—two old troubadours, as they call themselves—the one a cloistered bachelor growing elderly, the other a grandmother unquenchably interested in her own brood and in the brood of humanity generally.

"We are, I think," writes George Sand, "the two most different workers that exist; but since we like each other that way, it is all right." And the reader may be sure that it is quite all right. It seems a very delightful thing that two such strongly divergent literary characters should have grown to such a liking, more especially as the man was a difficult, intolerant and self-absorbed artist. Nay, his most famous novel might be called a counterblast to the George Sand theory of life. Emma Bovary is a George Sand character painted without pity or sentiment of any kind; for impersonality, logical, scientific impersonality in art, was the quality that Flaubert strove after unceasingly.

But Flaubert found George Sand delightful; and so will every reader of this volume. If all the books she wrote are forgotten, she will endure as a wonderful, fascinating creature, charming at all her ages. She is certainly the better man of the two in this volume. Gustave, the great big Norman, buried in his study and torturing his brain for the right word, is sensitive, moody, sulky, destructive, denunciatory, intolerant; George, writing placidly on, in the intervals of teaching her grandchildren, dressing dolls, nursing her son, botanising and taking daily plunges in the icy Indre (at sixty-eight, too!) is kind, forgiving, consolatory, restorative. Her vitality is amazing. She is interested in everything, because she likes most things. Flaubert hated most things—the bourgeois, the common people, the government, false artists, universal suffrage, Paris, crowds, and so forth. The clanking of the tug-boat chain in the river near his home infuriated him. Indeed, it might be said that his laborious art was a failure precisely because he gave to details the attention that was meant for the whole. But George Sand didn't mind the chain. Its oddity pleased her because it was a part of something:

"I love everything that makes up a *milieu*; the rolling of the carriages and the noise of the workmen in Paris, the cries of a thousand birds in the country, the movement of the ships on the waters. I love also absolute, profound silence, and in short, I love everything that is around me, no matter where I am."

I am reminded of a sentence of Bagehot's: "Any attempt to produce a likeness of what is not really *lived*

* "The George Sand—Gustave Flaubert Letters." Translated by Aimée L. McKenzie. With an Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. 21s. net. (Duckworth.)

by the person who is describing it, will end in the creation of what may be correct, but is not living—of what may be artistic, but is likewise artificial." Isn't that just what is the matter with Flaubert's creations? It is possible to admire the art with which he paints that frightful, appalling picture of the crucified lions in "Salammbô," but it is also possible to dislike the artistic nature that imagines such a horror and works with unimaginable labour to make its horror horrible.

Flaubert was a Nietzschean before Nietzsche. Like the bourgeois that he was, he had a fanatical belief in aristocracy. The few, the mandarins, the choice few—these are all that matter; as for the swinish multitude, let them run violently down a steep place into the sea, and the sooner the better! Well, we all have these moods; but Flaubert held this tenaciously, not as a mood, but as a faith. "Universal suffrage" provokes screams of fury from him. It is the root of all evil in France; it is the cause of French aggression before 1870, the cause of French failure in 1870, the cause of the Empire, the cause of the Commune, and so on. His mind is worth twenty of the Rouen shopkeeper's mind, and he should have twenty times the shopkeeper's political power. Poor Flaubert! The practical shopkeeper was no doubt certain that he was at least ten times as useful as an author whose works always failed, and should therefore have ten times the political power. Flaubert (like all the other people who talk about "aristocracy" against "democracy"—those empty words!) forgot that "aristocracy" had been tried for about two thousand years and had failed everywhere. What was the French Revolution that he cursed so vigorously but the blazing bankruptcy of aristocratic government? Let us despise, if we like, the foolish people who imagine a Utopia of equality; but let us despise also the still more foolish people who delude themselves with a Utopia of inequality.

To all his diatribes George Sand returns, in many delightful and magnanimous forms, one unvarying answer: there is no aristocracy or democracy or any other such delusion; there are just people, good, bad, indifferent; living, loving, suffering; behaving wisely or stupidly or wickedly. Her outlook is that of Dickens or Shakespeare. She has the big soul of Scott. We are all part of humanity; who are we that we should judge and condemn? Even the war did not shatter her faith. You and your emperors and nobles and aristocracies (she says in effect) are now once more at their old work of destruction. Is it they who can save the world? No:

"The peasant is working and ploughing his fields; digging hard always, sad or gay. He is imbecile, people say; no, he is a child in prosperity, a man in disaster, more of a man than we who complain; he says nothing, and while people are killing, he is sowing, repairing continually on one side what they are destroying from the other."

It is a Hardy poem in prose.

All through, the honours of the argument are with her. Against the sophistry of hate she proclaims her belief that the only creative force in the world is love.

Indeed it seems to me that the book is a kind of parable. It is a discussion not merely between two different types of mind, but between the two sides of our own individual souls. It embodies the eternal antiphony of Justice and Mercy.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE WANDERING YEARS.*

Whether in the singing of tender, dainty, joy-imparting lyrics, or in the telling of stories radiating sweetness and light in their appreciation and presentation of the triumph of the best that is in human nature, Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) has long demonstrated her power to charm

* "The Wandering Years." By Katharine Tynan. (Constable.)

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wide circles of readers. Still longer has she demonstrated that genius for friendship which has charmed all who have known her well. In something like a fresh manifestation of the book autobiographical she has, by simple, natural self-expression, given us something in which the charms of the poet, the novelist and the friend are by some happy alchemy combined.

It is now nine years since Katharine Tynan gave us in "Twenty-Five Years" the first volume of her reminiscences, and this is the third of its successors. Each one, thanks to her engaging fashion of transmuting experience into words, has left the reader ready to welcome another, and few, I fancy, will be those who will not find pleasure in the closing hint that the author has yet more gossip, musings and anecdote in reserve. The easy, friendly way in which Mrs. Hinkson pens her reminiscences gives us the impression now that we are reading such delightful discursive letters as were written in days when leisure was productive of pleasure rather than boredom, and now that we are listening to a flow of cheerful conversation.

The wandering years are roughly those that extend from the close of the war up to the time when it seemed that the Truce in Ireland promised at long last to bring settled happiness to that distracted country. Many of us find the Irish as individuals so lovable and attractive, that we can only view with bewilderment the seeming perversity with which they act as a people—never at peace as it was long since said, except when quarrelling. Here, fortunately, it is with the lovable individual that we are concerned, and it may be said at once that all the charm shown in Mrs. Hinkson's earlier reminiscences is manifested once more in her new volume of easy, kindly talk. She tells us of many people, notable and otherwise, and has the happy knack of making us no less interested in the latter than the former; she embodies many scraps of out-of-the-way war lore gathered from her two soldier sons and the intimate talk of their friends; she gives us glimpses of that strange mass of contradictions the Ireland which was distracted between the activities of the Sinn Feiners and the Black-and-Tans; she takes us visiting with her to England, Scotland and Italy. Wherever she goes and whomever she meets, she has something to observe, to note and to tell us about—if it be only after casual talk with an Irish workman in a Glasgow tram-car, and always in the telling she enlists and retains our interested attention. Always, too, there is that intense love of her country which gives something of a radiant atmosphere to all that she writes. There is a delightful passage concerning Killiney, the suburbanism of which was never less than distressing and "on Sundays was overwhelming."

"There was one strange absence in it, the sense of exhilaration. Now exhilaration is something that overflows in Ireland. You are always coming upon it and being caught into its wild swirl and eddy; when it releases you it leaves you laughing and gasping, with an uplifted heart to go all the way with reminiscent gurgles and chuckles that make you ashamed to meet the eye of your sober and dignified fellow-traveller. It means 'touching the ground in an odd place' as you walk, and a sensation as though you were a balloon and might fly away at any moment, and it causes a rosy view of everything for some hours at least, and a waking up at night with a sensation of something very pleasant having happened."

Not altogether unlike the exhilaration of the kind that is there indicated is, as it seems to me, that which the sympathetic reader gets from Mrs. Hinkson's reminiscences. There is something of that implicit sympathy which is one of the elusive secrets of happy companionship to be felt throughout her volume. She may indulge in digs at those Londoners who are losing the habit of giving up their seats in overcrowded bus or tube train to women; may wax indignant over the behaviour of Italians towards their beasts of burden—but such are only further manifestation of a catholic sympathy which seems to embrace all but bores and the discourteous. "The Wandering Years" completes a quartet of most companionable volumes, affording glimpses of a large number of the

author's contemporaries, an abundance of good stories and a constant appreciation of the value of the true elixir vitae—good humour.

WALTER JERROLD.

LORD ERNEST HAMILTON'S MEMOIRS.*

Following the example of his two elder brothers, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Frederic Hamilton, Lord Ernest Hamilton has now written his reminiscences. It is not his first book, of course; but his previous works were of another description, such as "The Outlaws of the Marches" and "Involution." This new venture is as interesting as the somewhat similar volumes of Lord Frederic Hamilton, which have proved so popular; and though, inevitably, the same ground is covered at the outset, Lord Ernest has found much new material to relate of his early days and the family life of his father, the first Duke of Abercorn and the most distinguished holder of the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

A book might be compiled concerning the wonderful genealogy of the Hamiltons, for they form the connecting link of relationship which exists between nearly all the best representatives of the old aristocracy of Britain. Sixty years ago Society was really like one large family, and Lord Ernest's mother, Louisa Duchess of Abercorn, could have claimed to be related to all its most distinguished members. She was the daughter of the Duke of Bedford and sister of the first Earl Russell. Through her mother she was the granddaughter of the Duke of Gordon. She married a duke and had a duke for a son. Her seven daughters became respectively the Countess of Lichfield, the Countess of Durham, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess Winterton, the Countess of Mount Edgumbe, the Marchioness of Blandford, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne. Her numerous titled descendants include the present or future Dukes of Marlborough, Buccleuch, Abercorn, Leeds, and Devonshire.

It was Louisa Duchess of Abercorn and her seven daughters who were described by Disraeli in "Lothair." Their town residence he called Crecy House: it was in reality Chesterfield House. Lord Ernest Hamilton has much to relate of his childhood there, and at the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin; and his youth at Barons Court, the Duke of Abercorn's beautiful seat in the County Tyrone, with its embowering woods and chain of lakes. The Duke, his father, was *un grand seigneur* of the old school, who treated his tenants as feudal vassals. Yet they were devoted to him and admired him exceedingly. Lord Ernest overheard one of them say about his brother, the second Duke: "The Deuk's a nice affable kind of man." "He is that," replied his companion, "but give me the ould Deuk. Sure he'd look at you as though you were the very dirt under his feet." The Irish peasantry, despite their love of a fight and occasional murder of a landlord, do not seem to resent harsh speech or arrogance from their superiors. I remember, when staying in County Cork, an old beggar coming up to my hostess, in her carriage, and requesting alms. She refused very roughly and told him to be off. Instead of the torrent of sanguinary abuse which would have ensued in England, the old man only said, very respectfully: "I should have been very grateful for a little help, however small, my lady"—the ceremonious title being gratuitous and of an imaginary description.

Lord Ernest's earliest recollections reach back to the sixties; but he puts one matter rather inaccurately when he says: "In the sixties, though foppery was on the wane, and had its contemptuous scoffers among the more virile school, there were still, among the older generation, many surviving specimens of the Dundreary idiot." But Dundreary as a type only became known for the first

* "Forty Years On." By Lord Ernest Hamilton. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

time in 1862, after Edward Sothorn's caricature of the "swell" of the period in the play, "Our American Cousin." And I doubt if Lord Ernest is correct in saying that such names as Pall Mall, Berkshire and Derby, owe their corrupt vowel sound in polite pronunciation to the affected language of the septuagenarians of the sixties. The case of Pall Mall is certainly older, for it takes its name from the game of Pell Mell, played in St. James's Park in the time of Charles II: it is the spelling which has changed, not the sound.

Lord Ernest in due course joined the 11th Hussars, and has much to tell of the recreations of the officers at Colchester, Hounslow, and Ballincollig, the vast and dreary cavalry barracks, on the outskirts of Cork, which once knew Bradlaugh and Thomson, the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night"—the one as a trooper, the other as an army schoolmaster. On one occasion at Hounslow, the chorus of the Gaiety Theatre went down to a dance and were put up for the remainder of the night, two ladies being assigned to each vacant bedroom, and all were treated "with distant respect." But the escapade became known, *The World* and other papers made insulting comments, and the old Duke of Cambridge directed a furious reprimand to the regiment.

Lord Ernest Hamilton has later adventures to relate in the Klondyke, Peru, and Greece, before the close of his very entertaining book.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE NINETEEN HUNDREDS.*

One sits down to the fare provided by Mr. Auberon as a gourmet sits down to a well-selected dinner. The lively chronicler of "The Nineteen Hundreds" is an excellent literary chef, and understands to a nicety the critical palate of his guests. And what a pleasure to dine once more in pre-war London to the accompaniment of such a store of racy anecdotes and *bon mots* of and about personalities!

Mr. Auberon has certainly skimmed the best of life and although his new volume of reminiscences deals with the smaller fry of the literary and theatrical world, he has cunningly managed to invest even the smallest poet and pettiest actor with a halo not only of interest but of romance. He is the biographer *par excellence* of the "nobodies," as he boldly boasts, and when a "somebody" accidentally stumbles across the footlights, his light is not thereby diminished in the shining galaxy of the "nobodies."

Mr. Auberon has set his face sternly against the besetting sin of the memoirist—snobbism—and those in search of mere titles are politely referred to Burke and Debrett. It is certainly a merit. Lords and ladies are best dealt with in fiction, where they are perhaps more true to life! Has anyone, by any chance, heard of a "nobody" who gloried in the name of Hereward Drake? He was a great man in his day, a sort of super-Bowdler and Billy Sunday rolled into one, who did not wish so much to expurgate as to popularise and bring the Scriptures up to date. Here is a typical example of the Drake method:

"1 Kings xiii. 7: And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward." The Hereward Drake version: "His Majesty said to the clergyman, 'Come along home with me, old chap, and I'll stand you a drink and make it worth your while.'"

Drake's monumental work received short shrift at the hands of the reviewers, but as his biographer tells us, his diligence was not wholly wasted. His scholarship so impressed a certain Colonial university that the gifted author was appointed to a chair of English Literature and Biblical Research!

It is curious and interesting to find the late Andrew Carnegie in such mixed society. Mr. Auberon is pleased

* "The Nineteen Hundreds." By Reginald Auberon. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

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to record the fact that his lines have not fallen much among millionaires. Like Browning who only knew one poet in his life (at least, so he said) the author of "The Nineteen Hundreds" only knew one millionaire, the dour laird of Dunfermline, of whom we have an excellent pen-portrait, reminiscent of Carlyle:

"My acquaintance with Carnegie did not last more than ten minutes at the most. He struck me as a domineering old man, with no thoughts removed any great distance beyond the acquisition of money and power. Also I never came across anybody so full of questions. The fact that we had only just met, and were not at all likely ever to see one another again, did not curb his inquisitiveness in the least. His questions to me ranged over all sorts of subjects. He wanted to know how much money I made, and why I didn't make more; if 4s. 6d. wasn't an 'outrageous price' to pay for a pair of gloves; if I thought women were getting 'more forward'; if poets (with the honourable exception of those who came from Scotland) were not 'feckless bodies,' and a score of other problems to which, in schoolmaster fashion, he demanded a prompt answer and one that should square with his own preconceived views."

Mr. Auberon's bag is a mixed one. We hear a good bit about Irving and his stalwart henchman, Bram Stoker. One does not know really how much Irving owed to Stoker or what he would have done without the colossal guardian of the gates of the Lyceum. Bram's touching fidelity to his great chief is less a tribute to Irving than to Stoker himself. We are getting a better perspective of Irving now, and we do not think he was really so heroic or nearly so morally great as his industrious and faithful secretary who, as Mr. Auberon reiterates, had more brains than the whole pack of idlers and sycophants who literally sat at Irving's feet. Stoker must have been an ideal secretary, perhaps at times a trifle *entêté*, but then he had no patience with the Irving set who ate up the Lyceum treasury. Bram did not make much money and although he is known to literary fame as the author of the weird and thrilling "Dracula," he, as he confessed, was far more proud of his little technical brochure on the "Duties of Clerks of Petty Sessions"!

The author has one or two good stories about Wells and Bennett. The "somebodies" will intrude at the expense of the poor "nobodies." Mr. Auberon hits off Mr. Bennett thus colloquially:

"A curious fellow, Arnold Bennett. Despite all the long years he has lived in London he has never really lost his Staffordshire accent, and still contrives to look like a provincial who has come from the Midlands to see a Cup tie. Early habits are strong, and it is said of him that whenever he goes into a restaurant he instinctively turns his plate upside down to identify the manufacturer's trade-mark."

It seems a pity to spoil the reader's palate by picking out the best plums in Mr. Auberon's book, but we can assure the reader that these are merely one or two taken at random. We cannot resist the little anecdote about H. G. Wells, who is the least bumptious of men and when he is not writing novels still retains his old affection for lace and ribbons, and is always ready to chat about old times in the drapery world with his former associates:

"It happened that one of these individuals who had not kept very close track of his career, met him one afternoon, coming out of his club. 'They tell me you've got on fine, Mr. Wells, since you left us,' he remarked. 'Thank you, I'm not doing so badly,' was the reply. 'Yes,' said his former fellow-apprentice, 'they tell me you're at Harrods now!'"

Mr. Auberon is to be congratulated on a thoroughly tip-top and racy volume.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

WINTER WHEAT.

Each book from Miss Delafield's pen shows a greater attention to form. At first she did not so much write stories as take basic qualities and combine them. She showed us the surface of life as it actually is, showed us that its crumples and hardenings were the consequences of what was going on below. Like an X-ray she gazed through wrappings and concealments and pretences and

made us—all feeling that we were looking at our naked selves—gaze with her. She gave us, indeed, not stories but studies. In "The Optimist,"¹ however, she has at last written a shaped and engrossing story. The Optimist is a clergyman, a handsome, exasperating man, and the book is concerned with the relationship between him and his children—the clear-sighted Lucilla, the modern David, the weak Adrian, the honest, impulsive Valeria, and the hysterical Flora. Their father—really more a type than a man—is the hub of the wheel, and they are the spokes. His is the Victorian outlook, theirs the modern, and Miss Delafield contrasts them. The book is delightfully funny. The scene between the jilted lover and the Canon, the picture of the Canon at a silly light-hearted party, the interview between him and the little builder, they are inimitable. The story, however, has a weakness, for it is founded on a misapprehension of the modern attitude towards parents. The Canon would not have affected his children so much. They would have regarded him as what he was, old-fashioned and to be put up with, but he would have had no terrors for them and have been of little importance in their lives. Even though they lived in the country, the change that has come over the world is everywhere, a thing of atmosphere.

Mary A. Hamilton's new book, "Follow My Leader,"² though practically concerned with the same subject—a strong father's effect on his children—is more true to life, although neither so interesting nor so well written. John Heriot is a big man, but his children are not unnaturally impressed by his size, and they see his faults clearly. It was E. M. Delafield who put into my hands Mrs. Hamilton's remarkable "Last Fortnight," a book which decided me to read everything that author wrote; but "Follow My Leader" is disappointing. Elections have so often been described in novels, and never yet have they been made interesting. Capitalists and communists—who wants to read about them in a story? They are for the lecture hall and the pamphlet and all other forms of propaganda.

When last in Elinor Mordaunt's austere sitting-room, the galley slips of "Alas, that Spring—!"³ were hanging over the back of a chair, and we discussed the title as to whether it was good or bad. I still think it bad, the bad name of a good book that should have been published—having a spring-like quality—at the turn of the year. The theme is the lonely girl—lonelier than girls ever are—who loves an unworthy youth, and when she realises the depths of that unworthiness (and he is the flimsiest of men), slips quietly out of life. People with such deep, narrow, concentrated feelings are fortunately rare. The bulk of us are mellowed by the troubles and trials of this mortal life. Nevertheless it is the exceptions about whom we write. As Mrs. Mordaunt knows exactly what will bore and what interest, she holds the attention from start to finish, and her picture of country life in Ireland has an enchanting freshness. The O'Haras and Rorkes and Blakes are so young and so foolish, and their foolishness is so natural. We have to thank Mrs. Mordaunt for a very charming book.

Mr. George is a writer who brings the soaring fancy back to earth, and if the reader's taste be catholic he will be glad of "The Stiff Lip,"⁴ for a change. In fiction women have it largely their own way at the moment and they are apt to be a little serious. It is pleasant to turn from them to the comfortable earthiness of men. Not that Mr. George's heroine of thirty-eight would have thought herself older than her lover of the same age or have surrendered him in that altruistic fashion. But this is not a book to be taken seriously. It was written for our enjoyment, and therefore we need not worry as to whether the psychology is true to life.

¹ "The Optimist." By E. M. Delafield. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

² "Follow My Leader." By Mary Agnes Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

³ "Alas, that Spring—!" By Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

⁴ "The Stiff Lip." By W. L. George. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Five sowings of winter wheat and that of the greatest promise, "Annette and Bennett," is by Gilbert Cannan! Here is a writer who sees more deeply than any of the others which, considering how good are "The Optimist" and "Alas, that Spring—!" is rather wonderful. Mr. Cannan has a broad outlook, and though it is not exactly mellow, he seems to have inherited it from the Tristram Shandy age. His style is broken and jumpy, but the things he says are arresting:

"Twice in her life she had fallen in love, with a passion so violent as in each case to alarm the object of it and force him to take refuge where he could. Most of us in self-preservation are more or less in love with two or three people at the same time and carry on a subterranean existence of sentiment and sympathy which turns superficial living into a bearable joke."

There, in a sentence, you have the difference between the loving of men and women—and the book is illumined throughout by similar flashes of wisdom.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

POETRY FOR READERS AND POETRY FOR POETS.*

There are writers' poets and readers' poets. The average craftsman is not at all interested in the books of verse that are issued obviously with an eye on popularity, and the average reader knows nothing and cares less about that lofty succession of poets beginning, perhaps, with Edmund Spenser, whose æsthetic quality and austere craft are as far removed from the atmosphere of showmanship as are the penguins in polar waters or the thrush of an English summer.

Everyman's meat is so often the poet's poison that the volume which has an attraction for poet and public alike is a rarity. If the fortunes of the four volumes on our list could be followed with exactitude after they have left the publishers' hands it would be interesting to see which of them makes the twofold appeal. Of one only can we prophesy with any assurance: Miss Jean Guthrie-Smith's "Adventure Square" will be read and enjoyed by those who admire good and honest craftsmanship as well as by those who welcome a book for the sheer pleasure to be derived from it, apart altogether from her fellow-citizens on the northern side of the Tweed.

The first of three sections in "Adventure Square" is entitled "Glasgow." There it was, among the streets and squares of that great city, that Miss Guthrie-Smith made her first ventures and adventures in verse. She has sung of the bloated face, the cough and the cackle, and the gas-flare paling through the grimy globe in the misty little shops, as readily and as musically as she sang later of the cowslip-strewn meadows or the moon that "bloomed like an Easter lily in the sky." The development revealed in her work as we pass from that first section to the second, called "London," is not manifested by any difference of outlook but by a sounder choice, a clarifying and surer clamping, as it were, among the material used in the amazingly smooth arabesque-work of her expression. "The Man Returns" is the best example of her early verse from this standpoint. It is a beautiful piece of emotional description, making its effect by its simple humanism, and preparing the reader for a group of lyrics which are a sheer delight from their opening lines about the lady from the sunny South in the Italian quarter—

"Brightly scarfed and leaning still
On your sooty window sill"—

by way of the street market, Wapping Old Stairs, a Thames-side wharf, a lecture-room, London birds, butterflies in

* "Annette and Bennett." By Gilbert Cannan. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

* "Adventure Square." Poems by Jean Guthrie-Smith. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"A Poor Man's Riches." By Charles Dalmon. (Methuen.)—"Many Voices." By E. Nesbit. 4s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Hundred and One Harlequins." By Sacheverell Sitwell. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

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Mr. Hichens has chosen a great theme for his new novel—the amorous temperament of an erstwhile society beauty, now become "the most charming old woman in London." The *Daily Mail* says it "is probably the finest novel Mr. Hichens has ever written in its truth to life, in its sheer writing, and in its subtlety." 7/6 net

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The House of Cassell
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Poplar, the British Museum reading-room, to the lyrics and triplets on Bloomsbury, Shoreditch, and

"These rakish roofs of Bermondsey
With chimneys that grimace and wink."

Miss Guthrie-Smith's "Adventure Square" is, as she tells us in one of her brightest songs, anywhere that another adventurer and she together have haunted. The confidence with which she thus honours the reader makes the concluding section, entitled "Malabar," as convincing for him in its fancifulness as though she were still dealing with some such actuality as Glasgow or London. Perhaps she is. For her words are coloured lanterns that light up the appalling dinginess of the modern city, and few who follow her singing, butterfly journey will resist her mood, that changes from sad to glad as often almost as she sets a new lantern swinging warmly on the chill drabness. Miss Guthrie-Smith needs only that her lamp-lighting shall be a little less haphazard—some of her lines are over rich, while others, set in conjunction, are noticeably thin; and she cannot fail to gain an even surer place as a sweet and true singer of the city.

Mr. Charles Dalmon has no concern with cities—nor, indeed, with that part of the country-side which is sullen from the rumbling and racket of charr-a-bancs and motor-cars. He does not even protest against such an outrage. He ignores it. He sings his "Early Morning Meadow Song" as though there are milkmaids still in England which, of course, is the truth:

"Now some may drink old vintage wine
To ladies gowned with rustling silk,
But we will drink to dairymaids,
And drink to them in rum and milk;
O, it's up in the morning early,
When the dew is on the grass,
And St. John's bell rings for matins,
And St. Mary's rings for mass."

In the exquisite "Legend of Cherries" he goes back to the time when St. Joseph's cottage was standing, and the infant Jesus wandered by His mother's side into the neighbouring cherry wood. That there was a cherry wood for the little Master's playground we do not doubt after reading Mr. Dalmon. Many a reader will be glad of this volume of Arcadian delights, enriched with those wonderful Sussex place-names which Mr. Kipling and Mr. Belloc love to smuggle like jewels into their poets' knapsack. And many a fellow craftsman will sigh for Mr. Dalmon's extraordinary simplicity and lack of sophistication in an era when the pistol of sophistication and complexity is being presented at every poet's head, and, far oftener than not, effectually.

The name of Miss E. Nesbit is familiar to readers and writers alike, and endeared to them long since by a considerable output of gifted prose and verse. Her latest volume, "Many Voices," is especially welcome. It opens with a poem which affects us strangely. The poignant and ghostly return of a dead wife to her old home that had been so much to her, with its polished beechwood and shining brass, its gleam of china, black-faced presses and tall candles—of this, and its pathetic sequel, she tells in a simple, graphic style and no more than seventy lines. Miss Nesbit is always successful when she attempts a narrative in verse. "The Fire" is equally charming. But, for technical accomplishment, including rhyme-endings always original and always inevitable and finely certain, there is nothing in the book to compare with "The December Rose":

"Here's a rose that blows for Chloe,
Fair as ever a rose in June was;
Now the garden's silent, snowy,
Where the burning summer noon was."

We turn to Mr. Sitwell's book, and at once all speculation as to whether we are examining poetry that will appeal to poets or readers, or both, is forgotten. Few ordinary mortals will appreciate these bizarre, closely-printed but rather "woolly"-minded pieces which flout all laws of rhyme and rhythm and yet seem to have a peculiar fascination for certain folk whom we suppose the author would

regard as the elect. However, the first test of a rebel in poetry is whether or not he has previously mastered the conventional kind of verse. We make the test in Mr. Sitwell's case, and leave him at that. "What did God say when He ordered birds?" he asks in one piece; we choose the answer to that conundrum-like query because it is a fairly representative specimen of his infrequent technical conformity:

"I insist on at least two coats a year
And made of material that will not tear.
They shall search the grass to find their food,
Leaving a flash of light where they stood.
In case on their search they find some fruit
They shall float in the air and have wings to suit.
Crests I'll allow them as gay as flowers
And plumes that gleam bright as jewels, even through showers.
But I won't have them always calling My name,
They must imitate man, and make him feel shame."

THOMAS MOULT.

Novel Notes.

BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Had a mere Britisher written "Babbitt," England might have had to recall her Ambassador from Washington. As it is, one fears Mr. Sinclair Lewis will suffer exceedingly

from the hands of his own countrymen for his merciless delineation of the American business man, as revealed in George F. Babbitt, of the hustling town of Zenith. This reviewer has always found a smack of the ingenuous schoolboy about Americans of all kinds; but the American "booster" is the most naïve of the lot, with his continued babbling of big business and his pathetic belief in industrial slogans and shibboleths. George F. Babbitt is a very vulgar little man, but he is so intensely human in his crude ambitions and mean



Photo by
E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Sinclair
Lewis.

pleasures that one cannot help liking him just as one likes Pepys and Boswell. On the subject of a standardised American town whose only ideals are sales and advertising, Sinclair Lewis is immense. "Main Street" is very mild stuff compared with the devastating irony of "Babbitt." The pity of the book is that vulgar George is an idealist, who in his youth had a recurrent idea of beauty that came to him as a fairy child. Early middle-age saw him up to the eyes in more or less dishonest "real estate" business, with an uninteresting wife and three children of the same description. He is what his Zenith friends call a great "josh," and his crude merriment is joyous enough. This is the most courageous book that has ever been written about American life, not even excepting the proscribed novels of Upton Sinclair.

DEEDLES. By Sidney Hastings Webb. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Webb is the apostle of light-heartedness—a little too light for our taste at times, perhaps, but still, good-natured fooling. Deedles is the heroine of his book, which proclaims on the title page, "Deedles not Wordles." The idea is good and well carried out; one fancies it would make a jolly play. The smashing of a valuable idol calls for the ingenuity of two young men to replace it before the owner discovers the damage. How they do it

is Mr. Webb's secret, and we will not give it away—to use a colloquialism that he would relish. But we were really entertained, despite our Early Victorian mind, by a number of his situations and the cheery way in which he describes them. For a dull railway journey, or the evening of the day on which you have received your income-tax demand note, this is just the right book. You will laugh heartily at Mr. Webb's quaint conceits and the situations he brings about.

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN. By George Gibbs. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

This is a novel of outstanding merits, for George Gibbs not only holds the mirror up to nature with a very steady hand—with equal steadiness he holds it up at various angles and compels us to look. It is a book one returns to both during and after reading to enjoy again some neat facility of phrasing or to estimate afresh some challenging judgment or instance of real insight into very different types of character. He pillories the follies of the American flapper (flappers are full sisters the world over) and makes it clear that she never had a chance to have real sense—until the crash comes. When she is thrown on her own resources she is not found wanting; whereas her mother, whose only qualification for that high function was that she was a woman and the wife of Jim Mohun, remains a fool to the end. Throughout it is a story of "the cider of life flavoured rather highly with the vinegar of experience"—bright youngsters who think they are tasting life when they are only hitting the high places and imagine they achieve freedom by the simple process of ignoring all restraint. The author has given us a fine study of contemporary life, the hot, eager search for happiness, the price paid for riches and the joys and sorrows of those who are always poor. Supreme test of courage—he dares to be sentimental when loyalty to fact demands it!

THE CURSE OF KÂLI. By Arthur Greening. 6s. net. (Jarrolds.)

"With sobbing breath and pounding pulses Tom Tempest stood in the grasp of the powerful Thugs and watched Juzzedera, high priest of the Thugs, approach the victim, who knelt so still that she might have been a statue. . . . Juzzedera held his knife high. He was chanting praises to Kâli the terrible. . . ." The mysticism of India provides an eerie background for Mr. Arthur Greening's dramatic story: the fiendish rites of the Thugs; jungles and hidden temples, and all the lurid savagery of the worshippers of Kâli directed against a young and beautiful girl. Strange and eerie are the adventures that befall the lovers in this exciting romance; the story of their betrothal is clouded by impending calamity—the proximity of Thugs hungry for sacrifices to offer up to their goddess. Danger threatens, then descends like a torrent of despair. Tom Tempest returns from an enforced voyage to England to find the girl he is engaged to missing; a fervid search reveals the fact that she has fallen into the hands of the Thugs. How to rescue her? The task seems impossible. But Tom and Captain Grenford, who also loves the girl but has not had Tom's luck, risk their lives in pursuing her—and one of them pays the great price for his devotion, losing his life in the quest. It is an unusual story, swift in action and full of thrilling episodes.

DUSK. By Marie Bjelke Petersen. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This story is the full-blooded, passionate romance which we associate with Marie Bjelke Petersen. Written round Jack Warren Kerrigan, a good specimen of the type we know as "colonial manhood," the story holds our attention well, with just a suspicion of strain here and there, whilst at times we are really gripped with a tense situation graphically portrayed. A writer who makes one of the central characters an exquisitely beautiful

Autumn, 1922

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woman with a tragic secret is taking on heavy odds, and it is no small tribute to say in this case that we are made to feel the spell of her beauty and to sense the stress and undertow of the hidden tragedy. Again it is a tribute to the essential merit of the plot and of the main characters when we regret that, on occasions, wholly unnecessary and alien melodrama is imported into the story. Undoubtedly Marie Bjelke Petersen knows Tasmania, but her nature backgrounds are violent rather than forceful. Hysterical rhapsodies are a poor substitute for either description or interpretation. The following, and there is much more, leaves one slightly breathless and wholly befogged: "The glorious West which sang ferocious songs by the boiling, churning streams, flung derisive laughter from unscalable peaks, the mocking echo tumbling giddily into gaping ravines. The West that danced in mad glee on dizzy heights, stood dauntless on the edge of precipices, and looked unshaken into brain-reeling deeps!" Indeed!

OVERLOOKED. By Maurice Baring. 6s. (Heinemann.)

One's impression of this elusive story is not clear, and a single reading gives no "grip" on what plot there may be. Mr. Baring could write nothing carelessly, but here he has taken up a most strange mixture of psychology and romance, also bewildered us still more by giving us a tale within a tale (always a risky thing to do), and the result is a vague wonder what it is all about. The narrator is blind, and it is through what he "sees," by intuition, and hears in conversation, that the romance is pieced together; a method which might have been triumphantly vindicated by Henry James—whose name occurs several times, with admiration, in the book—but which misses fire handled in this way. The style is perfectly simple and limpid; even to the "he said" and "she said" the author clings persistently; but something is wrong with construction and method. We have a feeling that Mr. Baring was not at all at ease when writing, and that his great gift lies in preserving impressions of travel. "Round the World in Any Number of Days" was a delight; round the world of this blind observer's mind seems a journey in too rarefied a medium, despite all sympathetic approach, to bring the pleasure we had anticipated from so competent a guide.

OUT TO WIN. By Roland Pertwee. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Here is just the book for a man who wants to be taken out of himself. You have no choice. Opening its pages in a leisurely sort of way—presto! you are whisked away and rushed through plot and counterplot until you are dropped with a bang at the end of the book. You have a vague remembrance of a few names, one young man left without cash and void of a single idea how to earn any; another who discovers radium in such quantities that there is no fun in getting fabulously rich—after he has got his concession—which is a breathless and hair-raising experience. There is one young lady who is in love, and another who thinks she is or wants to be. But really there is no time for such weak dalliance. The long arm of coincidence is not long enough—seven league boots would not nearly suffice for such improbable contingencies as the author cheerfully takes in his stride. But it is all so jolly and seems so natural in this Ruritanian world that the reader would be the first to resent a mere pedestrian loyalty to hard facts. The style is admirably adapted to such joyous matter—a clean, utilitarian, definition-of-a-straight-line style which hurls the story along. Emphatically this is not a bedtime story—just the tonic for a man who is out of love with himself and not too charmed with other folk.

THE MORTIMERS. By John Travers (Mrs. G. H. Bell). 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Bell follows up her latest and most ambitious novel, "A Servant When He Reigneth," with another story of English people in India. "The Mortimers" is more successful than the previous volume; written we believe with more ease, and certainly with more felicity. Stormy

Sara Mortimer, severed from her splendid husband by circumstances, stays in Russia when he is sent to India, takes part in the Bolshevik struggles and falls under the influence of that strangely fascinating leader, Lavretsky. Rumour comes to John Mortimer's ears that Sara is in love with this man; she writes little and they drift apart, though he loves her. At length she returns to him and lives for a time as the honoured, almost unknown guest in his home. Sara is fiery, wilful and wayward, and silence between husband and wife is maintained for a long time. John is too proud to ask what Lavretsky meant to Sara. Sara does not choose to give an explanation till she finds out if she can care for her Commissioner again. Pictures of Indian life, thumbnail sketches of various types, abound in these pleasantly written pages, but the central interest is excellently sustained and there is a charming, happy ending.

The Bookman's Table.

DEGENERATION IN THE GREAT FRENCH MASTERS. By Jean Carrère. Translated by Joseph McCabe. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This very interesting and suggestive volume contains a great deal of truth together with a great deal of half-truth. Mr. McCabe, who has executed very well the laborious task of translation, tells us something about the author. Jean Carrère was a war correspondent in the days of the ill-omened South African War. "He criticised us" (says Mr. McCabe)—"Heaven knows there was much to criticise—but he made France understand us. . . . He interpreted England and France to each other, and from the rancorous and acrid mutual misconceptions of 1900 we passed quickly to the *Entente*." He then grew into a belief that inspired his present work—a belief in the sanity of true genius, a belief that there are great writers who are clearly wholesome, who lead us upwards to strength and light, and others, great writers too, who leave us with mind overcast and senses quivering. These are the *mauvais maîtres* of his title, who with their gifts seduce and weaken the soul—Sappho and Lucian, Suetonius and Petronius, Villon, Montaigne and Jean Jacques Rousseau. The book is an elaboration of his thesis. We marvel at the inclusion of Montaigne, and Mr. Carrère does not discuss him here at length. He chooses ten moderns—Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, George Sand, Musset, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Verlaine, Zola—and discusses each with elaborate illustrations. Mr. Carrère is no Nordau with his journalistic denunciations; he is a real critic, and we believe, even though we doubt if he has fully made out his case in some instances, that he has a genuine case to offer, and that his book is a tract for the times. He is not a mere denier, and never forgets what is rightly due to his illustrious victims. Further, he concludes with an essay on a healthy affirmative poet, Mistral, as an example of the wholesome spirit in literature. The book is one to be enjoyed and deeply considered.

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST. By Sir Herbert Russell. 10s. (Methuen.)

Sir Herbert Russell, who is one of Reuter's chief special correspondents and a son of Clark Russell the novelist, inherited his knack of turning travel to account in the form of clear and interesting narrative, and has had varied and enviable experiences, including long service for Reuter's throughout the war on the Western front. After those four arduous years the opportunity of seeing the East in the company of the Prince of Wales must have come almost with a sense of holiday, and yet there was a great deal more to be done than the average reader might suppose. Princes cannot stir abroad without a deal of routine and etiquette, and the "convenances" to be observed are such as require an adaptable mind. Sir Herbert's account of the tour is so lucid and straightforward as to set all these considerations aside except when it comes to State functions, and here the responsible nature of the trip comes to light repeatedly with a vesture of that gorgeous

colour which only the Orient can show. Sir Herbert's best vein, however, is to reveal the human side of things—the popularity which the Prince created for himself, the boyish and natural affability he showed under trying climate and conditions, and the steady way in which he wore down the factious opposition manufactured for political purposes by Gandhi and his followers. Then again there are plenty of diverting incidents *en route*, especially aboard, and some of the anecdotes recorded are as characteristic as anything we have ever read about the Prince and his staff.

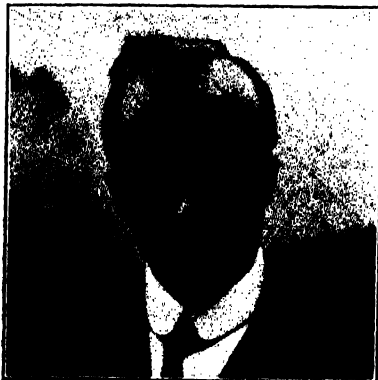
MAROONED IN MOSCOW. By Marguerite E. Harrison. 16s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Russia under the Bolsheviks is a land of mystery. Everything seems to happen in it, even the impossible. Every week Lenin is assassinated or dies of some painful ailment, but the next week he is carrying on business as usual and apparently none the worse for his demise. So many and such contradictory reports of the state of the country and the doings of its rulers have reached us that from believing all we have passed to believing none of them. The value of Miss Harrison's book is that it offers the testimony of an independent eye-witness; she spent eighteen months in Russia, and was more than half the time in prison, but she went in without passports after being forbidden to enter the country, and, accepting the consequences of her daring in the right spirit, remained an obviously impartial judge of the people and the circumstances she had gone to investigate. Before her imprisonment she was allowed to go about with a good deal of freedom; she saw some of the revolutionary leaders, talked with the people in their own homes and saw and heard for herself what manner of life they were living under the new regime. She neither denounces nor eulogises Bolshevism, but candidly criticises it, and comes to the conclusion that the Soviet Government is a real government, and that to vilify and ostracise it is neither just nor businesslike. If the Russians are satisfied with it, what right have outsiders to object to it? There is no lack of adventure and excitement in her story, and it has the value of revealing the truth as it was actually seen by one who had no axe to grind. Her survey is admirably written, and as interesting as it is enlightening.

Music.

GUSTAV HOLST.

By RODNEY BENNETT.



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Mr. Gustav
Holst.

It is significant that the interview was arranged in the library (which is less a library than a common-room and office) of Morley College, Waterloo Road, that a time was difficult to secure, and that the result was as human and interesting as, considered strictly as an interview, it was unsatisfactory. A small book revealed the fact that his one free time was Thursday morning; and that was abandoned because "there is such a host of things that I ought to get done." The interview eventually began at the Royal College at the end of his day's teaching, and proceeded most variously, all at top speed. It started with a quick tea and debouched into Kensington Gore,

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sadly punctuated by attempts to stop full buses. The top of a bus roaring westward was a haven of comparative but brief calm. The next stage came in Brook Green Road, which leads into the calm backwater where stands St. Paul's Girls' School.

I had intended to write a little about the man and more about his music, probably with some special information; but, looking over my absurdly exiguous notes, I conclude that the task is unjustified; that of new information I have not enough to fill a paragraph. Of fresh and personal impressions I have, on the other hand I find, a number all coloured by a sense of the half unexpected, the incongruous, the apparently paradoxical, and yet, curiously; of the inevitable. I shall therefore confine myself to recording them with no more than such casual references to music as seems relevant to their course. The loss is in any case small. There is little fresh to be told of the work of a man who is so much written about that on one day in one leading newspaper he occupies a full column, and in another fills a considerable space in each of the three columns of its music page. For excellent critical appreciation the reader may be referred to articles by Mr. Edwin Evans* and Dr. Vaughan Williams.† These also contain adequate and authentic biographical material of an outwardly uneventful life. It is late in the day to launch out upon the hackneyed exposition of the fact that, in spite of the original "von," shed for expediency during the war, there is no Teutonic strain in the family; and in any case the matter is of little importance, since the composer's forbears came to England over a century ago, and since he himself is English of the English. The son of a Cheltenham organist and pianist, he too was destined for the keyboard; but even had his taste lain in that direction, the prospect was definitely closed before his twenty-first year by the intervention of a disability which has hampered him as a pianist and conductor—he usually conducts left-handed—but has probably been of service to music by compelling him to concentrate upon teaching and composition. "Twenty-one," he states, "was a notable age for me. I got neuritis. I also got a College scholarship.—No, I had not got one before coming to London. You must get that right. I tried about eight times—piano, composition. But I couldn't do it till I was almost over age." He was, by his own confession, not a successful student. Nor was Dr. Vaughan Williams who, with Mr. Howard Jones, the pianist, was his chief college friend—an interesting note for admirers of the precocious. "None of my work was performed while I was at college, though I wrote stacks. The chief reason was that it wasn't good enough." (Mr. Evans has some illuminating comment upon this statement, which he does not generally dispute.)

There came the problem of earning a living. Piano and organ were out of the question. His stock-in-trade, a brutal term to which he would probably not object, were a certain facility in melody, a trombone and a considerable knowledge of choir-training acquired from an unusually accomplished choir-master in a Cotswold village. The second being the most practicable, he

played for eight years in all kinds of orchestras, notably the Scottish and the band of a touring opera company. It has frequently been suggested that this experience helped him greatly towards his notable skill in orchestration. His own comment when I raised the point was: "People say so. I really don't know. I suppose they are right." Probably the truth is that those eight years taught him so much about conventional operatics that, coming later himself to write for the stage, he was able to forget them all, and accustomed him to regard playing from the player's point of view. Certainly he has no use for the lofty disregard of playability upon which certain of the more modernist composers seem to pride themselves, the sort of thing which caused a professional 'cellist recently to remark to me, of a much-discussed work of a much-discussed composer, "His oboe parts would be fine if he didn't give them to the 'cello and his 'cello parts would be great if he didn't divide them between the harp and the French horn."

I could get Mr. Holst to speak little of those early days. "Now," he said, "you don't want any early struggles, do you? Early struggles are all off the point. One can tell pretty stories, of course, but——" and he pursued a bus. I have heard one story that may not be true but ought to be. A group of college men were composing notes upon the summer vacation. "I," said one, "have been to Germany." "I," said another, "have been to such-and-such a Festival." "I," said the young Holst, "have been playing trombone on Margate pier." He would say that, and without the faintest suspicion of envy, parade or pose.

I think the first sensation experienced by a stranger upon meeting Mr. Holst would be one of acute disappointment. Looking at this rather short, apparently not very robust man, spectacled, with no particularly notable feature except a fine forehead, walking hurriedly, chronically in a hurry, he would justifiably think: "The composer of 'Beni-mora,' that vivid pageant of the Orient, of 'Savitri,' of 'The Planets,' of the 'Hymn of Jesus,' ought not to be like this. No self-respecting composer with a proper regard for fiction and the Byron-Tennyson-Chopinesque tradition ought to be like this. Of course there was Bach, but——" He might then remember that the creation of any work of art, be it building, picture, poem or symphony, involves an amount of sheer hack-drudgery that the inspirationists wot not of; and, remembering, think again. Further acquaintance would probably cause him to concede that this lack of picturesqueness was more than atoned for by geniality, humour, approachability, a breadth of philosophy and culture too rare in music, a naturalness, an absence of pose and of arrogance positively astonishing, and an apparently invincible optimism. After all, a man is permanently more interesting than a musician. His next shock would result from an examination of Mr. Holst's time-table. Teaching of composition at the Royal College; at University College, Reading; and at Morley College and St. Paul's Girls' School—orchestra, class-singing and composition—where he went nearly twenty years ago, finally abandoning trombonism. Teaching, teaching—about five days a week of it. His comment would be: "When does he find time to compose? It is a pity that

* *Musical Times*, 1919, September to October.

† *Music and Letters*, 1920, July and October.

hack-work is inevitable unless a man be blessed with a large private income." The question would be natural, the implicit conclusion wrong-headed.

To write about Mr. Holst without mentioning his teaching would be to miss what is perhaps the most self-illuminating part of his life. He teaches not merely because first-class music does not provide a living, but because he delights to teach. He would certainly be a less fine composer if he did not teach. He would certainly be a less happy one. To analyse this would be interesting; but I must be content with a brace of sayings which sum up the matter completely enough. The first was made to me by a pupil of his: "He has Job's own patience. If you do anything really dreadful he says, 'Yes. This is quite bad. We all do this sort of thing.' He rarely tells you a thing as a fact, but illustrates the point from essays and books and poems. If you are doing well he makes you go on—draws out what you have." Which is literally education at its best. The other saying is his own. We were discussing the absurdly inadequate allocation of time for music in schools. "I don't know that the time matters," he concluded. "It is what music means to them that counts. The same with composition. I tell them not to do any if they don't want to. They do it, you know. They think it rather a joke." His secret is a pervasive enthusiasm. It inspires an energetic band of self-constituted assistants, including several promising young composers, to whom he referred while he hunted in his sound-proof room at St. Paul's for orchestral parts of Purcell's "Gordian Knot" to take on to Morley College that night: "They look after me, you see. Two separate notices on my desk not to forget. I wish someone would endow them all with large incomes."

To the question, "When does he get time to compose?" the answer is, "During the summer holidays in the sound-proof room already mentioned." About Easter he decides what to write, or, as it would be better expressed, selects from his mind ideas that may be twenty years old, and thinks them over during the term, then works them out, usually with extreme slowness in the artificial quietude of August. A recent result was the words and music of a one-act opera, "The Perfect Fool," "which is meant to be funny." The ballet has been twice heard, the score is down for production by Novello and performance is promised for next year. The work was privately heard a few days since, but for the moment details are withheld. Asked to suggest briefly his method of composition I should postulate extreme concentration and constant elimination. The results in the finished work are simplicity of means—not Debussy himself omitted more notes—unfailing sureness of what is to be said and directness in saying it, tremendously virile rhythm, and—without which these and all his energy and skill would go for nothing—what is called inwardness, a calm, a curious serenity and control which underlies even the most strenuous and hilarious of the "Planets." The chief characteristic of the man is restless energy; of his music, repose.

This is not the exact word. I have not yet hit it. Others suggest themselves—security, self-possession, poise, grandeur, calm, and a dozen more that help but

GUSTAV HOLST

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do not complete. To experience a sensation is fortunately easier than to define it. I remember the curious still charm of the Four Songs for voice and violin, so memorably produced by Miss Megan Foster and Mr. Reed—one wishes also to hear Miss Silk sing them in London; of "Savitri,"* for which the composer studied and drew his libretto from the Sanskrit; of the heart-stirring energy of "The Planets"; above all of the ethereal loveliness of the echo choir in "The Hymn of Jesus." I shall not readily forget those serene voices drifting out into the wide spaces of the Albert Hall, nor the physical drag of returning to an ordinary seat in the crude blueness of Queen's Hall after the hidden choir at the end of "Neptune" had faded into a silence which, staying suspended for a matter of moments, showed a more acute appreciation of its stark beauty than the storm of applause which shattered them. I had not experienced that sensation since, as a very small boy, I fell off my seat on a chair back at the sheer shock of the most poignant moment of "Gerontius."

NATIONAL MUSIC.†

Mr. G. Jean-Aubry is known to many musical persons as the ingenious gentleman who edits *The Chesterian*, that pleasing combination of magazine and publisher's circular. If you don't know *The Chesterian*, ask for it, and see that you get it. Some of the essays in the present volume were first published (in English) in that periodical. They are so good that no ordinary musical magazine would have accepted them.

Of course you are not bound to agree with all that Mr. Jean-Aubry declares. He is an ultra-modernist—very properly, because if you are going to be a modernist at all you ought to be an ultra. There is certainly no half-faced fellowship about Mr. Jean-Aubry. His thesis, briefly put, is that we are all too much intimidated by the German classical composers. The part played by the classics in our teaching, our playing, our study and our enjoyment is, he says bluntly, quite excessive; and the result is a cramping of national development.

There is much truth in the contention; but this admission must not carry us too far. The very young who, hearing such things, feel called upon to go about execrating Beethoven as the arch-classic, have missed the point, which is not that Beethoven should be abolished but that Beethoven should be supplemented. The old academic teachers tended to make people feel about Beethoven as Mark Twain felt about Michelangelo, "that the thing was growing monotonous"; especially as their notion of Beethoven did not extend much beyond the Septet and the Op. 27 Sonatas.

The bad effect of certain classical masters upon national music can be nowhere illustrated so well as in England. The arrival of Handel in this country was a disaster from which we have not yet recovered. After Handel came Mendelssohn; and after Mendelssohn came Brahms. Within the memory of many living amateurs, English music was officially represented by the Festivals at which Doctors of Music produced their annual imitations of "Elijah" and the "German Requiem." When Sullivan died, the graver obituaries reproached him with writing comic operas out of his own head instead of oratorios out of Mendelssohn's. An inquiry into the reasons for the extinction of genuine English music by this succession of Germans would lead to some interesting conclusions. We hope some one will undertake it.

Mr. Jean-Aubry's volume is full of good things—stimulating, disputable, enlightening; and its value is increased

* Shortly to be published by Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb.

† "La Musique et les Nations." By G. Jean-Aubry. 6 francs. (Chester.)

by a very full and careful bibliography—almost the only thing of its kind obtainable. We recommend the book heartily to all lovers of music.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

DANCE, LITTLE FRIEND. Music by Herbert Brewer. Lyric by Rose Fyleman. (Enoch.)

A charming little song. The verses almost sing themselves, there is such a lilting rhythm in them. The composer has caught their spirit, and his setting is fresh and dainty and full of vivacity.

FAIRY-RINGS. Music by Ernest Howard. Words by Alan Fenwick. (Paxton.)

There is nothing new in the idea contained in this song, but it has a pleasing melody.

THE SILENT HIGHWAY. By Percy Elliott. (Paxton.)

These four "Thames Silhouettes" for the piano are good. In "Greenwich Way" we have a sprightly May Day Dance. In "Cleopatra's Needle" a melodious reverie. "Old Chelsea," with its sub-title of "Souvenir," is a graceful gavotte, while "Taggs Island" is a valse-mazurka that goes with a delightful swing.

COUNTRY IDYLS—To a Cowslip; Poem; My Little Brook. By Leonard Butler. (Augener.)

Three short pieces, tuneful, but without particular distinction.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN. By H. Baynton-Power. (Larway.)

A number of fairly easy "impressions" for the piano, which record, among other pleasant melodies, "The Call of the Blue Bird" and the "Dance of the Living Flowers."

JUST A WISTFUL DREAM. Music by Donald Crichton. Lyric by John Yorke Bailey. (Enoch.)

Both words and music lack just the necessary touch to lift them above the commonplace.

ROUND THE WORLD. Music by Clifton Winterton. Described by Gilbert Forsyth. (Paxton.)

This book of easy pianoforte pieces is described as "A Musical Tour personally conducted by Fairy Atlas." The book contains seven pieces with titles such as "Madrid," "Pekin," "Cairo," etc., finishing up with "Paris." The scheme could have been made much more attractive. The Fairy Atlas's remarks lack imagination. When she has only a few lines to say at the commencement of each piece, why waste space in saying: "We cannot stop very long as we have so many other places . . ." etc., and "It didn't take us long to fly here from Madrid, did it?" etc. Each tune has an echo of the kind of music one associates with the various cities named.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

Messrs. Edwin Ashdown:

"Romantic Suite." By Alec Rowley. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Augener:

"Quartet for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello." By Frederick Delius. 10s.

"Rhythmic Studies for Violoncello." By R. V. Tabb. 3s.

"Mozart." For Violin and Piano. Minuet in D. 1s. 6d.

"Soirees de Budapest." For Violin and Piano. By O. Rieding. "Reverie," 2s.; "Souvenir," 3s.

Works for Piano. By Angelo Casiraghi. "Danza Dei Contadini" (Peasants' Dance), 2s. 6d.; "Mille Fiori" (Valse), 2s.

"Caprice." For Violoncello and Piano. By Ludwig Lebell. 2s.

"Polonaise in D Minor." For Violoncello and Piano. By Ludwig Lebell. 3s.

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- "Vignettes." Four Songs. By Landon Ronald. 3s. 6d.
 "Five English Songs." For medium voice and Pianoforte. By Julius Harrison. 4s.
 "Dance, Little Friend." Lyric by Rose Fyleman. Music by Herbert Brewer. 2s.
 "Just a Wistful Dream." Lyric by John Yorke Bailey. Music by Donald Crichton. 2s.
 "My Pretty One." Lyric by W. A. Stokes. Music by John R. Heath. 2s.
 "A Lullaby." Song for medium voice and Pianoforte. Lyric by Sheila MacCarthy. Music by Arnold Bax. 2s.
 "Soprano Album of Five Songs." Music by C. Chaminade. 3s. 6d.

The Drama.

A MIXED BAG.*

November, that brings the sportsman his most mixed bag, does the same for reviewers ; samples of everything come in just now, including "rabbits." Here is as varied a collection as one could wish : "The Risk," high-class

melodrama ;
 "A Tale of Young Lovers," high-brow melodrama (not quite the same thing) ;
 "Judas," a study of the most famous of that name ;
 "Sweet William," lighter than light-comedy ;
 lastly, "Body and Soul" by Mr. Arnold



Mr. Claude Houghton.

Author of "Judas" (Daniel).

Bennett, which is, well, just Arnold Bennett ; a writer's pie (a "scouse" as Lancashire says) of topical ingredients, rather too formless for a play, yet held together by pressure of a personality which is at its sanest when it is most delicately funny. It is the first choice of the new Regent Theatre, which Mr. Nigel Playfair may yet turn into an Everyman for us creatures of outer darkness who cannot live in Hampstead. Readers who visited it there found it fairly well played—very well indeed by Miss Nan Marriott Watson and that fine actor, Mr. Baliol Holloway. Cuts in the dialogue were compensated by one or two verbal improvements, and some delightfully preposterous scenery quite beggared the printed direction for the first act. Yet Mr. Bennett has given us better fare. A lady behind me complained bitterly that it was unworthy of "The Old Wives' Tale." That is not quite the point ; success in widely different modes has ever been a feature of this author's craft. Say rather that it is unworthy of "The Grand Babylon Hotel." It is a hurried, patchy piece of work ; and not all its hits at current absurdities quite manage to save it.

* "Body and Soul." 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Sweet William" and "The Risk." 3s. 6d. and 3s. (Duckworth.)—"A Tale of Young Lovers." 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Judas." 3s. 6d. (Daniel.)

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"Sweet William" is even lighter fare. Arch, lively, full of laughter and stage possibilities, it is called comedy by its author though it is much nearer to farce. But it is no ordinary farce, "broad" farce, men-sitting-on-eggs. And it is certainly not narrow; there is a bedroom scene in it at once piquant and innocent. Let us say, farce-fantasy, —the sort of thing the next generation will perhaps label "the Milne style," with some injustice in this case to Mr. Keble Howard who does it equally well. It is fragile as thistledown and needs as light a touch, as actors can tell you—all the gossamer beauty of young love without the prosaic prickles. Even the aftermath of war is turned to laughter and hope. For four acts it weaves a spell of "silly sooth; and dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age" whose youth is immortal.

"The Risk" at any rate is full-blooded enough—a very storm in a test-tube! There was some attempt to gain publicity for "André Pascal's" play, when produced at the Strand, by making a medical scandal of it. Doctors may sleep o' nights, however, whether in London or Paris. Armand Revard is not a real-life doctor. But he is splendidly theatrical, and was conceived humanly enough to give Mr. Bourchier a great part in a curiously unequal play. Revard stood almost alone in the first two acts; for there was no bite in the rest of the acting, though Mr. Reginald Bach, getting off the obvious track for obvious reasons, studied his moneylender on convincingly original lines, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes had his moments as Charrier, and an unnamed guest ate a banana unforgettably in the reception scene. But Mr. Bourchier's production gave little help to this first half of the piece, where help is most sorely needed. The great man's consulting-room, a deafening clash of styles and colours, would have put any cultured patient into a nervous breakdown; and the reception scene was like stump-oratory in the lee of a coffee-stall. From the reporters' entrance in the third act, however, the play improved remarkably and worked up to a climax of fine acting which deserved more than its three and a half weeks' run. The death scene was magnificent; and one could picture Mr. José Levy (who translates the play) dropping in to the last act whenever he felt homesick for the Grand Guignol, and going home comforted.

"A Tale of Young Lovers" was produced successfully last year by the Nottingham Repertory Company, one of those gallant ventures which are slowly easing the yoke of bondage to the commercial theatre from young dramatists' necks. Here again, as in "The Risk," one's judgment is troubled by the discrepancy that often exists between playwriting and literature. The play is effective enough in a melodramatic fashion—that is, by putting "situation" first and probability nowhere. Warring dukes pass freely through each other's lines; characters labour under an ignorance of public events and personages which seems miraculous even in the thirteenth century, before broadcasting was invented; and the plot turns on those hinges of all melodrama, a sister's love for a brother whom she has never known, and a misunderstanding which would be cleared up in two minutes of real life. Yet the play does contrive to maintain a rising interest, and the last scene gets clean away from melodrama in an inspired "curtain" which atones for a great deal. The blank verse is disappointing; the two main characters exhaust all its good lines; and the remainder, if not quite what Henley and Stevenson called "tushery," is terribly near it. Mr. Cecil Roberts would have been well advised to omit the prologue: better still to shun print altogether and rest on the laurels of a stage success.

To turn from this to "Judas," the other blank verse piece, is to pass from darkness to dawn. A fine play, full of imagination and sympathy. There is little drama in the traditional Judas, a petty huckster of treachery, immortalised only by his Victim's greatness: lesser leaders have been more interestingly betrayed. Mr. Claude Houghton's hero—for this Judas is cast in the heroic mould—is a very different type. Proud, solitary, a scholar-poet, a dreamer and mystic, we first meet him just

before his call. He is embittered, despairing of man's lot not in Jewry alone (a fine touch, this) but throughout the "prison-house of tyranny" in which he sees all mankind. He is more ripe for Christ's message than any other disciple; and once called to apostleship he is the giant figure, head and shoulders above the rest in intellect, with an odd echo at times of Marlowe's heroes and their great-souled dreams. The play's turning point is the raising of Lazarus; Judas next appears more deep in his despair than before; Christ's power is certain, yet the golden age is not come. Would not so subtle a thinker have foreseen that it must come slowly? Perhaps it is the Marlovian element in Judas that cannot brook the delay. He sees the Christ in whom he believes so passionately, who has already vanquished sorrow and death, fall back on dreams and prophecies while evil remains enthroned. In an ecstasy of faith, proudly contemptuous of the disciples' horror, he betrays Christ in order to hasten the issue. The great tragedy is enacted: but the best scene of the play is yet to come. When all others have recanted and fled, Judas's loyalty rises triumphant. Jesus is not God, it seems; He is false, a mockery; it remains then that God is evil and merciless, Truth itself a lie. In this thought, rather than in remorse for his action, Judas goes out to his doom.

A great theme, done greatly. It will be interesting to see what West End manager is bold enough to produce it. Some readers may find in it the play of the year. In any case, it is worth the rest of these five put together.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

DIFFICULTIES: AN ATTEMPT TO HELP. By Seymour Hicks. 10s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Seymour Hicks of all persons!—has attempted to compose an up-to-date version of William Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men." Aiming to assist that class of youths who "knock about indiscriminately with women," Mr. Hicks has thought fit to embody his counsel in language understood by the man in the street and accordingly adopts a style the merit of which is a stark outspokenness, the vice a slap-dash facetiousness. Fortunately the author's matter is better than his manner. His advice on personal hygiene, the choosing of friends, consideration for others, occupation, sport, gambling, smoking, drinking, books and recreations, the management of money, the contraction of marriage, and the avoidance of venereal disease is quite admirably sound and sensible. Whether it was well for Mr. Hicks to touch on the subject of sexual perversion in a book of this kind is perhaps open to doubt. But this certainly may be said of "Difficulties" that it is a thoroughly courageous book which evades none of the problems of adolescence.

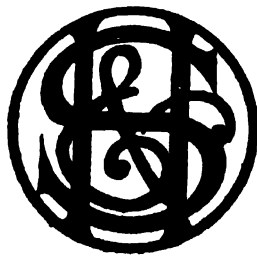
MR. DRINKWATER'S "MARY STUART."

I have not read Mr. Drinkwater's latest play; so, having witnessed its performance on the stage of Everyman Theatre, I cannot be quite certain whether the leading player represented or misrepresented her part. But I saw Mary Stuart pace the stage as a more or less hypnotised person. I heard her bewail again and again her inability to secure a man equal to her own "magnanimity," and I watched her as she threw Riccio to the wolves with gentle indifference and listened to his dying screams with superb insouciance. I think therefore that Miss Laura Cowie did no injustice to her author in representing Mary Stuart as a cold-blooded egomaniac who, trying to believe that she is a victim of fate, makes experiments on the emotions of her lovers. That such a Queen of Scots is the Mary neither of history nor of romance and deprives her impersonator of any opportunity of showing her mettle I need hardly say. The Darnley of the production had a better chance and took it. I have never seen Mr. Harcourt Williams to such great advantage. He gave a startlingly sinister and flamboyant piece of acting and put life into the dry bones of the play every time he appeared. When Mr. Harold Scott sang I found him a tolerable Riccio; but I thought he made a comic or a comic-operatic lover. L. B.

THE BOOKMAN

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

1922



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News Notes.

The January BOOKMAN will contain special articles on W. B. Yeats, by Laurence Binyon; "Henry and Thomas Vaughan," by A. E. Waite; "A. E.'s Prose," by John Freeman; "The Poetry of Edward Arlington Robinson," by Thomas Moulton; "J. C. Squire's Essays," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Mr. Lloyd George," by Frederic Whyte; "Six Famous English Poets," "Some Contemporary Artists," a Bookman Gallery article on Kathlyn Rhodes, by W. H. Chesson, etc.

Between ourselves you may take it that authors, on the whole a good-natured race, generally make a few mistakes in their books on purpose to add to the pleasure of some of their readers. It gives one an unholy joy to drop on such errors and point them out to others, or write and call the author's attention to them, and perhaps add a word of reproof. The mistake Dickens made when describing that cricket match in "Pickwick" has been a source of pleasure to every expert cricketer who has read it ever since. Of course there are plenty of readers who miss such lapses or treat them as mere spots on the sun, too trivial to worry about, and write to an author on more essential affairs—fiercely denouncing him for his opinions or expressing admiration for his work and gratitude for the happiness he has given them. It is always a good sign when an author receives these or any sort of spontaneous communications from his public, for unless a book is alive and possesses some special quality of interest it cannot delight or exasperate the gentle reader sufficiently to prompt him to sit down and let his feelings loose in a letter.

A little while ago my friend Arthur Bartlett Maurice published in the *New York Herald* a selection of letters that had been received by American authors from members of the public who did or did not admire them, and it seemed a good thing to supplement his labours by an inquiry into the similar experiences of English authors. Several assure me they have had such letters in large

quantities but have destroyed them; three are away from home and can't get at them; others are a little diffident on the matter, like

SIR OLIVER LODGE,

who says: "I do, like every one else, receive letters from cranks, which are occasionally amusing. I don't always keep them, and those that I have kept I am rather chary of publishing even in an anonymous manner. Some are simply abusive, but those



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

are of no interest; and those which are of some kind of interest I hardly like to use in this way. Moreover the wrongness of those who write about Gravitation and Einstein and the like might not be fully apparent to your readers. So I

think on the whole I had better be excused."

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD,

too, thinks the less said about these things the better. "All writers, I believe, receive letters from their readers," she writes. "I have had many from mine. But I should not like to quote them; for if they were flattering I should feel as if I were boastful; if the reverse—why, I do not want any worse of me suggested to your readers than they may have discovered for themselves. And so I send you no letters and no extracts; but I may tell you, without prejudice, that since 'Aunt Anne' was published countless people have written to say they recognised their own particular Aunt, and how did I come



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

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LETTERS TO AUTHORS. BY SIR OLIVER LODGE, MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, I. ZANGWILL, FRANK SWINNERTON, ERNEST RAYMOND, COMPTON MACKENZIE, KATHLYN RHODES, WILLIAM LE QUEUX, W. B. MAXWELL, SAX ROHMER and M. E. FRANCIS.

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to know her? I should like to add, for the benefit of some who have written to me out of their hearts—letters meant only for my eyes to see—that I have gratefully and reverently burnt them lest some day they should fall into stranger hands and be misunderstood."

MR. I. ZANGWILL

must have had some nice communications at times, but he says: "I regret that my absence in Italy prevents my selecting specimens of the incredible



Photo by Ionides.

Mr. I. Zangwill.

letters I receive from all quarters of the globe, upon which I appear to enjoy less the reputation of an author than of an almoner. If I said 'Yes' to everything I am asked to do or donate I should soon be in my village work-house or in the lunatic asylum,

from which my more Messianic correspondents must hail. To read and write up the plays of unknown and illiterate people and get them produced is the least of the tasks expected of me, though some are good enough to offer half the profits. Perhaps the most amusing letter I ever received was from an alchemist in California, who wanted me to send him his travelling expenses to England so that he might personally demonstrate to me his power of changing the baser metals into gold. I advised him to raise his fare by converting a little copper before he sailed."

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON

does not seem to have come off any too well. "Nobody writes me funny letters about my books," he declares, "though my friends—who, I'm afraid, don't take me very seriously as a novelist—find all the letters I get extremely funny. Their attitude is: 'Fancy anybody writing like that to Frank!

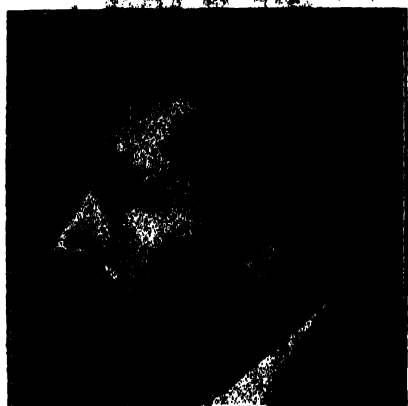


Photo by Dorothy Hocking.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton.

As if he were a *real* writer, instead of just our friend!' I did once receive a strange letter from a young woman who opened with the words, 'How did you know about me?' But I expect this was

a *hoax*. And another from a man who wrote gravely that he had liked a book of mine so much that he had bought a copy. And another from a man who said he wanted to read a book by me because I seemed to have a cheerful face. Otherwise my letters are either from respectable young women who want to know what happens to certain characters, or from those who want autographs, money or advice. I'd forgotten—I've had a number of letters pointing out mistakes I've made over the Scottish Law of Primogeniture (or whatever it is) and such-like things. I don't keep such letters." Which looks as if he did not take his mistakes so seriously as he ought to.

MR. ERNEST RAYMOND

has only written two books so far, and will probably be more fierce on this subject when he has written a few more. "My most amusing and quite my favourite correspondent," he writes, "is a lady who appears from her letters and handwriting to be a juvenile flapper. I enclose a series of three of her letters. Here is the first:

DEAR MR. RAYMOND, I am sure you will feel very cross when you get this letter, and say, "From another silly schoolgirl. Bother her!" or something like it. I only write to you because I read one of your books—"Tell England"—and I felt I had to tell you that you are a simply splendid writer—a poor excuse, isn't it, as I suppose lots of people have told you that before. I like you second to Rudyard Kipling because bits of that book are what he might have written and are like him. It's very queer I should like "Tell England" because it made me quite miserably depressed for over a week, and so bad tempered! My father was at Gallipoli and said the book was very true to life. I send the usual stamped addressed envelope, you see, not because I really think you will answer this, but because it seems to be the proper thing to do.

This subtle conclusion made Mr. Raymond feel that "an immediate answer was quite the only proper thing for *me* to do," and he received this response:

DEAR MR. RAYMOND,—Thank you so much for your letter, it was really awfully good of you to reply. I have an elder sister who is rather proud of the fact that she knows four authoresses, and so you see I shall wait until you are a very Great Man Indeed, and then completely squash her by showing her your letter. I hope you are writing another book, if so I'll buy it when it comes out.

Shortly after the publication of "Rossenal" Mr. Raymond received a third letter from this charming correspondent:

DEAR MR. RAYMOND,—I do hope you will not mind my writing to you again, but I wanted to tell you that I think your new success, "Rossenal," is perfectly splendid, and I liked best of all the "Westward in the Sunset" poem. I do not like "Rossenal" as well as "Tell England," but then I do not think I could like any book as much as your first one. I am afraid you will think it very great cheek



Mr. Ernest Raymond.

of me to say so, but I rather wish that your next book will be like "Tell England" and "The Hill"—a "Romance of Friendship," and not a love story. I don't like love stories or their heroines much, as a rule, but I think Eileen was the nicest heroine you could have had. I

hope, too, that you will have your own poetry in your next book.

These are the kind of letters other authors will envy, but

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE

takes us back to sterner stuff. "I am afraid nearly all the letters I have received from readers," he says, "are at Capri, so I cannot send you any. I remember getting a letter just before the war from an Englishman in Munich, which began, 'Dear Sir, I have just finished reading your first volume of "Sinister Street" and think I may say it was the shortest six hours I ever

spent.' Seeing that there were several more pages to come, I settled myself down complacently to take my fill of admiration, and read on. 'When I'd finished,' continued my correspondent, 'I asked myself what good has this

six hours done me? What good has the dreary reporter's bosh that you, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells write done me? I get more from six sentences of a writer like Jack London than in the whole of the six hours I have wasted on you.' The rest of the letter consisted of a long extract from 'John Barleycorn.' 'That is what I call writing,' my correspondent concluded. Another letter came from New Zealand with a request that as brother-in-law of H. G. Pellissier I would obtain 'that respected gentleman's signature.' My correspondent added, 'We all enjoy your books in our family, but my Grandma who is ninety-six just worships you; she bought twelve copies of "Carnival" to give away to friends this Christmas.' From Hungary I once had a letter addressed

to 'Compton Mackenzie, Writer of English, London,' and inside, 'Please with compliments to send your honourable autogram.'"

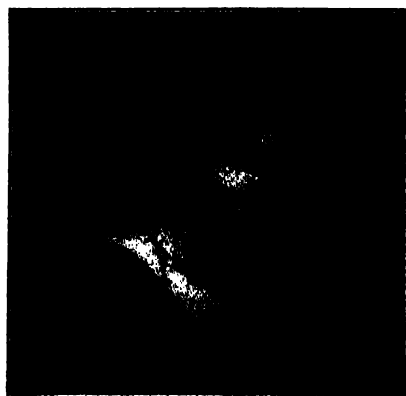
MISS KATHLYN RHODES

has found it difficult to make a selection from the enormous pile of letters she has received, "as many are of too personal a nature to be interesting to outsiders." But one that has given her most pleasure was from a group of boys in a Home who wrote saying, "We wish to express our appreciation of 'Dodo's Schooldays.' Sister says you sent the book for the girls, but we boys all like it very much. We think Dodo was such a sport we want to read some more about her, so please write another book about her as soon as you can. As some of us are leaving the Home soon, do not trouble to have it printed, we can read it in writing just as well if you will please send it along quick." Another it was pleasant to receive ran: "I do wish I could see you—why don't you have a little photograph of yourself in the cover of your books? I wonder if you are like I think you are. Have you got lovely copper-coloured hair and eyes to match, and a beautiful pink and white complexion, or am I wrong?" Miss Rhodes says she was wrong, but another got nearer the mark when she wrote: "I sometimes try to picture what you are like—slender and dark, I think." The first correspondent afterwards wrote: "May I knit you a jumper? And if so, what is your favourite colour?" And the jumper came. But Miss Rhodes has had her trials. A sergeant stationed in Egypt wrote to complain: "You have got the position of the Post Office in Port Said wrong." He supplied the correction and apologised for doing so, but added, "I read all your books and am sorry to see you making a mistake." And there was an anonymous person who wrote: "After reading your 'Desert Dreamers' I have consigned it to the flames, as I should not like anyone I cared for to read such a book. Thought perhaps this might interest you, as I do not consider the book fit for the market or public reading." Miss Rhodes sends this one "just to show that all my correspondents are not alike in their views. I have several other anonymous letters, as well as some peculiarly offensive sketches which I have never been able to understand; but the letters are generally of too abusive and personal a nature to use." These, however, are



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie.



Miss Kathlyn Rhodes.

amply atoned for by letters of warmest praise, including a brief note of high appreciation from Sir A. Conan Doyle.

It would have been strange if

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX

had not been the recipient of some unusual letters, and here is the confession he has been good enough to make to me :

" Like most other authors I have received much curious correspondence in the years I have been writing. First and foremost my readers appear to make me their confidant on the question of enemy espionage, probably because I have written much upon the subject. Before the war I had many letters reporting suspected spies, but when the war came the public suffered from a bad attack of spy-mania. Every one thought they knew a spy, and on the third day after the publication of my book, 'German Spies in England,' I received no fewer than three hundred and ten letters, all of which eventually had the attention of the department dealing with such matters. I must here say that though the majority of the allegations of my correspondents were groundless, in three cases I received information of the highest importance to the authorities.

" Being a cosmopolitan I constantly receive from my readers requests for advice regarding a cheap holiday abroad, the best hotels at which to stay and their cost at the present rate of exchange. Then, as a wireless engineer and experimenter, I have to-day all sorts of radio problems put before me, many of which could not be solved even by the research department of the Marconi Company. One of my correspondents recently dropped into poetry, and sent me the following lines :

It troubles each sex,
So I put it to you ;
Is it William Le Quex,
Or William Le Queux ?

We give you the cue,
So no longer perplex,
It is William Le Queux,
Not William Le Quex.

" Another letter, dated from Brixton only a few weeks ago, reads :

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, are three public school men, ex-officers, and we are very anxious for your advice. We know by your books that you have had many adventures during your secret service work abroad. This letter is not written after a visit to " Bull-Dog Drummond," but after calm and mature thought. We, like Drummond, have no fear, and we have an idea that if we entered into partnership we might be of considerable use to persons who might desire confidential missions undertaken—of course if they were matters of an honest nature. We think that in the City of London, in both business and social circles, there are many people who want such missions undertaken, but do not know people



Photo by
E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. William
Le Queux.

of integrity and fearlessness ready to carry them out. Between us we hold the qualifications of air-pilot, sailor, motor-engineer, prospector, Master of Arts, waiter, lawyer, clerk, cowboy, and when occasion arises—"gentleman." We venture to write to you for your opinion

on our suggestion, and also wonder whether you might not be disposed to join us.

" Further, I have a poor unfortunate lunatic correspondent who began years ago by letters of fulsome praise. Of every book or story I wrote he sent me long and elaborate criticisms. He said he read no books but mine and the Bible. I can quite believe it, for the poor fellow took to collecting my books, sometimes half a dozen or so of each edition, until when at last he was taken to the asylum, where he still is, it was found that he possessed no fewer than four hundred and eighty volumes of which I was the author ! As the majority of this mass of correspondence means polite replies, it adds very considerably to the task of an already overworked writer of fiction."

MR. W. B. MAXWELL

has found his correspondents, as Shakespeare found life, of a mingled yarn, good and evil, and writes :

" I must confess that I have always attached great value to letters received from my readers, when those readers were complete strangers, because it seemed to me then that I was getting the absolutely frank opinion which a writer looks for in vain from kind friends or relations. I have sought too to be guided more or less by the criticism that thus flows in upon one from unknown sources ; but unfortunately the opinions offered are extremely contradictory. I should perhaps explain that in my case, and I suppose in all other cases, strangers write not only extremely flattering letters, but letters of a condemnatory and even abusive character. Such letters are difficult to interpret ; but one may nevertheless derive from them a dim estimate of the actual effect of one's work and make some sort of guess as to the class of people it is reaching. A common type of letter is the one relating the events of a lifetime, and suggesting that they would make a capital book. These are often amusing and occasionally tragic. Sometimes a letter from a stranger is quite obviously an effort to pull one's leg. Unfortunately, although, as I say, I value these communications, the pressure of life has prevented me from keeping many of them..

But here are two instances of very contradictory criticism :

"(1) From a man :

... Claims my admiration ; for how should one of my sex be so deeply versed in women's dress !

"(2) From a lady :

... From this I should judge you to be a bachelor, you break down rather pathetically on the detail of women's dress. You may think this a small matter and no doubt it is to men—but how can a woman retain her confidence in your omniscience when as for instance . . . ? (Cases cited.)"

Perhaps some of the quaintest and most startling of such letters have been delivered at the door of

MR. SAX ROHMER.

He has had the usual requests for autographs—one from an excited young lady who asks for two, one for a friend who is ill ; but a large proportion of his letters from the public are of a more lurid, not to say lawless, order. One from another young lady, who had just been reading "The Return of Doctor Fu Manchu," shows how he impresses his readers with a belief that his stories are all true. "I intend," she says, "to be a secret service agent when I finish college, and am hoping that there will be a Fire-Tongue for me to run down. I want to be a member of an organisation like Fire-Tongue's (only I don't want to murder some one). If I can't belong to one I want to have a chance to *fight* one. . . . If I can't do either of these things I want to organise a secret society, and I want you to tell me what to do, how to do it and give me a purpose."

Experienced old criminals, from reading his tales of mystery and crime, seem to take it for granted that he is himself far gone in sin and a superior hand at their own dreadful business. One, giving his name and address, opens a startling epistle with the abrupt inquiry : "Would you be interest in writing a pice entitled 'You can Beat the Bank of England if you go at it right' ?" He then proceeds to give minute details of how he and the book-keeper of his firm, having agreed to "go at it 50-50," embarked on a complicated practice of misappropriating the funds of their employers and falsifying the accounts successfully, and even succeeded in hoodwinking the detectives when the firm could not see where the money was going. He does not make it clear whether he wants Sax Rohmer to join him in a scheme for tapping the wealth of the Bank of England, but evidently

considers that, being inured to crime, he would welcome some tips from another expert.

But an experienced gentleman writing from America goes much farther in his self-revelations. He begins by saying he was in communication with Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who "unfortunately went down on the ill-fated *Lusitania*, and same I believed, sir, spoiled my chances and broad-minded opportunities to reform, astound and revolutionise this unhappy world." He then, by way of recommending himself to Sax Rohmer's favourable consideration, proceeds : "I know, sir—have seen crime and criminals, White Slavery, Houses of Ill Fame in 'Frisco before The beastly and during the 'Quake. Sir, I know Chinese High Binder Wars from A to Z, am a member in high standing of The Bing Kong Tongs, as any man would be with our American Masons alongside of The Eagles, Elks and Oddfellows. I am high with the Bings towards the Suey Sings, Hip Sing Tongs, Hop Sing Tongs and On Leong Tongs. So you see how the Chinks, Mr. Rohmer, class themselves, and the other nations call them 'Highbinders.' A chink cops a man's wife, steals his business, double-crosses him, all he does, Sir, calls a meeting of his lodge ; lays the cold, vivid facts before them, and a messenger is sent with asking reparation. If nothing is done in reciprocation another meeting is called and a price is put on the man's head, and volunteers are asked for. Then the world talks. I am a Roman, speak four (4) languages, an expert typist and shorthand writer, and I learned many sad

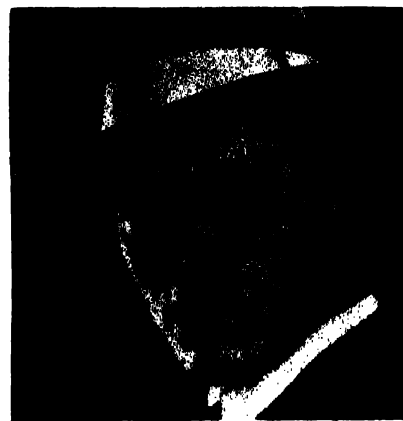
things about The Italians about The beastly Mafia Wars the papers talk about." He is a little vague concerning his particular offences, which were apparently connected with jewellery and furs, but he makes it clear that the judge "comuted my sentence from 25 to 8 years" and apologises in a postscript for any obscurities of style, saying : "Note Sir : I am sorry I am not behind my woodstack No. 5 so I could be more explanatory." Even the reference to the woodstack is a mystery to me, but he takes it for granted that the creator of Dr. Fu Manchu will sympathise with him, having an inside knowledge of little matters of that sort, and probably only writing at his best when he is behind a woodstack of his own.

M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Mary Blundell) has had less sensational but not less interesting correspondents. "I have had many odd letters in



Photo by E. O. Hoppl.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell.



Mr. Sax Rohmer.

the course of my literary career," she writes; "some of the kind familiar probably to most authors, in which appreciation of the novelist's work is adroitly mingled with the setting forth of the writer's own condition of impecuniosity. I remember in particular the ingenuous effusion of one young gentleman who informed me with much high-flown hyperbole that he had been a bad boy and had broken the heart of his widowed mother. For her sake he besought me to accommodate him with a loan of fifty pounds, artlessly adding: 'I think it only right to tell you that I can give no security whatever and that the name by which I sign this letter is not my own'! A somewhat similar document came to me from India, where a young Hindu student, enthusiastic, it would seem, about my books, asked me to send him two or three, not that he might 'selfishly keep them to himself,' he said, but that he might have the pleasure of observing their effect upon his companions. In a fine glow of generosity I sent the youth a few books, and was somewhat damped when some months later he petitioned for a piece of black cloth of sufficient dimensions to make himself a pair of trousers!



Photo by Lafayette.

M. E. Francis
(Mrs. Blundell).

"But two letters stand out in my mind as unique. One from an unknown reader who signed himself 'A Ploughman,' and who told me in language carefully chosen but not stilted how he had been affected by certain pages of 'Fiander's

Widow.' He too, he said, loved Nature for her own sake as Richard Marshall loved her. All that I had related of Richard's delight in his work and its surroundings could equally apply to himself. He thanked me for putting into words emotions and sensations of which he was conscious but which he was unable to express. 'When I am leading my horses to the field to-morrow morning,' he said, 'I shall be thinking of Richard and Rosalie.' He did not want to be thanked for his letter, for he gave no name and no address. It was a spontaneous thing and gave me great pleasure.

"The other letter came from a London slum and contained a piteous appeal. The writer's wife was lying dead in a certain workhouse infirmary. Unless he could remove the body in a specified time she would be buried by the parish. He had read some of my books and thought I had a kind heart; would I send enough to bury her? There was very

little time to decide—none in which to make inquiries. The man might be a professional beggar or a rogue—on the other hand his story might be true, and if so—. I sent the money by express, and at the same time, as a kind of salve to my own conscience, wrote to the Union authorities to ascertain if the circumstances as related were correct. In due course reassurance came, and after some time a letter of thanks, dignified and poignant, the more so because the words were few. It contained a receipted undertaker's bill—the story was true."

Poets and essayists, apparently, do not get so many or such remarkable letters as the popular novelist is accustomed to receive. Now and then—not often; not so often as some authors would like—a correspondent will, as tangible evidence of appreciation, send a brace of ducks or a piece of jewellery; one novelist tells me that shortly after the publication of a tale of his which was written in the first person and told of a literary man and his family living in desperate poverty, and left them still struggling hard on the last page, an anonymous reader, convinced that it was written out of personal experience, posted to him, through his publisher, twenty-five pounds in bank-notes. This was, as it happened, a tribute to that author's imagination; but it was proof no less of the good-heartedness there is in the world and the strong feeling of sympathy a well-realised story can establish between its writer and its readers. He tells me he related this incident to a brother-novelist who, being actually impecunious, wrote in the first person a harrowing tale of another literary man in distress and, after it was published, waited for results in vain. You are not bound to believe it, but things do occur perversely, like that, at times.

THE BOOKMAN.

A study of G. K. Chesterton by Mrs. Patrick Braybrooke has just been published by the Chelsea Publishing Company. Mr. Arthur F. Thorne has written an introduction for the volume.

"The Best of the Year" is the title of a new Annual, the first number of which Messrs. Collins have just published. It contains what are, in the Editor's judgment, the best things of their kind that have appeared in magazines and newspapers during the year—orations by H.M. the King, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead and Sir James Barrie; short stories, poems and other contributions by Eden Phillpotts, J. D. Beresford, Sheila Kaye-Smith, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Bernard Shaw, Muriel Stuart, Edward Shanks, Herbert Trench, Rebecca West, and other distinguished authors. In addition it has a series of specially contributed articles on the best things done during the year in art, architecture, books,

drama, music, films and in the world of sport. There are ten beautiful reproductions of the year's art.

Messrs. Leighton, Son & Hodge have a special interest in the celebration this year of the centenary of a very important discovery in connection with modern book production. Until 1822 books in cloth bindings were unknown, but in that year Archibald Leighton, a bookbinder of Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, introduced a revolution into the trade by discovering or inventing bookbinder's cloth. It was, for twenty years or so, a composite product of various firms of dyers, calendars, etc., the lettering being embossed by the binders, and not until 1841

did "Bookbinders' Cloth-Maker," as a trade by itself, first appear in the London Directory.

Messrs. Philpot & Co. are publishing a second impression of Mrs. Watts-Dunton's "Home Life of Swinburne," which is just now being discussed at considerable length in the American reviews.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS, November-December, 1922.—Results of the Competitions announced last month will be given in the January BOOKMAN, and as we go to press before the 14th November the time for sending in remains open until the 14th December.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ROBERT KEABLE.

WE are doing an injustice to the human side of the extremely literary person if we suppose that he expresses the whole of himself when he contributes that imperial sniff of his to a conversation which has turned on the fellow-author who on some recent morning woke up to find himself a best seller, like Mr. Hutchinson, or a next best seller, like the author of "Simon Called Peter." It is difficult, no doubt, to believe there is a human side to the average literary extremist; and where it has been discovered one wishes very often that it hadn't. But this much may be said for him: dissembler though he is in professing outward scorn of the novel that has gone into its fiftieth thousand, there is no particle of envy for its writer in his secret soul. And yet it may be taken as a certainty that when he has returned to the solitude of his own chamber, he reads "If Winter Comes" or "Simon Called Peter" from cover to cover, it may be painfully but gamely, trying his utmost to detect by what mysterious alchemy their worldly-fortunate authors have been transformed in a twinkling to owners of Rolls-Royce cars (if they be so inclined) from patrons of the penny bus.

Nobody has discovered the recipe for the best seller, however. The student gives up his quest in a spirit of impotence, and it is this that the imperial sniff is concealing. But if you can take the extremely literary person unawares you may hear him granting that there is no such thing as a best seller which is entirely devoid of justification: even if it be merely the justification of administering to a human and not an artistic need. Imagination cannot be lent to those who do not possess it, and just as a certain class of man and woman turn to the daily illustrated paper to picture what cannot be pictured in their own minds, although passing under their noses all the time, so the unimaginative fiction

reader turns to some particular novelist who is able to remove the bewilderment created by an imaginative lack. Such a novelist does not awaken the imagination: he sentimentalises, solidifies and glorifies his facts as facts, until they are focused before the reader like the "close-ups" at the cinema. Marie Bashkirtseff, that ill-fated woman whom Anatole France has called "the child without a childhood," recorded in her Journal that she prayed to God every morning and evening for a duke as a husband, a beautiful voice, and her mother's recovery from disease. Every woman and man, in her or his attenuated moments, is a Marie Bashkirtseff or the male equivalent. Certainly every woman of the type desires her aristocrat, a beautiful voice and the commonplace rest of it, even though at the end of her prayerful period she is content to fall in love, if not with the local schoolmaster, like the dying girl in Hauptmann's "Hannele," with the milkman or, at best, with a clerk who has manicured fingers.

Thus the novel that has become something else than a novel, that is, an extremely marketable commodity like soap or ladderless silk stockings, usually does so by virtue either of sentimentalising the ordinary domestic facts of contemporary existence or of transporting the reader into the glamorous, very desirable world which is hopelessly beyond his or her reach except in a dream. Mr. Keable, we imagine, will admit this readily; and if he were inclined to proffer an additional reason for the astonishingly wide circulation of his more recent books it would be that his earlier volumes had attracted an audience by no means negligible, one which formed the nucleus of his novel-reading public. This nucleus was essentially thoughtful and earnest. It had probably been unaccustomed to any lighter form of literature than the theological homily or the dissertation on ethics and morality. But just as a clergyman of our acquaintance



Mr. Robert Keable.

once found to his dismay that when he was transferred to a neighbouring parish half his old congregation deserted the old church for the new, so, when Mr. Keable adopted a different form of literary expression, his old readers were known to be a considerable percentage of the ninety-two thousand who, so far, have acquired copies of his first novel, a considerable percentage of the forty-four thousand who have acquired copies of "The Mother of All Living," and a considerable percentage of the still avid folk who have already sent to a fourth printing his most recent novel, "Peradventure, or the Silence of God."

For Mr. Keable, as we need hardly be reminded, is an Anglican clergyman, an English *padre*, all the time. Born thirty-five years ago, the association of art and theology began during his school period at Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon. In addition to editing the school magazine, he was a Whitgift gold and silver medallist for prose and verse in 1905. At Cambridge University he contributed to church papers and missionary reviews as well as to "The Granta." Not only did he join the 'Varsity missionary campaigns up and down the provinces, afterwards writing their history, while in his vacations he worked with the late Henry Hutchinson of the Children's Special Service Mission: he also became the first President of the Pepysian Literary Society for the encouragement of original verse and prose at Magdalene, formed the acquaintance of Rupert Brooke and Mr. Michael Sadleir, and contributed poems to the first "Anthology of Cambridge Verse." In his own literary work he had the assistance and encouragement of Mr. A. C. Benson, and as a theological student he was so profoundly influenced by Father Waggett and the late Robert Hugh Benson that he gradually abandoned his evangelical position for that of Anglican Catholicism. He was ordained a priest in 1912, and sailed forthwith to British East Africa as tutor in the training college for native missionary priests. "Darkness or Light," his first book, published by the Y.M.C.A. in the same year, was a study in the history of this work, and the volume called "Songs of the Narrow Way," issued by Mowbrays two years later, was an attempt to express various phases of missionary life in verse.

Those who have noted how much first-hand experience is related in Mr. Keable's novels—"Peradventure," for example, introduces Cambridge and Zanzibar, Mr. Benson and Father Waggett, and the Children's Special Service Mission—will not be surprised to find that "Darkness or Light" and the book of verses were experiments in a method he has pursued ever since: that of going about his strenuous activities with a pencil and notebook, literally as well as metaphorically, in his fingers. "The Loneliness of Christ" ("Studies in the Discipline of Life") was published by Nisbet in the same year (1915) as "A City of the Dawn," which is a record of work in a tropical city. A children's study book, "The Adventures of Paul Kangai," appeared in 1916 with the imprint of the Y.M.C.A., for whom the author had acted as a temporary secretary prior to the war. "The Perpetual Sacrifice" ("Meditations on the Death of God the Son") was published by Nisbet in 1917; "This Same Jesus" (Nisbet) and "The Drift of Pinions" (Skeffington) in 1918. Then,

a year later, came the book which put its author on the road to finding his most profitable, if not his most literary vocation. "Standing By" was the outcome of his work on the Western Front, to which he had gone from Basutoland in December, 1916, as Chaplain to the South African native labour contingent, although he had been refused a chaplaincy by the British authorities at the outbreak of hostilities on account of ill-health.

While in France Mr. Keable wrote "The First Black Ten Thousand" for the S.P.C.K., but it was censured out of existence as being too sympathetic to the native question in South Africa. In "Standing By" is an echo of this and certain other controversies, although the main importance of the book lies in its tentative dealing with the problems that have concerned him so anxiously in his first two novels. "Pilgrim Papers," published by Christophers in 1920, is a companion volume, with much the same value. No one who has been attracted by Mr. Keable's happy, troubled temperament as revealed in his fiction can properly understand him without reading these thoughtful, charming, homely and helpful essays, written by a second though far more human Robert Hugh Benson. Mr. Keable has recognised in life just two problems. The first, he tells us in "Pilgrim Papers," is "the adjustment of Nature and Religion," the second "the discovery of the true Religion." Here are some characteristic passages relating to them:

"Possibly I have not said much about the first, but it undoubtedly stands first. It is always in my mind as I ride about on the face of this old Berg, and I fail to see how it can help being there, since one is so close to Nature up here. Among the flowers and mountains under the sun and the stars, and dealing with natives, one is truly close to Nature, and I am bound to confess that I find Nature a great problem. . . . Take, for example, the big sexual questions. Nature is out to breed men—and microbes—as hard as she can. She has designed the sexes to attract one another, and love is really her little joke. . . . And I realise that this visible world is only a tiny matter in comparison with the invisible that touches us at every turn. The whole of it, Nature and all its laws, is but the garment of something else. I am more sure of these things than of anything else. Maybe I am a colossal fool, but honestly, as I look out over these mountains, I see the spiritual a thousand times more clearly than the material. A flower dumbfounds me, for although I see the flower, I see far more plainly God."

"Simon Called Peter" and "The Mother of All Living" might be summed up as Mr. Keable's first unfettered attempt to make the adjustment of Nature and Religion, and "Peradventure," his equally unfettered preparation for a discovery of the true religion. Unfettered in an extra sense is this "Peradventure," for he had worked out of his mind in its forerunners the material unrest which took hold of him during his observations and duties as a chaplain in Flanders. As a consequence of his conviction (expounded in "Peradventure") that Anglicanism and Protestantism have broken down, Mr. Keable has resolved upon a complete devotion to literature immediately he returns to England after his present tour in the Pacific and Malay Straits. And, considered with all these pleasantly human implications in view, his latest novel is easily the most interesting and satisfying of the three.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE READER.

THE COLOUR OF CHRISTMAS: THIRTEEN CHRISTMAS COLOUR-BOOKS AND THEIR ARTISTS.

BY G. S. LAYARD.

THERE is not much risk, I think, in prophesying no inconsiderable immortality for one, at least, of the books with which I shall deal in this article

and, this being said, I have no hesitation in giving an easy precedence to "Rossetti and His Circle," by Max Beerbohm.¹

In a characteristic preface, Mr. Beerbohm, making his apologia for presenting the portraits of men he had never set eyes upon in the flesh, concludes: "Old



Photo by
Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Max
Beerbohm.

drawings and paintings, early photographs and the accounts of eye-witnesses, have not, however, been my only aids. I have had another and surer aid, of the most curious kind imaginable. And some day I will tell you all about it, if you would care to hear." Now to me that is a very intriguing statement, for I have, in my turn, studied Max for many a long year without having set eyes on *him*, and yet I can say with my hand on my heart that although I have known all his portraits, all his literary and pictorial works, I too have "had another and surer aid of the most curious kind imaginable," by which I have arrived at what I believe to be a full and proper appreciation of *him*. Whether I will ever tell you about it is quite another thing. You will have to make it quite clear first that you wish to hear the Sage of Rapallo's confession.

To Mr. Beerbohm, Rossetti was the most interesting man of the last century, only challenged by the romantic figures of Byron and Disraeli. Here is what he writes of him. What he says of him with his pencil and paint-box is even better, but that you can only see by getting hold of the book itself. Addressing the twentieth century world, he says: "Perhaps you have never heard of Rossetti. . . . But even you, flushed though you are with the pride of youth, must have heard of the Victorian Era. Rossetti belonged to that—though indeed he was born nine years before it began and died of it nineteen years before it was over. For him the eighteen-fifties and sixties had no romance at all. For me I confess they are very romantic—partly because I wasn't alive in them, and partly because Rossetti was." Now that is very interesting too, because it indicates a limitation in Mr. Beerbohm. I agree with him as to the romance of the eighteen-

fifties and sixties, but for myself, I find the nineteen-twenties just as romantic, partly because I am alive in them, and partly because Mr. Beerbohm, too, is most interestingly alive at Rapallo, which I think means that romance lives in our hearts and is not limited by time or space. This brings me to the point of this delightful gallery of our Pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Beerbohm endows them with complements of his own romantic needs, and they serve him as well as, if not better, than he has ever been served before.

No doubt some of us will turn the page rather hurriedly where Mr. Jowett is depicted asking Rossetti what his creations will do with the Grail when they find it, for Mr. Beerbohm is rather naughty there, but surely all of us will linger lovingly, though regretfully, over "A Momentary Vision that Befell Young Millais," laughingly over "Blue China"—(how beautifully drawn is Carlyle's portrait after Whistler!)—"Ford Madox Brown being patronised by Holman Hunt," Rossetti trying to prevail on Christina to abandon her "pew-opener" dress and have one made of Liberty silk, George Meredith exhorting Rossetti to set forth on a walk to Hendon and beyond: indeed, all in this wonderful gallery, in which the portraits are more like the people than ever the people were themselves.

As I have said, Rossetti is the hero of this book, mainly because, with Disraeli, he was a Great Alien. Complex and elusive, born outside their proper spheres, the Jew "who should have been Grand Vizir to some Sultan of a bygone age," the Italian who would have been at home "in the *Quattrocento* and by the Arno," they were portents in Victorian London's "deep, smug, thick, rich, drab, industrial complacency." In Mr. Beerbohm's words "Rossetti shone, for the men and women who knew him, with the ambiguous light of a red torch somewhere in a dense fog." That is a simile which, carried out in these entrancing pictures, puts in proper perspective the other great-little men of the period. Millais who, had it not been for the moor in Scotland and Pears' soap, might at his zenith have been quite other than the nurse of little Miss Muffet; "Topsy" Morris who might have been so much greater an artist had his great heart been smaller; Burne-Jones, the anæmic shadow of the master; Ruskin, eager enough prophet but too much bewildered with the problems of this world and the next to arrive at anything definite; Whistler, the gamin, wasting half his genius in fighting enemies not worth a thought; Carlyle, castrate of any feeling for carnal beauty; Tennyson waiting, perhaps in vain, for the halo of immortality; Browning succumbing to the world's slow strain; with George Augustus Sala, a very Puck amongst the Olympians, bringing up the rear. All these, and a score more, touched off with a beauty

¹ 25s. (Heinemann.)

of ugliness that can hardly be overpraised. For, to my mind, Mr. Beerbohm has, in this gallery, surpassed himself. Reviewing "A Survey" last year, I found him a little much too concerned with his technique. Here I find him giving free rein to fancy and letting his pencil take care of itself and do its work unconsciously and well.

Personally I keep Mr. Beerbohm's volumes of caricature always by me as cathartics; purges to cure melancholy; quite necessary antidotes to the nostalgia of ineptitude to which the poor writer so often finds himself victim.

But that is not all, or nearly all, Mr. Beerbohm's worth to the world. At a time when everybody is shouting as loud as he can to prove his Importance, he stands by as Looker-on, and shows how little are our greatest when we come to look at them with Detachment in the Perspective of the Past. Let him see to it that he continues to wave his jester's wand to remind "the transitory idols of the hour" how small they will look when History comes to be written. Undoubtedly this is the Christmas volume of the year so far as the grown-ups and intellectuals are concerned. But it is for the children that Christmas books are primarily meant, the grown-up children who ride on horseback and hunt the fox, as well as the authentic infants who have not yet doffed the pinafore nor donned the *toga virilis* or the linen chiton. Amongst the former, "Right Royal," by John Masefield, illustrated

by Cecil Aldin,² will undoubtedly be first favourite.

I shall speak later of the unequal yoking of pen and pencil. It is a pleasure to turn to the well-assorted wedlock of Mr. Masefield's poetry and Mr. Cecil Aldin's pictures. Here the artist has surpassed himself in his brilliant



L.N.A. photo.

Mr. Cecil Aldin.

and conscientious interpretation of the poet. These are true illustrations, for they throw light upon, illuminate the text. Poem and pictures gallop along side by side and make a dead heat of it, from the delightful plan of the steeplechase course, to which one constantly turns, to the breathless climax of the race's finish; from the moment when, as Charles Cothill

"... knotted the reins and took his stand,
The horse's soul came into his hand,
And up from the mouth that held the steel
Came an innermost word, half thought, half feel—
'My day to-day, O master, O master;
None shall jump cleaner, none shall go faster'"—

to the immense moment when Right Royal wins the race.

It is all as it should be, and I can imagine few things more delightful than a fine sporting family of young people ending the day, before a huge log fire on Christmas

² 15s. (Heinemann.)

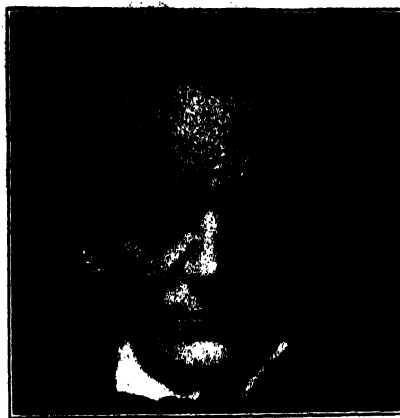


Photo by E. O. Hopp.

Mr. Jean de Bosschère.

Eve, listening to Mr. Masefield's inspiring verse and, despite the natural drowsiness induced by a good run with the hounds, rousing themselves to peep over the shoulder of the reader to see how that artist-fellow, Aldin, has pictorially represented this,

that and the other episode. This is in every sense a Right Royal book.

I regret to say that the same cannot be said for "The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha," with illustrations by Jean de Bosschère, and an essay by J. B. Trend.³

Beautifully produced and printed it does credit to its distinguished publishers, but I cannot but think does too much honour to its illustrator. Clever, no doubt, M. de Bosschère's work is both in colour and black-and-white, but temperamentally jealous for the great masterpieces of Literature, I perhaps too readily resent what must, I think, be admitted to be an unequal yoking of pen and pencil. Goya might possibly have done justice to the immortal Don. Certainly Hogarth lamentably failed, and where he failed few have ever succeeded.

It has been said that Cervantes "smiled Spain's chivalry away." That is so in a sense. But he did much more than that. He distinguished the false from the true. He realised and completed the whole spirit of knight-errantry. The perfection of Don Quixote depends on the skill with which heroic sentiment is fused with comic narrative. That, it seems to me, condemns these illustrations out of hand, for M. de Bosschère emphasises the grotesque, and thus overlays the fine philosophy and essential beauty. Personally I think the Don had best be left alone in the perfection of Cervantes' pages and, if Englished in Shelton's magnificent translation, a course wisely pursued in the present instance, he will be found quite able to take care of himself without any adventitious trappings.

Of the classical coloured books for children, "Alice in Wonderland"⁴—text by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Gwynedd M. Hudson—will be first favourite.

To those of us who were brought up on Tenniel's illustrations to "Alice" it is of course almost sacrilege to think of any others, but it must be at once admitted that, had we not set eyes on *them*, we should be enraptured, as modern children will be, by Miss Gwynedd Hudson's delightful treatment of the most entrancing of all children's stories. She is reverent, conscientious and original, and the clean transparent colours of her drawings are so well reproduced that even the artist may be found grateful! Occasionally Miss Hudson's clever work betrays the influence of the master, for

³ 21s. (Constable.)

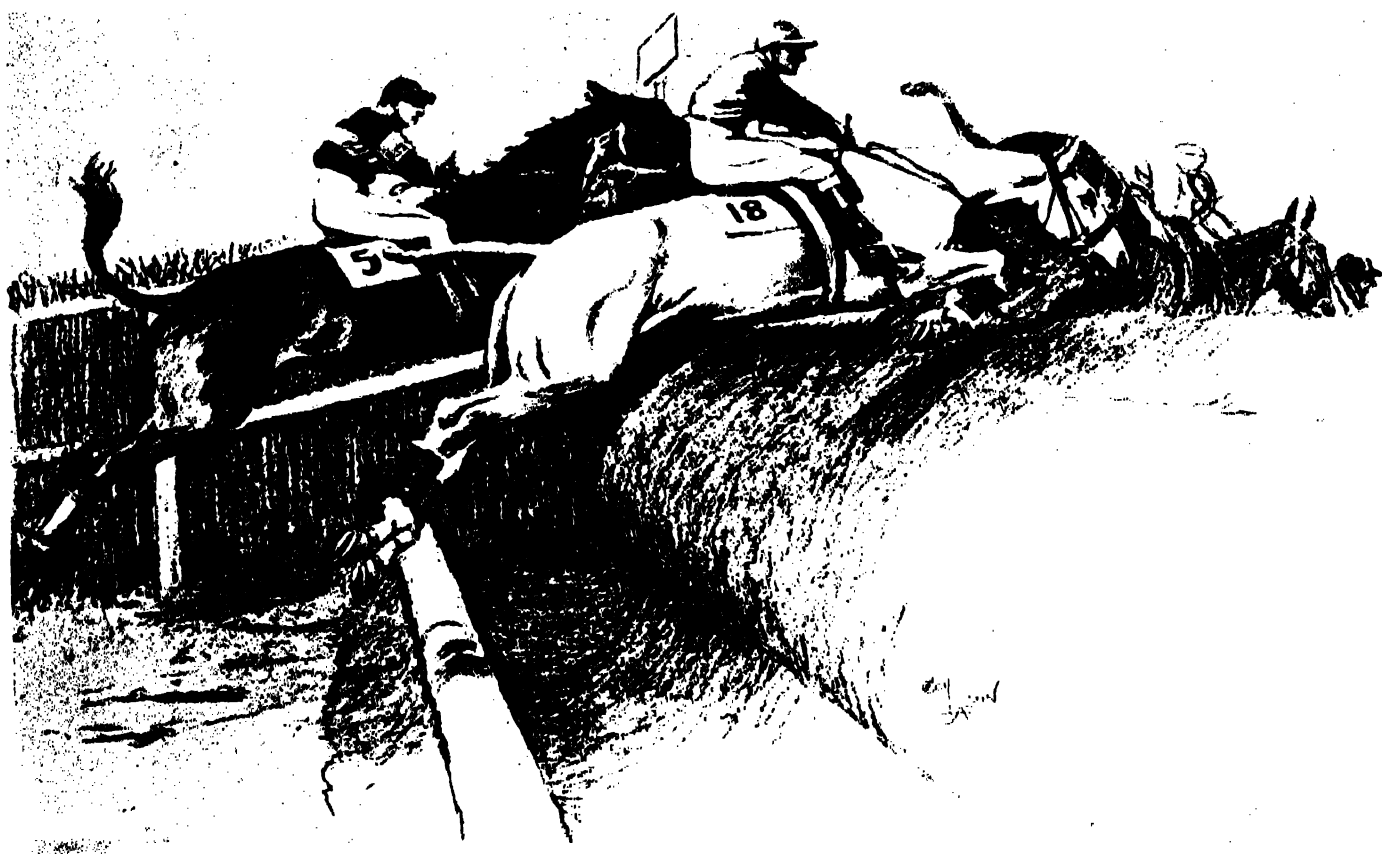
⁴ 20s. Edition de Luxe, limited to 200 copies, signed by the artist, £2 2s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



*From one of the Colour Drawings
in "ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE."
By MAX BEERBOHM
(Heinemann).*

THE SMALL HOURS OF THE SIXTIES AT 1C, CHEYNE WALK.
Algernon reading "Anactoria" to Gabriel and William.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.



From "RIGHT ROYAL."
By JOHN MASEFIELD.
Illustrated in colour by CECIL ALDIN
(Heinemann).

'PULSE FOR PULSE WITH THE HEART OF LIFE.'



From "IVANHOE."
Illustrated in colour by R. WHEELWRIGHT
(Harrop).

A DAINTY SONG," SAID WAMBA.



From "THE FAIRY TALES OF PERRAULT."
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by HARRY CLARKE
(Harrap).

THE PRINCESS
(Cover design).



Photo by
E. O. Hoppe.

**Mr. Arthur
Rackham.**

example, in the "portraits" of The Duchess and perhaps of the flamingo, but after all, Duchesses are often very like themselves and flamingoes do have a family likeness in the eyes of humans, whatever they may have among themselves, and so that is

perhaps a little hypercritical. The "Mad Tea Party" is a triumph, as also is the "Caterpillar's Advice" and the charming frontispiece of "Alice and Dinah."

Artist, publisher and printer are to be congratulated on a fine collaboration. And, to be quite frank, I ought to add that, notwithstanding an abiding loyalty to Tenniel and a great press of work, I have read the whole book through once again, and succumbed to every one of the clever lady's illuminating illustrations.

From the same publishing house comes another fine and attractive volume, "Hawthorn's Wonder Book," illustrated by Arthur Rackham.⁵ By those who are not tired of this clever artist's conventions and I fancy they must run into innumerable thousands this book will be heartily welcomed. For his dainty little ivory-coloured puppets dance through these pages as they have danced through the pages of Peter Pan and a score of other Christmas books, and will, I suppose, so go on dancing for many a year to come. Personally I get more pleasure out of the charming end papers and the little black-and-white conceits and grotesques scattered about these pages than out of even so pretty a coloured picture as that of the mermaids with whom "we do not consider it proper to be acquainted, because they have sea-green hair and taper away like fishes." For I like Mr. Rackham best when he gets away from the formulas he has invented and to which he constantly recurs. However he knows what his public wants, and it is all to the good that he should, with his pretty pictures, draw their attention once again to the wholesome charm of the American master and so revive "The Tanglewood Tales" as a household word in many a happy home.

From Messrs. Duckworth, with whom, by the way, I have a bone to pick for disfiguring their title page with a rubber-stamp, presumably for the purpose of making the book unsaleable should the poor reviewer desire to sell it, which this one does not as it has already been appropriated by a sister-in-law, comes an exceedingly dainty and attractive little volume, which will be welcomed by all the children who have revelled in the "Just So" stories. For it is no disrespect to "The Armfields' Animal Book," by Constance Smedley, with pictures by Maxwell Armfield,⁶ to discover its direct descent from Mr. Kipling's outstanding accomplishment in the same genre. Nor are "How the Turtles Learnt to Differ," "How the Horse Looked

Ahead," "How the Camel Unbent," and the rest of these accurately observed and very humorous stories, unworthy relatives of "How the Leopard Got His Spots." And as nothing could be better for their purpose than Mr. Armfield's dainty illustrations to his gifted wife's pen, I prophesy for this volume a large circle of enthusiastic admirers.

From the same domestic collaboration we get "The Winter's Tale," with twelve coloured plates painted in tempera by Maxwell Armfield.⁷ For here are demonstrated, for those interested in what it is hoped will prove a true Renaissance of the English-speaking stage, the methods employed by Miss Constance Smedley and her husband in their remarkable productions in the Greek Theatre of Chicago. This is a book which will appeal to those who flocked to the magnificent Theatre Exhibition held last summer at the Victoria & Albert Museum. The ruling idea is the simplification of the *mise en scène* to that which was intended when the plays were written, a protest against the "realism" of the modern stage. A play is a play, and to pretend that it is anything else is to drag the revelations of art down to the illusory level of the commonplace. Of course the whole matter is highly controversial and reactionary, and Mr. and Mrs. Armfield have not said the final word. But it is a move in the right direction and will be therefore welcomed by all who are jealous for the future of the English-speaking Theatre.

From Mr. Jonathan Cape comes "The Christmas Stories of Charles Dickens," illustrated by Spencer Baird Nichols,⁸ than which, with their wholesome optimism, nothing makes better reading at Christmas time both for children and grown-ups. That they will find in Mr. Nichols's illustrations satisfactory substitutes for the originals of Leech and Maclise, not to speak of the later ones by Charles and Townley Green, Fraser, French, Dalziel and Mahoney, can hardly be supposed. But it is all to the good to multiply the editions of fairy stories which at their best are the equal of any fairy stories in the world.

For the tiny child who cuddles safe in our arms the while she asks once again to be told the terrible and thrilling stories of Little Red Riding Hood, Bluebeard, Cinderella and the like, we have "Tales of Passed Times, written for children by Mr. Perrault, and newly decorated by John Austen,"⁹ an edition of those immortal tales which have appealed to children time out of mind and will, I suppose, continue to appeal to all those tender creatures who have not been poisoned by too many chocolate éclairs and the other things which "go with evening dress."

It is more than two hundred years since they first entranced the little French children in the days of

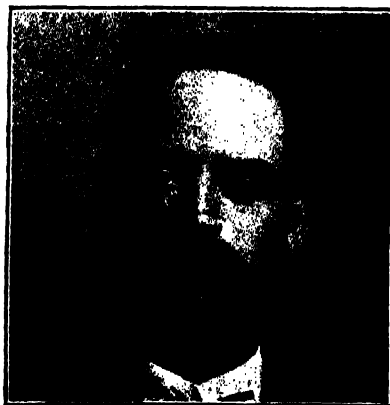


Photo by Russell.

**Mr. C. E.
Brock.**

⁵ 20s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
⁶ 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

⁷ 18s. (Dent.)
⁸ 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)
⁹ 5s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

the Grand Monarch, and it says much for Mr. Austen that he has undoubtedly added to their attractiveness by his brightly-coloured and dainty illustrations. I like his Bluebeard with his uncompromisingly azure "beaver," matching in colour the discreet pantalettes of his courageous little wife. I am glad to learn that the seven-league boots "which, being fairies, had the gift of becoming big and little" and so fitted Tom Thumb just as well as ever they did the Ogre from whom he stole them, had purple "uppers" and green tops, and that the Sleeping Beauty's red hair so exactly and entrancingly contrasted with the lovely green hair of the Prince who kissed her awake and lived happily with her ever after. Indeed this is a gay little volume over which all proper children will properly gloat.

Far from being the least admirable of this season's Christmas Colour Books is Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' "Children's Stories from Rumanian Legends and Fairy Tales," by M. Gaster, Ph.D., illustrated by C. E. Brock, R.I.,¹⁰ the latest volume to be added to the Raphael House Library of Gift-books, edited by Captain Edric Vredenburg. This is a book which, with its archaic, though attractive cover, smiles at you even before you open it. Nor does the inside belie its promise. For Mr. C. E. Brock is its illustrator, and what can you get in these days better than that? The "colour plates" and those in black-and-white are alike beyond praise. Brilliant and conscientious in execution they convey the very spirit of the late President of the English Folk-Lore Society's invaluable text, to which it is impossible to do a tenth-part of justice in the space at my command. In his very able hands their intrinsic beauty is fully preserved. They form a remarkable addition to the Folk Tales of the World.

From Messrs. George Harrap & Co. come "Ivanhoe," illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright,¹¹ and "The Fairy Tales of Perrault," illustrated by Harry Clarke, with an

¹⁰ 6s. (Raphael Tuck.)

¹¹ 10s. 6d. (Harrap.)

introduction by Thomas Bodkin.¹² The former I confess, though its format does credit to the publishers, leaves me cold. The illustrations seem to me to add little to the story. The "Perrault," on the other hand, has great and outstanding merit. It is a very different affair from the edition of the great French Academician's immortal stories mentioned above. There we found charming decorations appealing in their *naïveté* to the mind of the unspoiled child. Here we have able, but somewhat sinister, pictorial reflections on the stories of Cinderella, Bluebeard and the rest, which I sincerely hope will only find a response in the hearts and minds of the unspoiled child's elders. For it will be a bad day when the children are sufficiently sophisticated to take pleasure in the rather corrupt implications of what is undoubtedly very able work. Mr. Clarke is a follower, and no mean one, in the decorative footsteps of Aubrey Beardsley. Indeed the full-page of the Ogre Queen commanding the Cook to serve her grandchild, Aurora, for dinner, garnished with "a sauce Robert," is worthy of the master himself. And the same may be said of others of these remarkable designs. But Beardsley was hardly the man for babes and sucklings. From which it will be gathered that Mr. Clarke's skill and artistry is far more fitted to the satires of Pope or Swift than to tales consecrate to the days of our innocence. For my more hardened self I confess to an æsthetic enjoyment of these finely decorated pages, which, however, I do not desire to share *cum virginibus puerisque*.

Our baker's dozen of Christmas Colour Books is fittingly completed by Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," illustrated by Honor C. Appleton.¹³ Beautifully printed in large type on a noble page, these perennial stories will make fresh appeal to a new generation of children. It was said rather cynically by Goethe that what annoys us in life we enjoy as a picture. It may be said with equal truth that what pleases us in fairy tales doubly pleases us when illustrated and illuminated by the sympathetic brush of the painter.

¹² 15s. (Harrap.)

¹³ 10s. 6d. (Nelson.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY T. STURGE MOORE.

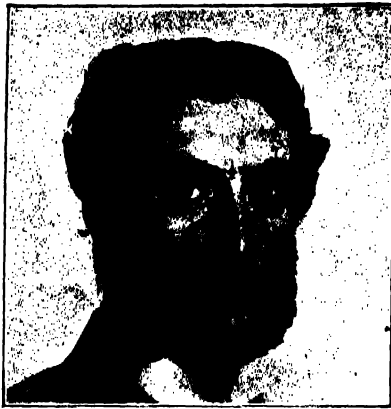
ON Christmas Eve, more of us should be grateful than will be, that a son was born one hundred years ago at Laleham to a young private tutor, the future reformer of Rugby School. When Matthew Arnold died, sixty-five years later, side whiskers—"weepers" as they were called—would alone have prevented a bust of his head from passing for that of some Greek sage or poet, contemporary of Pericles. This disfigurement may symbolise something which travesties much of his work, as though he wore the unbecoming livery of our fathers whom he served. But in essentials the head is grand, and so is the work. His first two volumes of poetry passed unnoticed; even the third made little impression, though all three contained poems which every one now ranks with or above Tennyson's best. This stupid reception added weight to the extraneous considerations, in view of

which he devoted the main of his time to other work. The age was not ripe, he perceived, for the reception of the best poetry, and for more easily applauded kinds he felt hampered by the largeness and clearness of his mind, so left them to others. One cannot be just to Matthew Arnold, if it is forgotten that he never achieved that financial independence which he rightly thought necessary for the finest poetical production. His poetry is a leisure hour and holiday creation. It ought not to be comparable to that of men like Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning or Swinburne; if it does rival their best, then we may suppose that, in more propitious circumstances, it might have done more. I do not think "Empedocles" a success, but am increasingly forced to rank it higher than any poem of an equal length produced by the poets mentioned; nor do I think that Shelley and Keats were more fortunate in respect

to such poems and much less Morris or Meredith. Among narratives "Sohrab and Rustum" is perhaps surpassed by "Michael," the "Ruined Cottage" and "Lamia"; it is certainly inferior to "The Ancient Mariner," which however is less properly compared with it. In spite of the slightly professional air of its filial reverence for Homer, no blank verse episode in the language so well bears reading aloud. This is due to its simple and powerful structure, and to the fact that everything in it is subordinate to the main effect.

"The Scholar Gypsy" might easily have belonged to that class of poetry which is often simply called "stanzas," because it lacks the organism of a poem. "Dolores," "The Triumph of Time," "Love in the Valley" or Arnold's own "New Syrens," like the slow-worm, are helplessly inclined to break in two or more fragments; their lovers gloat over them as "marvellous stuff," because they lack the main essentials of form; such poems cease by the Grace of God, having no inborn reason for ending. Not so "The Scholar Gypsy," though when I first read it I wrote "the middle-aged man panting up the hill Keats climbed a tip toe";* if there was any excuse for my petulance, it was the less adventurous diction. But the grandest beauties are not those first or most easily perceived. Arnold was not able to repeat the miracle in "Thyrsis," though as "stanzas" it is not inferior. In shorter poems "The Forsaken Merman," "Mycerinus," "Stragirius," "The Voice," "Dover Beach" and "A Southern Night" are all perfect shapes. No doubt not only Browning and Tennyson but Swinburne, with his "Ballad of Life" and his "Sapphics," can rival Arnold in poems of this length. One, perhaps two, of his best sonnets are surpassed only by Rossetti since Wordsworth, and in the short lyric he shows his "Requiescat" and "To Fausta" with the interludes from "Empedocles." Still there remains a bulk of work which yields perfect passages: several series of dazzling stanzas from "The New Syrens" and "To a Gypsy Child," that splendid five from "The Grande Chartreuse," beginning "Achilles ponders in his tent," and what a gold mine is "Tristram"! Has anyone, had Keats himself, obtained so divine a limpidity from the rhymed couplet? Nor has any writer of so-called "free verse" produced a composition to

* I was wrong on the matter of fact—Arnold was only thirty when he wrote it, Keats twenty-six when he died.



Matthew Arnold,

After the drawing by Sanders.

compare with "The Strayed Reveller," though Mr. Flint's "Otherworld" is a fine attempt, and Mr. Aldington's "In the Trenches" a fine success. Then too, there is all that secondary, merely pragmatical poetry in which the ruling ideas of his prose works are found condensed, but without the sensuous freedom and organic development of true works of art. Lastly the excellent subjects he had hoped to treat must not be overlooked—the tragedy on "Lucretius," "The Gudrune and Brunhilde," "The Siegfried and Fafnir," etc., or the "Balder Dead" that he wrote when it was already too late. This was a poet indeed, and I cannot place before him any of his contemporaries, save Rossetti who also gave the main of his time and energy to another kind of work, and looked on poetry as a recreation.

PROSE WORK.

Arnold's literary criticism is disappointing, though it had far more immediate effect than his poetry. He certainly gave us the best we have had since Coleridge, and gave it in far better form, yet the preface to "Poems, 1853" was never equalled again. His "Essays in Criticism" were too frequently preoccupied with literature as a social agent; they tend rather to prepare a public than to discover principles of taste or illumine works of art. He who had proclaimed "the necessity of accurate construction, and the subordinate character of expression" was soon understood to propose the smallest part, a single line, as the touchstone of literary excellence. The fault lay largely with hasty readers, but not wholly. Yet how could a critic have been more unfortunate? His lectures "On Translating Homer" opened the door; the construction was not considered, it was always the same, that is Homer's, so attention was focused on the shades by which various styles differed from that style. When he wrote the introduction to the "Study of Poetry," he

applied the standards arrived at in the Homer Lectures to more recent poetry, the major virtues of construction were barely glanced at, and indeed were not to be represented in the anthology he was introducing. His style became over-explanatory and cumbrous, and there are surprisingly few fine pages or even periods, though the interest is maintained by



Rugby School,

as it was in Matthew Arnold's time.

simplicity of outline and numerous well defined distinctions: but these virtues are so rare, especially in English, that perhaps better judges will hold that they redeem the slightly officious prolixity of his too conscious wish to help.

A few of his particular judgments like that on Shelley's poetry are grotesque, yet undoubtedly he was better endowed for criticism than his admired Sainte-Beuve whose strength lay in the appreciation of persons rather than of works, and of secondary rather than of great characters.

RELIGIOUS CRITICISM.

Arnold's weakness as a critic was largely due to his unique value as a social agent. His main effort in prose was directed elsewhere; and attempted to harmonise modern science with religion, without compromise. In this field he proved extremely original; for, unlike Dean Inge and how many others, he reserved nothing, even God was subject for experiment. There was no compromise. He perhaps moulded his procedure on that of Socrates, who always began with his interlocutor's ideas. So he attempted always to lead his readers from what he knew to be their ideas towards his own. This has done him a grave wrong with posterity. His own books and the course of events rendered the ideas of the generation he addressed quickly obsolete, yet so much of his space had been taken up that, though in a less degree than in literary criticism, he hardly arrived at the free and full exposition of his thought. I do not think he was blind to this fact either in regard to literary, religious or political criticism, but with the examples of Socrates and Jesus always in view, I think he sacrificed that advantage he might have won with the next generation in order to help those in immediate need, and in helping them he marvellously succeeded, but his achievement ranks higher as a humane action than as literature. The idea on which he founded such books as "God and the Bible" and "Literature and Dogma" was that the religious life is properly and always has been a series of experiments directed towards the discovery of the conditions essential for inward happiness. The beginning and end of this inquiry, like that of all others, was from the necessity of man's situation lost in ignorance. The incomplete truths discovered like those revealed by science could not exist in a description or formula, but only in the facts, in this case those of the spiritual life. Arnold with infinite patience and bonhomie tried to make this incontrovertible conception real to those who felt religion slipping from beneath their feet; for he addressed no others. He had no quarrel with science, only with scientists who jumped to brutal and hasty conclusions, and in so doing resembled the fanatics of dogma. If men's tempers were depressed or debauched by a sense of helplessness in the world of forces, what prevention, what cure could there be, but the sense of inward victory and content? This had been won by the saints, who owed it not to their delusions, but achieved it in spite of them. Besides, a method considerably elaborated had been evolved, so that we need not now start in the dark. The central impulse was found in the "know thyself" of Socrates, the "taste and see" of the Psalmist, the "learn of

me" of Jesus. But as often happened in other inquiries, poetical rhapsodies, tentative definitions, premature hypotheses, worshipped as dogma, arrested progress, till some fresh religious genius freed the effort once more. By glancing over the vast prospects of outward history a corresponding natural order or law might be divined. Thus modern piety and culture were united to the most inspiring epochs, and the soul could view its own most intimately sanctioned efforts as part of an universal process. With what constancy he himself applied this method may be gathered from his published "Note-Books," which show us under the garb of a smiling man of the world, a discipline like that sackcloth found beneath gay raiment on the young bride of Giacobone di Todi.*

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CRITICISM.

Those who have read and reread "Culture and Anarchy" and "Friendship's Garland" realise with what charm and sagacity he arrested attention in the sphere of politics. In his youth, private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then continually travelling the country first on circuit with his father-in-law the judge, afterwards as school inspector, a welcome guest in a great variety of homes, he held necessary converse with thousands of all classes, and varied this life with holidays abroad and special missions to inspect foreign schools: thus he had enjoyed unique advantages for studying the growth of opinion both within and beyond government circles. "Might must rule till right is ready" and "the prince of this world is judged," as he loved to quote. And right is only ready when it can persuade those who have the advantage to forego at least a part of it. Until this happens, politics is merely the mechanical interplay of various interests devoid of intelligence and virtue. But what can persuade the wealthy to forego their advantage? Why! interest in wider, and more significant aspects of life. Illumine the landscape round them and you arrest them in the exploitation of their victims, engage them in effort for ends that do not affect or perhaps even tell against their private fortunes. Nevertheless the satisfaction of mind and soul thus achieved, will react to their bodily benefit, being one of the main sources of physical health:

"He only lives, with the world's life
Who has renounced his own."

"Docile echoes of the eternal voice, pliant organs of the infinite will, such workers are going along with the essential movement of the world; and this is their strength, and their happy and divine fortune."

His "Merope," though too much a professor's demonstration to rank as a free creation, yet comes next to Shakespeare in treatment of a political situation with living comprehension of its various aspects for diverse characters and interests. It is indeed packed with wisdom.

OTHER ASPECTS.

Had all these interests in which he displayed such profound capacity directly nourished works of art; what masterpieces they might have been! As it was his Muse gradually confined and lowered her note.

* See his sonnet "Austerity of Poetry."

Yet occasion for the existence of the grandest poetical flights is only found in highly complex works, fed by a full experience. Some will carp that he might have achieved a greater measure of independence had he lived a simpler life, but that would have meant breaking with pieties and claims he felt bound to respect; it might also have meant starving those very capacities it aimed at freeing. I have read that when dining at Kettner's or some such place, he answered a regret sighed towards mountain freedom to this effect: "My dear Morley, think, Wordsworth at Rydal lived the life of a farmer; how much more worthy creatures of a wide discourse is our life here; how much more intelligence, how much more elasticity of temper, how much finer a palate the day requires of us."

His writings on education are of unique value, and as school inspector he was a great success. I have been told that, when listening to some child stumbling in its reply, he would encourage it. "Go on, my dear, go on; it's all wrong, but never mind, go on." That is symbolical of his attitude, no eyes saw more clearly

than his that all was wrong, yet for him the essence of man's spirit was goodwill which does the best it can, poor though that may be, and is strengthened thereby. He had not been, as my lazy youth took for granted, always middle-aged, but so hearty as to perpetrate without a wince

"Ere the parting kiss be dry,"

and madly to follow Rachel, the great tragédienne, from Edinburgh to Paris and never miss a single performance during two whole months. Yet it was the same youth whom George Sand described as "un Milton jeune et voyageant," and who a few years later addressed himself or any kindred spirit, "O seeming sole to awake . . ."

"Thin, thin the pleasant human noises grow,
And faint the city gleams;
Rare the lone pastoral huts—marvel not thou!
The solemn peaks but to the stars are known;
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams;
Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams."

"LITTLE WOMEN": AN APPRECIATION.

BY ANGELA BRAZIL.

TO girls one of the most acceptable gift-books of the Christmas season will surely be this new and beautiful edition de luxe of "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.*

In the days of my own youth I had revelled in the story, despite the bad print and lack of illustrations of a cheap edition, so I confess that when I saw it in this glorious new dress, with the lovely pictures giving such charming portraits of those dearest of old friends and playmates, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, I just sat down at once, and started to re-read it with all the rapture of my early teens. There are some girlhood tales which we skim through again, and wonder how our callow taste ever tolerated them, but to make re-acquaintance, after a gap of many years, with Miss Alcott's immortal masterpiece is to rejoice in it afresh, with the added appreciation of its true literary value.

What is the secret of the fascination of this story, which for more than fifty years has remained a prime favourite on both sides of the Atlantic? Why are the names of the members of the March family household words? Why are their little doings as familiar to most of us as the remembrance of the adventures of our own sisters and brothers? The answer to these questions lies, I think, in the fact that Louisa May Alcott had the genius to present to us, in her lovable heroines, four absolutely human girls exactly as she knew them in real life. She painted their pen-portraits with the faithfulness of a mistress of her craft, exaggerating neither virtues nor faults, and making us sympathise alike with their heroic little sacrifices or their many imperfections. In this style of writing she was a pioneer. Turn to most of the juvenile stories of fifty or sixty years ago, and you will find that the heroine was not so much a study of a real girl as a peg upon whom the authoress might hang her pet opinions, and into whose

mouth were often put sentiments of so stilted a character that we can hardly imagine anybody young—outside a book—would ever express them, and certainly not in such flowery language.

How different are Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy! Their conversation is so natural that you can fancy you are sitting by their fireside and listening to them as they chat. How we love their grumbles and their little vanities, and are thrilled when Jo burns Meg's curls with the hot tongs, or when Amy goes to sleep with a clothes-pin on her nose, to try to uplift that offending feature in preparation for a party. We get to know them all so well, Meg with her girlish craving for the pretty things of life, brusque, hot-tempered, amusing Jo, gentle sweet-tempered Beth, and artistic, ambitious, little Amy, with her mispronounced long words, and her sense of sedate self-importance. Although they lived and worked during the time of the great American Civil War, they never seem out of date. Bob their hair, and dress them in knitted jumpers, and they would take their places as easily in 1923 as in 1861.

It is only an author who has the greatness and the simplicity to write of girls as she sees them, and not of girls as she thinks they ought to be, whose creations will thus outlast the march of the years.

One point worthy of special notice in the story of "Little Women" is Miss Alcott's skilful treatment of the struggles of a family of small means to make ends meet. There is never anything sordid in the descriptions, and the reader is carried away with enthusiasm for the little economies that go hand-in-hand with the charities, and sympathises heartily with the very natural longings expressed by the four heroines for the goods of this world. The humour of the book is delightful. Its racy language and joyousness of style carry us on from page to page with an interest that never flags from start to finish. We follow Meg through Vanity Fair, and Amy through the Valley of Humiliation,

* "Little Women." By Louisa Alcott. Illustrated by M. E. Gray. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

with equal enjoyment, and laugh over Jo's unsuccessful efforts at cookery, and at the effusions of the Pickwick Club.

There is nothing sentimental about "Little Women," though of true sentiment we have tender touches. Can anything equal the pathos of the passage where Jo, mistaking sleep for death, believes that her favourite Beth has slipped over the divide?

"To her excited eyes a great change seemed to have taken place. The fever flush and the look of pain were gone, and the beloved little face looked so pale and peaceful in its utter repose, that Jo felt no desire to weep or to lament. Leaning low over this dearest of her sisters, she kissed the damp forehead with her heart on her lips, and softly whispered, 'Good-bye, my Beth; good-bye!'"

As if waked by the stir, Hannah started out of her sleep, hurried to the bed, looked at Beth, felt her hands, listened at her lips, and then, throwing her apron over her head, sat down to rock to and fro, exclaiming, under her breath, "The fever's turned; she's sleeping nat'ral, her skin's damp, and she breathes easy. Praise be given! Oh, my goodness me!"

Admirers of Miss Alcott's works have only one regret—that she did not live longer and write more. Personally I always wished she had given us a school story. My favourite chapter was the episode of the pickled limes at Mr. Davis's establishment, and while appreciating the spirit with which Amy bore her trying ordeal, snatched her things, and dramatically left the place "forever," I often regretted she had not patched up the quarrel, and gone back for further interesting scuffles with the irate master, or the sharp-tongued Jenny Snow, who made cutting remarks about "some persons whose noses were not too flat to smell other people's limes, and stuck up people who were not too proud to ask for them."

Oh, Amy March! How I lived with you in that supreme peep at your school days! Why did you let it all end so soon?

Louisa May Alcott must have been a very lovable personality, for it is an open secret that she put herself

and her sisters into this most natural of stories, and that nearly all the experiences, grave or gay, pathetic or humorous, are bits from her early biography. She had the priceless gifts of laughter and of tears, and the talent which enabled her to express to other girls the charm and glamour of her own girlhood—no easy matter, for, by the time the necessary literary skill is obtained, the vision of youth is often lost to the writer, and only an elect soul can compass both.

I have heard of a boy who used to read the tales in a certain magazine until he came to the words "and now my dear young friends"—at which point he always flung the book violently away, knowing that he had skimmed the cream of the story and was getting to the more unpalatable portion which he wished to avoid. The "Sandford and Merton" type of composition was happily far away from Miss Alcott's ideals. She did not write "with a purpose," nor had her books any definite "mission." Yet her influence has been very great; she placed before growing girls a pure and high standard of conduct and aspiration, and showed the possibilities of heroism in "the daily round, the common task," though all in such a delightful, wholesomely human, and humorous fashion that nobody can accuse her heroines of priggishness or label them as "goody-goody." She wrote throughout for girls from a girl's point of view.

The illustrations by M. E. Gray for this beautiful edition of "Little Women" will meet with cordial appreciation; they are pictures in themselves, and give a most happy and realistic representation of how our friends, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, must have looked in the dear, old, brown house in America, which was their home. Beth with her dolls, Amy at Aunt March's, Meg as a fine lady, and Jo with her hair cut, are particularly attractive, also the frontispiece group of the sisters, and the sketch of the scene where they play "Pilgrim's Progress" in the fields. Is it too much to hope that we may have their further adventures in a companion volume, and that we can look forward, at another Christmas, to meeting "Little Women Wedded" in an equally delectable and delightfully illustrated edition de luxe?

R. S. SURTEES.

By S. M. ELLIS.

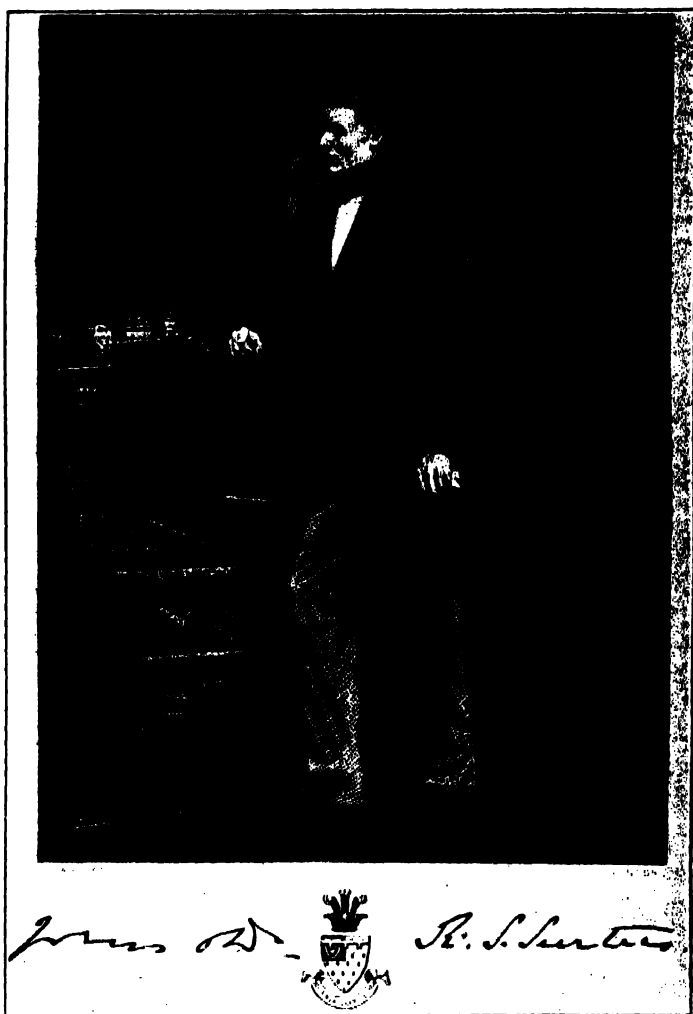
ROBERT SMITH SURTEES holds a position peculiarly his own in English literature, for though there have been many delineators of sporting life from Pierce Egan and "Nimrod" (Charles James Apperley) and Whyte-Melville to Hawley Smart and Nat Gould, his is a distinct and separate category. Surtees wrote of the humorous side of sport, of contretemps in the hunting field or stubble, of the fun supplied by embryo and indifferent sportsmen—generally Cockneys, as exemplified in particular by his immortal creation, John Jorrocks, grocer, of St. Botolph Lane, in the City, and

Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury. Further, Surtees possesses the unusual and doubtful privilege of his works always obtaining a phenomenally high price. The reason for this can hardly be that the supply of his books, in various editions, has been unequal to the demand, for in view of the fact that there are no cheap copies of Surtees his readers are, of necessity, few. He has a special place of joy and honour, garbed in glorious binding, in what the booksellers term "a gentleman's library" at a big country house; but even there, probably, the illustrations are more often

looked at than the text. To the general reader, Surtees is merely a name; he may have heard of Mr. Jorrocks and Soapey Sponge, but would find it difficult to explain who these worthies were, and what they did in order to secure the sure place they fill in the great gallery of English fiction.

Why, then, are the works of Surtees always priced at a high figure? The usual answer is "Because of the illustrations by Leech and Alken." That is entirely a fallacious reason. Superb and truly delightful are the plates and woodcuts in question, but they are no better than other examples of the work of these artists which realise a much lower price in the book market. Again, a copy of Surtees's rare first book, "The Horseman's Manual," which has no illustrations at all, is worth more than one of the novels illustrated by Leech or Alken; and the first edition of "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities," with twelve mediocre designs by "Phiz," is far more valuable than the third edition with Alken's fine coloured engravings. For a copy of this first edition the equivalent in dollars of £140 was recently asked in New York. There is no fixed scale for Surtees prices, and the real reason for the inflated financial value of his books remains a mystery; it is also matter for regret, because these prohibitive charges militate against the author's popularity and prevent him from being read as widely as he deserves.

And now for the man himself and the origin of his curious surname. R. S. Surtees belongs to the county of Durham. His family was of the most remote antiquity in the North, with a pedigree reaching back to Saxon times, when a certain Thane, named Orm, by his wife Ethelritha (daughter of Aldred, Earl of Northumberland) had a daughter, Egfrida, who married Ailsa de Teisa. The name de Teisa was derived from the estates of the family in proximity to the river Tees. In the thirteenth century two of its prominent representatives were known as Ralph and Walter Super Teysan. Later the cognomen was contracted to Sureteys, and in the seventeenth century the novelist's ancestor, Cuthbert, of Elchester, spelt the name Surtees, as it has since remained. Through a long line of descendants, described as of Milkwell Burn, we come



Robert Smith Surtees.

From a portrait sent by his daughter, Eleanor Viscountess Gort.

to Anthony Surtees (1768-1838), a noted sportsman, of Hamsterley Hall, on the borders of Durham and Northumberland. He married, in 1801, Alice Blackett, of Wylam, and their second son, Robert Smith Surtees, the future novelist, was born in 1803.

The boy was educated at Durham Grammar School, and his hunting knowledge was acquired with the foxhounds of Mr. Ralph Lambton, of Merton House, Durham. Being a younger son, however, Surtees had to adopt a profession, and so, on leaving school in 1819, he decided for the Law. He proceeded to London for his training in a solicitor's office. Eventually he bought a partnership in a legal firm of Lincoln's Inn. It proved unsatisfactory, but being fortunate enough to recover his purchase money, Surtees decided to abandon the Law and devote himself to literary pursuits, for his future prospects were considerably changed by the death of his elder brother, Anthony, at Malta, on March 24th, 1831. He was now the prospective heir of Hamsterley, and this same year he started, in conjunction with Rudolph Ackermann, *The New Sporting Magazine*: previously he had contributed to the old *Sporting Magazine* some accounts of Mr. Ralph Lambton's foxhounds and other north country kennels. In his new venture, as editor, he secured the aid, as



Hamsterley Hall, Co. Durham.

the home of R. S. Surtees, and where most of his literary work was written.
From a view sent by his daughter, Eleanor Viscountess Gort.

contributor, of the great contemporary sporting writer, "Nimrod."*

In 1831, also, Surtees published his first book, "The Horseman's Manual," which he dedicated to his old friend and early mentor in the chase, Ralph Lambton. At this date Surtees was living at 27, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and his book was in reality a lawyer's treatise on warranty in relation to horses and on equine law in general. But he was soon to strike on a new and humorous vein of horse lore. In *The New Sporting Magazine*, May, 1831, he commenced a series of amusing sketches of a Cockney sportsman which developed into "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities." The adventures of that great grocer and citizen, with his "large bay-window of a corporation," are for all time—in fact, in the words of his counsel, "Not to know Jorrocks is indeed to argue oneself unknown." Many of Jorrocks's sayings are now classic—"Punctuality is the politeness of princes"; "The Chase—I say, it's one of the balances of the Constitution—I say, it's the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt"; "To be surrounded by one's friends is in my mind the 'A1' of 'uman 'appiness"; "I leaves the flowers of speech to them as is better acquainted with botany. . . . I likes plain English, both in eating and talking"; and on the subject of drinks—"Water, a thing I never touch—rots one's shoes, don't know what it would do with one's stomach if it was to get there." It is true, though, that on one occasion Mr. Jorrocks "astonished his stomach" with the Cheltenham waters.

"Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities" were the inspiring origin of "The Pickwick Papers." It is curious that Forster and other biographers of Dickens make no mention of this obvious fact. Dickens relates that he was approached, in 1835-6, by Chapman and Hall with a scheme that he, in conjunction with Seymour, the artist, should produce a series of sketches relating the adventures of a Nimrod Club ("Nimrod," as we have seen, was a coadjutor with Surtees in *The New Sporting Magazine* wherein Jorrocks had appeared) "the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity." Thus the Pickwick Club replaced the Surrey Hunt and shooting excursions of Jorrocks, and at the outset Dickens followed the proposed plan, though, as he opined would be the case, he eventually broke away on the lines of his own genius "with a freer range of English scenes and people." But Winkle and his adventures with the horse from Rochester and on the ice at Dingley Dell are entirely on the Surtees model. Mr. Jorrocks figured in a legal case like Mr. Pickwick, and it is of interest to compare the two reports, and the similarity of the flowery but violent eloquence of the opposing counsel. Mr. Jorrocks was attacked by Mr. Sergeant Bumptious, Mr. Pickwick by Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz. Later on, Mr. Jorrocks observed, when travelling by "The Age" coach, "there was not even a bit of Christmas at the 'orses' ears"; so with that phrase he was before Mr.

Weller, who directed the fat boy, when arranging the mince-pies, "to stick a bit o' Christmas in 'em."

"The outside passengers mounted, the insides took their places, threepences and sixpences were pulled out for the porters, the guard twanged his horn, the coachman turned out his elbow, flourished his whip, caught the point, cried 'All right! sit tight!' and trotted out of the yard."

That is Mr. Jorrocks setting out for Newmarket, not the Pickwickians on the Muggleton coach *en route* for Dingley Dell in the splendid Christmas chapter.

In the character of "The Yorkshireman," who so often accompanies Mr. Jorrocks in his outings and adventures, Surtees probably intended to represent himself, and so was enabled to recount actual experiences of his own. He must often have traversed the Great North Road between London and Durham when coaching was at its highest degree of excellence and the Life of the Road most vivid. Surtees's books are not confined to sport and the humours of country life. They contain many entertaining glimpses of London, Brighton, Margate, and other places. His Londoners, it is interesting to note, talk with their W pronounced as V, and vice versa, like the Wellers did. When Mr. Jorrocks rode forth from Great Coram Street to attend a meet of the Surrey Hunt, the newsboys in the Strand called out: "Crikey, a hunter. . . . Vot a beauty! Vere do you turn out to-day? Vere's the stag? Vot a vip the gemman's got!" I have never heard it explained how and when this particular flower of Cockney speech faded. If the London boys of 1831 talked like this, why did they not do the same as old men, when they came within our purview or, rather, hearing? Personally, I only remember meeting one man, a former publican, who spoke in this way of Villiam and so on. Yet, according to Dickens, Surtees, and other contemporary writers, all Londoners of the lower class pronounced the W as V, and V as W, eighty years ago.

Like Dickens, Surtees delighted in the description of gastronomical details and unlimited hospitality, whether at Christmas or any other time. Witness Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt Breakfast in the kitchen at Great Coram Street. It would have been terrible to read during the food control of a few years ago this menu for a dinner party of eight persons at the same hospitable house:

"Before both Mr. and Mrs. Jorrocks were two great tureens of mockturtle soup, each capable of holding a gallon, and both full up to the brim. Then there were two sorts of fish; turbot and lobster sauce, and a great salmon. A round of boiled beef and an immense piece of roast occupied the rear of these . . . and then came two dishes of grouse, each dish holding three brace. The side dishes consisted of a calf's head hashed, a leg of mutton, chickens, ducks, and mountains of vegetables . . . plum-puddings, tarts, jellies, pies, and puffs."

"Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities" were not reissued in book form until 1838. This rare first edition with twelve illustrations by "Phiz" is seldom to be seen: it is not in the British Museum Library. The well-known third edition with H. Alken's admirable illustrations in colour appeared in 1869, long after the author's death. Surtees's friend and chief contributor to *The New Sporting Magazine*, "Nimrod," was also a contributor to *The Quarterly Review* (where his papers on "The Chase," "The Turf" and "The Road" appeared), and

* *The New Sporting Magazine* was a close imitation, both in style and appearance, of *The Sporting Magazine*, which dated from 1793. The latter regarded its new rival with great dislike, and launched attacks several times on the plea of defending the Surrey Hunt, which had been ridiculed by Surtees in his "Jorrocks" sketches.



JORROCKS'S HUNT BREAKFAST IN THE KITCHEN
AT GREAT CORAM STREET.



From Illustrations by HENRY ALKEN in
"JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES"

MR. JORROCKS INTRODUCES THE YORKSHIREMAN TO THE SURREY HUNT.
The Yorkshireman was intended for R. B. Surtees, the author of the book,
and the scene was a wayside Inn near Croydon.



the editor of the latter review, John Lockhart, becoming acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks, observed of Surtees, "That fellow could write a good novel if he liked to try." The suggestion was duly passed on by "Nimrod," and acted upon by Surtees, with the result that Mr. Jorrocks reappeared, now as a Master of Foxhounds, in "Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt," a novel in three volumes, published by Colburn in 1843.

The edition of 1854, with John Leech's famous illustrations, was renamed "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt." Leech drew his conception of Jorrocks's face and figure from a coachman, named Nicholls, in the service of Lady Louisa Clinton. "Handley Cross" was a very successful work, and Surtees devoted his first substantial literary earnings to building a new bridge in the grounds of Hamsterley Hall; it is still called the Handley Cross Bridge. He had succeeded to the family property in 1838 on the death of his father. He resigned the editorship of *The New Sporting Magazine* in 1836, and after that date lived chiefly in the country, devoting himself to his favourite pursuits of hunting and shooting, but continuing also his literary work.

Mr. Jorrocks reappeared once again—and not quite so successfully as before—as a country gentleman in "Hillingdon Hall, or The Cockney Squire" (1845). From 1842 Surtees had been living for part of each year at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire. Both "Handley Cross" and "Hillingdon Hall" were finished there; also, probably, his next book, "The Analysis of the Hunting Field," reprinted from *Bell's Life in London*. These sketches of hunting and hunting characters were intended as a souvenir of the season of 1845-6—"the best hunting season of modern times." Published in November, 1846, by Rudolph Ackermann at the Eclipse Gallery, 191, Regent Street, this volume was gloriously illustrated by the coloured engravings of Henry Alken—the finest pictures of hunting ever produced. A magnificent new edition of this book, with all the original illustrations, appeared in 1903.

Surtees's next work, also reprinted from *Bell's Life in London*, was "Hawbuck Grange, or the Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq." (1847), with eight illustrations by "Phiz." It was not so good as his previous stories; but the author was soon to produce his second great creation, "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." This inimitable work was secured by Harrison Ainsworth for serial issue in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1849-51). It was not until 1853 that it appeared in book form with



The house in King's Road, Brighton, where R. S. Surtees died in 1864.

From an old engraving sent by Messrs. Mutton.

John Leech's illustrations, which show his art at its finest point of humour.

Mr. Soapey Sponge is as great a triumph of character drawing as Mr. Jorrocks, but of an entirely different psychology. Snob and shifty sportsman, he may be free from the vulgarities of the worthy grocer, but he lacks Jorrocks's hospitable, generous ways, for Mr. Sponge's "dexterity in getting into people's houses was only equalled by the difficulty of getting him out again."

This book has the most sustained interest of all Surtees's stories. Its numerous characters—Lord Scamperdale, Lucy Glitters, the Jawleyfords, the Jozzeburys, Mr. Waffles—are all living creatures. In his amusing account of Mr. Sponge's visit to Jawleyford Court, Surtees successfully challenged Thackeray in the vein of "On Some Country Snobs." "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" was one of Theodore Roosevelt's favourite books, as he mentions in a letter to Lord Trevelyan (1906).

Surtees's next two books, "Ask Mamma, or the Richest Commoner in England" (1858), and "Plain or Ringlets" (1860), also suggest some comparison with Thackeray. Both are social satires, and sport is not quite so prominent as in the author's other work. Leech furnished most delightful illustrations for each of these stories. "Plain or Ringlets" describes life at Brighton (where Surtees generally passed part of the winter) at the height of the town's prosperity in the fifties. It was dedicated to the author's son. Surtees had married, in 1841, Elizabeth Jane, daughter and co-heir of Addison Fenwick, of Bishop Wearmouth. She died in 1879. The only son of the marriage, Anthony Surtees, died in 1871, at the age of twenty-three. There were two daughters, the elder, Miss Elizabeth Anne Surtees, died in 1915, and the younger is Eleanor Viscountess Gort, the present owner of Hamsterley Hall.

Surtees was devoted to Hamsterley, and fully realised and carried out his duties as a country gentleman. He was Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Durham, and High Sheriff in 1856, when he entertained the judges and leading members of the Northern Circuit. He was Chairman of the Shotley Bridge Bench of Magistrates, and frequently presided at the meetings of local agricultural societies. He was a fluent and cultivated speaker. Although he thus undertook many manifold occupations as author, sportsman, and prominent country gentleman, his constitution was never robust. For reasons of health he spent the last winters of his life at Brighton, in rooms at Mutton's famous establishment in the King's Road, and there he died on March 16th, 1864, at the age of sixty-one. By a curious coincidence, his

father, his elder brother, his only son, and his wife all died in the month of March also.

Surtees wrote to the end. His last work, "Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds," came out in monthly parts, and the first number was published almost simultaneously with the author's death. John Leech was the illustrator, but he, too, died before the completion of the serial issue, and so it came about that "Phiz" furnished the remaining illustrations—"Immortal Phiz" who had supplied the first pictures for a Surtees book in 1838. Consequently "Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds" contained designs by both Leech and "Phiz" when

published in 1865. Surtees's literary powers suffered no declension as his health failed, and his last book is one of his best.

Surtees is an inimitable delineator of some of the most characteristic, if passing, aspects of English life; and as such he is one of the great band—Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Lever, Frank Smedley, Cruikshank, "Phiz," Leech, and Charles Keene—who have preserved for all time the life and aspect of those good, solid, comfortable people, who ate and drank freely, rode hard, and had their quivers full, in the first thirty years of the reign of Victoria.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

WHAT SOME FAMOUS AUTHORS THINK OF IT.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN:

In answer to your letter, "Alice in Wonderland"

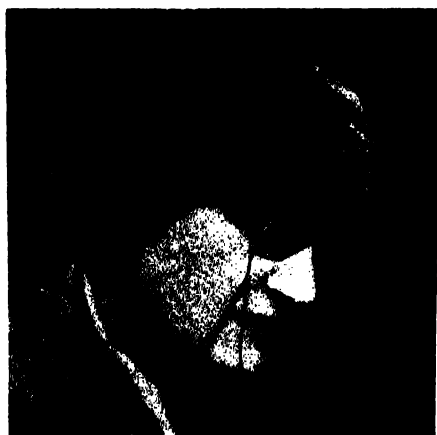


Photo by O. E. Hoppé.

Miss Beatrice
Harraden.

was always a dear friend of mine, and I used to read and re-read it. I don't remember having any difficulty in understanding its humour. I loved the Mad Hatter with all my heart, and love him still. All the characters seemed so real. They were part of one's everyday life.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

MISS CICELY HAMILTON:

No, I did not appreciate the "Alice" books till I re-read them as a grown-up. Perhaps my original introduction came too late—I was nine years old when I first opened them, and as I had been reading everything I could lay hands on from the age of three, I had worked through the "fairy-tale" stage into a somewhat realistic frame of mind. When I met "Alice" my passion was the story with an historical setting—

largely, I think, because its backing of actual event and proven fact enabled me to believe in it thoroughly. "Alice" was a mild adventure compared to "A Tale of Two Cities," "Westward Ho!" or Henty's "Young Franc-Tireurs"; and any impression she may



Photo by Lena Connell.

Miss Cicely
Hamilton.

have made at a first meeting was completely eclipsed a few months later by Scott.

When I think of Scott I know that "Alice" did not count in my fictional development. I never hated lessons because they kept me from the society of the White Knight; I never struggled valiantly with oncoming sleep that I might pore, with the aid of a secret candle, over the doings of the Hatter and the Dormouse. But there were many secret candles for "Woodstock," "Quentin Durward" and "Kenilworth"; many fruitless, bitter longings for the company of Locksley or Nigel.

Also—a detail—I remember an extreme dislike of a picture of Alice with an elongated neck. I still have an old, instinctive aversion from drawings where features and limbs are exaggerated—caricatures with monstrous heads or huge feet—but, as a child, the dislike had a shudder in it. So at least one episode in Alice's career roused antipathy rather than amusement.

CICELY HAMILTON.

MR. E. F. BENSON:

In answer to your questions I am happy to tell you that of course I was brought up on "Alice." I did not know you could be brought up on anything else.

But when you ask me whether I had any difficulty in understanding its humour, you amaze me. The whole point of "Alice" is that no one, child or adult, can possibly understand a word of it, because it doesn't mean anything. This is the secret of its unique merit.

No threat of a coherent idea ever menaces your bliss, you feel yourself safe from receiving sense on the sly. . . . And above all there is no speck of the revolting sentimentality which too often poisons a child's

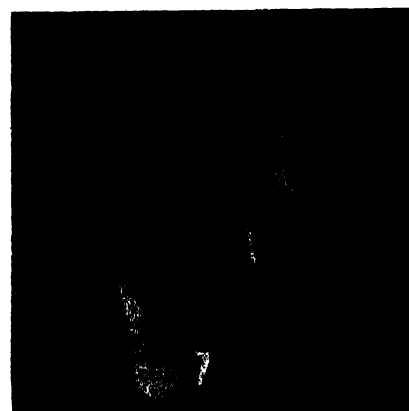


Photo by Miss
Compton Collier.

Mr. E. F. Benson.

mind. . . . You live at the bottom of a well (well in) and eat treacle, and so are very unwell. That is all.

E. F. BENSON.

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP:

"Alice in Wonderland" is in a class by itself. I have always loved it and read it quite regularly. I always feel that it is just a story told by a child to children in the happy-go-lucky, dramatic, what happens next excitement that appeals to everybody; and I have always wanted to write an introduction to the book, but I am afraid it would be as long as the book itself.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

MRS. MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS:

I remember "Alice in Wonderland" from the age of four, in the shape of a much-thumbed nursery copy, the common property of a family of six of us—as such it is practically indistinguishable from childhood itself. But even now I am not sure that it was not Tenniel's inimitable illustrations which made its charm, rather than the letterpress. There is a mystic spell about

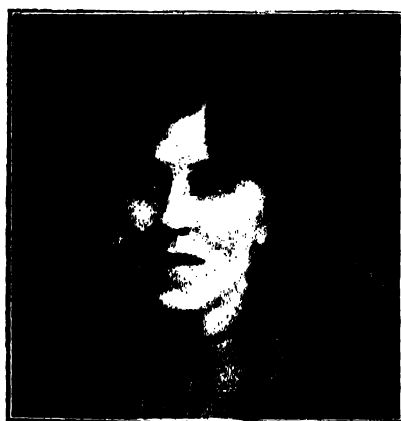


Photo by Elliot & Fry.

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders.

the picture of the sheep who kept the village shop, for instance, which has power to thrill one still; and the stretch of coastline behind the Walrus and the Carpenter, and the immortal Mad Hatter's tea-party are as real as things that happened to oneself. But the story, except where it now and then breaks into frank narrative, seemed confused and irritating to the mind of seven-years-old, and I quite well remember relegating it to a mental pigeon-hole along with "Water Babies" and "The Hunting of The Snark," as being one of those rather fraudulent books which grown-ups basely read to one another and chuckled over with insulting mysteriousness. (I have since learnt why!)

My earliest love was given to "Grimm's Fairy Tales," and then to Hans Christian Andersen. These two take romance seriously, and most children are romantic rather than humorous—otherwise they would hardly be children.

MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS.

MISS EVELYN SHARP:

"Alice in Wonderland" did not appeal to me at all when I was a child. I thought it unnatural and rather silly, and doubt if I ever read to the end until I was about sixteen, when I suddenly discovered it and read and re-read it with the utmost pleasure. It is fair to add, perhaps, that as a child I disliked dream stories and stories about dressed-up animals that masqueraded as human beings, though I delighted in genuine fairy stories and tales about real animals. I do not believe I discovered any humour in "Alice" until I was older, and all the people in it seemed to me invented rather than imagined and therefore unreal. And I detested the pictures.

EVELYN SHARP.



Photo by Russell.

Miss Evelyn Sharp.

MADAME SARAH GRAND:

"Alice in Wonderland" was my delight in my youth, and still is. I certainly have always appreciated the humour of it. I remember thinking the verses exquisitely "funny" the first time I read them, and I soon knew the whole book by heart. My attitude as a child in regard to fairy tales in general was that grown-up people knew that they were not true and I knew that they were, and we were both right.

SARAH GRAND.



Photo by Russell.

Madame Sarah Grand.

MR. W. B. MAXWELL:

"Alice in Wonderland" was among the greatest delights of my childhood, and I can remember as though it was yesterday the exquisite pleasure with which I first read those magic pages. I revelled in their humour, although I cannot pretend to say whether I fully understood it. The book impressed me as a marvellous *communication* to one's childish mind. It seemed to be different from all other books, and closer to me than any of them; it seemed to me perfect and final; containing all that a child wanted to be said, could not say itself, but had always believed might be said.

W. B. MAXWELL.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CHARACTERS.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THAT the abundance of books about Shakespeare is at once a consequence and a proof of that "universality" of his—the discovery or at least the formulation of which puts Dryden at the head of all his positive critics as Arnold's sonnet puts *him* at the head of all critics by a kind of negation—is undoubtedly a banal truism. But banal truisms have a rather uncanny habit of keeping valuable truths stowed somehow about their persons. One such in this case is that while some books tell us nothing at all, it is almost impossible for a book on Shakespeare not to add to our knowledge if not of Shakespeare, of mankind. If it only tells us that the author is a donkey it tells us at the same time what kind of a donkey he is; it classifies him in genus and species of asininity as nothing else can do. And as neither of the books before us confines itself to this rather deplorable revelation of zoopsychology, others besides cynics may find profit and pleasure in turning them over.

To begin with Mr. Mathew, there is in his book a great deal of common sense; and this, though it might seem to be faint praise in regard to some books, is notoriously by no means faint as regards books about Shakespeare. Of course one may differ with him; if one did not differ with the author of a book on Shakespeare that author would be oneself or Diabolus. But Mr. Mathew has one guide-rope to which whosoever clings he can hardly go hopelessly wrong. This is the belief that the passion for patching and parcelling out not merely whole plays but separate passages between half a dozen different authors, is one of the fondest things ever vainly invented; that at any rate the great bulk of the "Shakespeare" that we have between two covers is the work of the same man, though it may, or rather must, have been written at different times of the same life. And he is sound on "Titus Andronicus"—a very good touchstone. Perhaps he is unduly sceptical on some points, as where he says that we do not know how Marlowe was killed. The present reviewer has been not seldom rebuked for requiring too strictly legal evidence as to the lives of Shakespeare and his fellows. And he would say that the manner of Marlowe's death is as well attested as anything short of positive legal evidence can attest. But as the worst faults of average Shakespearean criticism come from an absence of wholesome scepticism (Bacon-worship and such-like things come from excess of credulity), one need not grumble much. The least admirable thing one has noticed in the book is something like a revival of the old Jonson-baiting. Infallible (because purely literary) evidence tells us that Shakespeare and Jonson exhibit immense differences of literary kind; that there was any "difference" of a disagreeable sort in the other sense rests on nothing but arbitrary interpretation of gossip and sheer "hariolation" of guesswork about possible meaning of passages. How far the "image of Shakespeare" which Mr. Mathew has

conjured up for himself with the help of a careful survey of the plays and at least a competent study of their more recent commentators, will please others, it is impossible to say. That it should *satisfy* any others who are worth satisfying is, as implied above, still more impossible. Everybody who deserves to have a book about Shakespeare at all has and is his own book on that subject. But at any rate it is not a book which one's own would be inclined to kick out of the shelf if they were placed side by side.

Professor Schücking's dissertation requires a somewhat different mode of criticism. He has already "passed" in Shakespearean commentatorship, and thus is a qualified candidate for honours in it. Whether this book attains them, and of what class they are remains to be decided. The particular division of the general subject which he has chosen is perhaps the most dangerous, if not exactly the most difficult, of all; because it is the most subject to that unique combination of poetic universality and critical individualism which has been mentioned above. An Aristotelian *phronimos* or "sensible man" can put away all the chatter about the personality of Shakespeare by remembering that for him Shakespeare is the person who wrote "Shakespeare"; all that about the order of the plays by remembering that it doesn't really matter much, and so on. But when you come to the characters, the case is altered. If not as much as the poetry, it is and must be to any fit reader a case of personal appeal. Very rarely has any man a friend whose character interests him as much as Hamlet's or Prospero's, Antony's or Macbeth's; rarely, though somewhat oftener, a love whose character attracts him (she needn't, as Mr. Pope would say, have much character at all) as that of Lady Macbeth or Rosalind, of Juliet or Cleopatra does. So with discussions in this kind we get into the region of thumb-biting; and hand goes frequently to sword.

Professor Schücking tells us a good deal about himself by starting or almost starting with a defence of Rümelin. It is true that that clever but perverse heretic did not busy himself much with heresy on the character side. But both he and his disciple (or at least apologist) show themselves by far at their best when they are demolishing the structures of others and not attempting anything positive even in the way of demolishing Shakespeare himself. Rümelin was not bad on Gervinus; Professor Schücking is not bad on a great many more recent commentators, German of course chiefly but also English to a considerable extent. But after all this is business which is not very well worth doing. To begin with there is no end to it; the old jibe about "fleas having other fleas to bite 'em" recurs. Besides, every one ought to have brains and taste enough to do this for himself. If you cannot add something of your own you should hold your peace.

Now Professor Schücking does add something—indeed a good deal of his own, and it is sometimes valuable. But sometimes also one fears that it is open

* "An Image of Shakespeare." By Frank Mathew. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays." By Leven L. Schücking. (Harrap.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.



From a Painting by JOHN HANCOCK.

THE LEASH-HOLDER.



to that next stage of "biting." He is, as one expects a person of his nationality to be, much too fond of general propositions. For instance here is one italicised in the original: "*The first mention in the drama of things that are important for the action or the characterisation of the central figure must never be allowed, in the interest of the characterisation of secondary figures, to distort the representation of the facts.*" If this were said to us we should perhaps borrow from Shakespeare himself the reply "Anan?" and not be much helped by the gloss that "he had a tendency to episodic intensification."

However, a book on the characters of Shakespeare offers itself, with unusual frankness on its own side and fairness on that of the critic, to judgment by the tree-and-fruits test. And perhaps there is no better, though it may be admitted that there are easier tests of this kind than the consideration of what is said about Cleopatra and Miranda; for they are probably the two poles of Shakespeare's woman-world and both are perfectly drawn. So opposite are they—and opposite in ways sometimes so subtle and easily mistaken—that anyone but a real critic might easily fail on *one*. But a failure on both must be rather fatal. And one fears that Professor Schücking does fail on both. That he sees "vulgarity" in the Cleopatra of the first three acts is almost fatal of itself. For he is the last person not to admit—indeed he is constantly urging—that you must never judge Shakespeare merely by modern habits of speech and action. And only by these (and a rather

shallow use of these) can even a shadow of vulgarity be thrown on the serpent of old Nile. And this, fatal as it is, is made more so by the fact that he admires the Cleopatra of the last two acts almost as much as she deserves, and only finds fault with her because she does not hang closely enough to her earlier self. Now though no man is permitted to understand women completely, any man who sees inconsistency here must give up all hope of the most distant appreciation of them.

Still, let us grant that while Cleopatra, as she is the most glorious, is the most complex of Shakespeare's women, there is at least no *apparent* complexity in Miranda. But the absence of apparent complexity, especially in a woman, should only warn the wise against hasty judgment. Dr. Schücking has not heard the warning. He admits that Prospero's daughter "holds a distinctive place" among Shakespeare's characters. But he thinks she has "fewer characteristic traits than any other"; thinks her remarkably "sketchy," and even as a child of Nature puts Perdita above her. Perdita, who is really a sketch though a lovely one, and a mouthpiece for exquisitely decorative poetry. He is "somewhat astonished" to find her talking of her grandmother's womb. One really does not know in reference to which of these estimates to be more sorry for Professor Schücking. A man to whom Cleopatra is vulgar and Miranda not clean-mouthed enough deserves the profoundest pity.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GENIUS.

BY R. L. MÉGROZ.

EXCEPT for the word "genius" the title of this essay is to be understood ironically, for the subject is John Hancock, artist, poet and prophet, who drowned himself in the London Regent's Canal when he was but twenty-two, in November, 1918, at the close of the Great War. During the last three years of his life, that is to say during three years of war, he produced in pictorial work alone what appears to be the fruit of an inspired lifetime. He left behind him, besides wonderful pictures in black-and-white and water-colour, a mass of literary manuscripts which have been lent to me by his parents for study at my leisure. The literary work does not attain the high technical level of the pictures, but as the creator of both literary and pictorial work, John Hancock becomes one of the most remarkable among the many remarkable figures in the annals of art. As a mystic artist in line and colour he must, I think, rank with William Blake. To compensate for a short life and consequently smaller output, John Hancock displays a similarly immense intellectual horizon with a greater versatility and a coherence that is lacking in Blake's most ambitious work. Characteristic of Hancock's mature paintings is found the graceful and sweeping power of Blake, the rich tenderness of Blake's colour, and a highly symbolic method of presentment, although the symbolism is distinctly Hancock's in detail. Also there is in these pictures of the younger artist a definiteness of conception, a coherence of perspective intellectual as well as

pictorial, often absent in Blake's work. Definiteness allied to mysticism, coherence allied to prophecy, is a possession of this age which is the legacy left from the moil of many past ages. There was, too, with Blake the visionary, always something of the "let's be quick, while God the Father isn't looking!"—a kind of—dare we say?—infantile complex which pursued his tremendous visions. Not the least amazing feature of John Hancock's later pictures is the masterly and classic calm, a maturity in which exquisite colour and form co-operate with rather than subserve the symbolism of an artist who was also a mystic philosopher.

The black-and-white drawing, "The Tears of the Mothers," reproduced in these pages, was one of many designs made by Hancock while a student at the St. John's Wood Art School. It precedes the intensive and mature period of his mystical work from the age of nineteen until his death at twenty-two; but even during the last phase Hancock remained versatile. Book-plates, two interesting specimens of which are also reproduced here, calendars, water-colours revealing a thoughtless joy in colour, light and movement, and some delightful studies in the Japanese manner, which at the St. John's Wood Art School were dubbed "Japancocks," reveal the artist in a diversity of moods. Where his work is deliberately light, as in the illustrations to Margaret L. Wood's fairy story, "Come Unto these Yellow Sands," it is full of Puck-like humour and dainty grace. Hancock showed an increasing interest,

**Book-plate.**

From a drawing by John Hancock.

the mature mystical work, and is the property of Mr. F. C. Fenton, who was a college friend of Hancock. It is not so much mystical, although intensely symbolical, as poetic, and affords another hint of Hancock's literary tendency. In it is involved an idea frequently occurring in the artist's individual intuitive philosophy, the necessity of treading a solitary path of individual self-communion in order to progress towards "the first of the God states." Father and son are shown chained together, the father's soul awake (in the form of a serpent), the son's soul still asleep. The father sees the path of his own progress but has not realised the son's necessity to descend into the city and learn truth by contact with appearances. We see them therefore vainly striving one against the other. In the picture there is a kind of stark half-light and Hancock has restrained his love of rich colour so that all the tones are subdued. The picture is interesting for our present purpose because the same subject is treated by Hancock in a story which adds to the subject a sardonic humour and the human intimacy of dialogue. The picture, like all Hancock's symbolic work, is austere in generalisation and the exclusion of detail not strictly essential.

If we approach thus the literary expression of Hancock's genius *via* the pictorial work, we shall have to realise constantly that this painter is one of the prophets. Although a master of the decorative in art, it was the prophet, and the twentieth century prophet, in him that wrote: "The means may be beautiful, but the end is more beautiful still." He saw art as in its infancy, "the soulless production of the great technical masters of the past, executed at the command of the Church or some other society," and not the "outburst into reality of prophetic visions, philosophical knowledge and reasonings" which he aspired to. The contents of our art quarterlies often incline to a sighful acquiescence! Faith and visionary thought are the dominant qualities in Hancock's art, pictorial and literary, and these are the qualities most needed to-day by poets and painters. How else are we to approach Blake's vision of a people obeying not the priests of institutions

in contemporary literature as he developed. G. K. Chesterton aroused his enthusiasm, and John Drinkwater's play, "X = O," inspired one of his finest water-colours in the mature period of his work—a significant fact.

"The Leash-Holder," which appears here in line, is a water-colour done at the time of

but the poets of the new Sinai, whence shall be uttered God's "thunders of thought"? The value and justification of "idea" or "purpose" in a work of art is still a theme of controversy among critics, and on that account the accomplishment of Hancock has an especial significance.

When Hancock was not drawing or painting with his left hand, with his right (this is literal truth) he was pouring the overflow of creative energy into the broad river-bed of language. The essential nature of this literary work is explained as clearly as possible by himself in one of numerous diary jottings: "There are so many stray cobwebby fibres of thought that drift around everything which is concrete enough to become a picture and which are so quickly lost or forgotten if you cannot chain them in place." Hancock's writings therefore are generally preoccupied with the newly-born ideas emerging from the mystical philosophy which gradually found expression in the pictures. The literary work is often epigrammatic. On a calendar made for his mother he will write:

"Behold! the barren earth!
Behold! Flowers of Spring!
Behold the sweet rebirth!
'I' all symbols sing."

On a picture (like Blake he often inscribed on his mystical pictures an explanatory text) he will inscribe:

"All symbols that thou here dost see
Are God-paths to futurity"—

or:

"Death is the pulse-beat of the evolutions."

Hancock wrote a series of strange allegorical stories, each from three to six thousand words long, in which the mystical philosophy of the main body of his pictures finds expression in the human parable. "Human" is perhaps hardly applicable to more than a very few, but these stories follow an immense arc of thought and constitute an intensely interesting literary phenomenon, for they are obviously the work of a genius. The language in comparison with modern literary deftness

**Book-plate.**

From a drawing by John Hancock.

is unsophisticated and at times a little unwieldy, but nearly always the story is borne along by a sensitive and satisfying rhythm. What Hancock noted of Walter Pater's style, which influenced him deeply, is not inapplicable to his own prose: "It is full not only of its actual significance but of a strange texture, a feeling of colour, a suggestion of form even further than is conveyed by the sequence of the words themselves, which is partly the secret of his charm." Hancock cannot of course be set beside Pater as a literary artist, and if "the sequence of the words themselves" often has charm, the paucity of range in their selection was a weakness due to Hancock's insufficient training. With regard to "a feeling of colour," it was natural that so superb a painter saw the ideas which he put into language often glowing with the colour and sharply shaping themselves into the definite outlines belonging to a picture. One of his stories opens: "The night was heavy purple, the moon was like hammered bronze. The whole world was heavy purple save for the two moons of hammered bronze."

More characteristic of the prose and verse, however, is a preoccupation with ideas of the eternity of change through which all forms of life must pass. Sometimes, as in a story called "In and Out of Curio Shops," he



John Hancock.

and his soul God, and he, the child, is the sum of all these, the Holy Ghost of the Selfhood of To-morrow."

It is with exultation that I hear at the moment of writing that a publisher has been found who is at once enterprising and sane enough to undertake the publication of a memorial volume containing poems, essays, allegorical stories, and reproductions of some of the finest of Hancock's pictures, together with a memoir by Mr. Dyfed Parry, who was a friend of the artist. But of course the publisher is Irish—he is Daniel O'Connor. To him be praise!

illustrates with unusual imaginative perception a definite moment of revelation experienced by an individual, in this case a sensitive boy. Or, as in "Incarnations Nine," a generalised philosophy of transmigration is suggested. One of the last stories, entitled "The Onleaner," is a vision of the "City of To-morrow." It was a dream. "There is no City of the Vision of To-morrow," says Hancock, "the To-morrow is the Selfhood where the Body and the Mind are subordinate parts in the Trinity of the Soul." Everything that I had seen was a materialisation necessitated by my material incompleteness of vision and understanding. There are no towering bridges, passages tiring to traverse, great palaces, for in reality all these are within the child. His body is Beauty, as his mind is Truth

NIETZSCHE AND WAGNER.*

BY GERALD CUMBERLAND.

TO the young and inexperienced it is harrowing to discover gradually, month after month, that men of towering genius whose work is full of gold were, after all, only human in their daily lives and, in many instances, were peculiarly frail in their humanity. For thirty years all the world has known that between Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche there existed for a considerable period an ardent friendship inspired, we were all led to suppose, by a close identity of ideals, and broken by a betrayal, on Wagner's part, of the spiritual compact that bound the two men together. Nietzsche genuinely believed—and he had some reason for his belief—that in "Parsifal" Wagner pretended to be giving to the world a presentation of his own spiritual experience, hoping thereby to placate the Christian rulers of Germany and in that

way establish firmly the trembling foundations of the Bayreuth undertaking. "It is impossible for me," wrote Nietzsche, "to recognise *greatness* which is not united with candour and sincerity towards one's self." As Wagner had always been an avowed atheist, Nietzsche found it impossible to believe in the sincerity of this new religious development which so unfortunately promised to further the composer's material interests. So the very core of their friendship was poisoned and corroded: Nietzsche, who hitherto had proudly championed Wagner's cause, now became one of his most hostile and eloquent critics.

But anyone who reads this absorbing book of letters between the two men, and who studies the real facts and sincere comments supplied by Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, the philosopher's sister, will quickly divine that the real cause of the destruction of their friendship lay much deeper than that which for so long has been

* "The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence." Edited by Frau Foerster-Nietzsche. 21s. (Duckworth.)

generally accepted. Nietzsche himself recognised something of this years afterwards when he wrote: "We were too essentially different in our inmost natures, and this was *bound* to cause a separation, sooner or later." We who read this book can detect in the very beginning of that friendship the seeds of its decay and death.

At their first meeting Nietzsche was twenty-five, Wagner thirty years older. From the very outset, Wagner, always anxious to gain adherents to his artistic doctrines, was touched and flattered by Nietzsche's enthusiastic appreciation, and forthwith began to "use" this fresh and brilliant disciple. Wagner, like all the great world-figures in history, had a devastating effect on many lives; few who came within his orbit escaped without a wound or a burn. His very vitality was disintegrating; the sacrifices he demanded from those who loved him and his work had no limit; from him a request was a command, a hint a request. To know Wagner intimately was to serve him: he would permit no other relationship. Even the money and the prestige of King Ludwig II were at his service. To such a man as Nietzsche was in his twenties, Wagner was a psychological necessity, for there was nothing the young professor "desired more passionately than to find some being whom he could revere." At the beginning of their friendship, he revered Wagner both as man and artist; but he did so only by wilfully (but we can guess how painfully!) closing his eyes to Wagner's ineradicable and masterful selfishness, to the streak of real vulgarity in him, and to the almost insane suspiciousness of which Nietzsche was so often a victim.

Wagner was living in social and semi-political exile at Tribschen with Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, and the undivorced wife of von Bülow, the eminent musician and Wagnerite. In three years Nietzsche paid them twenty-three visits, mostly from Basle, at whose university he was professor of philology. During those years the younger man was almost incredibly loyal to the older; moreover, he gave royally both time and thought not only to furthering Wagner's artistic interests, but to a multitude of small matters that could have been undertaken by almost anyone. Wagner was unsparing in his demands, but Nietzsche gave no sign, and probably felt no moment, of irritation. It is abundantly clear that Wagner regarded his young friend solely as a fighter in the Wagnerian cause. When Nietzsche wrote the first volume of what his sister calls "his big Greek dissertation," Wagner showed both disappointment and annoyance that it was not in some way a glorification of his own art. The great intellect of the young professor, it is clear, was not to be allowed

to develop naturally from within. When Nietzsche was invited to spend his summer vacation at Tribschen and found himself unable to go, Wagner sulked, became arrogant and showed his teeth. There is no doubt that if, by destroying Nietzsche's soul, Wagner could have helped on his own cause, he would not for one moment have hesitated to sacrifice that vigorous intellect that was only second to his own. Curiously enough, Nietzsche himself believed that "a great military leader has the right to sacrifice his fellow-men, if, by so doing, he can achieve the highest aims—in fact, he conceived this to be the positive duty of generals, no less than of the intellectual leaders of humanity, and of all the great inventors, in the successful prosecution of their plans." More curious still, some three and a half years after the friendship of the two men began, Nietzsche was ready to throw up his professional career, ring what would seem to him the death-knell of his own work, and devote himself to a lecture tour throughout Germany in order to disseminate the principles of Wagnerism. Fortunately, circumstances occurred to interfere with that great sacrifice being made. Little by little, as Nietzsche's intellect developed and came nearer to maturity, he began to free himself from Wagner's strangle-hold. The accidental meeting of the two men at Sorrento and the discussion there of the "Parsifal" scheme was but the closing scene of a long, slow tragedy in which the pride of two great men was deeply wounded time after time. That Nietzsche suffered more than Wagner there is no doubt, for he had the nobler mind.

It is said that Richard Strauss once declared he considered the years in which the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was at its zenith, "one of the most impressive and significant cultural moments of the nineteenth century." Some of us in England are inclined to agree with this view, in spite of the present strong movement against Wagner and the temporary post-war eclipse of Nietzsche; but whether we agree with it or not, none of us can afford to ignore a book that, as this does, sheds so great an illumination on the psychology of two of the most overwhelming forces of their time. Frau Foerster-Nietzsche does much more than give the two men's correspondence; she herself was a spectator of the tragedy and, as a loyal sister and as an intelligent witness, she has much to say that is of value. The book, apparently, was published in Germany eight years ago. The present translation, though on the whole precise and accurate, is not invariably so; moreover, a few American locutions are irritating, and the proofs have not been corrected with the care that the value of the matter deserves.

HUMOUR IN ART.

By A. St. JOHN ADCOCK.

IT is a common complaint and truer than most complaints, that nothing is so often undervalued, in art even more than in social life, as the quality of humour. In the world of affairs, gravity passes as a gentlemanly passion and humour as its poor relation, to be invited to dinner because it is so

amusing, but not to be tolerated when the time has come for doing something that looks important. Nobody stands on ceremony with it; it is so graciously human; therefore most of us like but do not altogether respect it, and pay a readier homage to solemn virtues we can no more take to our hearts than we could



From " PICTURES FROM PUNCH
By FRANK REYNOLDS.
With Introduction by E. V. LUCAS
(Cassell)

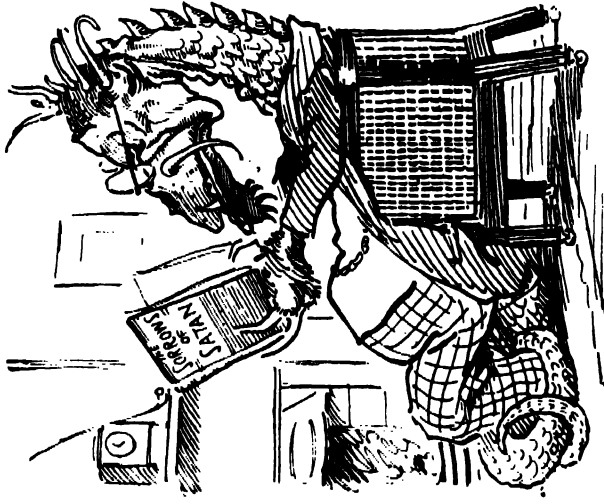
MANNERS AND MODES.
Hero Wor-hip: Distractions of the Film-World

By permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.



TAIL-PIECE
(Bluebird).

From "PLAYS FOR CHILDREN."
By S. LYLE CUMMINS.
Illustrated by G. L. STAMPA. (Methuen).



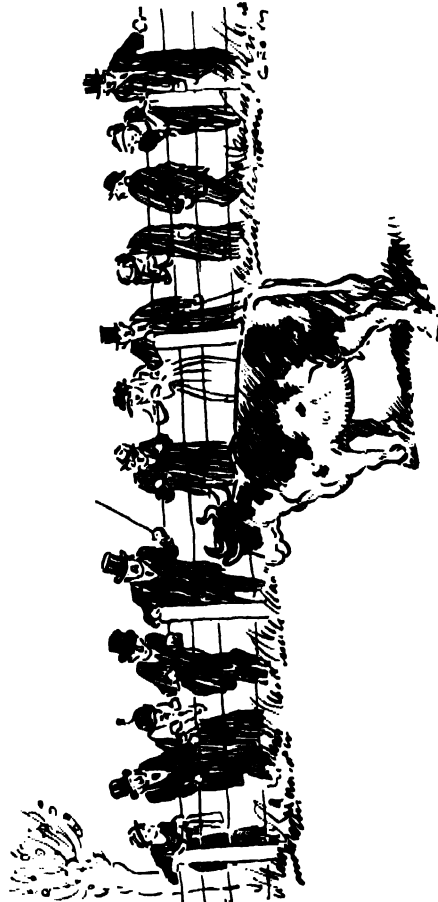
"FOR LITERATURE LIGHT"
I READ WITH DELIGHT"
(St. George and the Dragon).

From "PLAYS FOR CHILDREN."
By S. LYLE CUMMINS.
Illustrated by G. L. STAMPA
(Methuen).



GOLF STORIES.

From "YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE."
By E. V. LUCAS.
Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW
(Methuen).



THE COW

From "TINKER AND TAILOR."
By A. P. HERBERT.
Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW
(Methuen).



From "CHARACTERS."
By GEORGE BELLCHER.
With Introduction by FRANK SWINNERTON
(Methuen).

A DOG'S LIFE.

"Have you given Fido his soup?" "Yes, mum."
"And his chicken and jelly?" "Yes, mum."
"Then you can have some bread and cheese and go to bed."



From "MORE DRAWINGS."
By H. M. BATEMAN
(Methuen).

THE PESSIMIST

"Father, what is life?"

"Life, my son, is a game—played against an invisible opponent who invariably wins."

By permission of the proprietors of The Tatler.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Frank Reynolds.

fraternise with the statue of Peel at the top of Cheapside and slap it on the back. Paint landscapes, portraits, historical pieces, pathetic, pretty or any sort of serious pictures—write tragedies, stories of sorrow or sentiment—and you may wear laurels with a

sufficient seemliness, but you can't do that if you draw or write things that make people laugh. Humour is the Cinderella of the Arts, too homely and unassuming to be allowed to go to the party with her showier sisters, and if she gets there at last, later in the evening, it is by a miracle. Mrs. Oliphant uttered a general feeling when she lamented that before Hogarth's pictures "the vulgar laugh," and added, "never a tear comes at Hogarth's call. It is his sentence of everlasting expulsion from the highest heaven of Art."

Now I am one of the Philistines who believe there is no heaven of art too high for the humorist to reach: who rank Hogarth with Joshua Reynolds as a painter of portraits, and above him as an imaginative and creative artist. Moreover, Lamb taught me to see things of terrible poignance, things for tears, in those paintings of Hogarth's. The humorous artist is not less gifted than the artist who has no humour; he may be as great and sometimes greater, in his different way. And the humorous artist has to pass a more drastic and infallible test than is required of the artist who is humourless. If the latter really cannot paint he has only to call his crude or eccentric daubs a new art and give it a new name to win disciples who, taking pride to themselves in a taste that is not shared by the vulgar, will laud him into temporary prosperity. But your humorous artist cannot resort to this expedient. Success with the normal, intelligent multitude is his test of capacity. If he can exercise the technique of his art as efficiently as any man who ever lived yet cannot amuse, cannot make people laugh, he is a failure, and no pose, no subterfuge, enables him to get away from the fact.

Here are books on my table containing work by five living artists in humour who have passed that test triumphantly, and for me, at all events, there is in much of this work a wider knowledge of humanity, a subtler, more varied portrayal of character, richer imaginative and creative faculty than I have usually found shrined in gold frames on the dignified walls of an Academy exhibition.

Take this big book of Frank Reynolds's "*Punch Pictures*."¹ We are so used now to seeing him every week in *Punch*, where he has succeeded Townsend as Art Editor, that we have come rather to take him for granted. He amuses us; but we expected him to and knew that he would. If daybreak did not happen

regularly every morning we should not take it as casually as we take our breakfasts; we should watch for it and, giving it more than a familiar glance when it did come, we should recognise its continual freshness and variety and the wonder of it. You might look at these drawings and praise them for nothing but their skill in draughtsmanship, but a good deal more than that has gone to the making of them. They are studies in character; they tell you as much about a man or a woman in a few lines as a psychological novelist could tell you in as many pages. They are short stories; they are dramas in little and, as often as not, the line of dialogue underneath is not needed to explain their meaning, though it condenses and accentuates the humour of them. The four sketches of a stage rehearsal where a large, stout queen has to faint and be caught by one of her soldiers and, for catastrophic reasons, the author has to revise the directions and have her caught by four of them, speaks for itself. So does that picture of the spacious mother leaning in her doorway, a very small boy standing alongside, while the scraggy, genial curate looks down on him, and the mother explains, "There's no 'olding 'im now, sir, since 'e's gone into knickers—'e's that pompious!"

As Mr. E. V. Lucas says, Mr. Reynolds's happy hunting ground seems to be "somewhere on the outskirts of London where City clerks with families have their homes"; but he is as much at home in the slums, or among the new rich, or in all manner of Bohemian circles. And there is never malice or bitterness in Reynolds's laughter. His hits at our social vanities and vices, foibles and follies are as good-natured as they are shrewd; he is effective because he has got life properly focused—his vision is true. If we looked closer into them, half the things that anger would amuse us. We are forgetting now the fierce, the scathing pictures made of our late enemies during the war, but we still remember Reynolds's ludicrous "*Study of a Prussian Household having its Morning Hate*," and it is a joy to look at it again. After all, what is the difference between the pride and arrogance of adults who have acquired more than their neighbours, and the behaviour of Reynolds's urchin "pompious" in his first breeches? These things, and our hate and scorn of each other, may or may not be reprehensible but, considering what we all are, and for how short a time we are that, they are undoubtedly silly, and the man who can show us their absurdity is helping us to grow wiser.

There is less geniality in George Belcher, but the same truth of vision. He goes largely to low life for his scenes and characters and handles them with a graphic, almost Hogarthian realism. The wonderful study from life, in his "*Characters*,"² of



Photo by Lassalle.

Mr. George Belcher.

¹ "*Punch Pictures* by Frank Reynolds." With Introduction by E. V. Lucas. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

² "*Characters*." By George Belcher. With Introduction by Frank Swinnerton. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Harris of Jollop Yard, with the minute detail of the streets in the background, is as starkly realistic as anything of Hogarth's—more so than he sometimes was, for there is not a touch of caricature or exaggeration about it. Her flabby features, her bonnet, her bag, the elaborate pattern on her shawl, her expansive apron—Mr. Belcher has simply conjured her out of actuality on to his paper exactly in her habit and manner as she lives. Even when the jest under his picture is a little feeble, the strength and power of suggestion in the picture itself makes atonement for that. If Reynolds is in art what Barrie is in literature, Belcher has affinities with Shaw and Pinero. He has not old Izaak's way of putting the worm on the hook as if he loved it, but he catches your laughter, though he does so more often with irony and satire than with gentler humours. "It is not in the actual jokes," writes Mr. Swinnerton, "that the excellence of the present collection lies. What Mr. Belcher needs is an occasion for the showing of two human beings in conversation. Give him that, and the story arises naturally. Granted an interchange of appropriate remarks, these two living creatures are so accurately seen that they can be rendered with an air (it is only an air) of inattentiveness and with that added lustre of peculiarity which comes from the artist's wit and his sense of the grotesque in nature. It is a twist, an emphasis, that makes the people in the drawings start out as 'characters.' They are not drawn flat or finite; they hardly ever fail to suggest all sorts of thoughts and suppositions and humorous notions which certainly are not supplied by the printed words beneath the drawings. It is as if, in opening this book, we found the world transfigured—repeopled with comic characters that we have unconsciously known all our lives, as we know the comic characters in literature."

With H. M. Bateman³ you are, most of the time, in an altogether different world. He is frankly a caricaturist; he is not concerned with what a man can see of himself in the looking-glass, but illustrates the human spirit in grotesque allegorical shapes that represent the man's thoughts, feelings, passions, the essential individuality that is hidden from us by the orthodox face and figure of the visible person. There are people who dislike Mr. Bateman's work intensely; its lack of beauty, its exaggerations; but there are more who delight with enthusiasm in its truth, not to appearances but to the inner life that appearances obscure. I confess myself one of this multitude, and fearful of my own capacity to do justice to him, I asked Mr. Bateman the other day to explain himself to me. Being a modest man he did not do this so thoroughly as I had hoped. "I have done humorous drawings ever since I can remember," he said, "but realising early that in



Photo by Swaine.

Mr. H. M. Bateman.

order to express oneself truly in any branch of art a proper term of study is essential I worked hard in the art schools and studios for about five years, drawing and painting from life as seriously as possible—in my case the time was well spent, for I consider that caricature is the quintessence of expressive draughtsmanship and must have for a basis a knowledge of true form. I find it necessary to get back to nature from time to time, when I study from life in some shape, and so renew the springs. I hear on all sides that I have been influenced by Caran d'Ache, and have no doubt there is much truth in this, for I am a great admirer of his work and could not wish for a better influence—but when my particular style was developing I was always being influenced by different men's work, though I believe that if their work and mine were placed together now there would be little enough in the way of resemblance. It is often said that caricature is not understood or appreciated in this country, but this appears to me to be due to the fact that there is very little true caricature produced here to be studied. For the few caricaturists we have had there has been a very wide and full appreciation." That is unquestionable. It is so in the case of Mr. Bateman himself; and in the case of our chief of living caricaturists, Mr. Max Beerbohm.

If I were writing of George Morrow's drawings in *Punch*, or of those collections of some of his best work in "George Morrow: His Book" and "More Morrow," I should have more to say of him than I have space to say it in. But I am only concerned with him, at the moment, as an illustrator of two new books, "You Know What People Are," by E. V. Lucas,⁴ and "Tinker, Tailor," by A. P. Herbert.⁵ None of our artist-humorists is quainter or more whimsical, and at the same time, as Mr. Lucas once said of him, "he is one of the most adequate draughtsmen that we have. No one can better suggest atmosphere, whether indoors or out, and some of his landscapes and seascapes are perfect." If Mr. Lucas had illustrated these essays of his with his own hand the quiet humour and fantasy of them could not be more intimately interpreted than they are in Mr. Morrow's delightful sketches; and there is the same complete harmony between Mr. Herbert's droll, freakish, gaily tripping verses, offered as "A Child's Guide to the

Professions," and Mr. Morrow's realisation of them. I like especially Morrow's "Sailor," both where he is dancing on the beach and taking his beer on the jetty; his "Farmer," and the Squire and those guests who, after church, are taken by the Squire round his estate, his stables, flowers, incinerator, pigs and the rest:

"They run and climb and leap and crawl
Across a ditch, across a wall,
A brook, a bog, a waterfall,
Across a mile of plough;



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. George Morrow.

³ "More Drawings." By H. M. Bateman. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

⁴ 5s. (Methuen.)

⁵ 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

And see, as sailors see at last
The gorgeous Orient, aghast—
Majestic, comatose and vast,
The very latest Cow—"

and the verse is the livelier and livelier for having presentments of that be-draggled party breaking it up and plodding through it. Morrow studied drawing in Belfast, where he was born, at South Kensington, and for a while at Paris. In October, 1906, he made his first appearance in *Punch*. "I was influenced (of course)," he told me, "by Caran d'Ache, also by Oberlander and Vogel." He mostly gets his subjects by accident. Trade catalogues, dictionaries and advertisement pages of railway guides, he says, are among his sources of inspiration. Scraps of conversation heard in the streets often suggest ideas to him, usually remote from what he had heard. He has found some of the best humorous line drawings on ancient Greek vases, and thinks it likely that there were very good humorous drawings done by cave dwellers, and though these were obliterated long ago he rather unkindly suggests that the jokes still survive among us.

I would like to have another collection from G. L. Stampa such as he gave us in "Ragamuffins"—no artist since Phil May has so sympathetically understood or so cleverly and humorously presented the London street gamin—but this Christmas I have seen nothing of his in the book way except the illustrations he has made to S. Lyle Cummins's three excellent volumes of "Plays for Children."* These little drawings in colour and black-and-white have grace and beauty as well as humour and fantasy. Stampa is another *Punch* artist, and was probably predestined to be one, for I remember his telling me that Mr. Punch was his first drawing-master. "I was brought up—or rather, brought

* 3 vols. 8s. 6d. each. (Methuen.)



Photo by
E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. G. L.
Stampa.

myself up—on *Punch*," said he. "My earliest recollections are of copying for my own pleasure all his great masters—Leech, Keene, Tenniel, Sambourne—till I got steeped in *Punch*. It would not surprise me if I had been influenced by these. Before I was a student (I mean by that, before the time I was supposed to be studying) my first published little sketch was printed in *Punch*, and nothing ever happened before or is ever likely to happen again in my life that could give me the thrill I experienced that week. The sketch was printed about the size of a postage stamp, but I was prouder of it than of anything I have ever done since, and was

fully convinced that everybody noticed me that week, and nudged his neighbour as I passed and said, 'He's got a drawing in *Punch*!' You'll understand I was very young, but I'd give a lot to go through that feeling again." Later, he worked at Hatherley's, and went through the R. A. Schools. Then for a period he worked in oil and painted portraits; but that early upbringing was too strong for him, and he went back to black-and-white, and found his *métier*, and has been found himself by discerning editors and the public. But his disparagement of those portraits he used to paint in oils will not be accepted by anybody who has noted how deftly and revealingly even his hastiest sketches and caricatures of prominent persons catch the likeness and idiosyncrasies of their originals.

One advantage with artists in humour is that you need not fag round the public galleries in order to see their work; you can carry it home in a book and enjoy it by your own fireside, and all I have been trying to do is to express something of the enjoyment I have thus had from the work of five of the many brilliant humorous artists of our day in books that happen to have just come to hand.

New Books.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Like a tree blooming strangely and serenely for a second time under a stormy late sky, Mr. A. E. Housman follows his "A Shropshire Lad" of 1896 with "Last Poems" * in 1922. So securely is the earlier volume lodged in the affections of readers that it is wonderful to think that its recognition was not instant and ample. More than one publisher, it is said, forfeited the privilege of presenting "A Shropshire Lad" to the public, by mere blindness or apathy; more than one reviewer passed its excellence by; and thus it was but slowly that Mr. Housman gained his readers—never, it is safe to assert, to lose them but continually to add to their number. Was it not Coventry Patmore who said of his own collected poems, "I have written little, but it is all my best"? So might Mr. Housman write, and what he has candidly said by way of preface is:

"I publish these poems, few though they are, because it is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more. I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my other book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came; and it is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation. About a quarter of this matter

* "Last Poems." By A. E. Housman. (Grant Richards.)

belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it to dates between 1895 and 1910."

He follows this with a lovely refrain—at once induction and farewell:

"We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels are all cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore;
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels are all cut,
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more."

The farewell note is repeated in the last (the forty-first) of the new poems, "Fancy's Knell":

"When lads were home from labour
At Abdon under Clee . . ."

Between the induction and the last poem there is a collection of lyrics so singular and exquisite that almost the only adequate way to recommend them to readers would be to quote shamelessly from every page. Failing that attractive method, it must be said that the new poems do not fall short of the perfection of the old, and that some have a

melody which might not be found in the first collection. For melody the stanzas just cited may serve as example, and for suggestive power the strange verses entitled "Hell Gate" (from which quotation would be impossibly brutal) are a supreme instance in modern lyrical poetry.

Having said this, all has been said, from one point of view; but much might still be said of the attitude of the author, as declared in "Last Poems." Conversation, which flared up exuberantly on the instant of the book's publication, brought forth the suggestion that there is a somewhat marked parallel between Edward FitzGerald and Mr. A. E. Housman. In the poetry of each there is an attitude of agnostic endurance; in each the endurance is the successor to waste, to:

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame;"

in each there is defiance as well as endurance; and in each a superb technique to express the sombre philosophy. True that FitzGerald did not invent the substance of his "Omar Khayyám"; but he adapted it and fused it with his peculiar fire. And true too that Mr. Housman speaks dramatically, using a nameless soldier for the purpose of his expression; but his soldier is typical rather than personal, and has no independent life. And there is at least one instance of likeness between the two poets, which is so conspicuous as to be curious; for FitzGerald writes:

"Oh, Thou, who man of baser Earth did'st make,
And who with Eden did'st devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take—"

and Mr. Housman:

"We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world."

Indeed the whole of this poem (the ninth in the volume) is harmonious with the cry of the earlier agnostic with whom FitzGerald has made us familiar, and

"The troubles of our proud and angry dust"

are the troubles of both poets alike. More explicit yet in its unconscious echo is Mr. Housman's twelfth piece:

"How am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.
They will be master, right or wrong;
Though both are foolish, both are strong.
And since, my soul, we cannot fly
To Saturn nor to Mercury,
Keep we must, if keep we can,
(These foreign laws of God and man.)"

There is a desperate irony in this acquiescence beyond the touch of any proud or foolish defiance. The attitude is more rigorous than that of "Omar Khayyám," but it is dictated by the same disillusioned or never-illusioned confrontation of the "sorry scheme of things." FitzGerald's technique, his amazing flowering in a new measure, made even this desperate attitude acceptable; and Mr. Housman's command of his medium—so consummate, so accustomed, so tranquil—acts in the same way. Not that there is any chance of the latter writer's position being challenged for a disabling pessimism; *all things to all men* is the common clamour, in a day when one view is hardly preferred to another. Happily Mr. Housman is neither denounced for his philosophy nor ignored for his pure, disengaged poetry; and if there should come a time, within the experience of men now living, when this philosophy itself (like that of our other sombre apostle, Mr. Hardy) is a thing of the dusty past, the pure disengaged poetry of "A Shropshire Lad" and "Last Poems" will yet endure the corruption of time.

The sole link between Mr. Housman and Mr. de la Mare* is this strong link of pure poetry. Poems for children are not likely to be popular if they are philosophic, but the

* "Down-Adown-Derry: A book of Fairy Poems." By Walter de la Mare. Illus. by Dorothy P. Lathrop. 15s. (Constable.)

fantasy which stars the present collection and makes it a delight for adults is likely to make it overwhelmingly attractive to children. This large and handsome volume, in fact, should prove the most popular of all gift-books because of the verse, most of which is chosen from books published long since; for the pictures of Miss Lathrop will probably please those only to whom the verse is unfamiliar. She has read the poems eagerly and admiringly, but all too literally, and has conceived it to be her task to make explicit that which the poet leaves implicit; to match precisely, in short, what Mr. de la Mare has given us, with pictures of his pictures. But it is a mistake, nevertheless, which permits her to display a great deal of ingenious skill. It is a beautiful opportunity that is offered by these poems; their simplicities are almost unique, their music unescapable. Sometimes they may seem too sophisticated for children, and the invention too subtle and intellectual; but there is no bound to be set to the comprehension of a child's mind, and what the words fail to convey the music might well suggest. . . . A beautiful opportunity, but small blame to Miss Lathrop if she has attempted an impossibility, for to use the opportunity an artist as rare as the poet is needed. And who can complain if such a lyric as "Mistletoe," so complete and sufficient in its own evocation of a gem-like world, has not found its artist in Miss Lathrop, and still awaits one who can add a superfluity of beauty to the beauty already achieved?

JOHN FREEMAN.

CARUSO.*

This volume is in the common form of such productions—a recital of triumphs, earnings, royal patronage, and so forth. Much of it is interesting, and some of it is authoritative, for Mr. Fucito was for several years Caruso's coach and accompanist; but Caruso deserved something better. He was the finest tenor known to living memory. To say this implies no treason to the operatic hero of the earlier nineties, the magnificent Jean de Reszke, because, in the first place, Jean was not a pure tenor and because, in the next place, he had a range of parts and a personal glamour that Caruso could not equal. Caruso's greatness lay in sheer quality and quantity of voice and in his ability to use it. His vocal art was as fine as the organ it played upon. The present volume names most of his big spectacular parts; but it leaves unmentioned one of his greatest vocal achievements, the singing of Don Ottavio's music in "Don Giovanni." His marvellous breath control, for instance, was never better shown than in the long F and run in "Il mio tesoro," indeed, he was the only tenor of our time who could sing the passage as it is written. The same solo exhibited the wonderful agility of his great voice in florid passages; and his command of the *mezza voce* was more exquisitely exhibited in "Dalla sua pace" than in any other song in his repertory. To have heard Caruso and Destinn together as Raoul and Valentine or Radames and Aïda is a great memory; to have heard them as Don Ottavio and Donna Anna is an exquisite and abiding musical possession.

Caruso had his limitations. The author describes his Don José in "Carmen" as a triumph. It was very far from a triumph in London. He may have got into the part later on or elsewhere; but certainly his first performance of it here was a failure. The music did not suit his voice, and he sang as if he recognised his own deficiency. He had obviously taken pains with the part—indeed, one never had from Caruso the insolence of indifference that audiences sometimes experience from artists much less great; but all his care did not make a Don José that we remember beside the impersonations of Jean de Reszke or Alvarez.

Much of the volume will be of special interest to singers. One very interesting and important chapter is devoted to his method of breathing, another to his method of tone production. Some of the actual *solfeggi* he used are quoted

* "Caruso and the Art of Singing." By Salvatore Fucito and Barnet J. Beyer. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

*SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.*



*From "SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN DRINKWATER"
(Sidgwick & Jackson).*

JOHN DRINKWATER
(From a drawing by Eric Kennington)

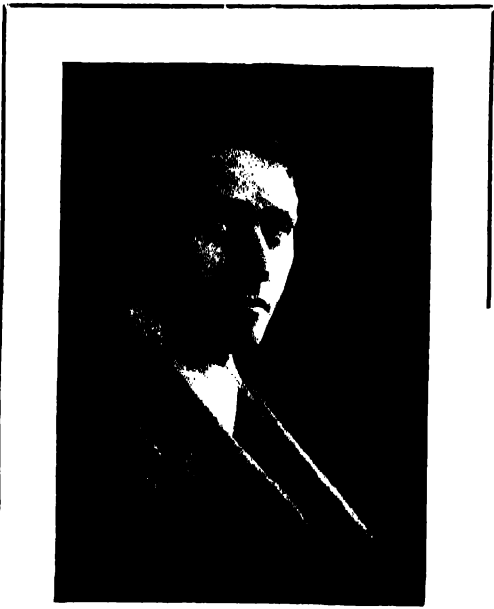


J. M. Bannister
from T. S. T. A. C.
(Robert Louis Stevenson.)



From "JAMES ELROY FLECKER"
(Chapman's Hall).

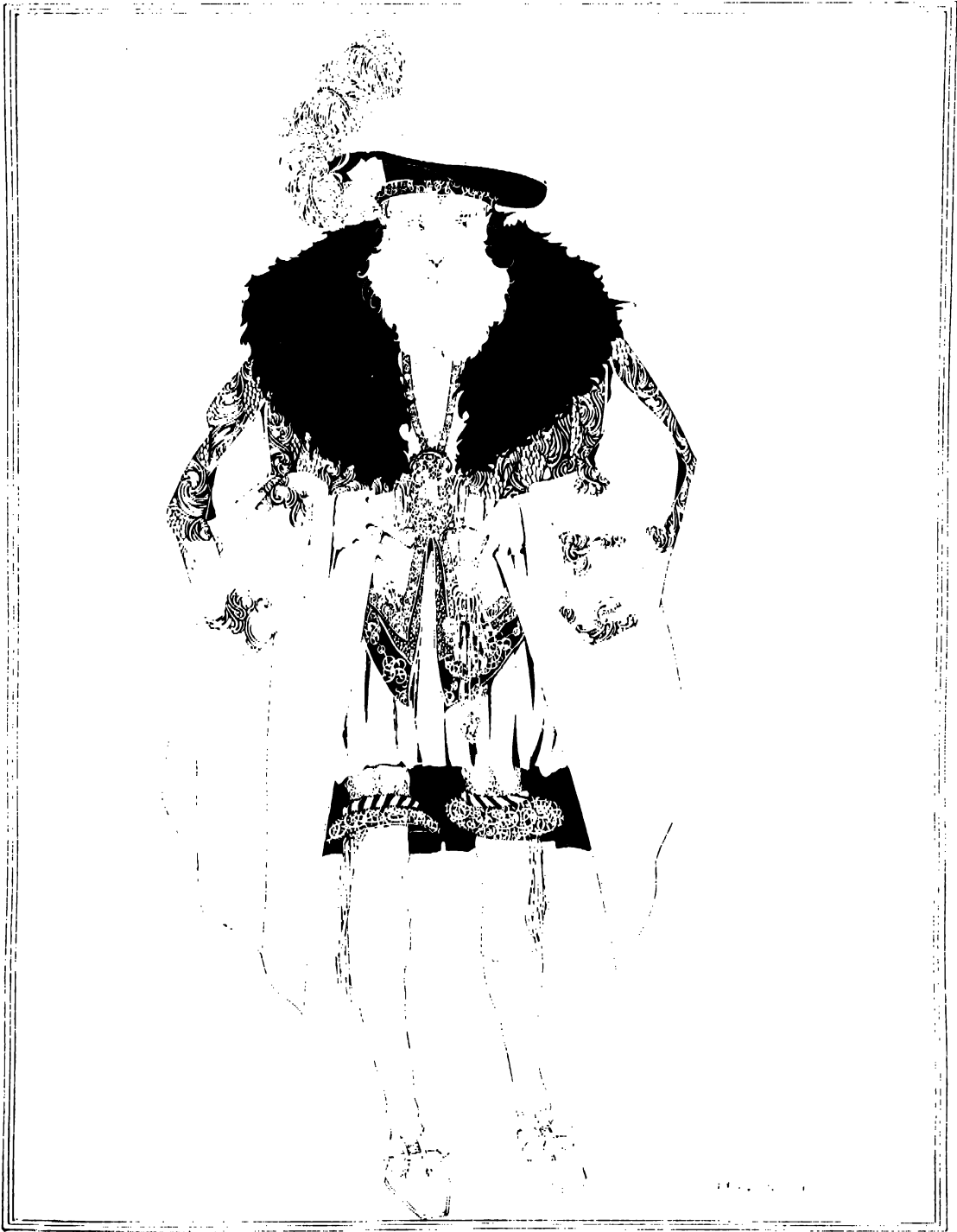
FLECKER IN HIS ROOMS
AT CAMBRIDGE.



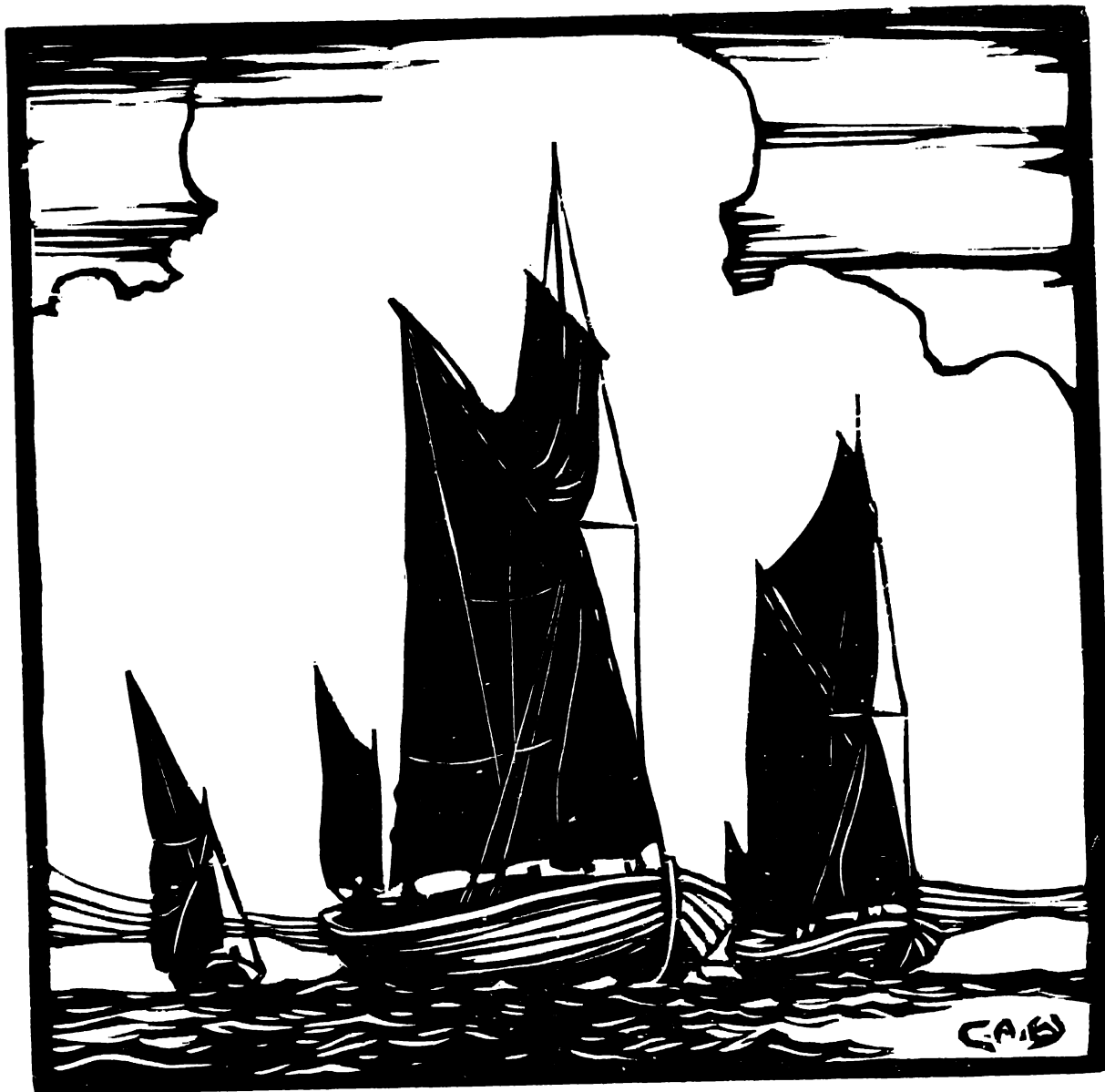
Who illustrates this year
"THE FAIRY TALLS OF PERKAULT"
(Harrop).

MR. HARRY CLARKE.





SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.



*From "FISHING BOATS AND BARGES FROM THE
THAMES TO LAND'S END."
By WALTER WOOD.
With twenty woodcuts by C. A. WILKINSON
(John Lane).*

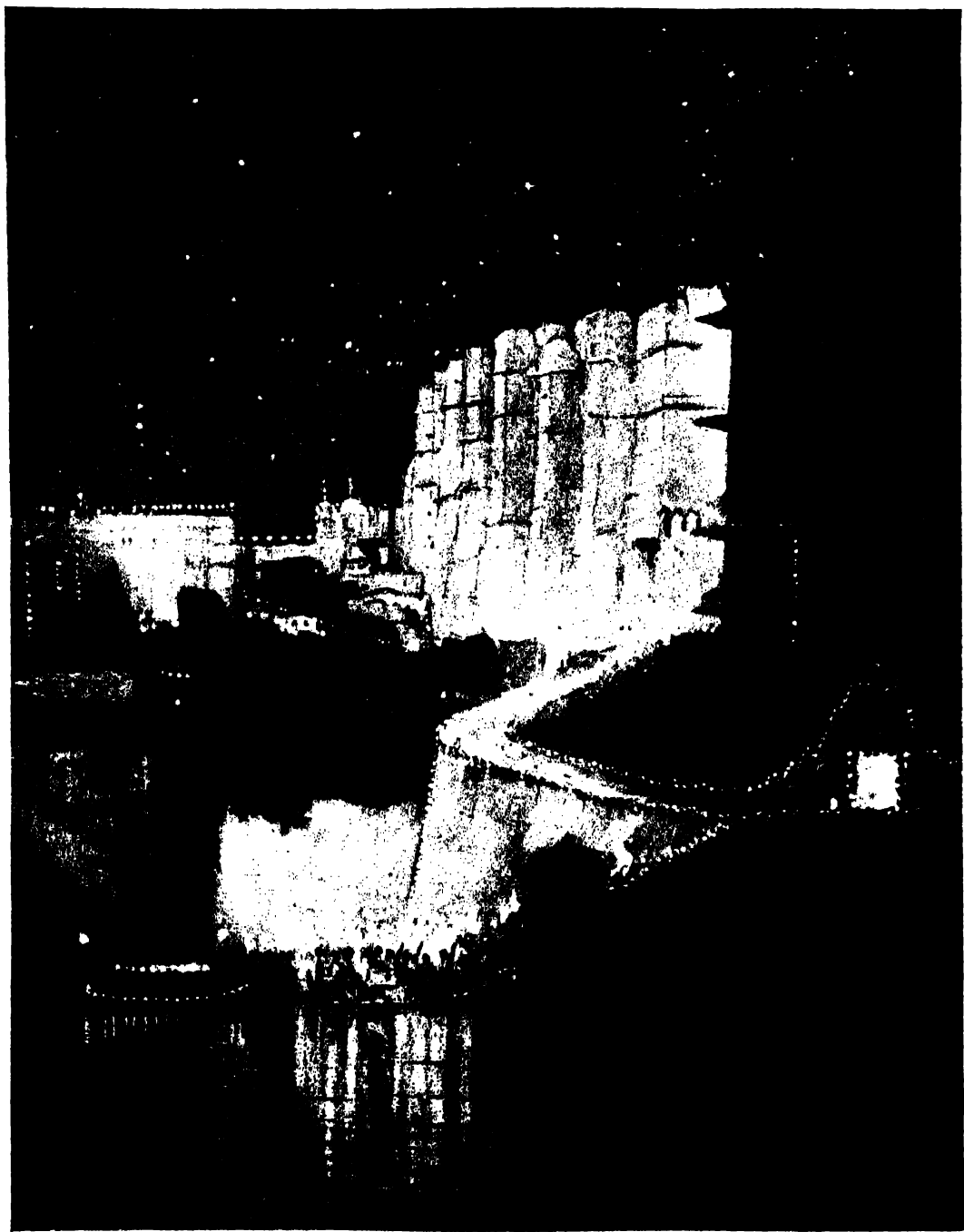
OLD THAMES HATCH BOATS.



*From "FISHING BOATS AND BARGES FROM THE
THAMES TO LAND'S END,"
By WALTER WOOD.
With twenty woodcuts by C. A. WILKINSON
(John Lane).*

CORNISH DRIFTERS, LOOE.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.



*From the Painting by DONALD MAXWELL,
in "THE PRINCE OF WALES' EASTERN BOOK"
(Hodder & Stoughton).*

**THE PRINCE ARRIVES AT THE LAKE-SIDE
PALACE, UDAIPUR.**

in the accounts of his vocal practice. The young singer should read with care (and humility) every word of these pages; for though practice will not make a Caruso, it will make for improvement. Caruso's own voice and vocal art developed enormously in our English knowledge of him, from the night in 1902 when he first appeared in "Rigoletto," to the fatal year 1914, which gave us not only the last of Caruso, but the last of many things even more important than great tenors.

The volume, as we have said, is hardly worthy of its subject, but it is certainly very interesting, and it is adorned with some excellent portraits. We should have liked more of these. The happy persons who heard Caruso himself will be glad to have this reminder of his artistic greatness; those who know him only through the gramophone will find something here to make their records come alive.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.*

When the "Arabian Nights" first became known in Europe through the translation of Galland, they produced a crop of imitations. Some of these are not without merit; but all, except perhaps "Vathek," fail to give the most essential note of the "Nights"—the primitive cruelty and lust, the causeless anger, the violence and savage colour which are at least as noticeable as the fantasy, the farce or the beauty. Some of us have wondered at the great reputation which the late James Flecker had among his friends. One found something extravagant and ridiculous in the praise lavished on his poems by men who were often engaged in belittling Swinburne and Tennyson, not to mention the minor men of the nineties, to whom Flecker owed a great deal. I do not think the more guarded verdict on Flecker's poetry was wrong. Nothing that Mr. Goldring says in the memoir of his friend induces me to change my opinion that Flecker's poetry is, while technically of great competence, often derivative, and without great depth of feeling. There are exceptions to this; but I do not believe he will be remembered as a poet except through a few pieces in anthologies, as Dowson and Lionel Johnson, Davidson and H. D. Lowry will be remembered. But with the issue of "Hassan" the enthusiasm of Flecker's friends who have long known the play is explained and nobly justified. Here is a great drama, greatly written; and here is at last the child of that strange terror and beauty which came into Europe when the "Nights" were first done into French. "Hassan" is, however, in prose—prose of great subtlety, of vivid music, of sonorous rhetoric, of at times the most distracting pathos. Whether Flecker would ever have become a great poet we cannot now decide; but it is very certain that before his death he was already a great prose writer. This would not have been guessed from the "Collected Prose," issued this year by Messrs. Bell, and now reprinted (though there is no note in the book to explain this) by Messrs. Heinemann. Most of this volume is negligible stuff—crude often, occasionally entertaining, and sometimes—as in the preface to "The Golden Journey of Samarkand"—of great critical interest. In the future, however, I have no doubt that Flecker will mean "Hassan," just as FitzGerald means the "Rubāiyāt," or Beekford means "Vathek."

Hassan is a confectioner of Bagdad. His story opens farcically. Hassan, fat, ugly, middle-aged, has fallen in love. He has at once confidence and no confidence. He knows that he burns with the real flame, and he knows that this fact is not one which anyone will be likely to recognise, least of all Yasmin, the beloved. In the character of Yasmin Flecker shows that he is not going to shirk the brutality proper to the East. Never has a detestable type been dealt with so truly as in Flecker's portrayal of this vicious, sensual, cruel harlot who mocks and torments Hassan as she embraces the friend to whom

he gave his confidence and who has betrayed him. Before the end of the first act, when Hassan is sent by the poet to join Haroun al-Raschid and his Vizier in the mysterious palace, I was already keyed up to an excitement which the rest of the play never allowed to flag. In the second act we meet again not only the Caliph and Hassan, but Rafi, King of the Beggars, who boasts to his unknown guests of his plot against the palace, and tells the story of his love for Pervaneh, his beloved, whom the Caliph's eunuchs bought for a master so sated with pleasure that he has never even seen her. The act may be criticised perhaps for the humours between the Chief of the Police and the Captain of the Military, who rescue Haroun; they are not unamusing in themselves, but are rather protracted, and a little too reminiscent of pantomime. I am not sure, however, that in performance these parts will not be found to be an almost necessary relief from the horrors which are to come in the next two acts.

The third act shows Hassan high in the favour of the Caliph, favour as brittle as Hassan's own confections. Haroun, as Flecker gives him, is an aesthete, a Nero with a Nero's taste for poetry and blood. Hassan is a man of real imagination, a poet and a lover of beauty; and one who shrinks from cruelty. So when the Caliph sits in judgment on Rafi and Pervaneh and gives them the monstrous choice of either one day together and then death in torments, or life long separation, Hassan finds it impossible to hold his peace. The poet Ishak tells Hassan what their master is really like:

"Agony is a fine colour and he delights therein as a painter in vermilion new brought from Kurdistan. But shall so great an artist not love contrast? To clasp a silver belt round the loins of a filthy beggar while a slave darkens the sole of his late vizier, is for him but a jest touched with a sense of the appropriate: and I have seen it enacted in this very room."

In the fourth act we are present at the passionate, heart-rending dialogue between Rafi and Pervaneh as they discuss, in their cell, the Caliph's terms. This is the greatest scene in the play; and it has not any rival in our dramatic literature since Shelley wrote "The Cenci." The pitiful humanity of this talk between the two lovers, the agony as they weigh love against death, and death in disgrace and torture:

PERVANEH: Sweet life: we die for thy sweetness, O Lord of the Garden of Peace. Come, love, and die for the fire that beats within us: for the air that blows around us, for the mountains of our country and the winds among their pines, you and I accept torture and confront our end. We are in the service of the World. The voice of the rolling deep is shouting: "Suffer that my waves may mourn." The company of the stars sing out: "Be brave that we may shine." The spirits of children not yet born whisper as they crowd around us: "Endure that we may conquer."

RAFI: Pervaneh! Pervaneh!

PERVANEH: Hark! Hark!—down through the spheres—the Trumpeter of Immortality! "Die, lest I be shamed, lovers! Die, lest I be shamed!"

RAFI: Die then, Pervaneh, for thy great reasons. No ecstasy can help through the hour of peril. I die for love alone.

The last act, in which we all but see the torture and death of the lovers, an agony which Hassan is forced to watch and which Yasmin gloats over with a blood-lust that appeals to the heart of the filthy negro executioner, is almost unbearable. As I finished the book, I felt that conviction which does not often come in reading a modern book, that here was a real addition to the world's masterpieces. Here, in the character of Hassan and in the figures of the two lovers, Flecker has given to the rare catalogue of immortal beauty three who will share the legendary reality of the great historical, and the great created, people who live in our memories. The play ends with Flecker's best poem, "The Golden Journey," as Ishak and Hassan abandon the luxury and cruelty, the lust and careless wealth of Bagdad for the mysterious city.

"We are the pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little farther: it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,

* "Hassan." By J. E. Flecker. 6s. (Heinemann).—"Collected Prose." By J. E. Flecker. 6s. (Heine nn).—"J. E. Flecker." By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

"White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born; but surely we are brave
Who take the Golden Road to Samarkand."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

MISS MAPP.*

Mr. Benson has made a narrative out of what are usually regarded as the trimmings of a novel, the small circumstances, the everyday conversations, the hourly happenings of ordinary people. Tilling is a quiet township which no event from the outside world disturbs and gossip is its daily food.

With his picture of Miss Mapp Mr. Benson has achieved a big success. Of age about forty, a woman in whom the vivifying emotions of anger and curiosity have preserved an astonishing activity of mind and body, she sits at her window that looks out on the High Street of the town. From this strategic position nothing of importance escapes her notice. With the data supplied by the window she embarks on schemes that direct the whole course of the township's life. It is surprising how quickly Miss Mapp's curiosity about her neighbours becomes our own. The Tilling atmosphere is very pervading. Before fifty pages are past we are agreeing with Captain Puffin that "the sweet amenities of village life, its pleasant conversations and companionships, its topped drives and incalculable incidents wear a glamour and a preciousness that are bound up with life itself."

The book is very clever and highly diverting. It is more clever and more diverting in the earlier than in the later pages, because Mr. Benson has not been able wholly to overcome the difficulty of continuing to make the commonplace interesting. The trivial, losing for a moment the godlike qualities with which he has invested it, shows feet of clay.

The intricacies of Mr. Benson's workmanship are interesting to watch. In drawing his characters he is more concerned with their actual thoughts than with the elegances of expression in which convention cloaks their words, though no one can repeat more mellifluously than he the inanities of village gossip. He shows us processes of mind whose interplay is swifter and more uniform in pattern than speech.

Shut the book and argue that most of its biggest scenes are storms in tea-cups. Might not the energies which Miss Mapp uses to find whether she is being asked to the Poppits' bridge-party as a stopgap or as an honoured guest have been applied to finer purpose? Mr. Benson is at liberty to reply that while we are among the tea-cups of Tilling the storm is very real.

M. S.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.†

A couple of centuries ago Steele put into a letter of congratulation some of the sterling ideals and principles that had actuated his colleague Addison in starting the *Spectator*. It would take up too much space to quote the whole, but a typical sentence is worth while:

"I can't say, indeed, that you have put Impertinence to Silence, or Vanity out of Countenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any man that ever appeared upon a publick Stage, and offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly."

That was a high tribute and not undeserved. Indeed it remains a wonder still that Addison and his associates could have touched life at so many points and in so many aspects, and maintained on the whole such a consistent social philosophy. Since then the Press has broadened its area and found a mission in pretty nearly every corner of the world's activity; but as with human nature itself, it may be questioned if it has appreciably improved. We

* "Miss Mapp." By E. F. Benson. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

† "The Adventure of Living: being a Subjective Autobiography." By John St. Loe Strachey. 20s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

can still hear the savage intolerance of Sir Roger L'Estrange and the ponderous thunders of Dr. Johnson, but they die away in a desert of triviality and hustle and worse, and there are few papers that would emerge from a strict judgment on their intellectual form and right intention. Of these, even its opponents would admit that the *Spectator* of to-day is one, just as in the days of Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend. One recalls that fine sentence of Townsend's when he reminded us that to understand Asia we had to remember that she was continental in the scale of her calamities. As for Hutton's fine dicta on men and movements, they recur to memory like the rushing wind through a grove of oak. Mr. Strachey gives us welcome recollections of these men and many more, and one of the best is Townsend's gracious mock-assent to an opponent: "Certainly, you have every right to be wrong." It beats infallibility itself.

But the essence and the permanent interest in this book lie in its unfolding of the author's development. It shows the uncrumpling of a highly complex growth, and in so far as it includes confessions of error, it "makes his sowl," as the Irish say. His advantages were inherited, and they included not only the fostering influence of an ancient and intellectual family, but a houseful of "good old English reading," and what was even more necessary for a journalist and a *censor morum*, a genuine interest in affairs and ideas. This comes out consistently in his handling of politics, literature, war, travel and everything else, and does not exclude a seasoned optimism which the author's coevals well may envy. Here is a sample:

"The war has left us in poverty and in peril. But even though our poverty and our peril are largely the result of the mismanagement of those to whom we have entrusted the work of reconstruction, I am not going to sit down by the international roadside and rave about it. The way in which that social peril and that poverty have been borne by the vast majority of our population has been wholly admirable. I am optimist enough to find and rejoice in a nobility of sacrifice in all classes which to my mind is earnest that the future of our half of the English-speaking race—of the other half no sane man need have any doubts—will be as great as was its past."

Even an editor whose preoccupation is with "views not news" has to admit that news has prime place with the generality of men. He even makes it a present of a case where the publication of a chance glimpse, without apparent relevance or importance, led to the saving of a life. True, the man saved was an editor, but one need not accuse Mr. Strachey of partiality for his cloth. We cannot all be editors, but we can cultivate quick and accurate observation, and the knack of setting it down in good plain terms—faculties which are rarer, even on the press, than most folk suppose.

There are no chapters in this most engrossing book better than those upon the war, and it is not easy at this late date to waken interest in that quarter without startling disclosures. Possibly one's enjoyment of the last "Unwritten Chapters" is flavoured by the implied promise of another volume, one where the author may see fit to relax his present rule not to deal with persons still alive. After all, he is very much alive himself, and the value of what he has to say concerning his contemporaries cannot always improve with keeping. For instance, he may be sparing the sensibilities of an illustrious neighbour who is also very much alive, but why omit from this book the crusade for rifle ranges and marksmanship which the *Spectator* carried through some years before the war? It would bring Dean Inge down upon us, perhaps, if we hinted at a special providence at work in a case like that, but if anything in this country contributed towards the winning of the war it was that perfectly innocent campaign in favour of a manly pastime. This is only one of many instances where the British public is under a debt to a paper which has shown itself to be one of the most incorrigibly British institutions of our time. Many a wise and friendly book has been compiled out of its pages, and many a national decision has been taken where the *Spectator* had played the unpopular pioneer. Mr. Strachey's book explains the process by which pluck and conservative

patriotism have forced their views and warnings home, and many of its best passages will go to build up the unwritten *Gradus ad Parnassum* for editors-to-be. But perhaps the secret why the *Spectator* has kept its sense of responsibility acute and its mentality mellow is the fact that though it is published on the edge of Fleet Street, the best part of its thinking is done elsewhere. Somehow a typical number always gives the feeling—to one of its admirers anyhow—of a brisk turn along the ridge of the Surrey Downs, ending in a quiet arm-chair smoke among the books and papers of a ripe old study. There is a dog or two stretched upon the rug before a sea-coal fire, and the talk "is for ever England." The selfsame feeling permeates this book, and that is why, apart from its intrinsic merit of thought and style, it bids fair to have a lasting value.

J. P. COLLINS.

MORE OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS.*

Dean Inge has evidently been at a loss about a title for this book of essays. He wanted one which was less challenging than "Outspoken Essays," less provocative

indeed, since his new book "contains nothing very daring or unconventional." But he was well advised to call the book a second series. He has given us "more outspoken essays," and the "more" qualifies "essays," not "outspoken." To be outspoken is not necessarily to tread on the tail of your opponent's coat, like a belligerent Irishman. It is to



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Dean Inge.

do what Matthew Arnold said that Gray never did, to speak out. This implies that one has something to say, and those who may disagree with some of Dean Inge's views will be the first to agree that he is a man who deserves attention. He knows his own mind, for one thing. He can expound philosophy and sociology lucidly, for another thing. Even the challenging quality is not absent from this book; it is a characteristic which reappears, for example, in these two passages:

"I have no wish to make an attack on the Church of Rome; but it happens to be the most prominent example of a Church which has assimilated nothing of scientific ethics. My own Church has learned something, but is still lamentably behind the best lay conscience. During the agitation against the cruelties practised in the plumage trade, a lady who was working for the Plumage Bill tried to enlist the sympathies of Roman Catholics, and failed completely. The answer which she received was: 'The lower animals were made for our use; we have no duties towards them.' This is, I am sorry to say, the common view among Roman Catholics."

"Let those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians make a collection of their heads in photographs or engravings, and compare them with those of their own favourites. Let them set up in a row portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, Burne-Jones and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us."

The first of the seven essays is a "Confessio Fidei," a frank, incisive statement of the author's religious philosophy: "I shall be classified, I suppose, as belonging to the right wing of theological liberalism. But I prefer to call myself a Christian Platonist." The first part of the essay, on the metaphysics of this Christian Platonism, is better reading than the latter part, probably because in the latter Dean Inge is summarising data which he and others have already

discussed more adequately. Faith in the absolute values of Truth, Beauty and Goodness is pronounced essential, and in a singularly moving passage the writer confesses the need of a mystical experience in order to verify such knowledge of the divine nature. He will not part with the historical element in Christianity; plainly his mysticism is not of the kind which would get past the Son to the Father. But his discussion of the historical element in Christianity raises a number of issues which are not co-ordinated with the philosophical position adopted at the beginning of the essay. The implicates of revelation, for example, are more complex than these pages would suggest. Nevertheless the total impression made by the essay is positive and heartening. The "confession of faith" ends in more than theism, and the grave survey closes with an assurance that the Christian religion and the Christian churches need fear no evil—except compromising with evil or resting in outworn intellectual forms. "Nothing could destroy the Christian churches except the complete decay and submergence of the white race, a most improbable contingency. Ages of belief and of unbelief follow each other, and perhaps both are wrongly named. And if the churches seem fairly secure, much more so is the revelation of which they are the guardians."

The white race problem occupies another essay on "The White Man and His Rivals," a review article which unfortunately will not be read by the very class which needs its warnings most. "The Dilemma of Civilisation" handles a similar problem, the sociological evils produced by industrial progress; it drops, among other good sayings, the sensible remark that "it is very doubtful whether the Western European is really more covetous either than his ancestors before the industrial revolution, or than the picturesque and romantic Asiatic." The notion that the dollar has more hold of the European than the rupee has of the Indian is one of the sentimental fallacies that ought to be knocked on the head. The "eugenics" essay is a call to action rather than a reasoned plea. It is a pendant to the pages on "The Idea of Progress," where Dean Inge is at his best, in a suggestive, unsentimental survey of the current notions on the subject.

For educational value, the five Hibbert Lectures on "The State, Visible and Invisible" are probably the main contribution of the volume:

"Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship: how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water.
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung!"

We might apply these Elizabethan lines to Dean Inge's general view of civilisation. He sees the ship of the State in danger, and he points out curtly both the rocks to avoid and the leaks to be stopped. He even warns men against false pilots. "A nation which takes for prophets irrationalists like Mr. Kidd and Mr. Chesterton has no right to complain of emotional politicians."

For good sense and brightness, the essay on "The Victorian Age" will appeal to most readers, were it only on account of the timely protest against a cheap depreciation of Tennyson. Dean Inge's trenchant pages on this matter are an excellent accompaniment to Mr. Andrew Lang's book on Tennyson. This essay shows Dean Inge at his best as an analyst of social and literary progress. Besides, it is written with unwonted verve, not unmingled with delicate irony.

"As if," Byron exclaimed once about lecturing, "as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time!" Dean Inge does both, and does them gracefully, with the ease of a highly-trained mind. He has again given us a volume of rare stimulus and penetration. We hear him thinking aloud and, whatever his thoughts are, they are independent as well as fearless; he thinks things out, in a world of illogical creatures.

It is a small point, but surely Dean Inge is more terse than accurate when he says that "the historian is a natural snob; he sides with the gods against Cato, and approves the winning side." Does he? Not always. Think of Tacitus.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Outspoken Essays." (Second Series.) By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D., F.B.A. 6s. (Longmans.)

MONDAY'S CHILDREN.*

Here is a book that should please everybody. In it Mr. E. O. Hoppé, who is one of the best pictorial photographers of the day, has gathered together the portraits of thirty-two women accounted fair not only by the camera-artist but also, presumably, by public opinion in the land of their birth. For this is not a book of British beauties; it is international in scope, and though it begins in Albion it ends in far Cathay. Consequently it has an ethnographic in addition to its æsthetic interest, and will provide its happy possessor with material both for a private beauty competition of his own and for the comparative study of racial types.

Feminine beauty is a thing about which it is easy to argue, but difficult to convince. Nine men out of ten will declare that it is a matter of taste, and the tenth will demur at the suggestion that its recognition can be aided by knowledge. Nevertheless, if for the moment we disregard the beauty that is only "skin deep," it will generally be admitted that the basis of good looks, whether in men or women, is regularity of features. The first test for any stringent beauty competition should be a view of the profile, and remarkably few candidates would survive it if the judges knew their business. Fortunately a great number of the photographs in this book are profile portraits, and from them there is a great deal to be learnt. Before we have turned over twenty pages we perceive that it is much easier to be good-looking from the crown of the head to about half-way down the bridge of the nose than to be beautiful from nostrils to chin. Secondly we notice that this falling-off in the lower half of the face is particularly marked in the photographs of what we may call the semi-civilised beauties. An illuminating example in this respect is the representative of the Dutch West Indies, whose head, till we reach her upper lip, would be admitted as beautiful by any European connoisseur. But even this exquisite photograph, which has sculptural force in its rendering of form and light and shade, cannot hide—though it does soften—the protruding mouth and receding chin. Another splendid photograph is that of the Red Indian, "Princess White Deer" (23), who but for her scantiness of chin would be a formidable competitor for the first prize even in this international competition.

The British Isles are represented by a strong team, and although the photograph of Miss Gladys Cooper does not do full justice to her almost classic grace, the portraits of the pseudonymous "Hebe" (1) and of the Irish Miss Grace D'Arcy are admirable studies of beauties whose features are well-nigh flawless. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper submits herself to the profile test and comes out tolerably well, though her mouth is seen to be her weak point. Another cinema-star, Miss Malvina Longfellow (21) is also represented by a profile from which we learn that her nose is a trifle too long. Good noses are rare. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, also of America, has one; but unfortunately it joins her forehead at too acute an angle to please one seeking for perfection and so spoils her chances, otherwise excellent, as a prizewinner. Sweden's representative, Miss Anna Q. Nilsson (16), with her fluffy hair and feather fan, is the perfect incarnation of chocolate-box prettiness, but she evades the profile test. Madame Mika Mikum (14) of Poland, not only puts up with it but shows her reverse in a mirror, and her delicately chiselled features give us opportunity to say nothing nastier than that her mouth might have been a wee bit smaller with advantage. Her chin is one of the best in the collection.

There is only one famous type missing in this attractive assembly, and that is the Venus of Milo. Greece, for some reason or other, is omitted from the nations invited to the feast, and in the whole book there is not one Grecian nose to put the others out of joint.

By way of introduction to the portrait-gallery which Mr. Hoppé provides, Mr. Richard King discourses through some pages on "Beauty" and "Charm," but nobody is

likely to pay any attention to what he (or another) writes on these subjects. Eugenists and æsthetes may preach as to what is desirable, but in the matter of feminine beauty man will continue to be obstinate and proceed to make his own natural selection.

FRANK RUTTER.

"BEACHCOMBER."*

I have so long been accustomed on taking up the *Daily Express* to turn to the columns signed "Beachcomber"—and more particularly the latter part thereof—that it was with quite unusual interest that I saw the announcement of this volume. All too rarely does work produced in the circumstances attendant upon those who have to turn out their daily tale of words for the newspapers bear becomingly the dignity of promotion to book form; but the ticklesome enjoyment found in some of the wonderful yarns, inventions, perversions and parodies that appeared over the signature of "Beachcomber" suggested that those things deserved a fate less fleeting than that of a daily paper. There should be many readers who will gladly welcome their reappearance, but I fancy that there will also be some who will wonder "what the dickens the fellow is driving at" and others who will be inclined to use variants of Professor Bodger's monosyllabic criticism "Bilge!" There are some matter-of-fact folks into whose hands I should like to put the volume—just to watch their air of puzzlement!—for it must be admitted that "Beachcomber's" particular brand of humour is by no means of the ordinary stereotyped kind, it is something fresh and individual, and while to some of us it is deliciously aridding, to others may appear nothing but sheer foolery.

The writer seems gifted with the power of turning any item of news in a kind of topsy-turvy fashion into something new and strange, by means of some innate whimsicality of his own. Exaggeration has its part, but it is not exaggeration of the conventional kind, it is exaggeration with a quaint kink in it. Indeed much of this "farrago of absurd conceits"—to apply words that were collocated in a wholly different connection—suggests nothing so much as the appearance of a literary Heath Robinson. As that artist can devise the most elaborately ridiculous things out of everyday doings, so that the running of a motor-car or the digging of coal becomes an excursion into a domain of extravagant drollery, even so "Beachcomber" takes a farmers' club dinner, a drawing-room ditty, a scientific meeting, a Russian play, a fairy story, or anything else as a "peg" on which he hangs a droll fancy or some diverting piece of ridiculous extravagance.

In selecting a number of these pieces to "make a book of them," the author has linked them into a kind of loose unity by setting them forth as letters addressed to a nephew far away in a "lonely igloo in N'jonga-N'jonga." The author, who has so long been familiar by his pen-name of "Beachcomber" to readers of that daily paper of which his work is a regular feature, now stands revealed as Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, and to Mr. Lewis will be accorded the hearty thanks of all who can enjoy for its own sake fun that is fresh and unforced. In his digs at pomposity, at *vers libres* and other things, the author may sometimes show himself the satirist, but for the most part he is just content to let himself go in delicious irresponsibility, to play with his theme and to entertain us with his playing. If he has a fondness for making fun of such things as the, to our ears, over consonanted names of Slavonic peoples, it is perhaps an excusable bit of "playing to the gallery," for to the mass of people there is something funny in the mere assembling of letters before the eyes in a way that seems to be as a trap in which the tongue is to be caught.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "The Book of Fair Women." By E. O. Hoppé and Richard King. 25s. (Jonathan Cape.)

* "A London Farrago." By D. B. W. Lewis. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)



STELLENBERG

From 11

R. Gw

From "HISTORIC HOUSES OF SOUTH AFRICA."
By DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE.

With 10 coloured plates after oil-paintings by Gwelo
Goodman, 4 collotype plates, 177 half-tone illustrations,
and 33 drawings in the text.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

"Who can listen to objection regarding such a book as this?" wrote Thackeray of "A Christmas Carol," on its first appearance, in 1843. "It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other or the author, and both said by way of criticism, 'God bless him!'" Here, in this facsimile edition, you have the "Carol" printed, illustrated and bound, to the wonderful green end papers and the title page in red and blue, exactly as it was when Thackeray and his contemporaries read it. Leech's eight illustrations, four in colour and four in black-and-white, have become an essential part of the book; no modern artist can adequately replace them, for no modern artist can so intimately realise the life and character of its period. One has a fancy that rereading it in the form of its original appearance you more readily recapture the atmosphere of the story and the spirit in which it was written. And when you recapture these (for we are grown sophisticated and have lost something of that spirit) the tale opens all its heart to you—all its kindness and illimitable pity for the poor and suffering; all its as illimitable scorn of those whose cupidity, meanness and hardness inflict such suffering; and you will appreciate to the full that eulogy of Thackeray's.

Carefully segregated in the forefront of the reprint are an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and a Preface by Mr. B. W. Matz. Mr. Chesterton calls it the most genial and fanciful of Dickens's stories, and pays tribute to the good work he did by saving Christmas before it had become unpopular. Once it had become unpopular, he says, a hundred aesthetes would have been ready to revive it. "But coming when he did, Dickens could appeal to a living tradition and not to a lost art. He was able to save the thing from dying, instead of trying to raise it from the dead." Mr. Matz gives a very interesting account of all the difficulties that had to be overcome before it was possible to produce so exact a facsimile of the first edition, with the precise shade of green for the end papers and an accurate presentation of Leech's hand-coloured pictures. He supplements this with an account of how Dickens wrote the story and the enthusiasm with which it was received, and the adventures of the MS. among collectors. It is a beautifully produced and charming little volume; nothing could be better as a Christmas gift-book except that when you have bought it you don't want to give it away. And if you buy a second copy for a friend you will be doing the right Christmas thing in giving him pleasure and benefiting a most useful institution, for the proceeds of the sale are to go in aid of the National Book Trade Provident Society.

A.

BARRIE MARVELL.†

To some men has been given the gift of song; to others the power of making pictures; but to a few has been granted the greatest gift of all—the power of understanding. Of these last is Charles Vince.

When he wrote "The Street of Faces" he showed a great promise; in "Wayfarers in Arcady" he lost himself a little; but in "Barrie Marvell" he has more than fulfilled the promise of earlier days. He has shown that he possesses at once the power to understand and the words in which to clothe his knowledge. Barrie Marvell is a little boy—an ordinary, everyday, rather solitary little boy. Out of his yearnings and desires, his observations and his discoveries Vince has made a story that is a laugh and a sob together. One can see "Uncle" Vince, as we used to call him, sitting at his desk, his kind eyes peering through the gold-rimmed spectacles, his mind far away, his pen moving almost mechanically across the paper

* "A Christmas Carol in Prose." By Charles Dickens. Facsimile of First Edition. With Introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and a Preface by B. W. Matz. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

† "Barrie Marvell." By Charles Vince. (Philip Allan.)

as he sets down the thoughts and ambitions of that child-hero into whose very soul he has entered.

One of the great tragedies of life is the difficulty of the Grown-up when he tries to understand the Child. That tragedy should never come to Charles Vince. There is an unconsciously pathetic uncle in the book—one sees him, a robust, hearty man with jujubes and a toy pistol in his pocket—who throws himself with zest into Barrie's pursuits, and succeeds in robbing the game of the moment of every atom of the romance which was its life to Barrie. But he meant regrettably well. . . .

There are other people, too. The house-painters, for example, one of whom took Barrie perilously up on to the roof, where the wind blew strongly, and held him fast while the boy looked forth over the world. True, the painter did not know that Barrie was an Admiral, and that he himself and his mates were trusty sailors, but at least he did not destroy Barrie's picture.

And the strange man on the road who gave Barrie red plums and taught him to sing a little French song that was entrancing, and who spoke so wisely of the house round the corner and of divers other things—he was a wonderful fellow.

I would like to tell you, also, of many other interesting things: of the house that was built while Barrie watched it grow, and of the three fairies he met, disguised in flannel trousers, and what they said to him and he to them; and of the wind that blew and the dreams that came to him; but I could not tell you half so well as Vince tells you, and I will not spoil his pictures with unskilful daubs.

It is a book to be read by every one—by the father who longs to bridge the gulf of years between himself and his little son; by the woman who cradles her baby on her knees, dreading the time when she will no longer be the whole world to it; by the childless who yet have in them a reverence for innocence and a tenderness for the beautiful things of life.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

IN PARTIBUS FIDELIUM.*

Mr. Porritt has been in touch with some politicians; he hardly conceals his lack of sympathy with Earl Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George. But this contact furnishes only a

very minor item to his reminiscences. He has moved mainly in the religious world of Nonconformity, and it is upon his experiences among clergymen of the dissenting churches that he draws for the bulk of



Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. Arthur Porritt.

his anecdotes. He has kept notebooks, to help his memory. The result is this book of pleasant, random recollections. As he admits: "It is the nature of recollections to be indiscreet; but indiscretions may be neither malicious nor mischievous, especially if they concern things said and done in years that have passed into history." Which is true, though not all the truth. There are some things said, for example, about Dr. Maclaren and Professor

* "The Best I Remember." By Arthur Porritt. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Henry Drummond, which might have been left unsaid. Still, the tone of the book is innocuous as well as brisk. Mr. Porritt has his sympathies and antipathies; they lend a flavour to his pages, and on the whole they do not lead to any indiscreet revelations.

To review a book of this kind is not an easy task. Perhaps the fairest method is to dip into its pages for what is fresh and characteristic. At one point, he argues that: "The really unforgettable thrills are the first glimpse of one's first baby, the first kindly review of one's first book, holing a very long putt on a golf green, digging the very first potatoes one has ever grown—all simple, homely, commonplace episodes in life, but all, somehow, tinged with sacramental felicity." These are experiences, no doubt, even that of the potatoes. But, let me add, the first money you ever earn, and the first salmon you catch.

One chapter is devoted to W. G. Grace, and in it Mr. Porritt discloses the interesting secret that he wrote Grace's "Reminiscences." The great cricketer talked and dictated, but he could not wield a pen as he wielded a cricket bat. Apparently Grace had only one lung. This adds him to the small list of men with the same handicap who have achieved high reputation in this field or in that.

Another curious reminiscence is of Stead's disillusionment over Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, the American evangelists. Stead caught Torrey telling falsehoods about Tom Paine's moral character, and when the evangelist refused to withdraw his statement, the journalist's support was withheld. The Torrey-Alexander mission, he rightly argues, nearly killed professional evangelism. "We have had no serious attempt to revive that brass-bandy method of evangelism since that ghastly failure."

Mr. Porritt once heard Talmage:

"It was just after a silly woman had thrown a ginger-nut at Mr. Gladstone and cut the Grand Old Man's eye. Talmage was furious at the outrage, and in his sermon declared that before the sun went down that day America's thundering denunciation of the vile deed would reverberate across the Atlantic. I watched the cables for the thunder, but the reverberations did not come. A fortnight later the *New York Herald* came to hand with a single-line note on the incident: 'As usual, Gladstone takes the cake.'"

He has some good American stories, but none better than the retort made by John Burns to a Canadian, who was disparaging the Thames and praising the Ottawa river. "Oh," said Burns, "but the Thames is not a river; it is liquid history."

It appears, from Mr. Porritt's evidence, that King Edward desired once to hear the Rev. R. J. Campbell:

"The King could not go to a Dissenting Chapel or the heavens would have fallen. But Edward VII was not the man to be thwarted by any little obstacle, and a plan was formulated for Mr. Campbell to preach at Windsor Castle Chapel one Sunday. All the arrangements were kept secret. But Mr. Campbell, just before the date fixed, upset the whole scheme by publicly protesting at the City Temple against the Tsar Nicholas of Russia being given a national welcome in England just after the peasants' massacre at Moscow. That was an unforgivable offence against royalty, and King Edward in consequence never heard Mr. Campbell preach."

Apart from stories, the book surveys some of the changes which the writer has witnessed during his life, e.g. the commercialising of journalism and what he calls "The Decay of Dissent." "With each successive release from a grievance, the Free Churches seem also to have lost some vitality." But Mr. Porritt tries to see the good in the new. He has given us an entertaining hour of gossip about one region of the religious world in England during the past thirty years.

JAMES MOFFATT.

BIRDS IN POETRY.*

No one has a better right to ransack the treasuries of our English verse for bird-poems, to arrange and edit the fruits of his labours and publish the same with an introduction and notes of his own by way of the newest

* "Poems About Birds." Chosen and Edited by H. J. Massingham. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

thing in anthologies, than a writer who has worked harder than any living man to save the rare and beautiful birds of the world from extinction at the hands of the money-grubber. Every bird-lover must know and admit that the man behind the recent Plumage Act was Mr. Harold Massingham and no other. Who, then, so fit for this very fascinating task? It must have been a labour of love, all this searching, filing, arranging, battling with the problems of what to throw out and what not to throw out, stretching a point to include this and steeling one's self to exclude that, for this is no haphazard anthology, as is plain from the compiler's survey of its scope and intentions in his Introduction. There were also, in the case of many modern poems, harassing copyright difficulties to contend with, though here Mr. Massingham makes grateful acknowledgment to such authors and publishers as have combined to smooth away his difficulties.

But all this trouble was very well worth taking. Everything here—and the range is from the Venerable Bede to W. H. Davies, Ralph Hodgson and Edmund Blunden—is good, and nearly everything about birds in English poetry that is really good seems to be here. You expect to find "It is the nightingale and not the lark," and here of course it is, and so is Keats's "Ode," and the anonymous "Sumer is icumen in," but William Wager's "I have a pretty titmouse, come begging on my toe" is refreshingly new, while another little-known example that stands out, especially by contrast with Mr. Hodgson's exquisite "Missel Thrush" and "Song of Honour," is a certain copy of verses of extraordinary satiric genius which must have made "the trade" furiously rage together when it first appeared in *The Nation*, the same author's "Hymn to Moloch," in which the prospect (mostly due to Mr. Massingham) of "best lines in Paradise" being left undisturbed in their tropic homes instead of adorning twenty-five guinea hats, to say nothing of:

"Ospreys and unminis
An other choice goods,
Wastefully oppin
About in the woods"—

is deplored by the "principal ouses engaged in the trade." Mr. J. C. Squire contributes a friendly preface, which would have been easier to read, if not necessarily more edifying, if its twelve pages had been set in roman type and not in italics.

A. G.

THE SACRED FLAME.*

"This book," says Mr. John Drinkwater in an introductory note to his new volume of poems, "is really one poem, and is a development of my sonnet sequence, 'Persuasion.'" On the title page he quotes the famous verse of Coleridge:

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame";

and he more clearly defines the scheme of which the present book forms a part in a sonnet entitled "Interlude," which he prints on the final page:

"What love is; how I love; how builders' clay
By love is lit into a golden spending;
How love calls beautiful ghosts back to the day;
How life, because of love shall have no ending—
These with the dawn I have begun to sing,
These with the million-budded noon that's rising
Shall be a theme, with love's consent, to bring
My song to some imperishable devising . . ."

We take it, from this, that Mr. Drinkwater intends upon some large scale to celebrate love in all its manifold aspects, and that the volume before us represents indeed but a series of "preludes" to that larger music to come. How far the poet will succeed in this nobly-conceived enterprise remains to be seen. It may at least be said that "Preludes" contains the finest poetry that he has yet written.

* "Preludes: 1921-1922." By John Drinkwater. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The book consists of four blank-verse narratives, with several lyrics intersprinkled. Nothing is more difficult than to refine pure gold, but Mr. Drinkwater has actually succeeded in giving fresh life and beauty to two of the best known stories of the Old Testament. In "David and Jonathan" he not only magnificently recreates for us the fight between the stripling and the giant, but, in showing us how that battle serves to reveal the minds of David and Jonathan one to the other, uniting them into one "perfect whole of purpose and compassion," he presents us with a deeply moving analysis of the love that comes of true understanding. In "The Maid of Naaman's Wife," he reveals, with equal power and grace and sympathy, the love whose name is pity. In sharp contrast is the story of two modern lovers whose love is passion that will not brook delay. Lake Winter, "a five hundred acre man," had been "born of love":

"They had been lovers.

Who made him, and no more, but they were lovers."

At length, after he has held his Sussex acres in fertility for fifteen years, he falls in love with Zen Dane, the wife of Martin Dane, a neighbouring farmer who, after a decade of wedded life, has come to regard his partner as "queer porcelain stuff beyond his knowing," while he has become for her "a half-forgotten habit." There is a dialogue in which Lake and Zen argue about the nature of love. Lake contends (though without much conviction) that in the mating of their minds they could enjoy a happiness and peace that physical union would only destroy—to which Zen replies:

"I love you, and the thing I love is made
All wonderful of flesh and spirit both,
Body and mind inseparably one,
And I must spend my love on all or nothing . . .
And how should thought know thought until the whole
Of body's beauty is by body learnt?
Until the trial of that most dear seclusion
Is past, and all the dangers of mere lust
Disproved, when in possession is no stale
Regret and disillusion, how should be known
That the still hours of thought with thought are stable
Against the wearing of dissolving time?"

Tragedy overtakes the lovers. Just when, in the absence of Farmer Dane, their passion is enjoying its illicit consummation, the house in which they are sleeping is struck by lightning, and both are killed. But for the poet a "whispered cadence" falls upon the night:

"Again in the world a story has been made,
These looked upon beauty unafraid,
O these were lovely, these were the great ones, they dared
And denied not, but upon love's bidding fared. . . .

"Kindled for ever because of them shall be
A wiser freedom. The long lanes of the sea,
The golden acres of Sussex shall holy keep
Their names, their love, their ending. Let them sleep."

This story, in spite of its many incidental beauties, will not please or convince all readers, and it will no doubt arouse controversy into which it is not our business to enter here. The last of the longer poems in the book—"Burning Bush"—celebrates the love of beauty and the love of earth, and shows how inextricably this love is interwoven with human love. Mr. Drinkwater has written nothing more tenderly idyllic.

GILBERT THOMAS.

SIR ALGERNON WEST.*

It was a happy thought of one who read these diaries in manuscript to describe the author as "a Greville with a warmer heart." There was little of the milk of human kindness in Greville, whereas Sir Algernon West counted all the world his friends. All the same, these entertaining diaries, as the editor suggests, will scarcely elevate our opinion of the views and purposes of eminent people. The by-ways of political life are not as a rule romantic.

* "Private Diaries of the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, G.C.B." Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. With Portrait. 18s. (John Murray.)

The forming of a Cabinet, the selection of the Household, the bestowal of honours, all too often have beneath them a rivulet of intrigue. This man will have that, the other will not accept this—the office of Prime Minister no doubt has its compensations: as presented here it would seem to involve endless trouble and worry about petty matters in addition to the legitimate anxieties about large issues.

This book is mainly an account of Gladstone's fourth administration, which endured from after the General Election of 1892 until February, 1894. Sir Algernon West, who was born in 1832, served his apprenticeship to affairs as private secretary to Sir Charles Wood and Lord Ripon at the India Office and to Gladstone in 1868 when he became Prime Minister. Since 1873 he had served in the Inland Revenue, of which he was Chairman from 1881 to 1892. In that year Gladstone, then eighty-three years of age, formed his fourth administration, and West, who had known him all his life, resigned from the Civil Service, and placed himself at the disposal of the Prime Minister as confidential private secretary. "There is one improvement you did not mention," Gladstone said to West one day after a conversation at Hawarden, "and that's the improvement of the Inland Revenue." A happy compliment, and well deserved.

Private secretaries are born, not made, and the ideal private secretary to a Prime Minister is about as rare as a first-class poet. West was such a one. A man of sixty, of ripe experience, who had all his days been behind the scenes, popular and tactful, he was probably the only man living who could do what he did to smooth the rugged path of the Grand Old Man in these years. Gladstone was not popular at Court. When Salisbury had resigned, the Queen had taken the unusual course of announcing in the *Court Circular* that she had received his resignation "with regret." She did not cause it to be announced that she accepted Gladstone's accession "with pleasure." She had indeed neither liking for nor sympathy with him. When told he was unwell, she expressed the opinion that he was "not really ill, but restless from want of excitement." Want of excitement! and he had in his Cabinet Harcourt, Rosebery, John Morley—warring elements. "Frequently," as the editor of this volume points out, "one or the other is seen very ready to start out, to kick over the traces, even at the risk of upsetting the coach. But the master hand and the habit of obedience restrained them, and we find Sir Algernon acting as a kind of conductor of the coach, running to their heads now and again, patting and coaxing them."

The troubles that beset West were only in degree less than those that confronted Gladstone. It was he who had always to act the peacemaker, trying to make one truculent member of the Cabinet see the point of others; endeavouring to find what in the political world of to-day is called a "formula" for agreement; while to soothe Gladstone himself was not the least of his tasks, for he at eighty, as at forty, was always "difficult," and required very careful handling. Gentle as West was as a rule, he could be firm when occasion demanded, and one day when Henry Gladstone told him not to mention some subject then to his father—"I fear," runs an entry in the diaries; "I was rather sharp and said my responsibility was great and I could not be dictated to by *all* the family."

The problems to be dealt with were of all kinds. The death of Tennyson in 1892 caused a vacancy in the Laureateship. The Prince of Wales and Arthur James Balfour were in favour of Swinburne, but his early revolutionary poems were an objection; Gladstone suggested Ruskin, who, as Spencer Lyttelton said, "is seventy-three, nearly out of his mind and never wrote a poem anybody ever read." Somebody suggested Dr. Bridges, and others William Morris and Lewis Morris. The Queen did not wish the office to be abolished, but as there appeared objections to everybody it was settled to let the matter stand over. When Tennyson was dying it was said that Alfred Austin wrote these touching lines:

"And o'er the wire this baneful message came:
'He is no better, and is much the same.'"

On Lord Salisbury becoming Prime Minister, he selected Austin for the vacant post and, asked the reason for the appointment, replied cynically, "For the best possible reason, because he wanted it." Then there was the question of keeping the Prince of Wales aware of what was going on, and the Queen, always tenacious of her rights as Sovereign, while approving of the Prince of Wales being informed of the decisions of the Cabinet, "did not think that Mr. Gladstone's report should be repeated to H.R.H., as that is a confidential report from the Prime Minister to her alone." This matter was arranged by West drawing up a special memorandum for the Prince after each Cabinet meeting.

West shepherded his chief until his resignation, and there is an entry about the last Cabinet :

"Kimberley and Harcourt settled to say farewell on behalf of the members generally; both looked rather oppressed. Kimberley came into my room afterwards with tears rolling down his cheeks. He said it was most touching, and that Harcourt had broken down. Mr. Gladstone had been quite calm; said he was sorry for the differences of opinion that had arisen, but that in any case the time had come when his eyesight must force him to retire."

Thus, on March 1st, 1892, ended Gladstone's political career, and at the same time West, who had no further desire to continue his activities in this field, retired into private life. These diaries throw light on many vexed problems of men and matters, and no student of the period but must be grateful to Sir Algernon for having written them and to Mr. Hutchinson for having as ably edited them. The diaries, together with Sir Algernon West's "Recollections," published some years ago, are a valuable contribution to history.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

FAR-OFF THINGS.*

I was about to tell Mr. Machen that, let him but write, on what subject soever he will, there are always those—and the number of them steadily increases—who cannot choose but read him. I was about to tell him this, but decided to let it pass, because of a feeling that it is somewhat late in the day for such assurances. In this presumptuous literary age, one need pray not to be led into committing new sins of presumption.

Notwithstanding Mr. Machen's modest disavowal, implicit always, and explicit where "I recognise . . . that I was, very decidedly, not born a poet," none but a poet could have written this book (and here none but a fool or a futurist will cry for definitions). Not born a poet perhaps, but born in Caerleon-on-Usk in the heart of Gwent, an enchanted land "that is golden for ever and immortal in the romances of King Arthur and the Grail and the Round Table." It was in the nature of things therefore that his writings, since a writer he was to be, should be instinct with poetry.

The game of life in these days is more than ever an affair of rough-and-tumble, and in the too few and too brief intervals of quietude vouchsafed us it is good for our souls when we can sit down to a book such as this fragment of autobiography, healing and consoling. There is no noise in it, no yawp, nor on the other hand does it contain any "moral" or "purpose" that one is made aware of. It is intensely interesting and fuller of romance than scores of novels, and of adventures—though not of the kind that fell, say, to the Count of Monte Cristo.

The hills and valleys and streams of Gwent are conjured before our eyes, and we come to know the place as it was and the people in their habit as they lived in the sixties and seventies of the last century. We are made free of Llanddewi Rectory—Llanddewi in the woods—our author's old home, with its delightfully miscellaneous collection of books, "yellow-backs" and Elzevirs, Mr. Verdant Green in paper wrappers, Borrow in the original boards (they were Horrovian at Llanddewi before the Borrovians), the

* "Far-Off Things." By Arthur Machen. 7s. 6d. (Secker.

Brontës, *Chambers's Journal* and *The Welcome Guest*, Llanddewi knew not the "Arabian Nights," but Scott was there to weave his wizard spell. And Mr. Machen turns to ask, "What is vital literature?" A difficult question to answer; but Sir Walter Scott's tales, with all their faults, are vital literature, and "vital literature is something as remote as you can possibly imagine from the short stories of the late Guy de Maupassant."

At Pontypool Road Station the boy Machen one day bought a copy of De Quincey's "Opium-Eater," which he instantly loved, and still loves very heartily. His comments on the modern critics who subtly "desire to run down De Quincey" give me great joy. "The critic is afraid to make a frontal attack . . . since he knows that he will be opposed by such splendours and such terrors—an army with banners—as the English language can scarce show elsewhere." How true! "And our critics are advised also that De Quincey was no mere player of clever tricks with the language. . . . He wrote in the great manner because he thought in the great manner." How very true! I want to follow with a blow in the same good cause myself, but—another time!

At last, in June, 1880, came the great adventure of London, and "for the first time I saw the Strand. . . . I walked up Surrey Street and stood on the Strand pavement and looked before me and to right and to left and gasped. No man has ever seen London; but at that moment I was very near to the vision—the *theoria*—of London." Follow lean years in London lodgings, years during which an apprenticeship of sorts was served to Letters. It was London of the eighties, remember, and our apprentice a lad newly come out of Avalon; *verbum sapienti sat est*. Then, in 1884, the call of the West rose insistent; and it was summer. And so—to Caerleon once more, to Caerleon-on-Usk which was Avalon. "And every herb of the fields and all the leaves of the wood, and the waters of all wells and streams were appointed for my healing." For Babylon is a maker of scars!

F. C. OWLETT.

DANTE AND HIS CRITICS.

The so-called "mysticism" of Dante has always presented a tough (Edipus-like) conundrum to the vast battalion of critics and commentators who literally swarm in the cocoon of the "Divine Comedy." Dante is really far less complex than his disciples who are still splitting their, and others', heads over the meaning of this or that "obscure" passage, while the poem as a whole stands as firmly outlined as a Gothic cathedral. One is reminded in this literary tussle between the Guefs and Ghibellines of Dante criticism of the fierce controversies that used to rage between the schoolmen of the Middle Ages who all but came to blows in their endless wrangles as to the number of angels who could conveniently stand on the point of a needle! Not thus is Apollo served. These industrious brooms merely succeed in brushing away the shining dew-drops that cling to the fine texture of the immortal trilogy and leave mere cobwebs behind for the brooms of other laborious commentators.

Dante's philosophy of "mysticism" is not new; nor is it a product of mediæval Italy. It came immemorially from the East by way of Greece, and all that Dante so divinely taught was simply the old immortal truths of Pythagoras and Plato, caught up later in the philosophical network of Spinoza, Kant and Hegel. Dante impressed his own sombre personality on this ancient wisdom and gave a rhyme to Plato, who, with Aristotle, was one of his early teachers. Perhaps, like Plato, he too had other secret mentors who taught him the opening story of the Trinity in Unity.

A profound and sensible Dante critic like Signor Benedetto Croce steers clear of these pitfalls, and is content to

¹ "The Poetry of Dante." By Benedetto Croce. 10s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)



From MRS. LOVAT FRASER'S Translation of
GOLDONI'S "THE LIAR"
(Selwyn & Blount).

THE MASK
(By C. Lovat Fraser)



From "ARTHUR MEE'S GOLDEN YEAR
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"CALM AND UNAFRAID PLINY GOES TO HIS BATH."



From "THE CHINESE THEATRE."
By CHU CHIA-CHIEN.
Translated by JAMES A. GRAHAM.
Illustrated by ALEXANDRE JACOVLEFF
(John Lane).

**ACTRESS IN THE PART OF AN ACCUSED
WOMAN BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.**

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.



From "MY LIFE AND SOME LETTERS."
By MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
(Hutchinson).

BEATRICE STELLA CAMPBELL, 1914.

give us the real quintessence of Dante's poetry, and philosophy too for that matter, in a well-knit, scholarly analysis, without mysterious probings. The author of "The Poetry of Dante" has given us one of the best critical studies on the subject, and one which we feel is destined to take prominent place in Dante literature.

Dr. Wilkins's study² is less elaborate. It is a thesis on the apostolic and even Messianic attributes of the poet and within its narrow limits one of the most fascinating studies we have read. This side of Dante deserves to be emphasised, particularly in these days when war and the rumour of war is still in our ears. The incomparable singer of love and the panegyrist of the cardinal virtues was also a great political idealist who outlined his theories of a world federation in the *Convivio*:

"Wherefore," he says, "in order to do away with these wars and their causes, it is necessary that the whole earth and all that is given to the race of man to possess, should be a monarchy, that is to say a single principedom; and should have a single prince, who possessing all things and having nothing left to desire, may keep the kings confined within the borders of their kingdoms, so that peace may reign between them; in which peace the cities may have rest; in which rest the neighbourhoods may love each other; in which love the households may satisfy all their wants; and when these are satisfied man may attain joy, which is the end whereunto man was born."

Thus is Dante not merely the ardent disciple of Plato, but a real precursor of the League of Nations!

This aspect of Dante is also dealt with by Dr. Lonsdale Ragg³ whose contribution to the literature of the poet is a veritable encyclopedia and mine of information. The author of "Dante Alighieri: Apostle of Freedom" touches the matter more familiarly than either Signor Croce who, like his master, is severe to austerity, or Dr. Wilkins who is less discursive and is anxious to say as much as possible (and he has certainly said a great deal) in the smallest possible space. Still, we see Dante here as he is and will be immortally--one of the noblest and most tragic figures in history. Dr. Ragg, too, is attracted to the political idealist and thus eloquently sums up the character of the sad Florentine:

"Purity of purpose, sincerity in speech and conduct, *sancta simplicitas*--ready to cast away earthly privilege, to face joyfully the call of 'low living and high thinking' and to find freedom in fewness of material possessions and richness of moral and spiritual endowment--that is the temper eagerly embraced by Francis and his followers, loyally accepted by Dante, exile and pilgrim, and it is the only temper which can adapt itself to live happily in a denuded world; the temper which, when saturated with the passion of loving service, as was that of 'Christ's Poor Man,' may hope, Franciscan-wise, to heal the world's wounds, to assuage its quarrels and to build up better and more strongly that which has been broken down."

This, after all, was the real spirit of Dante.

Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed⁴ follows the severely critical method of Signor Croce and his two comprehensive essays form a clear and at the same time profound study of the vital relations between Dante's various works and give an admirable and exhaustive epitome of the poet's philosophical system. While Mr. Wicksteed is deeply analytical and writes with the knowledge of a scholar he has the enthusiasm of a romantic for his subject. We can imagine no better or more authoritative guide in the difficult maze of Dante literature.

Madame de Lucchi's⁵ excellent "Anthology of Italian Poems" deserves high praise, not only on account of the comprehensive scope of the book, which ranges from St. Francis of Assisi to Carducci, but because of the admirable quality of her translations.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

¹ "Dante: Poet and Apostle." By Ernest H. Wilkins. \$1.25. (University of Chicago.)

² "Dante Alighieri: Apostle of Freedom." By Lonsdale Ragg, B.D. 6s. (Stockwell.)

³ "From Vita Nuova to Paradiso." By Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. 5s. (University Press, Manchester.)

⁴ "An Anthology of Italian Poems." By Lorna de Lucchi. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

DIVERSIONS OF A BOOK-COLLECTOR.*

There is no need to tell any who have read "The Amenities of Book Collecting" that Mr. A. Edward Newton, though second to none as an enthusiastic collector of books, is even more keenly interested in the men who write them.

Nor are his interests bounded by the library; when he goes hunting after rare books or prints he finds all manner of pleasures by the way, and has a way of so telling you about them that he makes his pleasures yours. "I am a no



Mr. A. Edward Newton.

writer," he told me once: "I can't invent things--I can only sit down and write, as one might write a letter, about what I have been doing myself, or what I have seen and known." After all, much of the best writing has been done like that; and you will go a long way before you find a more gossipy, discursive, genial, thoroughly entertaining volume than "A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of a Book Collector." He calls his introductory essay "Purely Personal," but the whole book is that, and the revelation of a personality as shrewdly sagacious as it is delightfully whimsical.

Mr. Newton happens to live in Pennsylvania at Daylesford, which is named after the Welsh village where Warren Hastings was born. This seems to have interested him in Warren Hastings, and has resulted in his writing "The Magnificent Farce," the story of Hastings and the famous trial, drawn from books and illustrated with a title page, prints, and a ticket of admission to the trial which you may depend are in his collection. Then he tells you how he came to write books, which involves some talk of book-buying, his relations with divers persons, famous and otherwise, and his opinions on certain current affairs. In an essay on luck he gossips of the lucky chances that brought some of his most valued books into his possession--but nearly all the way through he is talking of his books, and talk of them leads him into talk of their authors, of places associated with them and anecdotes about them. Blake and Whitman have whole chapters, and admirable chapters, too, all to themselves. Mr. Newton is a whole-hearted lover of London and in one chapter relates how, breaking his leg in a street accident, he spent some of the happiest weeks of his life as "No. 20" in a ward of Bartholomew's Hospital; and in another, "My Old Lady, London," relates some of his London ramblings and, incidentally, how he met a stranger in a bookshop, and was invited to go and see the book-collection of that stranger, who turned out to be Mr. John Burns. Anyone who cares anything for books will revel in "A Magnificent Farce"; it shows book-collecting to be no mere academic toil, but an intensely interesting and healthfully human pastime. The volume is enriched with over seventy facsimiles of manuscripts and title pages, portraits, scarce prints, sketches and photographs, and several beautifully reproduced drawings and engravings by Blake.

S. J.

* "A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of a Book Collector." By A. Edward Newton. 25s. (Putnams.)

PRIBBLES AND PRABBLES.*

Ought one to congratulate Mr. Lucas on his fluency of expression? Evidently he has only to put pen to paper and the creature runs its course, with never a stumble or a line to blot, until the process comes to an end at the ultimate full-stop!

Twice in this little book of characteristic essays and of what he calls fantasies, of pribbles and of prabbles, of sketches and the eloquent expression of not-very-much, he touches notes which move. The simple account of the release of the caged goldfinch in Fiume, and the brilliant and, for him, strangely reticent description of the bull fight, entitled, "Whenever I see a Grey Horse . . ." are heart warming; but such passing aspects of human-kindness serve only to show the fluent paucity of pretty well all else in the book. If only Mr. Lucas had to fight for his words; if only the phrases would not so readily come to him and he must sleep on them and battle with them; if only he could feel sometimes a little discontented with the turn of an expression and endeavour to find the jewelled phrase! He might then make his many little books, of which this is a very fair example, a joy and stimulation to go back to.

Obviously, he writes too easily and far too much. His range of subjects, though nominally infinite, is, in fact, limited; and he is too willing to spin words over any old thing. It is easy—and surely not unjust—to imagine him, when the hundredth editor in a week has implored him for a brief prose something to gladden a picture page, looking about his room or cudgelling his memory, with despair in his eyes. "I've written about that stool and that table-leg, that chair and—yes, Aunt Maria's warming-pan. That will do!" The pen is given its fill of ink and is launched forthwith on the new voyage of the thousand words, while Mr. Lucas's brow remains unruffled and unwrinkled through any anguish or depth of thought. And so, in some such manner as is suggested, we are given the little sketch, called "Reunion," of the copper warming-pan, a disused relic, after years of solitude and uselessness meeting the bedpost it had consorted with in the brave days of old. Somehow, Gilbert's analogous ballad of the magnet and the silver churn has a deal more point and humour and purpose about it.

Mr. Lucas, who is to be numbered with our humorists as he writes for *Punch*, is at his funniest when borrowing the unconscious humour of others. His extracts from the Italian conversation-manual are amusing. How to pronounce our peculiar tongue with its exceptions and contradictions in a cultured manner—"Uithaut Riligion ui scüid bi uörs then blists," and "Impôlait-nès is disgöstin." So, too, with the Babu's guide to cricket, published in 1891. "If you are the captain of your team and the fielders of the opposite party clap your welcome, you are required simply to turn or raise your nightcap a little, and this is sufficient to prove your easy turn of disposition as well as to furnish the return of their compliments." Mr. Lucas's reflections on these principles of deportment and morality, apart from their humour, are extremely good for us—and especially for reviewers.

He has rather handicapped himself through his occasional extracts from "Ella" and the implied comparisons. The most ambitious essay in this book, on "The Evolution of Whimsicality"—though whimsicality, as he confesses, is not quite what he means—gives him an opportunity for quoting the letters of Charles Lamb. The difference suggested is too hazardous. If in return for some of his gift of easy expression, Mr. Lucas could have some of the whimsicality, originality and humanity of that beloved person in literature, what a joy his papers would be! It is, however, no use to spend despair over the inevitable. We must take Mr. Lucas as we find him, and we have reason to be grateful to him not only for the examples of humanity to animals, referred to earlier, but for the fact that here is an example of the ideal bedside book. His qualities and deficiencies provide the very thing for

* "Giving and Receiving." Essays and Fantasies. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

the sleepless and for those who enjoy a literary "night-cap." He does not fret the mind; he does not set the brain moving in that tireless mechanical action which gives the impulse they need to the hags of insomnia. No! You read and in the genial flow, the happy flow, the easy flow of ever-kindly prose, you slip—slip away into velvet slumber. I know. I have tried it, and it worked. So "E. V. L."—thank you!

C. E. LAWRENCE.

TABLE TALK OF LEWIS HIND.*

The most popular kind of literary criticism is gossip. We have this at its best in Anatole France, and at its worst in the *causeries* of some English newspapers which are obviously written by office-boys.

Mr. Lewis Hind knows a great deal about books and their creators, and such a volume as "More Authors and I" has a value rather historical than critical since it recalls certain writers who are seemingly forgotten by Georgian readers. His impressions, too, of all kinds and conditions of people in the world of letters have the virtues of tolerance and gaiety. One realises in these little talks about authors why Mr. Hind made such an admirable editor of *The Academy*. His tastes are very catholic and very agreeable, and he is swayed much more by sentiment than by cynicism. That sentiment plunges him occasionally into strange depths of saccharinity. It is distressing to come on an appreciation of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, which contains the following passage:

"And 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'? I must have read it half a dozen times. I read it again yesterday, and the lump rose once more to the throat, and the mist once more to the eyes. . . . 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' in book and play has fluttered into a myriad of hearts. So has 'Editha's Burglar,' again the theme of Innocence conquering through the simple art of being true and fearless."

One might have imagined this to come from the pen of Mr. James Douglas in an unusually lachrymose and bathetic mood. It is seldom that Mr. Hind descends to such depths, and in pointing out his sin, I keep in remembrance the case of Ruskin who said enthusiastic things about "Bootle's Baby."

Against the lapse there are many instances of measured judgment, as in his estimates of John Davidson and Harold Frederick. I had feared that Davidson was forgotten, but Hind tells of a district library in Manchester where the "Selected Poems" have been issued forty-nine times since 1911—which is fame for Manchester. As an illustration of Hind's gossipy method, this impression of the author of "In the Valley" is a fairly typical one:

"When I entered the room Harold Frederick was seated at the piano singing folk-songs and negro spirituals. He was having refreshments at the same time; the cup was on the candle-stand, and a piece of bread-and-butter and a piece of cake were on his knee. The crumbs of each decorated his waistcoat."

It is Hind's acute journalistic sense that makes him view "people like that; and it certainly has the effect of making them more real, if a little lacking in dignity. The note on Harold Frederick is valuable, if only for its word of praise for that extraordinarily witty and original little book, "March Hares."

It is twelve years now since Morley Roberts wrote "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," which was, in fictional form, the life of his unfortunate friend, George Gissing. Hind has some wonderfully interesting things to say about this and about George Gissing generally. From "By the Ionian Sea" he quotes with felicity the valediction of an unhappy spirit who saw some of the glory of the world and sadly enjoyed a measure of happiness before he died at St. Jean de Luz on December 28th, 1903:

"Alone and quiet, I heard the washing of the waves; I saw the evening fall on cloud-wreathed Etna, the twinkling lights come forth upon Scylla and Charybdis; and as I looked my last towards the Ionian Sea, I wished it were mine to wander endlessly amid the silence of the ancient world, to-day and all its sounds forgotten."

* "More Authors and I." By C. Lewis Hind. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

There was always a kind of dog-in-the-manger spirit about Gissing except in that serene and kindly book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which is the testament of a pessimist reconciled to life by means of a few hundred pounds.

Years ago I used to meet Lionel Johnson in the Strand in a certain Irish house of entertainment where he sat on the top of a high stool drinking the local nectar and talking gravely of literature. Hind's reminiscences of him as a contributor to *The Academy* are happy glimpses of a curiously retiring personality.

A very true and cordial estimate is that of George Warrington Steevens, the very greatest of literary journalists, not even excepting Kipling. Fittingly he quotes Henley's tribute: "To realise George Steevens you must put away everything but simplicity, kindness, sincerity."

Ford Madox Hueffer is not treated with that reverence with which Ford Madox Hueffer treats himself, but Hind has the journalist's faculty of penetrating through pomp. He has obviously an affectionate contempt for his pontifical subject:

"Years ago when I was staying at Winchelsea I told a lady I was about to spend the evening at the Hueffers'. 'Don't praise Fordie to his face,' she said. 'It's not good for him.' In the course of the evening someone sang what I thought was an Elizabethan song very beautifully. I was so charmed with the performance that I begged for a repetition. This was done, and I said, with some emotion, and not without pride in my perspicacity, 'What a combination—Shakespeare and Purcell. We can do nothing like that nowadays.'"

"Fordie, who had been lying on a couch, suppressed a yawn and said, 'I wrote the words and the music.'"

More enthusiasm is displayed for Cunningham-Graham, and Hind implores him for an autobiography, while remarking: "He may be the best horseman in the British Isles; he is certainly the worst calligraphist."

Some of the authors dealt with are American: Hind is strangely at home with them. I gather from him that George Ade has a simple and easy way of making a successful after-dinner speech. If the laugh does not come immediately he reaches a full point, he pauses the fraction of a second very confidently. The laugh always follows.

It is worth trying.

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

"KNUCKLES AND GLOVES."*

"I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone out," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell one Sunday evening in the autumn of 1773. "every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important. . . . Prize-fighting made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain from a wound." This opinion, expressed by one who knew something about boxing and had been taught the art by an uncle who kept the ring at Smithfield, was amplified and philosophised by Johnson eighteen months later. "It is more disgraceful," he said, "not to fight than to fight and to be beaten. . . . Courage, you know, Sir, is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for guarding any other."

As I read through Mr. Bohun Lynch's stories of battles with "Knuckles and Gloves," I thought more than once of the Doctor's dictum; for among them are to be found many a tale of a combatant fighting gamely on round after round after having an arm broken, a thumb smashed, knuckles peeled, or one or both eyes bunged up. The pluck of Jem Belcher, of Tom Cribb, of Tom Hickman, and of Tom Sayers is rightly insisted on by Mr. Lynch who, himself a well-known amateur middle-weight boxer who has sparred with Bob Fitzsimmons, wields, strangely enough, a much fresher and more picturesque style when he is reviving for us the glories of the old prize-ring than when he is describing modern glove-fights, at many of which he must have been an actual spectator. Probably the less scientific boxing

* "Knuckles and Gloves." By Bohun Lynch. 15s. (Collins.)

of the knuckles era lends itself more happily to picturesque reporting. In days when there was no qualification of the champion's title, no middle, welter, feather, bantam, fly, or paper-weight; when men went into the ring practically untrained and often after indulging in prolonged debauches of hard drinking; when a fighter was at liberty to throw his opponent to the ground, to lean upon him, to fall upon him, to clutch him by the hair, and, most important point of difference between old style and new, to drop down to dodge his blow; when the seconds tried to revive their man by biting his ears, by tweaking his nose and by dosing him with brandy; when the combatants and their supporters had to fly from county to county to evade the emissaries of the law and when the sporting riff-raff often broke through in an attempt to interfere with the fight—in those days there was undoubtedly more excitement and romance about a bout of fisticuffs than there is to-day when boxing, as Mr. Lynch puts it, has become "Cochranised."

Mr. Lynch knows his Pierce Egan; indeed, he seems to have quite an intimate knowledge of the literature of boxing, from Egan, *Bell's Life*, Hazlitt and Byron to Borrow, Thackeray, Conan Doyle and Bernard Shaw. But, as I have said already, he is better as a chronicler than as a reporter. So when he passes from knuckle encounters to glove contests he is more at ease in describing a fight which he cannot have seen, such as that between Frank Slavin and Peter Jackson or that in which the second Jack Dempsey defeated Georges Carpentier, than he is in depicting those fights of Bombardier Wells at which he was probably present. He is a good reporter, that is to say; but he happens to be a first-rate chronicler. It is a pity he does not indulge oftener in generalisations. What he says on the nigger as boxer is admirable, and his analysis of the "defeatist" elements in Wells's temperament is brilliant if not quite exhaustive; but, à propos of Daniel Mendoza, he might have given us an appreciation of Jews as principals, promoters and spectators of a fight. Having, however, derived a good deal of enjoyment out of his book, I must not quarrel with Mr. Lynch at the very end of my notice; for no one interested in the old prize-ring and in modern boxing ought to miss making acquaintance with "Knuckles and Gloves."

LEWIS BETTANY.

LEONARD MERRICK'S STORIES.*

On the cover of Leonard Merrick's new collection of stories, "To Tell You the Truth," there is a pot of pansies. It symbolises one aspect of his work in its charm and fragrance. Of course, in addition to that, he has more worldly gifts. He is the cleanest of our realists, the most compassionate of our cynics. The tragedy and the gaiety of the Merrick story are one and the same in the impression they leave on the heart. He is one of the very minute body of writers whose tenderness never coarsens into sentimentality.

What that band of brothers and sisters, the lovers of Leonard Merrick, will relish most in his new volume is "The Statue." In the Square d'Iona, there was the bust of a great French poet overlooked by the statue of a beautiful woman who read his works. Gabys Dupuy, a good creature, who had little care for poetry, had sat for this in her youth. A certain young poetaster, who loved the dead poet, fell in love with the statue of the woman. He came to Gabys, full of rapture, and she, poor woman, welcomed him, but when he looked on her he became cool and aloof. I told you that Gabys had aged. He wanted to see her ever youthful. The young demand impossibilities.

A beautiful heart-breaking little story is "Picq Plays the Hero," in which a shabby actor performs at last well, while his wife is dying and he dare not display grief. Leonard Merrick may have done better things than this volume; but this is good enough for the best of us.

L. J. M.

* "To Tell You the Truth." By Leonard Merrick. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE HOUR OF MAGIC.*

Mr. Davies's new volume, with cover and designs by Mr. W. Nicholson, is a thing of pure beauty, and the conjunction of poet and artist has seldom been so happily justified.

"This is the hour of magic, when the Moon
With her bright wand has charmed the tallest tree
To stand stone still with all her million leaves."

The hour of magic—that Mr. Davies should be able to seize it, prolong its brief natural passage, and distil an undecaying flavour from everything on which his inward eye falls, is a theme for renewed gratitude. This, the latest of his many volumes, gives proof that the purity of his melody is not lost, and the crystal brightness of his world is still unstained—is indeed as finely revealed as ever, by means of his continual yet all but imperceptible approaches to technical perfection. It is but by growth in that difficult perfection that an uninstructed but acute reader might distinguish the later from the earlier work. Purity of outline, freshness of sense, strength and delicacy of touch, Mr. Davies's verse has always shown; and time, that diminishes so many gifts in others, has but led him to the surer and easier management of his simplicities.

"The night breeds many a thing that's strange:
The wretched owl that in distress
Hoots every star that comes to help
The evening in her loveliness;
The half-blind bats that here and there
Are floundering in the twilight air . . ."

This is from "The Trance," the longest piece in the book, and although it is not equally magical throughout (for Mr. Davies is at his best in short things), the whole poem is lit by astonishing beauties. A thief comes to rob the tranced lady:

"When, by his lamp, in that dark place,
He saw the jewels there,
Shaking with life, and greedy, where
They nibbled at the small, gold bands
On her cold, lifeless hands . . ."

Donne himself, with his famous "bracelet of bright hair about the bone," would not disclaim that. Nor does Mr. Davies trouble to avoid a direct debt, for the following:

"Three things there are more beautiful
Than any man could wish to see:
The first, it is a full-rigged ship
Sailing with all her sails set free;
The second, when the wind and sun
Are playing in a field of corn;
The third, a woman young and fair,
Showing her child before it is born,"—

is his verse-robe for a "triad," heard by Dr. Joyce in his youth among the people of Limerick, and cited by the late Kuno Meyer. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Davies heard this among the people of his native Wales in his youth.

"The Hour of Magic" illustrates yet again the truth that lyrical poetry is not essentially an intellectual but a spiritual expression; that the lyric is exalted not by reason of intellectual qualities in the poet, but by reason of that transcendent and transforming faculty which we call imagination to distinguish it from conscious and deliberate invention. There has seldom been a lyric poet whose best work has been more purely *poetry* than that of Mr. Davies. Alien anxieties, intruders from the moral and social spheres, are scarcely ever to be found in his verse; the only intrusion is that of a curious, innocent realism which strays in at times from the street of memory, not from the forest of imagination.

"Now, Mary Price is seventy-five,
And skinning eels alive;
She, active, strong, and full of breath,
Has caught the cat that stole an eel,
And beaten it to death."

He is never afraid to confront grave things that are living things; the simplest and deepest concerns of human

* "The Hour of Magic, and Other Poems." By W. H. Davies. Decorated by William Nicholson. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

life—love and death—are his concern. But death is not his burden, and love is the delight of his Muse. The day comes when the verse that expresses a philosophy is forgotten with the philosophy and discovered only by grave-diggers who open the ground for another corpse; when the verse that arouses national passions is contemned because those passions are no longer sore; when the verse that displays current moods in the manner of the moment is passed by. But the poetry of Mr. Davies is serene and untouched. It is of the kind that the wise man was recalling, when he said that so long as he had the making of a people's songs he cared not who made its laws.

JOHN FREEMAN.

MEDIEVAL FRANCE.*

"Medieval France" is a volume of extreme interest and of enduring value. It is concerned with the activities of France in many varying phases from the tenth to the close of the fifteenth century, and has just been completed, I notice, by the issue of a companion volume treating of the development of modern France till present times. Under the competent editorship of Mr. Arthur Tilley a group of scholars, mainly French, has endeavoured to present to the English reader, within a moderate compass, a conspectus of the history, literature and art of mediæval France. The scope of the work may be indicated shortly as follows. An initial chapter on Geography serves as a background both to this and to the volume designed as its complement. It is followed by the longest and most searching portion of the book—that dealing with the history of the country from the accession of Hugh Capet to Charles VIII. This section is by that eminent scholar M. Charles V. Langlois, a specialist in many mediæval subjects, and is a thoroughly solid and conscientious piece of work. To this succeeds subsidiary studies of the Army and Navy of the period; a section on Industry and Commerce; another on Language and Dialects; and a very informing article on Literature by M. Lucien Foullet, deserving of more detailed treatment than can be afforded here. Three English writers are responsible for the chapters on Scholastic Philosophy; Architecture; and Sculpture, Glass, Painting; and it is pleasant to recognise that theirs is not the least learned and interesting portion of the book.

It will be noticed from the above summary that the modern fashion of presenting history has been adopted by the distinguished editor. It is the fashion made familiar to us by Lavissee's monumental "Histoire de France," as also by certain of our own Cambridge Histories. Very possibly it is the only way of dealing with the mass of material now painfully accumulated. A group of experts is engaged, under the direction of one controlling intelligence, to deal with certain particular provinces of which the writer has peculiar knowledge. This method of collaboration has many excellent points. It stands unrivalled in turning out a useful tool, and if a book were only a tool there would be nothing more to say. The disadvantages of the method are that any book so produced almost necessarily loses in unity, and, even worse, from the artistic point of view can never vie with work fused into a coherent whole by the convictions and enthusiasms of a single personality. And "Medieval France" has not convinced me that my predilection is tasteless, as well as out of date.

When we consider the disturbed and painful conditions prevailing in France during a considerable portion of her early history, we must marvel at the genius, the devotion, and the indomitable pluck which enabled her art and letters to flourish so miraculously. "It is incredible what a great people can bear without causing the creative power within it to falter." In the art of architecture mediæval France found its most characteristic expression, and the supreme period of the Gothic may be said to culminate in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In one reign alone

* "Medieval France." A Companion to "French Studies." Edited by Arthur Tilley. 25s. (Cambridge University Press.)

sixteen cathedrals were building, including Chartres, Amiens and Rheims, the very apotheosis of that school. The most highly wrought of the sculpture which crowded the porches of these incomparable Houses of Prayer was of the same period; whilst the rainbows of storied glass, filling them with jewelled darkness, was of the thirteenth century. Though the literature of mediæval France can scarcely be considered to rival its architecture, no reader of M. Foulet's essay can remain in doubt of its essential greatness. The whole land was as thick with legends and stories as a bush with berries. An immense number of these have been recovered from the wreckage of the labour of *trouvère* and *jongleur*, but a large number are irretrievably lost, to our great misfortune. Of this early literature M. Foulet sees three of the principal peaks in "The Song of Roland," "Aucassin and Nicolette" and Joinville's "History of St. Louis." Of these the lovely *cante-fable* survived by the lucky accident of a single copy; whilst the epic was only discovered last century, at the Bodleian, in a minstrel's working copy, thumbd with use and dirty from long carrying in the wallet. "The Song of Roland," "bleak, gaunt, majestic," is indeed the dominating piece of literature of mediæval France, and is truly comparable with a severe example of French Gothic—Chartres for instance. M. Foulet's remarks on this masterpiece are frequently admirable, but is he really accurate in appearing to imply that Roland waited till he was alone and about to die before he would sound his horn? Surely Oliver was alive, and Turpin also, when first that horn was blown.

To all students of the Middle Ages in France this book should prove the best tool "punched" for English readers for a very considerable time.

EUGENE MASON.

SHEER AUDACITY.*

The knowledge beforehand of what you are to expect more or less from a given novel is of course only an intensification of feeling for or against, and everything still depends on one's memory of prior experience. But in "Sapper's" case there need be no alarm. His Bull-Dog Drummond has entered permanently into the category of those unpretentious heroes that mankind has taken to its rough-and-ready bosom. He has more than any possible rival the right combination of unsophisticated talk and highly concentrated action, and in this respect he is virtually the sublimation of those qualities which the war brought out in the best of our officers and men. Hugh Drummond, in fact, is as much a child of the war as "Old Bill," and fundamentally for much the same reasons. He has the power of letting you laugh at him just as long as he likes and then turning the grin upon his enemies. The fact that they are also yours gives the reader just that snug sense of comfort which is indefinable and incomparable, unless one compares it to the feeling that some shrewd woman described as adding a satisfaction even to virtue—the consciousness of being well dressed.

One wonders who is likely to get the more enjoyment out of this gusty and breathless novel—the impressionable young soul who takes it in earnest or the practised reader of fiction who perceives that the author is using incidents merely as illustrations of the peculiar and extensive qualities he desires to bring out in his hero. Sometimes as you watch "B.D.D." emerge from impossible scrapes and crucial trials, you feel something like the old lady who sent solemn word to Dean Swift that there were things in his "Gulliver" that "she could positively not believe." But "B.D.D." does not seem to care a fig if you believe in him or not. All that happens or matters is that you read on to the finish. By that time you learn how Hugh and Phyllis, after a succession of quite inextricable chapters, land themselves into as tight a "wad" of trouble as ever was contrived—a manor in the wilds of Essex which is simply a double-dyed Inquisition of "hextra power."

* "The Black Gang." By "Sapper" (H. C. McNeile). 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

crammed with cosmopolitan villainy and loaded weapons at full cock, and walled round with a barricade of electrocution which tosses off its victims as a fountain scatters spray. The toss decides it, and "B.D.D." flings Phyllis over the deadly peril, only to land her into a motor full of their persecutors who bring her back and promptly hold on them both a tribunal of death. If ever Mr. and Mrs. Bull-Dog seemed consigned to recumbent positions under the daisies, it was then, and yet they emerge by means of the remedy named in the title. It is one of the most audacious bits of invention one remembers in the annals of fiction, and we cry, like Oliver, for more.

J. P. C.

STANLEY WEYMAN'S BEST.*

There are still among us a few people—a very few—who can tell stories from personal experience of the coaching days, the earliest years of "the steam railway" and the life of England as it was then lived. They are in the eighties and nineties, and soon they will have passed on. Mr. Weyman's new book is the story, we might say, of an active and alert great-grandfather who remembers every incident, who can give the old scenes their proper proportion and whose mind remains unconfused by the speeding up, the "efficiency" propaganda, the general freedom of the twentieth century.

It is, without any reservation at all, a masterly work. "Ovington's," the pivot upon which most of the events recorded revolve, is one of the banks of a country town, Ovington himself being accessible to his customers, an oracle to be consulted on all matters of finance. The note of the period is given by the opening scene, where the "county" and "trade"—sharply distinguished as never since—meet in the bank parlour to discuss the formation of "The Valleys Steam Railroad Company" for the purpose of connecting the woollen business of the Valleys with the town, "and of providing the public with a superior mode of transport." The banker puts the case:

"The Stockton and Darlington Railway is proving what can be done by steam in the transport of the heaviest goods. There a single engine draws a load of fifty tons at the rate of six miles an hour, and has been known to convey a load of passengers at fifteen miles. Higher speeds are thought to be possible—"

"I'll never believe it!" Wolley growled, anxious to assert himself.

"But not desirable," Ovington continued blandly.

There was a "boom" in trade; new enterprises were being floated on every hand, and the banks were in it up to the neck. Reaction followed; many banks closed their doors, and Ovington's was only saved at the eleventh hour by a very narrow margin—a matter of a few hundreds. The account of the run on the bank by its crowds of frightened clients—not an affair of a few hours, but of many days of lingering suspense—and the manner in which failure was averted, is far too fine to condense in a short review. Mr. Weyman's description of the scene, through many pages, is so clear that it might be the relation of one who actually saw the harassed clerks at their work, the anxious banker in his room behind, the tradesmen, flustered, timid, hectoring, apologetic, all scared at one thing—the possibility of losing their money and investments.

The whole scene is a triumph for Mr. Weyman. And with it all is closely woven one of the charming love stories of days when fathers were often tyrants and daughters trembled at the thought of speaking to a young man without correct introductions and mutual friends. The Squire, hard as iron, proud of his birth, scorning the idea of "trade," dependent—after an accident—upon others for his sight, yet with a very deeply-set tenderness for his girl, is drawn to the life. It was he who saved the bank, in spite of his contempt for the banker; it was his daughter whom the banker's son wooed and won, in spite of the plots of an enemy. He, as well as Ovington's, is chief in this story; and some of the interviews between these irreconcilables are wonderfully vivid.

* "Ovington's Bank." By Stanley J. Weyman. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

"Ovington's Bank" is a valuable book as well as an extraordinarily good novel, because it is a detailed picture of days that are nearly obliterated in our thoughts by the hurried operations of modern times, when our travelling is nearer the speed of a hundred miles an hour than fifteen. It represents Mr. Weyman's careful art at the highest level, we think, yet touched by him.

W. L. RANDELL.

SHEEP AND HORSES.*

When one looks for the conflict which shall be the heart of the drama in Mr. Gibson's dramatic narrative of four generations who are born and agonise and die in and about the lonely cottage of Krindlesyke on the bleak Northumbrian fells, one finds that there are two. First, there is the conflict between the fierce, material selfishness of blind Ezra Barrasford, whose brutality has driven five of his six sons from their hated home, and the long bitter patience of his wife Eliza. Ezra's spirit is tempered with Eliza's in their youngest son Jim, but he too at last goes out into the wilderness; and it is in Judith Ellershaw, who, though neither daughter nor wife of Krindlesyke, yet bears Krindlesyke a child, that the home-keeping patience of Eliza is once more fully manifest.

The second conflict, and in the development the most essential, makes its appearance with Bell Haggard. For Bell Haggard is a gipsy, with the scorn of her race for the folk who live in houses and sleep night after unadventurous night in the same bed. To her, whose life has been lived among horses, these keepers of sheep are as sheeplike as their silly charges. Be they wild or tame, Ezras or Elizas, the Barrasfords are all tame to Bell. Yet she, too, gives a child to Krindlesyke, being the mother of Peter's son, as is Judith of Jim's daughter; and for an hour, for fifteen years, Krindlesyke holds the daughter of the wandering race of Egypt captive between its white walls. Rather, it is the spirit of Eliza who holds her, for she it was who, coming in with Peter, the despised father of her boy, to steal old Ezra's hoard, found not Ezra's gold—for Jim had taken that—but Eliza dead upon her bed; and her bold gipsy heart was craven in the presence of the power of the dead.

"I was the first to look on her dead face,
The morn I came: if she'd but lived a day—
Just one day longer, she'd have let me go.
No living woman could have held me here:
But she was dead; and so, I had to stay—
A fly, caught in the web of a dead spider."

So she stays at Krindlesyke, "cook, slut, and butler" against her will, until her son Michael grows to manhood, finds and woos his cousin, Ruth Ellershaw, and brings her home, a lawful wife, to the cottage of his fathers. Then Bell binds her orange handkerchief about her head, kilts her petticoats, and takes to the road once more. In the end she returns—but it is not my business to re-tell Mr. Gibson's tale. Suffice it to say that, though in Michael and Ruth there is no trace of wildness, though they are pure Eliza, pure Judith, yet in their children, children still when the story closes, the renewal of the old conflict is foreshadowed.

NICHOLAS: Grannie, we saw the circus:
And Ralph still says he wants to be a herd,
Like dad: but I can't bide the silly baas.
When I'm a man I'll be a circus-rider,
And gallop, gallop! I'm clean daft on horses.
(An owl hoots piercingly without.)

RALPH: Grannie, what's that?

JUDITH: Only an owl, son.

NICHOLAS: Bo!

Fearent of hoolets!

RALPH: I thought it was a bo-lo.

NICHOLAS: Bo-los or horneys or wirrakows can't scare me:
And I like to hear the jinneyhoolets scritch:
It gives me such a queer, cold, creepy feeling.
I like to feel the shivers in my hair.
When I'm a man I'll ride the fells by moonlight,

* "Krindlesyke." By Wilfrid Gibson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Like the mosstroopers, when the owls are skirling.
They used to gallop on their gallowsays,
The reivers, dad says . . .

(The owl calls again, and is answered by its mate; and then they seem to be flying round and round Krindlesyke, hooting shrilly.)

RALPH: Oh, there it is again!

JUDITH: Grannie, I'm freckened . . . It's an ellerish yelling:

I never heard . . .

RALPH: What's in the other room?

I want my dad and mammy.

JUDITH: You're overtired.

Come! I'll undress you, and tuck you into bed:

And you'll sleep sound, my lamb, as sound and snug

As a yeanning in a maud-neuk.

NICHOLAS: I'll ride! I'll ride!

In this childish dialogue Judith must have recognised an unwitting echo of a notable conversation between herself and Bell Haggard some six years earlier; in which Judith in her racy vernacular had very fully expounded the antithesis between sheep and horses, the fold and the open. It will serve, too, to show the vivid quality and closely-knit texture of a poem which for drama and characterisation against a background, hinted rather than described, of harsh but beautiful nature, Mr. Gibson has never yet excelled.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

THE GRAY CHARTERIS. By Robert Simpson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Simpson has taken the West African swamp as his province and with each journey his readers like it better. "The Gray Charteris" completes the trio begun by "The Bite of Benin" and "Swamp Breath." The characters of any one book are not repeated in another, but readers who have followed Mr. Simpson's work since his first success are becoming familiar with the atmosphere of his tales, know a Sobo when they meet him, can almost speak Jakri. The Benin tract is fascinating country (perhaps the more romantic because distant) with its humid nights and moth-haunted mangrove jungle, where the Britisher is either a trader or a Government official and the native chief is more than his match in cunning. For readers who are distrustful of a foreign setting in a story it may be said that Mr. Simpson's books are not Wild West tales, with swamps instead of prairies. His people are men and women who would interest us in any surroundings but who grow to their full stature in the atmosphere in which he places them. Charteris himself is a figure of romance. Mr. Simpson understands the value of a first impression and his introduction of his hero is masterly.

THE WIND BLOWETH. By Donn Byrne. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

Essentially this is the story of a man's quest for happiness. The man is a sailor of Antrim, his father a poet, his mother a Frenchwoman, himself a queer mixture, cosmopolitan, as it were, by birth and by years of world-travel in great sailing-ships of the mid-Victorian days. But the book is not a "story" in the ordinary sense of the word; it is a prose poem, a pilgrimage, an epic of wandering, of love sought in many ways, in many climes, with the beauty and the irresistible call of a corner of Ireland haunting it as the theme of a fugue. The author has a magic touch of his own, a strange power to bring music from words, and nowhere is this more appealing than in his quite wonderful descriptions of places and, we must add, of the women whose lives for a while intersected that of Shane, the sailor and poet and lover. The story has at times the beauty and colour of a vivid painting, and the scenes are so varied—Ireland, Marseilles, Beirut,

Buenos Ayres, with many intervals of seafaring—that full scope is given for the author's particular gift. We have read this book with full appreciation of its lack of coherence, its rapid changes, and have recognised the art behind it and felt more than a little thrilled by its uncanny power.

AND HAVE NOT LOVE. By Hamilton Fyfe. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

It is unfortunate that the pleasure of reading a cleverly written novel must be diminished when there is any hint of propaganda in it. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, one feels, is "up against" several phases of life as it is lived in England, and shows this dissatisfaction too clearly. Many others of us also share his discontent; there is reason enough for it; but articles and essays (which Mr. Fyfe knows so well how to make cogent and powerful) are the natural form for its expression. Our chief regret is that the introduction of this strong propaganda element seriously lessens not only the artistic effect but the good effect of a fine story. The girl who goes to prison for six weeks rather than avoid the disgrace by bringing in the name of her dead girl friend; the prison chaplain; Henry Bell, who did all the good he could from a sense of duty and then wondered why people preferred his brother Dick, who never deliberately did a good deed but was loved by everybody—these are real people, brilliantly and truly depicted by masterly strokes, forming an essential group in a well-conceived scheme. Henry's household is a triumphant proof of Mr. Fyfe's gifts as novelist; nothing could be better than the incessant clash of the totally different temperaments of the brothers. Yet we have an impression that Mr. Fyfe hurried over the closing chapter, so sudden is the change from good work to poor work in an ending which one is compelled to visualise as taking place on the stage—one of those delightful, sure "curtains" of the St. James's, for instance, in George Alexander's day, when every character stepped up and fitted in at exactly the correct moment—too correctly for real life. Fiction here is stranger than truth.

THE VERY DEVIL. By H. B. Young. 7s. 6d. (Page & Co.)

It is very difficult to hit on a new idea nowadays, but we think Mr. Young has succeeded—at least, the theme of his book is new, to us, in the matter of its handling. A respectable barrister accidentally materialises a sort of assistant Satan, who attaches himself to the barrister's person much as a genie was reported to do in the convenient days of the "Arabian Nights." But your genie was a gentleman, as a rule, and obtained the things his temporary master desired in a more or less legitimate manner. Abaddon, however, Mr. Hugh Lewis's attendant, had no such scruples. Murder, burglary, forgery, and other like amusements were to him matters of course, and the unhappy Mr. Lewis found himself continually plunged into awkward situations brought about by the devilish ingenuity of his associate. We would not venture to question Mr. Young's knowledge of the powers and predilections of the officials of the lower world, but we confess that we had not previously visualised a devil who used modern slang and was capable of getting what we can only adequately describe as "blotto" on mundane alcohol. However, it is all very amusing, and poor Lewis's experiences and the exploits of Abaddon make excellent reading. There is some very sound sense, moreover, sandwiched between the lighter portions. It is a pity that the mistakes either of the author or of the printer were not more carefully corrected before the work went to press.

JANE AND HERSELF. By Joyce Cobb. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Jane Milling, while still a young child, loses her mother, and her training, with that of her brother, is entrusted to Aunt Mildred, who has the "deplorable knack of making goodness unattractive." Jane is a sensitive, high-spirited, imaginative child, instinctively religious but with a refined



Photo by
Maull & Fox.

Miss Joyce Cobb.

and subtle spirituality which Aunt Mildred, who represents "the deadening mediocrity of Little Bethel," cannot understand. Jane's childish reactions to her repressive environment are vividly and convincingly described, as also is the character of the invalid, Christine Heather, whose robust but tender sympathy saves the

situation and lays the foundations of an abiding friendship. Jane's subsequent development—her youthful infatuation for Dr. Leedham; her heroic sacrifice of a scholarship for her brother's sake; her experiences in a fever hospital, where she meets Percy Harmon; her adventures into journalism; her gradual awakening to the fact that Dr. Leedham's love cannot satisfy her deepest nature, and her final engagement to Harmon—is set forth with a sensitive but sure pen. It is an uneventful story, but Miss Cobb knows the romance of the commonplace, and her pages glow with delicate grace and understanding and humour. Jane is a thoroughly lovable character, and her creator is to be congratulated on a first novel of real distinction.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME. By Margaret Deland. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

When a laddie of nineteen flings himself into marriage (without even the formality of an engagement) with a woman twice his age—well, he is married to trouble as sure as the sparks fly upward. And equally certain is it that a writer basing a story on such a union of incompatibles as Maurice Curtis and Eleanor is daring the gods. Of course there was misunderstanding, and that right early, much earlier than even such untoward circumstances made inevitable. Eleanor was foolish quite apart from the folly of her consuming jealousy—and yet, with subtle skill, Margaret Deland keeps this silly, jealous woman so truly human that our interest is held to the end. Here is not jealousy on the grand scale: just the plain tale of the fear of youth felt by a woman who was very ordinary, very lonely and very human. The gloom of the story is relieved by the broad humanity and cheerful common sense of Maurice's foster-parents. Altogether the book is a remarkable achievement which is sure to win its way, and that on the recommendation of readers.

THE ENEMIES OF WOMEN. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Compared with the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" this is a rather disappointing book. A certain Russian prince of fabulous wealth and fantastic adventures in the ways of life appropriate to his race, his rank, his riches, is at his glorious villa in Monte Carlo when the Bolshevik revolution finally strips him of all his properties. Having but a "pittance" left he proposes to a few friends, also in poverty, to join with him and live in his villa at his expense, and eschew the sight and company of women. Of course the plan breaks down—but with no definite plot or tale to be told. The beginning of the novel is tedious and not very captivating, nor are we much interested in any of the people of the story. After enduring them for a considerable space the reader differentiates one or two and does take a by no means absorbing interest in their doings and their fate, but it must be confessed that there is a sense of unreality or unimportance throughout. The love of the Prince for Alicia is certainly realistic—the love of a man who has had innumerable affairs, has bought his loves lavishly throughout his life, and finally has a violent

caprice for one woman more, a caprice which he of course declares is real love at last. The most interesting thing in the book is the love of Alicia for her illegitimate son, never acknowledged, but her absorbing care and idol, whose death in a German prison camp is the crowning distress of her life. There are many clever, wise, cynical sayings, and a strange plane of life and mind is presented to us with a certain vividness, but the book is not an attractive one. And the translation is decidedly American.

CARNISS AND COMPANY. By Henry St. John Cooper (Sampson Low.)

There is a particularly poisonous villain in Mr. St. John Cooper's new novel who, posing as an anonymous benefactor, sets a girl up in business in order to encompass her financial ruin and get her into his power. Beryl Carr longs to become an antique dealer, and an anonymous gift of twelve hundred pounds sends her off to Bond Street in search of likely premises. Finding, however, that twelve hundred pounds will not carry one very far in the West End, she jumps at the offer of partnership held out to her by Barry Furniss, a gay, facetious young man, possessing a thousand pounds and a fiancée selected for him by his fond father. Barry's qualifications for the post are best given in his own words: "Of amiable disposition, capable of minding the shop and of attending to customers; can sweep and polish; clean and sober in habits; unmarried at the moment, but at present walking out with a young lady with a view to matrimony. An answer will oblige." The two partners have a thrilling time circumventing the aforementioned poisonous villain and distinguishing "fakes" from "genuines" both in art and love, and the result is a thoroughly readable and engaging story.

THE CORNISH PENNY. By Coulson T. Cade. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

An exotic and semi-tropical corner of Cornwall, and an exotic and quite incredible corner of Chelsea, are the scenes in which this leisurely and strangely fascinating story is set. The strangeness is not easy to explain. Robin, the principal character, is sufficiently well drawn to stand alone, without the introduction of mystery in the matter of his parentage; and some of the other people of the book—notably the queer Aunt Cynthia and her opponent, Godfrey Myall—are equally convincing. But Dion, the film-picture voluptuary who lives in a secluded and luxurious Chelsea house surrounded by all the appurtenances of the Orient, and who turns-out to be an evil-doer beneath his brilliant and plausible veneer, is out of place in a romance of this kind. Therefore the latter half of the novel is unsatisfying, critically considered, though we do not think this will make any difference to its appeal with the public for which it is intended. If only for the vivid impressions of Cornwall at its best, the book is worth reading; but we must warn those who do not know the "Delectable Duchy" that there are other aspects of the county. For example, it can rain there sometimes; and not all of its inhabitants are engaged in cultivating beautiful gardens and beautiful sentiments!

PUPPETS OF FATE. By Selwyn Jepson. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The title is not altogether a happy one, for the force which drives Paul Harper and Joyce Churchill on a series of wild adventures is less fate than the definite will of their best friend who hopes, by putting them into unusual situations, to bring out forces which he believes to be latent in Paul's character. Paul is a dreamer and Joyce is a girl of action and keen business instinct, and when Paul proposes she tells him that he is not the man whom she can love, but she wishes he were. An attempt to steal an important patent from Joseph Harper, Paul's father, who is a steel magnate, sets the ball of adventure rolling, for both Paul and Joyce are keenly interested in Joseph's schemes. Thenceforward events somewhat resemble the



Mr. Sidney Hastings Webb, whose successful humorous novel, "Deedles" (Sampson Low) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

energetic film performances in which one always flies and others pursue, and we get a medley of motor-cars and ships, of pistols and fisticuffs, of assaults and rescues. The reader is called upon to tremble for Paul's

life several times, and on reaching the end of the story many will doubt whether one man could have survived all the battering which fell to the hero's share. We are sure that Mr. Selwyn Jepson enjoyed writing this story, and that readers, especially if they are young, will enjoy reading it.

The Bookman's Table.

FRENCH ESSAYS AND PROFILES. By Stuart Henry. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Most of the papers in this volume are of transatlantic origin. They are all the more interesting for that. The American view of France is likely to be—at least in some respects—keener than the English. Mr. Stuart Henry's interest is certainly keen, and it is expressed in a series of papers covering very wide ground. He leads off with a full-length study of Leconte de Lisle, and follows with an excellent account of the Nodier *salon*, the source and spring of much that gave the Romanticism of the thirties its peculiar character. The third paper breaks new ground, and discusses the great era of the French ballet, beginning with Taglioni who, with Elssler, Grisi and Cerrito, danced in the forties a *pas de quatre* that some of us can recall as the theme of ecstasy on the part of some very elderly gentlemen who appeared old enough to know better. Indeed, to persons young in the nineties, and familiar with what were called "ballets" at the Alhambra and Empire and Covent Garden, it seemed easily possible to overpraise that kind of entertainment; but then came the Russians—Pavlova, Karsavina and the matchless Nijinsky—and we learned to be tolerant of the old boys who had raved about the *pas de quatre*. Some of us will rave about "The Spectre of the Rose." Mr. Stuart Henry's paper contains just enough description of technique to add to our interest in his essay and in the art it praises. The latter half of the volume contains a set of shorter sketches—"kit-cats from life" we might call them, for Mr. Stuart Henry knew many of his subjects personally. Here for instance are the two Dumas—the father, a great big rollicking spendthrift; the son, a careful, clever, witty Parisian. Here too are Loti, with his well-invested capital of exotics, and Gyp with her superfine stock of Parisian frivolities. Sardou, Mistral, Lemaître and others contribute their peculiar features and help to make up a volume of real interest. The matter is slight—there is nothing decisive or authoritative anywhere, but it is very pleasant reading. French people, French art and French views of life are always worth discussing; and Mr. Stuart Henry discusses them with a sense of their special flavour.



From "BRITISH SPORTING ARTISTS,"
By W. SHAW SPARROW
(John Lane).

THE WELSHMAN AND HIS SONS WITH ECLIPSE
(George Stubbs).

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1922.



From "CHISELSEA PORCELAIN,"
By WILLIAM KING
(Henn Brothers).

CERES
(From Lord and Lady Fisher's Collection).



From "CHELSEA PORCELAIN,"
By WILLIAM KING
(Benn Brothers).

MADONNA AND CHILD
(Private Collection).



FOX-HUNTING EPISODE
(George Morland).

BROKEN SHADE. By John Helston. 5s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Although Mr. Helston has

"Dreamed of the great dawns that woke
The marble from the mine
Into the white Greek women;
Of groves—among the pine
And ilex dark, the sea-fogs cloak,
That drip Ægean brine"—

the land which he knows most intimately lies far north of the isles of Greece. His spiritual and, one fancies, his natal home is where the Cumbrian fells look over Solway and the Roman wall, a country of bleak and misty uplands, of lonely valleys and moorland streams like that "wild Croglan water" which is:

"Bonny from the peat and brown
As the light on the barking otter
In warm brackens lower down."

He knows and sings this country in all its moods, and the wayward music, the "broken shade" of his verse is an apt mirror of its changing beauties and eternal majesties. He peoples it, too, with the authentic folk of the fells and dales, and turns the flashlight of imagination on to their hard and simple lives. He is not at his best, however, in narrative, for though his sense of the dramatic is strong, in the sustained development of a theme he grows wilfully tortuous and elliptical. It is in the instantaneous revelation of essentials that he comes nearest to excellence. His gift, that is to say, is lyrical; and he has, very intensely, that feeling of the mystical unity of man and the earth without which nature poetry is but topography in masquerade. Nor is that the only unity of which he is aware. The indissoluble bond of past and present is his recurrent preoccupation, and the ultimate oneness of the different modes of our apprehension finds beautiful and explicit expression in the poem specifically called "A Unity." The spirit wells in Mr. Helston's poetry, crystal-clear yet with a tang and a tincture of the peat, like the springs of his own north country.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN. By Grace Ellison. 2s. 6d. net. (Philpot.)

One is inclined to think that Miss Ellison's book, though ably written, has been written too soon—but possibly if the writing of it had been deferred it might never have been written at all. The author anticipates, rather than chronicles, the results of the advance of woman into public life; she has not given human nature time to adapt itself to the new order of things. What have women done in the House of Commons she wants to know; though it is difficult to imagine the transformation she expects two women to bring about in something under four years. Enough that the embargo upon women has been broken down; evolution must be allowed to run its course, and the only effect such a treatise as this is likely to have is to spur women forward in the fight for liberty—that old fight of to-morrow against to-day, with to-morrow always on the winning side. What use for Mrs. Ellison to say women may not enter into competition with man? If the contest is as unequal as she affirms there will be no competition and the feminine antagonist will sink to her old levels; but no amount of argument will persuade woman that she may not compete—nothing but defeat and the inability to achieve; the proof must be left to time. Most thinking women, and many thinking men, will resent the tone of this discourse, and, while agreeing in certain particulars, will disagree with the main trend of it. They will nevertheless admit that much thought and experience are behind the writing of it, and for this reason it deserves earnest consideration.

THE KING. By Karl Rosner. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The author of this remarkable psychological study of the ex-German Emperor takes for his text or rather *leitmotiv* the example of Hamlet, although perhaps there was really more of Macbeth in the character of the Imperial War Lord than that of the melancholy Dane. We see a strange, vacillating war-like figure, at one moment flushed with victory and then the inevitable result—spectral fears,

doubts and misgivings. William is not by any means the strong figure he was continually represented to his people, but the pathetic puppet of a colossal play. We see him here in his stark reality during the decisive days of the summer of 1918, still frantically clinging to a purblind faith in his "divine authority," a gambler watching the last throw of the dice. Slowly he begins to realise his real position, and the picture Rosner draws of the War Lord's final despair and disillusion is a poignant one. As Viscount Haldane makes clear in his introduction the ex-Kaiser was not merely "bluffed" by the war chiefs who led him and Germany on to disaster, he, like the Czar of Russia, was literally choked by the Byzantine atmosphere that clung to him and his throne. Miss Blake's translation is an excellent piece of work.

SOCIETY SENSATIONS. By Charles Kingston. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Charles Kingston's books are easily compiled. Having decided on what *causes célèbres* he will disinter and re-exhibit, it only remains to consult the contemporary newspaper reports, and possibly some books of memoirs, and make a *précis* of the whole. That is not to say his books are dull and needless. The frailties of humanity are of unending interest—otherwise the writers of memoirs and published diaries would have but a poor market—and the annals of scandal generally present a moral to adorn the tale. In his latest book Mr. Kingston relates some famous cases of the nineteenth century. The most remarkable is the Mordaunt divorce case, which caused an amazing sensation in 1870, owing to the fact that the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII) was involved in it, and appeared in court to deny that he had committed adultery with Lady Mordaunt—a beautiful girl in the early twenties, and one of the eight daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe. Lady Mordaunt had made a confession of guilt with several men in addition to the Prince of Wales, and it was eventually decided that she was insane. Even more tragic perhaps was the case of Sir Charles Dilke, which involved the ruin of the most able member of the Liberal Party. Here, again, the man was involved by the confession of the alleged erring wife, Mrs. Crawford. The divorce case of Lord and Lady Colin Campbell involves the mention of many notable people. Mr. Kingston is mainly concerned with matrimonial troubles, and his sixteen cases include those of Edwin Forrest, the actor; Lord William Lennox and Mary Paton, the actress; Lord Waterford and Mrs. Vivian; Lord Euston; and Lord Elgin, of "Marbles" fame. A cynic would describe this book as a warning against marriage and women in general.

A FAMILY OF DECENT FOLK. By M. Mansfield. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The family in question is that of the Lanfredini of Florence. The first records of their doings seem to start with the twelfth century, and in 1225 they were established in Borgo San Jacopo. A tradition gave them Roman origin and the Orsini as their parent stock. In the fourteenth century they began to be prominent in the life of Florence, one of them being elected Prior in 1309, and his brother appears as a partner in the great banking firm of Bardi, the Papal treasurers. The present historian thinks that the family moved about this time to the Via Santo Spirito, and that there is still a trace of the fourteenth century building in the Lanfredini Palace of to-day. This palace was really the starting point of the present volume. It has been overlooked in all that has been written about Florence, especially as it was recently an hotel—the Palace Hotel Lung' Arno Guicciardini—then a military hospital, then left vacant. Beautiful mural decorations passed unnoticed until chance brought them to the eye of the author who believed them to be the work of Pollaiuolo. Research put into his hands a complete dossier of Lanfredini data from the earliest times to their extinction in 1741. From these were drawn the present records which show the family's history interwoven with all the wonderful pageant of the life of Florence throughout the great centuries.

Music.

CHRISTMAS AND THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.

IF spring be the poet's season, summer is certainly the composer's most fruitful time. It is true that we have in music, Spring Songs in plenty—"Frühlingsmorgen," "Au printemps," "Frühlingsrauschen,"

"Im Frühling," "Frühlingstrost," and so on; but altogether they are but a drop in the ocean of music which—tragic or comic, pensive or ecstatic, consoling or exciting—nearly all owes its conception to summer-time. The great symphonies of Brahms, Beethoven, Elgar, Tchaikovsky, to



Handel,

from a picture in the possession of His Majesty at Windsor.

mention four composers only, were all born in summer, and indeed, when composers cannot find summer enough in their own country, they fly southward, as did Wagner to Italy and Saint-Saëns to Africa, to prolong their productive period.

It might not then appear that there is much for us to consider under our seasonable title; but, without any special research, there is quite enough music on the subject of Christmas to supply a dozen articles instead of one.

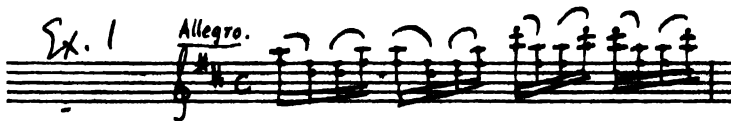
Christmas is a homely as well as a universal subject, and there are certain composers who may be called home-lovers rather than nature-lovers. It is to them we must chiefly look for our Christmas material. Bach was a home-lover; Beethoven a nature lover; Handel both. No greater lover of good cheer is to be found in the whole history of music than Handel. Did he not order dinner for six persons, and then tell the tardy servant that he himself was "de company"! But this is to put the pagan view of Christmas first.

One of our very greatest English composers was Henry Purcell, who was born fifty years before Handel came to England. Purcell died a young man of thirty-seven, and we have only his famous choral ode—"A Yorkshire Feast Song"—to bear witness to his fine capability of dealing with Yuletide joy. Besides, one must either love children or have the ability to become as a child, for the Christmas bells to call forth the music from within. How impossible this is to some people is evidenced by Edgar Allan Poe's heartless dictum—"children are never too tender to be whipped; like tough beef steaks, the more we whip them the more tender they become." Rather must the composer approach the Christmas theme through the channel of Schumann's beloved poet, Jean Paul Richter, who held

that the smallest children are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

Handel had this childlike mind, or he could never have written the Christmas music to the "Messiah." The eleven numbers (eight to eighteen) dealing with the Nativity are the very best of the oratorio; for they demand natural, unsophisticated singing, and will not stand that hollow-sounding overload of emotion so frequently attempted by singers later on in the work. The effective plan of introducing the chorus "O thou that tellest good tidings" by an alto solo, Handel derived from his English predecessor, Purcell. Indeed, his was a kind of elongation of Purcell's art. The figure in "Behold darkness" is a frequent device for pathos with the Italian primitives. What are we to say about "The people that walked in darkness"? If there be one grudge harboured against the tender Mozart, it is that half a century later he should have piled a load of diminished sevenths on to this expressive air, a load which not all the abuse of people of taste will now induce conductors to remove. In the long chain of climaxes which is the chorus "For unto us a child is born," Handel reigns supreme in choral work.

The purely instrumental "Pastoral Symphony" is nearly always spoilt by reading the word *Larghetto* too literally. Christmas weather in Palestine is summer, and so Handel picked up a folk-tune from a Calabrian shepherd's piping, and set it down here. The music should gently rock like a Sicilian boat-song, nothing more. Of the Brahmsian *innerer Klang* which people strive so unsuccessfully to put into it, Handel knew nothing. For this reason, the treble recitative and air, "There were shepherds," comes best from a boy's voice. The bowed figures in No. 16 are rarely



sufficiently clipped; they were well-known symbols for angels' wings in the Italian primitive music, which arose from the miracle and mystery plays. All the magical wonder of the chorus "Glory to God" is lost by the non-observance of Handel's direction—*Lontano* (in the distance), an infinitely finer idea than the usual outburst on the first note. I never heard my ideal rendering of the Nativity Music from the "Messiah" till last Christmas. Then I witnessed a modern morality play in a small Hertfordshire town, and the Christmas numbers from Handel's "Messiah" were performed behind the stage by a small band and chorus. Never before had the music conveyed so much of its unearthly beauty to me.*

* "The Coming of the Child." By G. C. Holland. (Mardon Bros., Bishop's Stortford.)

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How many people know that Bach wrote a "Christmas Oratorio"? It contains some of his very finest music and some of his very poorest. It is a cyclic work in six separate parts, intended solely for church use. It consists of airs, recitatives and choruses, interspersed with chorales for the congregation, and sacred madrigals for a select choir. When Bach was seeking the appointment of Church Composer to the Court of King Augustus of Saxony, he sought to ingratiate himself with his royal patrons by writing some secular cantatas. One was "The Choice of Hercules," another a "Musical Drama" in honour of the queen. The "Choice of Hercules" was composed for the birthday of an electoral prince; the "Dramma per Musica" in honour of the birthday of the Queen of Saxony (December 8th, 1733). The inspiration of Bach must at all times have flowed quickly and freely, and he must have thought the splendid things which went into these *pièces d'occasion* far too good to lose. So the finest numbers reappeared in the "Christmas Oratorio." The most notable transference is the exquisite slumber-song, "Schlafe, mein Liebster." A thing so tender, Bach must have dreamed over the cot of one of his own children; for it is a peasant's cradle-song. Transferred to the "Christmas Oratorio," it becomes the song crooned by the Virgin over the Holy Child in the manger-bed, and as such it has become widely known as one of the loveliest of all cradle-songs.

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" supplies several of those many puzzling cases of borrowing and transferring of pieces, so common in the works of Handel, Bach and Beethoven; cases so intriguing to the self-esteem of those critics who are conscientious enough to build up for themselves a theory of musical aesthetics. Rather than readjust their theory, they prefer to shrug their shoulders at what they consider Bach's and Handel's regrettable deflections from the path of rectitude and conscientiousness. It never seems to strike them that any other way is possible. A theory which pleases me mightily is that all the music which has ever been composed was already existent in the air, and that all the music that will be composed is already there also. A composer arrives with the senses tuned to hear some of this cosmic music, and he puts it down in notes. Another may have heard it also, or he may have heard it in connection with some other subject apparently entirely unrelated. He cannot help it. Down it goes on his paper, a little more of the elusive beauty of the universe captured, registered and preserved for the sons of men.

And so it happens that Bach's "Pastoral Symphony of the Shepherds" is as little understood as Handel's. The motives of strings and flutes are those invariably used to represent angels' wings, and if we slightly emphasise the contrast between these and the group of four oboes having a theme of their own, we at once perceive Bach's idea of the shepherds—angels' music descending and making descant with that of the shepherds. Truly Bach's sublime music has yet to come into its own kingdom.

We must pass on to Mendelssohn, who has, however, treated us rather poorly as regards Christmas music. When staying in London with his friends, the Benicks,

at Denmark Hill, in June, 1842, he wrote two little pieces for the piano, to which he added four others later on, sending them to the Benicks as a Christmas present. They hence acquired the title in England of "Christmas Pieces," but are not particularly distinctive and are somewhat uneven in character. Far different are the "Christmas Pieces" of Niels Gade, the Norwegian composer. They have fine musical material and are well suited to the fingers of juvenile pianists.

One has to look far into Brahms's music to find anything to our present purpose; but in the "Volkskinderlieder," arranged for the children of Robert and Clara Schumann, we find such delightful songlets as "The Little Sandman" and the quaint "Hunting Song" in which the Angel of the Annunciation is represented as blowing his horn. Nor is Schumann much more musically responsive to the call of Christmas bells. Yet the "Carnaval" (*Op.* 9), with its seventeenth century "Grandfather's Dance" (a much favoured end-of-the-party children's tune), is full of Yuletide spirit. So too are the numbers marked "Mit Humor" in the "Davidbündlertänze" (*Op.* 6). How charming too are the "Cradle Song" and the "Slumber Song" from the "Album Leaves" for piano (*Op.* 124)! It is not generally known that Berlioz's only attempt at an oratorio was "L'Enfance du Christ." Very little is known about it, except that between the years 1840–1844 he wrote three parts of it—"The Song of Herod," "The Flight into Egypt" and "The Arrival at Sais."

Far better Christmas music is to be found in the "Christmas Songs" by Peter Cornelius. He was the friend of Wagner and, like him, believed in writing his own words for his music. These six songs are published by Schott, with an English translation. The first three are the best, the third having an old carol played organ-wise, whilst the voice is free.

Liszt's oratorio "Christus" is only known by the instrumental "Pastorale," the "Procession of the Eastern Kings," and a Papal chorus, "Tu es Petrus," occasionally played on the organ. It was written when Liszt was living what he called a *vie trifurquée*, divided between Budapest, Weimar and Rome, with the Italian city as his head-quarters. The Hungarian government, in order to ensure Liszt's presence in their capital for part of the year, created for him the presidency of an institution which did not then exist, but afterwards became the Academy of Music. "Christus" was performed there in 1873, when the Magyars celebrated the master's jubilee with intensely patriotic demonstrations.

Sir Hubert Parry's "Ode on the Nativity," to fifteenth century words by William Dunbar, is a good specimen of English choral art. Dunbar was a preaching Friar who afterwards entered the service of James IV of Scotland. "He is at times as rich in fancy and colour as Spenser; as shrewd and coarse as Chaucer; as pious and devotional as Cowper; and as wildly grotesque in satire as Burns." The "Ode" of course is in the Cowperian vein. Parry has set it for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, and Miss Dorothy Silk made a deep impression as soloist in it at the Leeds Festival in October.

By far the most ambitious Christmas piece of late years is the "Christmas Mystery" by Philip Wolfrum, of Heidelberg, published by Breitkopf in 1899 with

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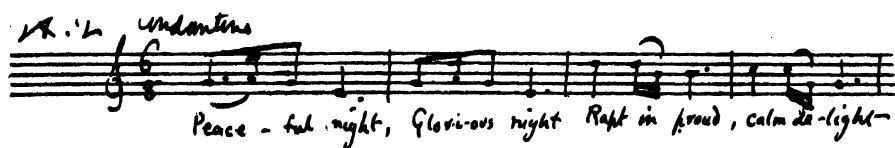
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English words. This is an oratorio which can be played on a stage, the characters taking their own solo parts, and the chorus, grouped behind, carrying on the narration. The work is genuinely conceived in the folk-song spirit, but thoroughly "worked out" (*durchkomponiert*, the Germans call it) after the manner of an oratorio or an opera.

But for British people Wolfram's "Christmas Mystery" has been totally eclipsed by Rutland Boughton's choral drama, "Bethlehem" (published by Curwen & Sons). The libretto was adapted from the Coventry Nativity Play, and the work was first performed on December 28th, 1915, at Street, Somerset, during the Christmas Festival of the Glastonbury School. The composer has caught up the spirit of the old words in the right folk-song key, by making considerable use of the mediæval modes; never, however, in so remote a manner as to lose touch with modern audiences. The work is full of a strange yet simple beauty, and has something of that unexplainable thrill which the plays of Barrie always give us. War-time difficulties evidently stood in the way of productions of this work. It should now be performed more and more widely every year. It will be given at Bournemouth just before Christmas and also by the Streatham Philharmonic Society (with Miss Dorothy Silk in the part of the Virgin Mary) at Battersea on December 28th, 29th and 30th, and at Streatham on January 5th and 6th. I strongly advise all my readers not to miss any opportunity of becoming acquainted with the work. So far as I know, it will only be done in its cantata form. This of course will be a loss, but this half-loaf will be much better than no bread at all, when it is made of such good material.

And now as our hasty survey approaches more nearly to our own times, the supply of Christmas pieces becomes more numerous, but no better in quality, though smaller in scale. Grieg has a "Christmas Song" in his "Minia-tures." The song "Bethlehem" of Gounod hardly needs mention. In France, the famous "Noël" of Adolphe Adam outstrips it in popularity. There is a lovely Tyrolese Christmas song, "Peaceful Night," set as a charming little piano piece by Max Reger, under the title of a "Christmas Dream" (Augener).



For pianists there are also the Reinecke pieces (*Op.* 46, 147) and the Tschaikovsky easy pieces for children (*Op.* 37, 39, 40), a "Christmas Album" by Zilcher and the lovely little "Litany of Jesus" by Gabriel Grovlez, which has also been arranged as a song.

Vaughan Williams has composed a "Fantasia on Christmas Carols" for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra (Stainer & Bell), and the "Antiphon" (No. 5) of his "Mystical Songs" (published by the same firm) with its joyous peals of bells, makes a magnificent Christmas piece for a singer with a medium range.

Gustav Holst's "Hymn of Jesus," performed at the Three Choirs Festival last year, is a kind of mystical

Christmas work. It is set in the most modern musical idiom to words translated from the apocryphal Acts of St. John. This short cantata is remarkable for the boldness of its conception, its extraordinary harmonic effects and its striking application of five beats in a bar to secure a kind of mystical spirit-dance.

Among the modern British music there is an exquisite little movement, called "The Holy Boy" in John Ireland's "Four Preludes" for piano (Rogers), which has also been arranged as a song. Arnold Bax's lovely setting of a fifteenth century carol, "Of a Rose I sing a Song" (for a small but intelligent choir, with a harp, a cello and a double bass) is one of the most beautiful things in all music. He has also composed a setting, for unaccompanied double-choir, of a Balliol College MS. carol, beginning:

"Fair maiden, who is this bairn,
That thou carried in thine arm"—

with a delicious refrain, "Mater ora filium."

I shall be told, however, that some of these composers hardly come under the title of Great Composers, but let them but continue to wax stronger and grow in favour, and they will have amply proven their title before many more Christmas numbers of THE BOOKMAN have appeared.

ENGLISH SONGS FROM PARIS.

BY HERMAN KLEIN.

It must surely be a rare occurrence for a Paris firm of music publishers to bring out a group of English songs; rarer still, if not wholly unprecedented, when there are no fewer than twenty-six of them in the group, and not a single one is provided—or I should perhaps say burdened—with a French translation. At first glance it looked rather mysterious, this production *en gros* of a large collection of vocal pieces in separate sheet-music form, by a composer whose Anglo-Saxon name of Reginald C. Robbins is unfamiliar on this side of the Channel. The key to the mystery was not, however, far to seek. A little inquiry quickly enabled an interested reviewer to learn enough for his purpose. Mr. Reginald Robbins, it appears, is not an Englishman, but an American (a vocalist probably), who has resided for some time in Paris and who, whatever his gift for composition, can at least lay claim to a laudably fastidious taste in his choice of words for setting to music. Whether these songs represent a first attempt is not altogether clear. In some respects they seem to; in others they display a certain facility of handling that points to experience. In either case it may be regarded as a favourable omen when a Paris firm with the repute of Maurice Senart (20 Rue du Dragon) accepts responsibility for such a venture.

The whole of these twenty-six songs are written for bass or baritone, the voice part being printed—as indeed it always should be when so designed—in the bass clef. The first thing that strikes one on looking down the list of titles, enumerated on every copy, is the selection of the poets who have furnished the musician with his texts. In addition to the Bible (Psalms) we perceive the distinguished names (I quote them as they come) of Robert Bridges, Longfellow, R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Laurence Binyon, Keats and Coleridge; not to mention Margaret L. Woods, Alice Meynell, Helen M. Seymour, David Morton, W. H. Davies and Christopher Smart. Such a formidable array is calculated to arouse curiosity, if not anxiety, at the outset. It may be as much a source of danger as of strength and inspiration; for if the daring novice prove himself

insufficiently equipped to rise with fairly consistent success to the level of his theme, then is the non-success of his effort the more palpable and disastrous.

It will be remembered that Sixtus Beckmesser of Nuremberg thought his principal obstacle surmounted when he discovered (and appropriated) the newly-improvised poem of Walter von Stolzing, which he found lying upon Hans Sachs's table. His feeling in the matter of song-writing was that the poet's was by far the harder job of the two; that so long as he could secure the verbal material to work upon the rest was easy. His particular gift was not of the poetic order; but, when it came to setting lines of music, he possessed a nice little tune of his own which he thought he could fit to anything under the sun, with the requisite variety of rhythm and treatment for making it appear in the guise of a separate and distinct creation. In a word, he had hit upon a "formula," and with it, like the discoverer of a patent medicine or the old masters' method of mixing colours, he expected to win fame and fortune.

Mr. Reginald Robbins may not have followed absolutely in the footsteps of Beckmesser; but his plan, consciously or unconsciously, is similar. He is less rigid, less orthodox; he has greater resource. But unfortunately he paints all his poetry and verse with the same musical brush; he maintains his family likeness to the verge of monotony. His method or formula, apart from this, has some commendable features. It is agreeably free from complication or over-elaboration. He does not trouble about introductory preludes, but plunges forthwith *in medias res*. The stranger the metre, the more difficult the scansion of the line, the stronger the appeal of the verse seems to be. One can imagine Mr. Robbins declaiming his words, and then reproducing vocally the exact accent and stress of his declamation. He is not striving after a tune or a bit of broad melody, being innocent of aught so commonplace. He is endeavouring to follow the rhythm of the language in its pulsation rather than in its sense, and he accomplishes it by wandering vaguely up and down the scale, by repetitions of the same notes, or by intervals that intrigue but do not interest.

Take as an example No. 1, a setting of Robert Bridges' "A Passer By." The voice begins by declaiming:

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,"

uttered in triplets and repeated quavers down the scales of C minor and E minor; then threading its way up again, in and out, flirting with this key and that, meandering on for bar after bar, reaching no sort of climax, and scarce pausing for the singer to take breath until two-thirds of the poem has been completed. Meanwhile what of the accompaniment? It keeps up a rhythmical burden of its own, with a certain amount of harmonic colouring remotely suggesting the "atmosphere" of the poetry, supporting the voice, but not, it is to be feared, adding a very appreciable contribution to the beauty of the song as a whole. Each performs its solemn share of the allotted task; neither voice nor pianoforte, however, penetrates deeply enough to get to the heart of the story. The result is therefore unsatisfying.

This sample may be taken as more or less typical of the entire series. What Mr. Robbins's music mainly lacks is not cleverness but imagination—a quality for which no amount of technical skill (were it even there to praise) or of conscientious endeavour can possibly atone; least of all, perhaps, in the delicate, complex art of song-writing.

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revolutionary become a somewhat outworn convention, and the art that we regarded as audaciously futurist become a commonplace of the present? All my days I have watched these things taking place before my eyes and ears—yet for the life of me I cannot define exactly how they happened. Music is termed "undated"; and some of the noblest music that we know, say the great Bach Mass, and the Ninth Symphony, convey no air of antiquity, being "not for an age, but for all time." But it is only the lesser stars which pale their brightness before the appearance of new and greater ones, and which unquestionably date themselves. The planets roll upon their way undimmed. . . .

Yet 'tis we musicians know how horribly conservative we are, how jealous and tenacious of established reputations. Intolerance is the badge of all our tribe, and you will find it exemplified right back through the centuries: from the *cognoscenti* who looked askance at John Sebastian, to the Parisian critics who turned down "Faust" as being devoid of melody and destitute of merit. And I myself can remember how the heterodox name of Wagner might not be mentioned at the Royal Academy of Music, save with bated breath *sub rosa*.

The moral of all this is, that one should not only be tender towards the past, and discriminative in the present, but should "greet the future with a cheer."

The name of Chaminade suggests (though happily the gifted lady is still among us) a period now seeming really distant—the period of her early popularity, some twenty-five years ago, when "The Silver Ring" was in everybody's repertory. And the charm which exhales from these five songs of hers, is somewhat the charm of a faded flower, still sweet—of odours which, in Shelley's phrase, "live within the sense they quicken." "Madrigal" is a dainty, delicate little song, full of grace and melody. (The words are characteristic of the late Clifton Bingham: for they contain—as customary with him—an allusion to rain, which does not occur in the original French.) Much the same remarks apply to "Gems," delightfully pretty and tuneful: and to "I would believe," and to "My Heart Sings." The French gaiety and spontaneity of these compositions are very inspiring: and Mme. Chaminade's fount of fluent melody, of singable quality, never fails her. "Berceuse" appeals to me less than these others; but this is only personal predilection. The volume would be a welcome gift to any light soprano: for although the contents are not of the most modern, they are none the less attractive for that.

Sir Landon Ronald's "Vignettes" may be considered as favourable specimens of present-day song-writing—good sound stuff, well in sympathy with the words—the work of an expert hand. "Ask me not, Dear," with its thoughtful setting of Laurence Binyon's lines—"O, Falmouth is a Fine Town," a robust rendering of Henley's popular verses—"When the Leaves are Fallen," simple and effective—all are easily within the reach of amateur vocalists and accompanists—each will afford pleasure to the hearers. But far and away the best of the "Vignettes" is No. 4, "The Rushes," where a lyric by Francis Ledwidge, "the Irish Burns," is treated with a blend of breadth and subtlety which result in a very fine song. The monotonous nodding of the rushes, gradually accelerated as they yield up their secret—the mysterious appearance of the "fairy girl out of Leinster"—the burst of passionate ecstasy in which the whole thing culminates—these traits reveal Sir Landon Ronald at his most admirable.

The compositions of Arnold Bax trend towards the ultra-modern; and although "A Lullaby" has moments of romantic beauty, its restless tonality is perturbing. One imagines that the composer has told himself, "Hundreds and hundreds of lullabies have been written—each of them, as a rule, exponent of childlike simplicity and maternal sweetness. Mine shall not be a bit like any one of them." Hence, the maternal feeling is not conspicuous: the simplicity is absent; and the queer unfamiliar sweetness which certainly is in evidence, is bewildering to

anybody who has ever loved a little child. I do not decry this cradle-song: but it is, in my opinion, remote from ordinary human experience.

Eugène Goossens' "Silence" confronts us with the undeniably ultra-modern, at the point where it verges on the futuristic: an art whose theory is apparently to create an impression at all costs. I believe, myself, that this art has illimitable possibilities; that, as yet awhile, we are hardly qualified to be recipient of it: that some day we shall look back from its heights upon our present-day and past-years music, as one might look back upon "Thank you, pretty Cow" and "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star," from Wordsworth's "Immortality" ode, or from the "Grecian Urn" of Keats. . . . But I don't believe most of us can either understand or properly appraise it from our immediate standpoint. At any rate "Silence" can scarcely be criticised apart from its orchestration, for it is obvious that a pianoforte-and-vocal score can do it scant justice, in a case where orchestral colour is of vital import. It is descriptive, yet it is not "programme music": it is immensely clever, yet it runs counter to all one's preconceived opinions. It undermines ancient prejudices, it opens out new vistas: and the old-fashioned person will agree with Sir George Henschel, "What a golden age for the young composer—no form, no rules, no nothing!"

"Lycidas," Matthew Arnold wrote, "is the touchstone of taste: the eighteenth century criticism could not make anything of it. The very form of the poem is a stumbling-block to the common-sense critic. . . . Indeed, so high is the poetic note here reached, that the common ear fails to catch it." We have in music no such "touchstone of taste," because music is an evolutionary art still in its infancy, and because our tastes, as I have already indicated, continually shift and vary from generation to generation. But it strikes one as just possible that, in times to come, "Silence" might be regarded as, on its own lines, some sort of similar touchstone.

WITH HIS LUTE.*

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Are we getting back towards Merrie England? There was once a time when common Englishmen appreciated good English poetry when they heard it, and enjoyed good English music when they heard it. Then elegant and superior persons, aided and abetted later on by certain Germans, robbed the common Englishman of his birth-right, made poetry an affair of Garden Suburbs and music a preserve for the better classes. But times are changing. Shakespeare, whose word-music is a wonder of the world, is coming back as a spoken thing, and the Shakespearean composers, founders of keyboard music and masters of the madrigal, are rapidly being rediscovered.

For this latter gift we are indebted very deeply to Dr. Fellowes. Dr. R. R. Terry has been the apostle of English sacred song; Dr. Fellowes has been the apostle of English secular song. To his volumes of the English madrigalists he has now begun to add volumes of the English Lutenists—those who wrote music to delightful poems and made accompaniments thereto on the lute. The presentation of the text is perfect. First we get the original form of each song, the melody or cantus-part being given, with the lute-tablature and barring beneath it. To enable this to be read, Dr. Fellowes has transcribed quite literally the lute part into the terms of modern notation. Thus the original form of the song is given as completely and helpfully as possible. But we get more than that. Each song is presented as well in a modern version, with the accompaniment expanded for the piano and the bars placed in accordance with modern usage. Surely, no editor of old music has ever been so capiously helpful as well as so scrupulously scholarly!

The two volumes we have received are Francis Pilkington's "First Book of Songs or Airs" (1605) and John "The English School of Lutenist Song Writers." Transcribed, Scored and Edited from the Original Editions by Edmund Horace Fellowes, M.A., Mus. Doc. Two Parts, 6s. net each. (Winthrop Rogers.)

Dowland's "Second Book of Aires" (1600). Each volume is produced with creditable care, and the series should attract not only the musician but the bookman. There is no poet whose references to music are so affectionate and "knowledgeable" as Shakespeare's; and surely no lover of Shakespeare would willingly turn away from songs that he must have known and might have sung! In themselves

they are exquisite examples of the right words fitted to the right notes. They are lyric achievements of which Englishmen may justly be proud:

"If music and sweet poetry agree"—

Well, here they are in concord sweet enough to have satisfied Shakespeare himself.

The Drama.

THE UBIQUITOUS THEATRE.*

The glamour of Mr. Punch is not yet exhausted. This little play on him, by Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell, was produced by the Grand Guignol early in its career—not as a shocker, but as a sample of that grotesquery on which the theatre equally prided itself. Was there



Mr. Reginald Arkell,

joint author with Mr. Russell Thorndike of "The Tragedy of Mr. Punch" (Duckworth).

some thought of laughing over the late decline of earthly pomps and principalities? Punch is invested with the Order of the Big Stick: "They think I'm going to do the same as Mr. Scaramouch—lend it to a blind beggar, the silly fool." "You might do much worse with it," says the eternal wife-mother. "I'm going to do

much worse with it. . . . Shan't copy Mr. Scaramouch. The Big Stick means nothing, eh? I'll show 'em! They've given me the power; I'm going to use it. I'll show 'em who's master. . . . Mayor! I'll be Emperor!" Or was the allegory nearer home? "It's my belief he doesn't like being laughed at," the Showman says. "He wants to frighten us and he can't. And the more they laugh, the more angry he gets —" Self-satire was heard more than once from the Grand Guignol stage. But Mr. Punch is older than all this, and it is better to accept the play as a restatement of that old simple allegory of the theatre, the Big Noise Frustrated—the ultimate triumph of human laughter over the Pistols and Bobadils of every country and age. Barrie sounded the same note fantastically in "Peter Pan": "They force the Baby to be Hook!" fumes his indignant pirate. And the exquisite tenderness of Richard Middleton saw Guy Fawkes so:

"For I am but a tale of long ago—
The brief remembrance of a brave man's shame,
Which is become a little childish game
That babies' feet can dance in, all aglow.
And so I pass . . ."

This is the inner meaning of the Punch parable, the "something more than meets the eye" to which the Showman refers. The street-puppet man has somewhat crudified it; now this Grand Guignol play restores it to its ancient place.

Whether by coincidence or cunning design of the Editor, the same messenger brought me another play derived from the Pulcinella tradition—Goldoni's "Liar," produced at Mantua in 1750, now translated and illustrated by Grace and Claude Lovat Fraser, respectively. But "The Liar" follows the tradition at a pretty far distance. There are some ghosts of the *commedia dell'arte*—Arlecchino, Brighella, Pantalone, Il Dottore—but they are no longer the life and soul of the plot: unless indeed we see in the Liar himself Big-Stick's successor. Lelio inherits Big-Stick's

* "The Tragedy of Mr. Punch." 3s. 6d. (Duckworth).—"The Liar." 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount).—"The Chinese Theatre." 21s. (John Lane.)

ephemeral power, but not the Big-Stick method. Call him Big-Noise, if you will, a hero of intellectual rather than physical truculence, whose pride leads no less inevitably to the same kind of fall—Goldoni is nothing if not moralist. The old type has evolved into a clash of wits, no longer of cudgels. Molière is the dramatist with whom one makes instinctive comparison, and I had all but exhibited my ignorance by calling Goldoni an Italian Molière—but look where my abridgment comes! Mr. Gordon Craig, writing a preface in that late-Craigian style which never seems able to make up its mind between finikin delicacy and sledge-hammer aphorism, warns me that this is precisely what I must not do. For Goldoni, "much as he was devoted to the theatre, was never of it." A Venetian Pepys, one gathers: a respectable bourgeois little gentleman, with all the informed interest of the scholar-dilettante, none of the artist's fire. Mr. Craig's tiny preface gives you the man, clear and human. So I will leave it at this—that if you like Molière's scamps and charlatans, you will like Goldoni. He has the same easy wit, narrowing and deepening his characters into types rather than rounding them into individuals; he is more realistic in low life than high; and his plot twists and turns about on the flimsiest pretexts, because he is always more concerned to entertain than to convince. In the late illustrator of "The Beggar's Opera" he finds a happy interpreter, the scenic head-pieces being especially good. And the translation is above the average.

My third book takes me far enough afield from France, England and Italy. It is "The Chinese Theatre," a cosmopolitan volume written by Chu-Chia-Chien, translated by James A. Graham, prefaced and illustrated by Alexandre Jacovleff, and printed in Paris. If only they had bound it in American cloth or even morocco! But it is more gorgeous than that, a really magnificent book in a clear type on heavy paper. I had no thought of comparison-hunting when I took it up, yet on the third page of the preface I find comparison made between the Chinese theatre and what but our old friend, the *commedia dell'arte*! Like that Italian form, the writer tells us, Chinese folk-drama deals almost exclusively with conventional characters. It is akin to "the antique theatre, the mystery plays, the *commedia dell'arte*, to all forms of theatrical art which are not the expression of individual personality but the reflection of a race." It has changed little from the fourteenth century, and from the seventeenth not at all. It has a highly complicated ritual, but the simplest morality—plain black-and-white without half-tones, right *versus* might, vice punished and virtue suitably rewarded; Adelphi melodrama could go no further. We are given several typical plots, their themes being patriotism or treachery, ingratitude, the sanctity of family life, or the struggles of poor students (generals and literary men seem to be favourite heroes). Actors, too, are bound by the same rigid tradition, which they dare not break; they act as Tybalt fenced, by the book of arithmetic, and a very intricate arithmetic, too. Author and artist show them at their craft—training from boyhood under an aged professor; miming through their parts to the beat of music; painting grotesque futuristic make-ups over their faces and scalps; donning beards in whose presence the puny vocabulary of beaverdom goes instantly bankrupt. It is all quaint and ludicrous and yet strangely provocative; one feels

instinctively that this finished, delicate art is somewhere admirable, that it must have some quality of grace, force or dignity beyond what here appears—"more in it than meets the eye," as the Showman would say. This acting must have *style*, or it would long ago have perished. And the book's great fault is that it nowhere quite manages to reveal what that style is. Sometimes the illustrations almost give it; there are some ceremonial combats, some posturing characters, that are very suggestive. But the lack of motion cheats us, even here. The whole thing remains a Chinese puzzle—a complete mechanism, infinitely ingenious and fascinating, to which we have not the key. Maybe the film alone could reveal to us stay-at-home Westerners the Chinamen's secret.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

GALSWORTHY'S PLAYS.*

One kisses one's mother's housemaid, not one's own. By the time the natural healthy man is of an age to keep a separate establishment, he has either outgrown illicit flirtation or has progressed to a more nicely calculated lasciviousness. John Builder does neither. His is an artificial strength of character, and in "A Family Man" it is mercilessly dissected. The French maid, his wife admits to him, may prove too attractive—but not to the manservant. His own daughters have seen through him years ago: "Do you remember when you used to come into the nursery," Maud stabs at him, "because Jenny was pretty? You think we didn't notice that . . . and in the schoolroom—Miss Tipton." He has an eye for the little servant at Athene's studio. And in due course he falls an easy if unwilling victim to Camille: no more than a kiss, indeed, "all over in two minutes, and I doing my utmost." But "the fact that you had to do your utmost is quite enough," retorts his wife; and the same damning fact is the key to the whole play. It is the old Shaw and Ibsen story of the "strong" man who lives by respectability, not by righteousness. Builder has no righteousness, only a code: his code allows him tyranny in his own home; it allows fits of passionate anger, and the browbeating of wife and daughters; it draws the line at actual infidelity, but by half-hearted hole-and-corner flirtation its letter remains unbroken; and as it has no spirit to break, its strange honour is satisfied. Hear Mrs. Knox on the same kind of morality in "Fanny's First Play": "If you have that (righteousness) in you, the spirit will set you free to do what you want and guide you to do right. But if you haven't got it, then you'd best be respectable and stick to the ways that are marked out for you; for you've nothing else to keep you straight." No more has Builder. When his machine-made respectability breaks down he will go to the devil—unless his wife saves him from that pilgrimage, returning Candida-like to meet his need. And yet the devil, one suspects, might have made a better man of John Builder than his wife is ever likely to do. He is a brand snatched untimely from quite promising coals, and one mistrusts his salvation. Singeing will hardly serve.

Mr. Galsworthy has a weakness for these pretty housemaids. Here is another one in "Windows," kissing the young son of the house this time, instead of the father. But young Johnny March has nothing in common with Builder. He is an idealist and, we are told, a poet, though his plentiful lack of humour makes his poetic future seem doubtful. He has "been through hell in the war" (from his Mess, no doubt), and his half-baked chivalry is caught on the rebound by the half-baked sociology of Faith Bly, a young housemaid who has just done two years for infanticide. If only Faith had been old Builder's daughter! A few early hidings, followed by reaction from the patriarchal regime, might then have made a woman of her as of Athene Builder. But no living creature could react from Bly, most pulpy of philosophers. He is the central character in the play—a window-cleaner, the futility of

* "Plays." By John Galsworthy. Fifth Series. 7s. (Duckworth.)

whose physical work is only equalled by that of his intellectual pretensions. 'Aigel, 'Aikel, and this Antichrist Neesha, what came in with the war, have given him mental indigestion; and it is quite evident (though Mr. Galsworthy strangely neglects to make this point) that the paternal oracle is at least as responsible for Faith's wrong-headedness as the prison experience to which she attributes it. The type is truly enough drawn; one met it in barracks, piquant at first until its novelty wore off, after that more devastatingly boring than the most brutal animalism the British army could show. Even Johnny gives him a wide berth: Johnny has been in the army! At the Court Theatre Mr. Thesiger was magnificent; one could have screamed with dismay at the sheer, moth-eaten, platitudinous boredom he achieved in the part. But for the fierce light of the stage such efforts are too subtle, and the part killed the play. Set a bore to catch a bore, and let a fellow-philosopher judge him: "Here is but dullness ratified" would not Holofernes say? "But for the elegance, facility and golden cadence of dramatic poesy, *caret!*"

"Loyalties" completes the volume. I have already written of it here, and as time pressed I had not intended even to reread it. But in a rash moment I turned a page or two—and good-bye to intentions. . . . They say reviewers grow callous to all books. Not to this kind!

THE SCANDAL. At the New Theatre.

Bad plays, as every actor knows, often inspire good acting. This play is bad enough, but of the wrong order of badness. There is abundance of good acting in it; Mr. Leslie Faber and Miss Rosina Filippi are both excellent—Mr. Faber throughout the evening, Miss Filippi in a part all too short. Of Miss Thorndike herself it is less easy to speak. She is very good indeed on the lines laid down by her part, that of a neurotic, harassed wife, fighting odds heroically on the verge of a nervous breakdown. No English actress beats her at this game; the question is whether the game is still worth her brilliant candle. At the Grand Guignol her variations of it were infinite; and if she now seem to be over-acting the old rôle, the Grand Guignol will no doubt be blamed. Unfairly, I think; true, a Grand Guignol season at Covent Garden might ruin any actress; in the small auditorium of the Little, however, crude themes could still be presented with artistic restraint. I should be more inclined to diagnose overwork as her present trouble. Overwork may have either of two evil effects on the artist. If it be overstudy, it leads to under-acting; the player is prepossessed with mere mnemonics and must needs leave the acting of a part to look after itself, with results patent to any student of repertory acting. Overwork in the sense of too many performances of well-studied parts has just the opposite effect; tired physically and artificially strung up, the artist slips into the easier way which is to broaden and crudify effects towards melodrama; that is to play everywhere for safety by a parade of emotions, and for simplicity by standardising the emotions themselves from part to part. Just now Miss Thorndike, I feel sure, is overworking herself in this second way. I saw "The Scandal," not on its first night, but after "Medea" had started and "The Cenci" had gone into rehearsal; and there were times, especially in the opening scenes, when Charlotte Fériel was usurped by the Colchian princess of the preceding *matinée*, as the disturbing ghost of an old friendship is said to have haunted Brutus on Philippi field. Miss Thorndike's history is one of untiring work—a much grimmer apprenticeship than is suspected by most of her admirers. May I, as one of the most ardent, implore her not now to overdo it, nor imperil the triumph which she has brought so deservedly within her grasp? As I write, Miss Thorndike's future arrangements are still unsettled. Mr. Lang returns to the New Theatre at Christmas, but it is hoped to continue the present season elsewhere. Lady Macbeth we have long anticipated. Has no one whispered Cleopatra?

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From *Six Idylls*
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS: 1870 to 1920.

Edited by ERNEST RHYS.

5 vols. 3s. net each. (Dent.)

For some years past the essay in England has been winning favour again, and there could be no more significant tribute to its increasing popularity than the publication, in these five splendidly produced little volumes,

Mr. Rhys for this new service he has rendered to lovers of English letters. He has not merely gone into the highways of the English essay—enabling us for ourselves to see very clearly the changing character of that great highway from the time of Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Walter Bagehot and Mark Pattison to the days of Mr. Middleton Murray and Mr. J. C. Squire—but he has also gathered some very welcome leaves from the less frequented



From *The Conquest of Mexico*
(Chatto & Windus).

which it is a pleasure merely to handle, of a representative selection of English essays printed during the last fifty years. Mr. Ernest Rhys, as was only to be expected of so catholic and discriminating a bookman, has done his work most admirably, and though no anthologist will ever satisfy everybody—"every one in the end," as Mr. Rhys himself says, "must stand on his own guard, and become his own anthologist"—he would be a very querulous critic indeed who would not express unqualified gratitude to

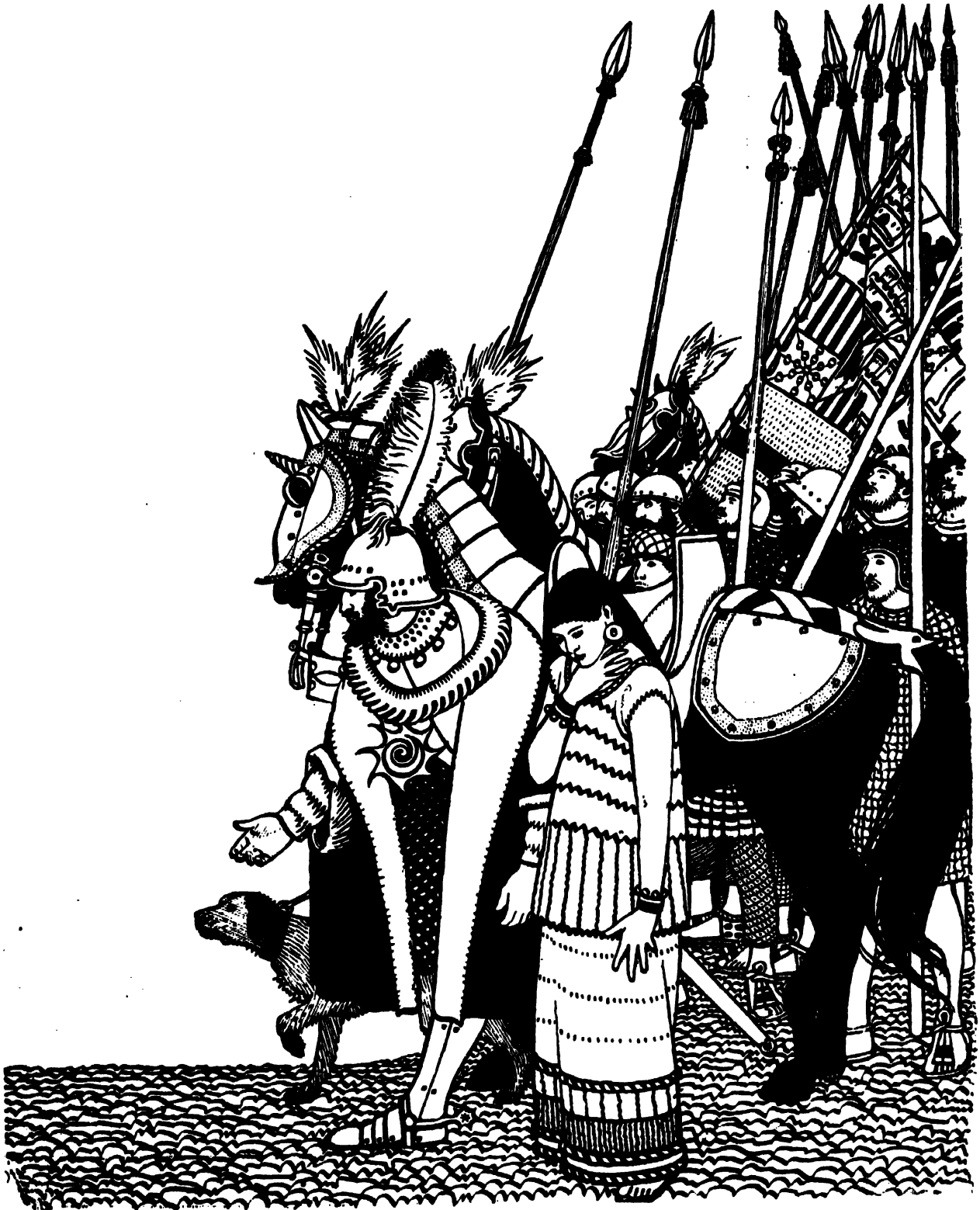
by-ways; as that in the fourth volume for instance—to take only one of the books at random—we find, intermingled with selections from Messrs. Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton and E. V. Lucas, pages from such charming "occasional" essayists as Mr. Henry W. Nevinson and Mr. Arthur Waugh. To all lovers of the essayist's art, indeed, these five volumes will be a life-long treasury of joy and inspiration.

It was Mr. Rhys's original intention, he says, to make

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

a collection only of literary essays, but, as he proceeded, he enlarged the scope of his anthology so as to include also many essays of the "familiar" type, inspired more directly from life; and there will be few to regret his decision. The appeal of the literary essay will always be unfailing; but life, after all, is more fascinating than literature, and the essayists for whom we have the warmest affection must ever be those who write about experience

they themselves have been responsible for altering that taste, is a question into which we cannot enter here. We can only say that the shifting of the centre of gravity (this latter word might be used in more senses than one!) from the old quarterlies to the monthly journals, and from the monthlies to the weeklies, and, to a great extent in our own day, from the weeklies to the dailies, is vividly reflected in this anthology. It can hardly be disputed



THE MEETING OF CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA.

at first hand—who look into their own hearts and tell us "with a certain discreet shamelessness," about themselves.

In glancing through the five volumes before us, the most obvious thing that must strike any reader is the extent to which the character of the essay—both of the literary and the "familiar" type—has been modified by the vast changes that the last half-century has seen in the periodical press. How far these changes have been dictated by the changing taste of the public, or how far

that the revolution from the pretentious solemnity of the old *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* to the more succinct and sprightly style of to-day has, on the whole, been a great gain to literature; but it is open to question whether the pendulum has not swung too far in the other direction and whether the daily newspaper is not now doing something towards menacing the natural growth of the essay.

The true essayist should of course be independent of modern journalism. He should write only when and how

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

he likes, for spontaneity is the cardinal virtue of the essay. But that is a counsel of perfection, for the essayist has to live, and economic conditions increasingly demand of him that he suit his work to the needs of some particular journal and that he compress it within the ever narrowing limits prescribed.

The result is that many essayists are now giving to journalism what was meant for literature. Their essays, read singly in the morning newspaper, are often amazingly compact of wit and wisdom, and may seem at first to have the quality of literature; but when they are bound together between covers their essential poverty, when subjected to the severer test, is quickly apparent. The essayist, if he is to be worthy of himself, should have no thought, while he is actually writing, as to the journal in which (if any) his completed essay shall appear. But since there are so few journals now open to "personal" essays of independent spirit, and since the material rewards of publishing essays in book form are—in spite of the increasing popularity of this kind of volume—negligible when

compared with those offered to the successful newspaper essayist, it is difficult to-day for the really spontaneous essay to thrive. This, however, may be but a passing phase. The English essay comes of a virile stock, and it will not readily succumb.

GILBERT THOMAS.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

By W. H. PRESCOTT.
Illustrated by K. HENDERSON. 2 vols. £2 2s.
(Chatto & Windus.)

In his introduction to this magnificent edition of Prescott's "Mexico," Mr. P. A. Joyce admits that, while the merits of the book are great, it is a work which the science of anthropology has largely made out of date. It is not that there are inaccuracies in Prescott, or that his account of the events of the conquest and the personalities of the conquerors of the Mexicans needs much alteration; but the whole attitude of the student has altered since Prescott

wrote. This may be illustrated by one very simple instance. Montezuma, in Prescott, is always Emperor. Now the constitution of the Aztecs is still not perhaps quite understood; but it was definitely not imperial. It was a semi-socialist league of free peoples, with a degree

of command interference which has possibly not been equalled. The real interest and merit of these volumes lie in Mr. Keith Henderson's remarkable series of black-and-white drawings. It is rarely that an illustrator finds work so suited to his genius. Whether he is portraying the meetings and the battles between the Aztecs and the Spaniards, or reconstructing, from manuscripts, the Aztec gods and animals and ornaments, Mr. Henderson shows a decorative power, a breadth of knowledge and a lively fancy (when it is needed) which make his work astonishingly fascinating. Without deserting his decorative manner he contrives to give human dignity and pathos to the figure of Montezuma in the different moments of his decline; while there is a rare spirit and vigour in many of the



From Maud
(Macmillan).

PEACE SITTING UNDER HER OLIVE.

battle pieces. The book and its illustrations are astonishingly well printed, and our only further hope is that it may be a sufficient success for a subsequent edition to be issued, in which Mr. Henderson might show, as he does in the very gay dust-cover, what he might do with Mexico in colour.

SIXE IDILLIA OF THEOCRITUS.

Decorated with Woodcuts
by VIVIEN GRIBBLE. With
a Bibliographical note by
STEPHEN GASELEE. 30s.
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of this translation of "Sixe
Idillia," and that was
limited to a hundred copies

issued by Mr. Daniel from his private press in 1883. This is now very scarce, and the Oxford Press edition survives only in a unique copy in the Bodleian Library. This new edition, beautifully illustrated by Miss Vivien



From Maud
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THEY WERE CRYING AND CALLING.

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

Gribble, whose decorations sensitively interpret the feeling and spirit of the *Idyllia*, is limited to 380 copies, of which 350 are for sale.

MAUD.

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Illustrated by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan has illustrated this beautiful edition of "Maud" in his bold, grim, sensitive style. No artist could better express the "dark undercurrent woe" that is never absent from this passionate poem. The croak of the raven, the "shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse," the dark mind that "within me dwells," these haunt the pictures as they haunt the poem. Not so appropriate, we think, is Mr. Sullivan's conception of Maud herself. Even if one makes every allowance for her style of dress and hair, her necessary tallness and stateliness, the Maud of the pictures still looks twice the age allowed her by the poet. And the tinting of some of the illustrations, delicately done as it is, tends rather to detract from the stark intensity which is the peculiar charm of this fine artist's work. His admirers will treasure this volume, containing as it does so many examples of his work.

ROCOCO.

Selected by DR. PETER JESSEN. £3 3s. (Benn Brothers.)

Rococo art languishes under something of a cloud. No doubt that is because it has so much to answer for, not the least the florid Victorian atrocities with which our grandmothers surrounded themselves, those ornate hideousities of furniture and *décor* which could after all only trace their genesis from the audacious shells and scrolls of Versailles and Fontainebleau. And when one seeks to allot the artistic responsibility for this particular inspiration, the names that rise up and silence criticism are those

of Watteau, of Boucher, of Gillot, Meissonier, Oppenordt and Huquier. All these were masters, and the same spirit informs all their work, a Baroque exuberance moderated by grace, with the emphasis, shall we say, on the grace. It is because this is so, and because artists and designers

who have studied the history of their craft know that this is so, that the present really beautiful collection of Rococo engravings will prove of inestimable value to decorative artists of our own times. One would have to spend half a lifetime in museums to study such a range of examples in the best Rococo style as are here exhibited. The two hundred folio plates, exquisitely reproduced in colotype and representative of the work of between thirty and forty artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, conjure up for the observer a harmonious world of forms which, for all that they were bred, as we see them here, in workshops and scaffolds, were not born there, as Dr. Peter Jessen is at pains to indicate in his most interesting preface. "The master craftsmen, with their clear eye and sensitive hand, were but elaborating what master artists had suggested to them. These artists

were no longer men who handled chisel or plane, hammer or weaving-shuttle; they were Court architects, Court painters, Court designers, members of 'Academies,' enjoying world-wide reputations for leadership in painting

and the liberal arts." So no one getting this book into his hands and feasting his eyes on these vivacious arabesques, hundreds of pages of them, can argue that Rococo at its best was not good art. At less than its best it may cease to be art, of course, but of what style cannot that be said?

TALES OF CHINATOWN.

By SAX ROHMER. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The romantic possibilities of Limehouse will not be exhausted so long as Mr. Sax Rohmer chooses to go on writing books about the place. Such crimes as are enacted



From Maud
(Macmillan).

MAUD HAS A GARDEN OF ROSES.



From Maud
(Macmillan).

UP IN THE HIGH HALL GARDEN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

daily within the Arabian Nights interiors, masked by the drab and characterless frontages of its depressing thoroughfares! There Chinese crooks of fabulous wealth beat lovely Eurasian damsels to death with steel whips or, meaning to be kind and fatherly, set on to them by mistake giant spiders whose real province is to bite the errant burglar (or detective) in the leg. Unfortunately Mr. Rohmer has not invented an antidote for the virus of this Cerberus, whose kind kennels in lacquered sarcophagi and battens on the young of the Harz Mountain Roller, acquired on wholesale contract from the bird-fanciers in Shadwell. Sometimes Society ladies taxi down from the smarter night clubs in a dope-fostered spirit of adventure and find it a little difficult to get away again, but Mr. Rohmer is never ungallant or democratic enough to let his spider bite a real ladyship. Such are usually rescued by Kid Kerry, the Flyweight of Brixton, son of the redoubtable Scotland Yard official with red whiskers and a penchant for chewing - gum. And the best story of all concerns a distinguished ornament of the Army List who paid a bank clerk £150 to knock off his father-in-law's white hat in Bond Street and jump on it.

THE CHILD- HOOD OF CHRIST.

By E. CAM-
MAERTS. 6s.
(S.P.C.K.)

As seen by the Primitive Masters. "There is," says M. Cammaerts, "in our living-room, an old chest, containing some photographs of much older pictures brought back years ago from Italy. Around this chest we gather, every Sunday, my children, my wife and myself, each of us holding a different picture representing some episode of the life of Christ. After reading the few verses which inspired the artists, we talk together, trying to imagine what really did happen, and how near or how far from the truth may be the various pictures." This volume embodies some of the results of these talks, and the full-page illustrations, beautifully reproduced, include pictures from Giotto, Pisano, Bellini and Fra Angelico. The Cammaerts children seem to have preferred Giotto ("Giotto's Christ is really God, while Raphael's is merely a man"). The simple, reverential comments of

the author will be helpful to the modern mother, who ought to welcome this most attractive book with outstretched hands.

THE MAKING OF MODERN JAPAN.

By J. H. GUBBINS, C.M.G. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)

The proper study of mankind is man, more so than ever at a time when history and geography are being made and revised day by day. Unfortunately we cannot learn these things from the newspapers, and experienced

diplomats with the historical sense seem to be both rare and lazy. Would that there were more like Mr. Gubbins, who after many years of service in the Far East Embassies devotes his retirement to collecting the fruits of his experience into the form of a serious contribution to modern history. For the rise of Japan in a bare half-century from something more backward than mediævalism to her present almost impregnable position among the Great Powers is a portent of which the why and wherefore not only deserve but demand serious study. And Mr. Gubbins's book is really serious, neither light nor heavy, history written with an air, Gibbon up to date, rhythmic, dignified, humorous very occasionally, facetious never.



From Don Quixote
(Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère)
(Constable).

"LADY, IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU
ARE NAMED DOROTHEA?"

His account of the "disturbance of public morals" threatened by the filial anxiety of two eighteenth century youths, a Shogun and an Emperor, and how it was averted (the tale is unfortunately too long and involved to quote) is an excellent example of Mr. Gubbins's quality. His illustrations are always illuminating. What more striking demonstration of that which he describes as the "impersonality" shrouding everything Japanese than the designation of the Sovereign under such a title as equals, when translated, "The Palace Interior," or that the familiar "Mikado" should signify "Honourable Gate"? And it is rather fun to know that the Dutch owed their sole immunity from the stringent anti-European restrictions of the old regime to the conviction that Christianity was anathema to all Hollanders.

**A GUIDE TO ENGLISH
GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.**

By S. GARDNER. 16s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Samuel Gardner's photographs of English Gothic buildings, originally placed in Harrow School Museum, and since given a wider distribution in other schools, are well known to many students of architecture—professional and amateur. He has had the happy idea of issuing reproductions of his photographs as the backbone of this book. The details of architecture can never be better illustrated for learners than when thus brought together in a series of illustrations of such exceptional beauty, continuity and range, and they form a magnificent accompaniment to any story of the continuous development of English Gothic, in which, as a member of the older school, Mr. Gardner includes the Romanesque buildings. The book consists of a brief but very useful introduction, in which the chief features of all the changing styles are compactly set out, a first-rate glossary of terms, special notes on vaulting, tracery, plan and builders, and a series of one hundred and eighty delightful and marvellously well-chosen photographs. Equipped with this book, a lover of English churches and cathedrals, and particularly cathedrals, ought to be able, without any other aid, to transform his original ignorance into a reasonably well-informed knowledge of principles and details. Moreover, in these days of dear books, this is refreshingly cheap. If it has a defect, it is that Mr. Gardner, in common with most writers on English Gothic, fails sufficiently to emphasise the fundamental differences of structure and detail between, on the one hand, the cathedral, monastic and collegiate churches, and, on the other, the ordinary parish churches.

**BENEDETTO CROCE:
AN INTRODUCTION TO HIS
PHILOSOPHY.**

By RAFFAELLO PICCOLI. 8s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

Benedetto Croce has given Italy and the world no less than twenty-eight volumes, of which nine are available in

English. Born in 1866 in Naples, Croce is still in the maturity of his powers, and his influence on the æsthetic and philosophic thought of the world is increasing enormously from year to year. For he is one of the master-minds of the time, who acts on his epoch directly and even more potently by his many disciples who abound among the writers and literary journalists in every country at the present moment. Dr. Piccoli, who is a professor in the University of Pisa, and who, as a student, came under Croce's influence, has written a careful and sound account of Croce's life and the circumstances that moulded his thought, as well as an analysis of the main currents of

his philosophic and æsthetic doctrines. His exposition of Croce is intensely interesting, and forms a useful introduction to a writer whom we must all study if we wish to keep in touch with the mind of our own time, as we studied Nietzsche and Bergson in their day.

**BRISTOL:
CITY,
SUBURBS
AND
COUNTRY-
SIDE.**

By ARTHUR S. SALMON. With Pen Drawings by F. G. LEWIN, R.W.A. (*Bristol Times and Mirror*.)

This is a book not to be passed over; it is the delightful record by a literary man writing of a city that he loves, and before the reader has reached the end of the first chapter he too will be desirous of loving Bristol or,

at least, of testing his heart and taste by a visit. Bristol possesses many advantages which make for charm; she has the river, the hills, the port, the shipping, still some mediæval buildings, and—smoke. The one reward that smoke gives for all its evil influence is beauty. Artists have learned how greatly smoke beautifies, and a city without smoke would lose half its charm and all its mystery. Bristol has kept its charm and mystery. This volume is by no means a guide to Bristol in the Baedeker sense, but it turns one's attention from street to lane, from lane to hill, from hill to Downs and again to stream, river, abbey, cathedral, bridge, in a manner that teaches the reader to learn the history and the ways of the place and its people. Mr. Salmon is Bristol's essayist, and his pen reveals the infinite variety of her as city and country. The drawings by Mr. Lewin, too, form a valuable part of the book.



From *Don Quixote*
(Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère)
(*Constable*).

"THIS IS HE WHO OVERCAME THE
HUGE GOD BROCADRUNO."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

CANDIDE.

Translated from Voltaire.

By HENRY MORLEY. With fifty illustrations by ALAN ODLE. 12s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

This sumptuous edition of a great classic is very welcome. It is finely printed and well appointed generally, and for these days its price is remarkably moderate. The introduction and translation are reprinted from Professor Henry Morley's edition of over thirty years ago, and these are both things of approved competence and scholarship. There are livelier translations, no doubt; for Professor Morley had little of the nimbleness of wit and grace of style that should be part of the equipment of the ideal translator of Voltaire. Perhaps it is truer to say

that an adequate translation of "Candide" is impossible. The wit and the style cannot survive the process, and we might as well expect to see an adequate rendering of the felicities of Horace. It is too much to expect that our literature will ever achieve a second *Jour de force* to equal Urquhart's Rabelais. The difficulty of translating this immortal satire is hardly greater than that of attempting to illustrate it. Mr. Odle's clever drawings are at least a very brilliant effort, and if they do not carry instant satisfaction and pleasure, it will, we think, be admitted on reflection that he has made an extraordinarily interesting attempt to represent in the terms of his art the grotesque and inhuman side of Voltaire's satire.

VILLAS OF FLORENCE AND TUSCANY.

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN. 63s. (Lippincott.)

The debt modern culture owes to the Renaissance is still being added to, for Tuscan art is still alive, and remains a formative influence upon the aesthetics of our time. Notably so is this the case in architecture and the decorative arts. In Florence, as everybody knows, there are more beautiful houses to the square mile than any other spot in the world can boast, and it is right that the "show" villas of the Tuscan capital should be, and should remain, shrines of culture for the world's pilgrims. It has been Mr. Eberlein's province however to

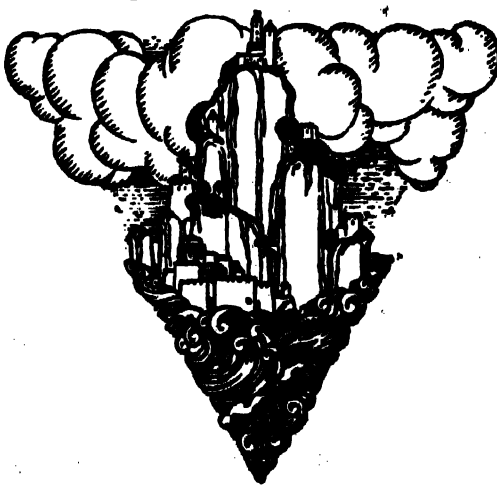
act less as a showman to the stately homes of historic families, the "show" villas whose beauties are catalogued in every guide, than to give a complete pictorial representation of Tuscan domestic architecture of all types down even to the humblest, which, as he claims, preserve a more intimate character and afford an invaluable index to the very heart of Tuscany. Mr. Eberlein's text runs to five chapters, the remaining pages of a sumptuous imperial octavo volume including two hundred full page and a number of half-page illustrations, with short descriptions of each properly depicted. Handsomely bound in blue buckram, the book has a dignity of appearance that is in every way worthy of its subject.



From Voltaire's "Candide."

Illustrated by Alan Odle (Routledge).

DR. PANGLOSS SURVEYS THE WORLD.



From The Abbey Classics
(Chapman & Dodd).

TAIL-PIECE
(Martin Travers).

HAMLET.

Decorated by JOHN AUSTEN. 25s.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. John Austen's illustrations to "Hamlet" make no attempt, except in two very powerful drawings of Polonius and the King, at interpreting the play realistically or

betrays, as do most modern black-and-white artists, the influence of Beardsley; and he has something of the master's skill in massing his blacks. He has, however, a personality of his own, as he shows in the very dramatic pictures of Claudio and in the beautiful half-page drawing which opens Act V. We shall look for his future work with interest. His is the most promising work in this



From Voltaire's "Candide."
Illustrated by Alan Odle
(Routledge).

AN OREILLON RECEPTION.

accurately. He has preferred to give us a Hamlet and an Ophelia which are decoratively rather than imaginatively true. His Hamlet, for instance, does not suffer from an excess of flesh, and his Ophelia does not look at all simple, but rather ridden with the unease which Beardsley borrowed, and in borrowing intensified, from Burne-Jones. The book is certainly one of the handsomest of the season. It is extremely well printed, and Mr. Austen has evidently given great thought to the arrangement of his page and the proper adjustment of the text to the illustrations. Apart from his numerous full-paged pictures he has scattered all over the book little drawings, whose significance is not always apparent. This is, however, a small thing; but we doubt the wisdom of the large illustrations, generally rather gay and delicate nudes, which he inserts between each act, and calls "interludes." These drawings are charming in themselves; and they would be suitable to an edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." To "Hamlet" they are merely inappropriate. Mr. Austen

mode we have seen since Mr. Harry Clarke's admirable and terrible illustrations to Poe.

AN AUSTIN DOBSON ANTHOLOGY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

With a Foreword by
EDMUND GOSSE. 6s.
(Dent.)



From The Abbey Classics
(Chapman & Dodd).

HEAD-PIECE
(Martin Travers).

Nothing could be better as an introduction to the work of Austin Dobson than this delightful anthology compiled by the poet's youngest son. Austin Dobson's prose and verse lend themselves readily to the purposes of the anthologist, and the descriptive passages and vivid little character studies from his Memoirs and Essays, interspersed with some thirty of his fragrant, daintily finished poems, are chosen with the nicest taste and judgment. It is a very charming selection from the miscellaneous books of one of the most charming of essayists and poets.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

STORIES FROM THE RUSSIAN OPERAS.

By GLADYS DAVIDSON. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

Miss Gladys Davidson tells these stories from the Russian Operas in a manner eminently suited to the subject. She has endeavoured, she says, "to present all the incidents of each libretto exactly as they occur in the various acts and scenes, in the clear, readable form of a short story. The work thus serves the purpose of a textbook for opera-lovers, while providing at the same time a collection of dramatic tales of considerable interest to the general reader." Her "Stories from the Operas" was warmly appreciated and won her praise that this later book equally merits. The stories selected are those best known in this country, "most of them having already been performed in London or elsewhere." A double page of notes on the operas will prove extremely useful to students.

*From English Decoration and Furniture
during Later XVIIIth Century
(Balsford).*

CHELSEA PORCELAIN.

By WILLIAM KING. (Benn Brothers.)

All collectors of old china should make a point of getting this handsome, extraordinarily well produced volume; they will find in it a wealth of valuable information, enriched by many exquisite colour plates. The author sketches briefly the history of porcelain from its discovery by the Chinese "at some period during the first millennium

of the Christian era," to the removal of the Chelsea factory to Derby in 1784. "The appreciation of old Chelsea porcelain," he says, "has been continuous. It was treasured in the cabinets of Walpole at Strawberry Hill and Beckford at Fonthill quite as fondly, if less scientifically than in the collections of the present day." Of particular interest is the 1755 Sale Catalogue, quoted in full. Collectors will find this a most desirable book, both for the expert information it conveys, and the beauty of the reproductions of quaint, bizarre or lovely specimens of old pottery.

Examples of these are given on two of our presentation plates.

NEW TESTA- MENT ARCHÆO- LOGY:

Discoveries
from the
Nile to the
Tiger.

By
J. POLITEYAN,
B.A., F.R.G.S.
6s.
(Elliot Stock.)

The Dean of Canterbury contributes foreword to this simply-written and useful book. He explains that the main contention of hostile critics respecting the Testament has been that neither the Gospels or Epistles can be regarded as contemporary with the events and teaching which they relate. It adds immensely to the evidence against this supposition if it can be shown that the language

of the New Testament strictly conforms with the language known to have been used at that particular time. This has been accomplished. Comparison has been made possible by a mass of discoveries in Egypt and Palestine, exhibiting private letters, bills and literary remains. These help us to realise that it is daily life that the Gospels illuminate. The author has chapters on "Writing Materials," "Preparation of the World for the Coming of Christ," "Sites and Scenes," all deeply interesting to any Bible reader. We have learned much from this book, and desire earnestly to commend it to the attention of the plain man and woman.

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

DESIGN IN MODERN INDUSTRY:

**The Year-Book of the Design and Industries
Association, 1922.**

15s. (Benn Brothers.)

The connotation of what Mr. Collins-Baker refers to as "the mystic letters D. I. A." certainly ought to be better known. Hoping, then, that the publication of this interesting and original year-book and guide will do something to supply this need for advertisement, let it be known that the Design and Industries Association was founded seven years ago by a handful of practical enthusiasts with the principal aim and object of combating "the impractical influences in British design and industry." This is not an impossible ideal, even in an age of machinery, and it is the office of this extremely valuable assembly of pictorial examples to prove that fine art and craftsmanship are not incompatible with the disappearance from the market of hand-made as distinct from manufactured goods. It seems the D. I. A. agents go about London with their eyes open. Coming upon a cup or a teapot, a door-handle or a casserole, a District Railway carriage, a cheap motor-car, a pictorial advertisement, or a page of printed type, that enunciates so simple a principle as "serene adjustment to actuality," their eyes light up and they add the treasure to their collection, which is intended to be a yearly object-lesson to the industrial world at large to go and do likewise. The idea is by no means restricted to furniture, pottery, fabrics and interior decoration, but can be applied equally well to such prosaic necessities as kitchen equipment, metal-work, painting, signs and tablets, shop fronts, and such miscellanea as aeroplane fuselages, uniforms and toys. Scores of admirable photographic examples are here shown, the various points and virtues of each being tersely summarised.

THE BOWER BOOK.

Edited by LETTY and URSULA LITTLEWOOD. 7s. 6d. net.
(Daniel O'Connor.)

Many and varied are the reasons given for anthologies, but we have yet to come across a more simple and direct one than that given in the preface of "The Bower Book." "We have chosen just the poems that pleased us, and have not worried whether anyone else thinks differently," write the editors. "We have put in some by our father," they add, "just because he is our father." Of course "just the poems that pleased us" are bound not to please everybody, but the range is wide, and every one is sure to find something to his taste. Who wouldn't from among such names as Blake, Herrick, Browning, Tennyson, Edward Lear, Charles and Mary Lamb, Kingsley, Leigh Hunt, Scott, Coleridge, Mrs. Barbauld, Wordsworth and Shakespeare. The book is daintily illustrated by Honor C. Appleton.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE.

Edited by PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON. Vol. II.
(Newnes.)

This magnificent second volume of a work that has already established its reputation, adequately maintains the quality of the previous volume. Science in its varied

aspects is dealt with by eminent writers, well equipped to discourse on their subjects, and nearly every page contains an illustration. The value of such a book to the man in the street, who hungers after knowledge but is too busily engaged on the common task of bread-earning to spare time for exhaustive study, cannot be estimated; he will find this "Outline" elaborate and comprehensive. It supplies a very genuine want, and no more competent man could have been selected for the task of editing it than Professor Arthur J. Thomson.



*From English Decoration and Furniture
during Later XVIIIth Century
(Balsford).*

**THE STAIRCASE,
20, PORTMAN SQUARE
(Circa 1775. Robert Adam).**

**THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1922**

**THE PRINCE OF WALES'
EASTERN BOOK.**

7s. 6d. (Published for St. Dunstan's by Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is the story told in words and in pictures of the Prince of Wales's recent tour through India and the Far East—a beautiful and intensely interesting souvenir of a very memorable event in the career of the most popular of princes. The paintings and photographs possess high artistic as well as historical value, while the letterpress gives a concise and graphic record of the voyages of the *Renown* and the places visited during the journey. A volume so handsomely produced and commemorating such an occasion will prove a generally acceptable present this Christmas-tide both with young

version of the "Till Eulenspiegel" legend whose exploits are set in the Low Countries. Here, however, the gross German clown who enlivened the chapbook literature of the Middle Ages is a more Puck-like figure whose numerous escapades in the train of both Mars and Venus are merely the relatively slight incidents of a grim historical background. Till's wit and bonhomie serve to brighten up the cruel chronicles of religious and political persecution when the crafty Philip of Spain rode rough-shod through Europe bringing blood and devastation in his train. We see his cruel eyes peering above the black cowls of the Inquisition and listen to the cry of the martyrs. de Coster's version has, in addition, the picaresque flavour of Don Quixote

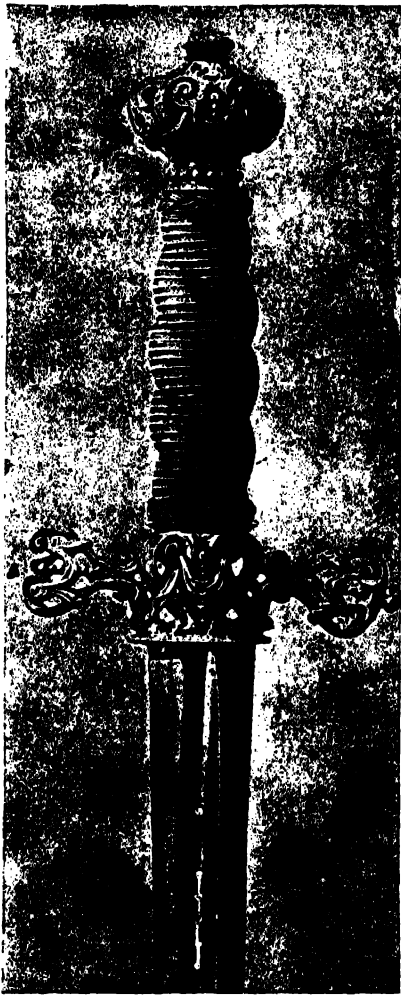


From European Armour and Arms (Bell & Sons).
PILLOW SWORD.
Probably Italian, 1660.



From European Armour and Arms (Bell & Sons).

THREE-QUARTER SUIT OF ARMOUR.
Associated with name of Prince Rupert. From His Majesty's Collection at Windsor Castle.



From European Armour and Arms (Bell & Sons).
PILLOW SWORD.
Probably French about 1660.

and old, and every copy you buy gives a little more help to the great work being done at St. Dunstan's for our blinded soldiers and sailors, all profits from the publication being devoted to that purpose.

**THE LEGEND
OF EULENSPIEGEL.**

By CHARLES DE COSTER. Translated by F. M. ATKINSON.
2 vols. 30s. (Heinemann.)

Scaramouche in all his motley and jingling bells flits through the adventurous pages of Charles de Coster's

and Gil Blas. The author, like Rabelais, is primarily a satirist whose shafts are directed at the abuse of royal prerogatives and the nameless cruelties of the Church. The pictures of the methods employed by the Inquisition are mordantly drawn. The author has a characteristic propensity to pull the legs of portly churchmen. Like all real literature Eulenspiegel is not merely a faithful mirror of the times, but a great piece of didactic writing. Mr. Atkinson is to be congratulated on what must have been to him a labour of love, and as far as we can judge he has not only admirably conveyed the spirit and atmosphere of the times, but given us a clear and faithful translation.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AKHNATON, PHARAOH OF EGYPT.

By ARTHUR WEIGALL. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Akhnaton reigned over Egypt for seventeen years, more than twenty-three centuries ago, yet we know more of his life and mind and aims than we do of many a mediæval ruler's. Mr. Weigall actually saw and supervised the excavation work which ended in the discovery of his mummy in the tomb of Queen Tiy, his mother, in 1907, and in 1910 published the first edition of this excellent book, now for some time out of print. Mr. Butterworth is

much to be thanked for giving us this new revised edition of Mr. Weigall's account of an idealist who had the noblest conceptions of deity and religion and who brought his country to adopt these pure conceptions. Interesting indeed is the parallel between Akhnaton's creed and that of the Hebrews long after the foundation of the Christian religion, delightful are the pictures of the King as a gentle, loving husband and tender father, sad are the pages that tell how he threw away the empire of Egypt through his noble refusal to draw the sword against his enemies. A wonderful story, one to read and study and ponder over.

A HISTORY OF ART.

By H. B. COTTERILL.
Vol. I. £2 2s.
(Harrap.)

Mr. Cotterill's conception of his task in writing a new the history of art, though not encyclopædic, is certainly monumental. There are to be two volumes only, but that to hand is no light quarto, and its successor will be bulkier



From The Life and Times of Akhnaton
(Thornton Butterworth). COFFIN OF YUAA.

still, having to cover everything from Cinquecento art to the Vorticists. Mr. Cotterill's idea has been to confine himself to a limited number of examples in each period and what he believes to be of high artistic or historic worth, and to treat his material in such a way "that I should not need to mind being reprimanded for omissions" by specialist experts. Here, then, we have over 400 pages of text and no fewer than 257 pages of illustrations which cover the field from the art of ancient Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Phœnicia, Crete, Hellas, Tuscany and Rome, leading up eventually to the Romanesque, Norman and

Gothic forms. The attempt has not been made to maintain exact chronological sequence, there being in the present volume no survey of French or Spanish painting previous to 1500, as distinct from architecture. This however is promised later, as also an account of Oriental art considered as an influence on European painters of modern times.

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

A Pen Portrait by His Eminence CARDINAL GASQUET. Illustrated. (Daniel O'Connor.)

On the election of Cardinal Achille Ratti to succeed Pope Benedict XV, Cardinal Gasquet contributed to the *Review of Reviews* the article which is here reprinted along with an article written in 1889 by the Pope himself describing his ascent of Monte Rosa with a friend, another Italian priest, the first time the Dufour peak had been scaled by any Italian, and returning by a route never before successfully accomplished. For Monsignor Ratti was one of the most expert and active Alpinists alive, and his huge physical strength and immense energy have always found delighted scope in conquering peaks and passes among the snows. This sketch is illustrated with an excellent photographic portrait and twenty-eight other appropriate pictures, and is interesting as a note on the career and personality of the director and authority over some three hundred millions of spiritual subjects throughout the world.



From The Life and Times of Akhnaton
(Thornton Butterworth). AKHNATON (From a statuette in the Louvre).

ILLUMINATION.

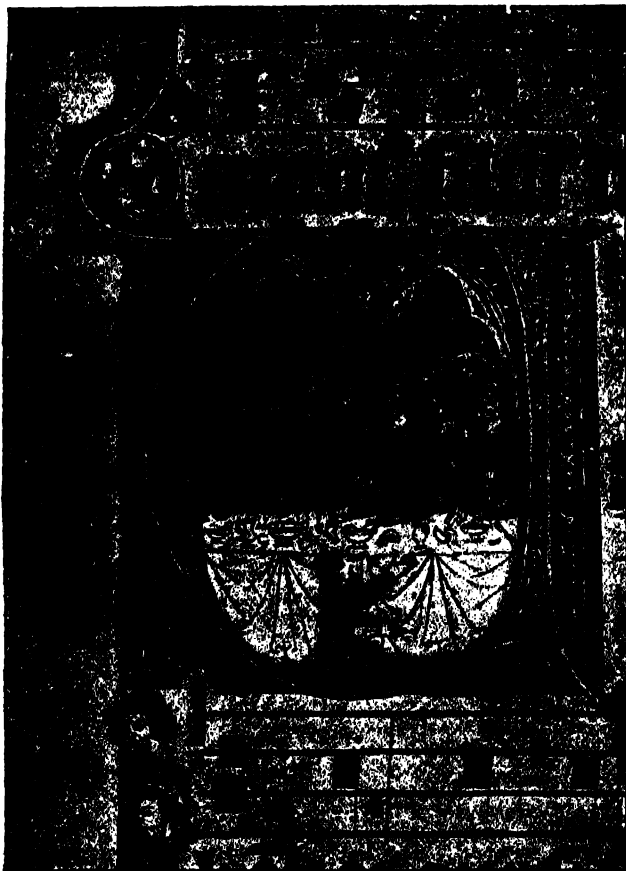
By SYDNEY FARNSWORTH. 24s. (Hutchinson.)

Any publication likely to further the revival of so fascinating a craft as that of illuminating deserves a welcome. Mr. Farnsworth, one of the foremost living exponents of the art, herein applies his great technical knowledge and infectious enthusiasm towards interesting the student, preferably the young student, in the valuable possibilities

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

of illumination at the present day, making it his promise to fill in the gaps in so many standard works on the subject which appeal to-day to one of two publics, either the archaeologist or the mere amateur. Based upon a series of articles in "Design and Illustration" now rewritten and

hobby, how else are we to explain his having taken all the trouble to scratch one on the sand to amuse his child? This prompted the usual sort of juvenile conundrum, and because he realised that "Father, who made mazes first of all?" was a difficult question to answer, he was led



*From Illumination
(Hutchinson).*

**FLEMISH INITIALS,
LATE 13TH CENTURY.**



*From Illumination
(Hutchinson).*

**FLEMISH INITIALS,
EARLY 14TH CENTURY.**

considerably enlarged, the practical value of the book is strengthened by additional chapters on the development of writing in the past, a most interesting series of alphabets based on famous historical examples, the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow, the Lindisfarne Gospels, the Trajan Column inscription, etc. A brief but comprehensive survey of the history of illumination is also included, with notes of interest to the student on the colours and gilding methods of the mediæval craftsmen, and hints on the methods now in vogue, while the chapters on the application of lettering and decoration from the commercial standpoint have great practical value. The book contains an elaborate series of drawings and diagrams, and several coloured plates.

MAZES AND LABYRINTHS.

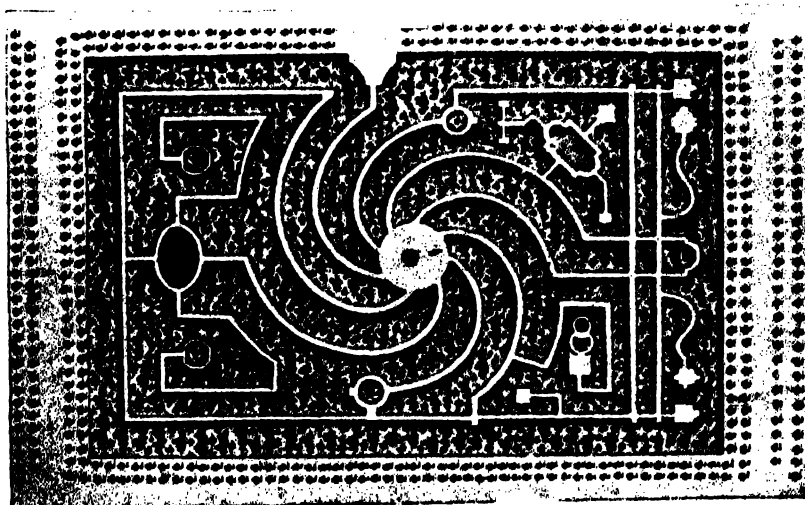
By W. H. MATTHEWS. 18s. (Longmans.)

An original and enterprising work on an out-of-the-way but fascinating subject. Its genesis is interesting. Mr. Matthews must always have inclined towards mazes as a

to embark upon a scheme of systematised research of which this book is the satisfactory fruit. Truly, as Mr. Matthews says, inquiry into the general topic of mazes brings one into contact with a much greater variety

of subjects than might be expected. The early labyrinths of Crete and Egypt are considered first, and here one is led away into such fascinating by-ways as the recent discoveries and speculations of Sir Arthur Evans and his party in Knossos naturally invite us into. But there are other "ancient" labyrinths to be examined, whence one passes on to consider the labyrinthine designs used ornamentally

or symbolically in later classic art, and to observe that the labyrinth idea was adopted and developed by the Christian Church in the Middle Ages, and served as a medium of horticultural embellishment. On this last topic Mr. Matthews is able to speak a word in season for the preservation of a dwindling order of native antiquities, the turf-labyrinths of many rural parishes. The many illustrations Mr. Matthews has assembled, of which we reproduce one, are curious and interesting.



*From Mazes and Labyrinths
(Longmans).*

LABYRINTH AT CHANTILLY.

LELY AND KNELLER.

By C. H. COLLINS-BAKER. 6s. net. British Artist series.
(Philip Allan.)

Lely was a Dutchman and Kneller was a German, but in his introduction to this beautifully-produced little book, Mr. Kaines Smith claims for them the right to be included in a series of "British Artists," not only because both of them lived the greater part of their lives in England, but because their influence upon the development of English art is so deep and so far-reaching, and also so valuable, that any consideration

of painting in England which did not take them into account would be a waste of time. Mr. Collins-Baker sums up their influence thus: "It is true that Lely's art was not the kind that founds a vital movement and promotes a great rebirth. Such things did not crop up towards the close of the seventeenth century, that unregenerate period of disillusioned apathy, fatigue and spiritual sloth. But Lely sustained the standard of craftsmanship and kept alive the



BLYNTHBURGH, SUFFOLK:
ALMS BOX.
*From English Church Fittings,
Furniture and Accessories
(Batsford).*

great qualities which Van Dyck had assembled and bequeathed. Stern draughtsmanship, fine colour and a grave and noble use of paint formed Lely's bequest to Kneller. He in turn, in his different method, kept the flag of craftsmanship flying and maintained the tradition of fine work. Without his standard and example, art in England, from 1680 to 1750, must have dropped to a level from which recovery would have been very difficult. But with Kneller there, setting the pace and despite deplorable lapses, generally insisting on the probity of form and the true science of painting, his own disciples and foreigners, like Dahl, one and all achieved some sort of science and soundness and kept the flame alive."

Mr. Collins-Baker's two brief biographies and criticisms are models of crisp and succinct summary, and give the reader, moreover, some vivid glimpses of the England of the Restoration.

The book contains nine excellent reproductions from paintings by Lely and Kneller.

I CAN REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Edited by ROSALINE MASSON. 7s. 6d.
(Chambers.)

Miss Masson has earned the gratitude of all Stevenson-lovers for having initiated and carried through the quite admirable project which has materialised in this collection of impressions, something quite novel and unique in biographical literature. Nearly three hundred people who knew R. L. S. more or less intimately have each contributed his or her quota, and though the resultant symposium of reminiscences naturally contains a good many repetitions—even a few contradictions—a hitherto untapped source of vivid and personal information can now be drawn upon. Certainly there are some surprises. Many of his intimates "didn't much like" R. L. S. as a youth, some of them despised him and are honest enough to admit it. On many he seems to have made little or no impression, favourable or the reverse. Not all these

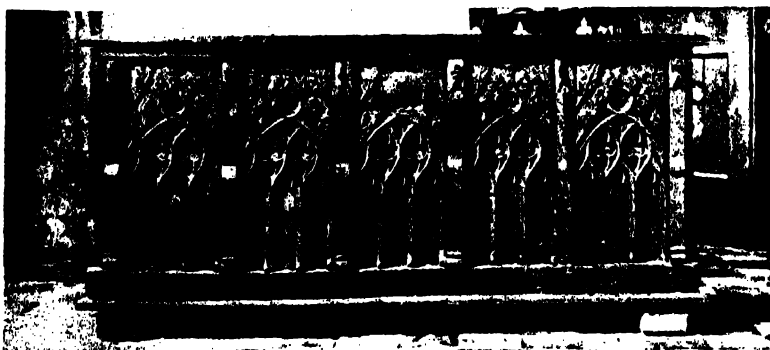
vignettes show their subject in a light altogether attractive, but on the other hand many who met him perhaps once only in their lives and for but a few minutes confess to having received an impression memorable for perhaps half a century. There are interesting and quite natural differences of opinion on matters of detail—physical characteristics or those of dress—but though one gets curiously diverse descriptions of Stevenson's eyes and Stevenson's shirt (the famous "black" flannel is sometimes brown, grey or blue) there is no doubt but that eyes and shirt were something quite out of the ordinary run. R. L. S. it seems was accustomed and indifferent to



UFFORD, SUFFOLK:
FONT COVER.
*From English Church
Fittings, Furniture
and Accessories
(Batsford).*



WALSOKEN, NORFOLK:
BENCH END.
*From English Church Fittings,
Furniture and Accessories
(Batsford).*



HUTTOFT, LINCOLNSHIRE:
14TH CENTURY COFFIN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

inaccurate descriptions of himself, the only one to which he ever really objected being that of the American reporter who said "Mr. Stevenson had a tall, willowy figure, surmounted by a classic head, from which came a hacking cough."

FIFTY PICTURES OF GOTHIC ALTARS.

Selected and Described by PERCY DEARMER, M.A., D.D. 218. (Mowbray.)

A wide knowledge and fine judgment of ecclesiastical art, together with painstaking research among records of continental Church history of the Gothic period, have gone to the making of Dr. Percy Dearmer's valuable work, which, originally issued in 1910 as "Alcuin Club Collection X" is now made available to the general public after revision of the text. The fifty plates included, mainly from manuscript sources, though a few early woodcuts are added both for the sake of comparison and as indicative of the persistence of ancient forms right on into the Renaissance period, contain many magnificent examples of miniature painting, and others that, although of varying degrees of artistic merit, have been found suitable as illustrations of the compiler's subject. The object of the collection, which is intended to supplement an earlier volume picturing exclusively English altars ("Alcuin Club Collection I") is primarily to assist architects and others concerned in the arrangement and decoration of churches. A concise description and explanation of the ornaments of the church and ornaments of the ministers depicted in each plate appears on the opposite page. The example that we reproduce is typical.



From Fifty Pictures of Gothic Altars
(Mowbray.)

MASS FOR THE DEAD.



From Adeste Fideles
By Madeline Nightingale
(Burns & Oates).

AND THREE BLACK CAMELS: OAME.
Words by C. T. Nightingale.

THE SPIRIT OF ISLAM.

By SYED AMEER ALI.
308. (Christophers.)

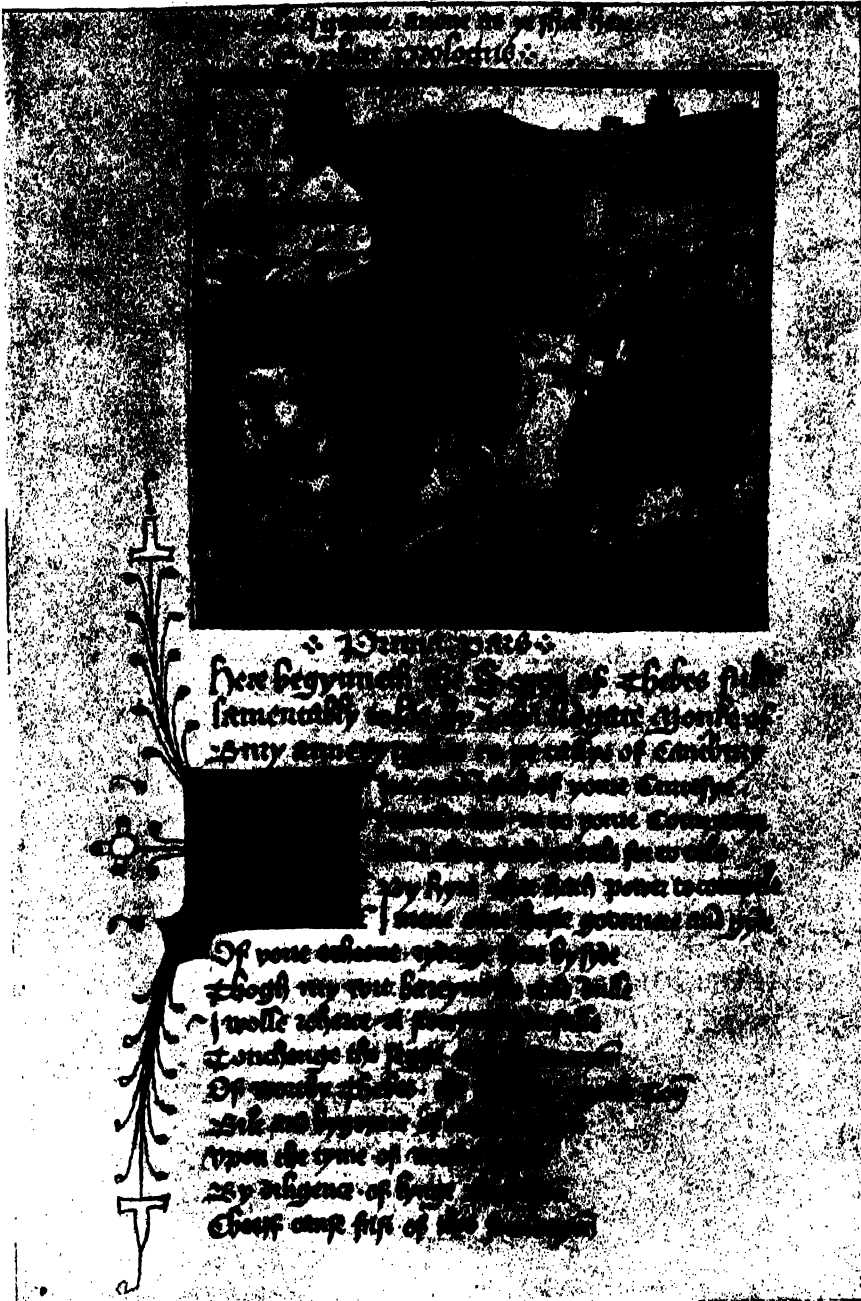
The publishers of the Right Hon. Syed Ameer Ali's admirable "Life of the Prophet" are to be congratulated on their enterprise in seizing upon such a moment as the present for the issue of a thoroughly revised edition of this comprehensive and important work, which now appears with added chapters on "The Apostolical Succession" and "The Mystical and Idealistic Spirit in Islam." There is a new introduction wherein the author surveys the evolution of Mohammedanism as one of the great religions of the world, reviewing its foundations, its aspirations and its ideals. Complaining that the real contribution of Islam to the uplift of humanity is either ignored or not appreciated, he exercises considerable forensic abilities in support of his case. Forcible illustrations of his argument can be gleaned from the extremely interesting outline of the life and

ministry of the Prophet, claimed to be largely based on the *Sirat-ur-Rasul* of Ibn Hisham, whose death took place barely two hundred years after that of Mohammed himself, and the historical value of whose writings is therefore considerable. Notable among the enlightened theories of the Prophet Syed Ali places his strongly-expressed convictions on divorce, on which his arguments have a topical value outside the all-round political interest of the treatise as a whole. Speaking generally, Mohammed looked upon the custom of divorce with extreme disapproval, and regarded its practice as calculated to undermine the foundations of society; repeatedly declaring that while nothing pleased God more than the emancipation of slaves, nothing more displeased Him than divorce.

SCÈNES AND
CHARACTERS
OF THE
MIDDLE
AGES.

By the REV.
E. L. CUTTS. 15s.
(Daniel O'Connor.)

A new edition of this invaluable compendium of mediæval Church lore is to be welcomed. It is a solid work, plentifully illustrated with nearly two hundred cuts, many from contemporary MS. sources. Mr. Cutts is no dryasdust commentator, and writes interestingly, as becomes an enthusiast. Dealing in turn with the monks, recluses, pilgrims, secular clergy, minstrels, knights and merchants of the Middle Ages, he collates a vast store of miscellaneous data informed by scholarly comment. His matter (comprising the best part of six hundred closely printed pages) may be described as weighty, but his writing is far from being ponderous. Of particular interest is his account of the anchoresses or female recluses of pre-Reformation times. The manual upon which these pious ladies framed their conduct was of course Bishop Richard Poore's "Ancren Riwle," so frequently quoted by writers on mediæval subjects, a twelfth-century work which is not merely a brief code of the regulations obligatory upon them, but is a book of paternal counsels which enters at great length and in minute detail into the circumstances of the religious life. Mr. Cutts describes the *reclusoria* in which they passed the greater part of their existence, and is of opinion that some of the little "low side windows"



From Scenes and Characters of
the Middle Ages
(Daniel O'Connor.)

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.
From an Illustrated MS. in the British Museum.
By John Lydgate. 14th century.

which occur in many British churches in various situations, at various heights, and have formed the subject of much discussion among ecclesiologists, are likely to have been the windows of such anchor-holds. Turning to the ways and habits of those who dwelt in them, Mr. Cutts argues that from the plenitude of "don'ts" in which the "Ancren Riwle" abounds, as to the wearing of jewellery, dining out with neighbours, breakfasting in the presence of male visitors, or occupying themselves with such fancy or embroidery work as was not necessitated by the repair of church vestments, it is pretty evident that anchoresses were in the habit of doing all these things when opportunity offered.

A LIFE
OF OUR
SAVIOUR
FOR LITTLE
CHILDREN.

By W. K. I. CLARKE.
(S.P.C.K.)

The lovely coloured plates and many black-and-white drawings render Mr. Clarke's simply but effectively told story of Christ an admirable picture book for children. Little ones will be able to understand the New Testament and the teachings of Our Lord from the plainly worded text, whilst the illustrations will help to impress the wonderful tale

on their minds. This "Life" will rank among favourite books in the nursery; everything has been done to make it attractive, and the author is to be congratulated on a valuable addition to the religious works already published for young readers.



From A Life of Our Saviour For Little Children
(S.P.C.K.)

THE SHEPHERDS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922



*From Loch Lomond and the Trossachs
(Blackie).*

LOCH LOMOND FROM INVERNSAID.

THE CHARM OF CHILDHOOD: MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING.

With a Preface by
CH. MOREAU - VAUTHIER.
3s. net. (Heinemann.)

This slim volume is a picture-gallery-in-the-hand. Its theme is childhood, but its pages are so varied in subject and treatment that there is no monotony to be feared in the long list of masterpieces. The early painters of the child contented themselves very greatly with representations of the Infant Christ in the arms of the Madonna, but there is no sacred picture in this collection, and to a large extent these are definite portraits. It is often pathetic to see the child face of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries rising out from stiff frill, or ruffle or collar of wired lace. The young of those times had baby bodies, child leanings, it must be supposed, but those in authority over them seemed to have no idea of dressing them except in "grown-up" clothing of a small size. The round-faced daughters of Cornelius de Vos would not—as far as dress went—have



*From The Charm of Childhood
(Heinemann).*

disgraced Queen Elizabeth at a State function, and Cuyp's "Twins" might have been robed in a cut-to-advantage gown from the wardrobe of the wife of Jan

Arnolfini. Relief and release come with the later centuries, the whalebone was discarded, the starch disappeared, and freedom and naturalness of body and expression gave the painters their chance of painting expression and spirit as well as colour and texture.

A CHOICE OF THE BEST ENGLISH LYRICS.

17th Century, 18th Century,
19th Century.

3 Vols. Compiled by ROGER
INGPEN. 1s. 6d. each.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

In three very tastefully produced, handy pocket-volumes Mr. Roger Ingpen has collected some three hundred of the best English lyrics, beginning with Spenser and ending with Lionel Johnson. He has not kept to the beaten track, but has gone into the by-ways as well as into the highways of poetry and taken a fine thing wherever it was to be found. The selections have been made with excellent judgment, and are worthily housed in these artistically designed little books.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.
School of Van Dyck (first half
of the XVII century).



From The Scott Country
(Blackie).

A GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

3s. net. (Heinemann.)

There is one blemish or defect in this little collection of paintings ranging over six centuries—it has no index or even list of the pictures included. Of these there are fifty-eight, and mostly of course portraits, from Ambrogio de Predis's "Beatrice d'Este" to Winterhalter's "Princess Vorontzoff." They have been chosen by M. Moreau-Vauthier, who contributes a sparkling, witty, sound and provocative introduction three pages long, into which he packs a good deal of excellent generalising and one or two entertaining particular criticisms. The reproductions are excellent, and the fifty-eight really constitute an aristocracy of beauty and character in paint.

THE SCOTT COUNTRY.

By JOHN GEDDIE. Painted
by E. W. HASLEHUST, R.B.A.
3s. (Blackie.)

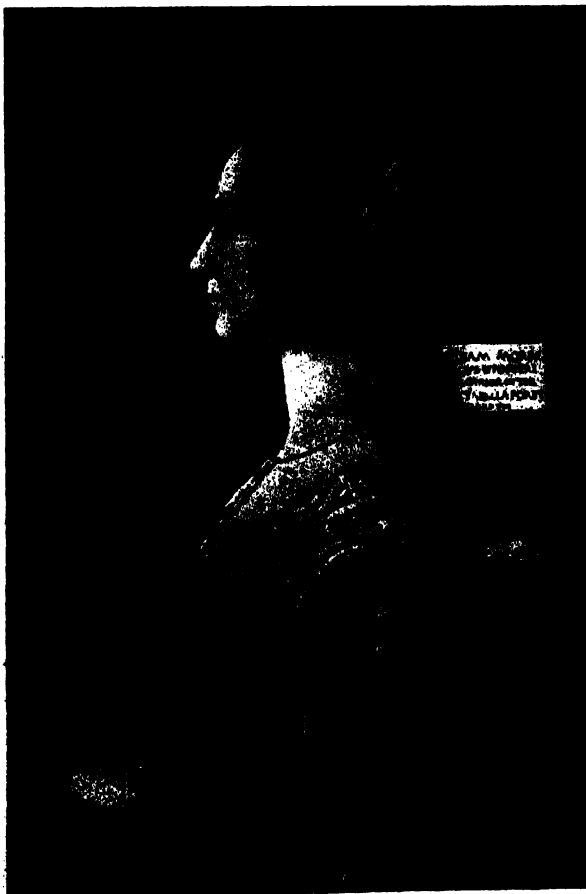
"It is at Kelso Bridge, below the meeting of Tweed and Teviot, that we come fully within the circle of the magician's charm, where every stream and wood and glen seems to take light and colour from the imagination of Walter Scott."

So writes Mr. Geddie in his enthusiastic account of a and fascinated many pilgrims. We admire very much the softly-tinted view in golds and greens of that loveliest bridge, which haunts the memory of many an exile. Mr. Haslehust is equally successful with his picture of stately Abbotsford set against blue hill distances, and the sketch of noble Traquair House, with its shadowed lawn, is beautiful. Mr. Geddie writes with all the required knowledge and discrimination, and speaks with due reverence of "holy Melrose."

SUNRISE, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JULIA REEVE WOOD.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

A deep reverence for beauty and a lyrical sense that often breaks free from conventional metre, but never loses rhythm, distinguish these twelve poems of Mrs. Julia Reeve Wood. The poem that gives title to the book is the longest in the collection and contains much that is beautiful in thought and utterance; those that follow differ in style but maintain a high standard of workmanship. The artistic little volume would make a most acceptable gift for any friend with a taste for



From A Gallery of Beautiful Women
(Heinemann).

GIOVANNA BORNABUONI.
Domenico Ghirlandajo (1449-1494).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

MADAME DE LA FAYETTE, SA VIE ET SES ŒUVRES.

PAR H. ASHTON. 25s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Blue-stockings are rather terrifying people, which probably explains the intense seriousness that M. Ashton has brought to his task of compiling a memoir worthy of his illustrious subject. His book seems to have had many adventures in the making, for the fact is noted in his preface that the actual writing was finished nearly ten years ago; the proofs had already gone to press in Belgium at the outbreak of war, since when they appear to have led a kind of pillar-to-post existence among French and English university centres, and to have been polished up finally for the second time in so far away an outpost of learning as the University of British Columbia. Mr. Ashton's "modest study" is certainly comprehensive, revealing his heroine by turns as "Enfant," "Jeune Fille," "Épouse," "Débutante," "Parisienne," "Dame d'Honneur," "Romancier," "Mère," "Psychologue," "Diplomate," "Historien," "Epistolière," "Écrivain," and



From *The A B C of Collecting Old English China*
(Stanley Paul).

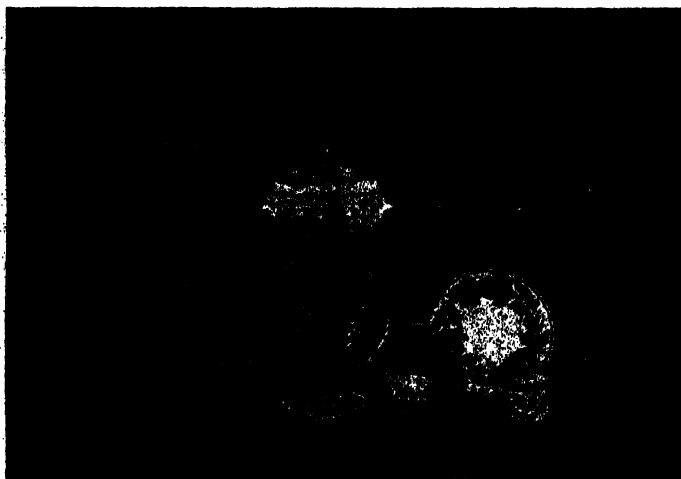
CHELSEA FIGURES OF THE HIGHEST
QUALITY, BY ROUBILIAC.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS: SEVENTH SERIES.

By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., F.R.S. 10s. 6d. net.
(Edward Arnold.)

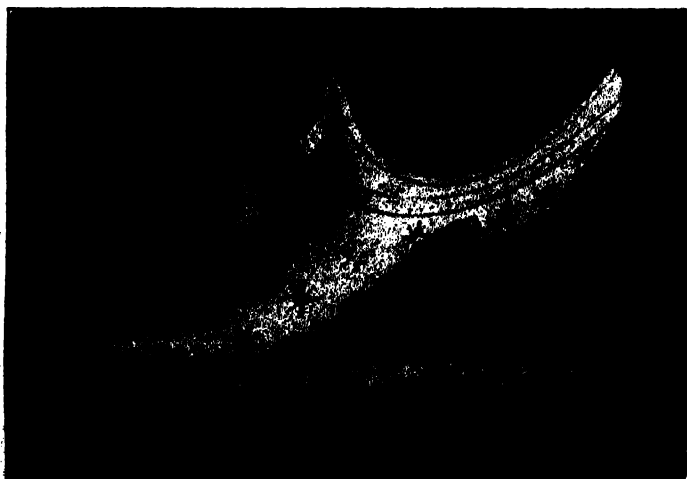
This is the seventh volume—the first was published twenty-five years ago—of a series of "miscellaneous" of country life which will be familiar to naturalists and sportsmen. Sir Herbert Maxwell is not a born essayist, and he is to be read rather for the interest of his matter than for the charm of his style, though he writes with the straightforward vigour of the enthusiast. He is not a literary man's naturalist, like the late W. H. Hudson. But he has a

wonderful wealth of nature lore at his finger-tips and, whether he writes about the snowdrop or bird migration, or rabbits or salmon fishing or the herbaceous border, or turns aside occasionally to dwell upon the more human aspects of country life, he cannot fail to fascinate all who share his own deep and catholic love of nature. He confesses to his fondness for "blood-sports," such as fox-hunting; but he strikes a passionate



From *Antiques and Curios in our Homes*
(Werner Laurie).

FOREIGN POTTERY.



From *Antiques and Curios in our Homes*
(Werner Laurie).

DRESDEN SHOE.

"Philosophe." There is also a careful bibliography and a number of appendices, one of which collates for or against the coupling of Mlle. de la Vergne's (maiden) name with that of the not very reputable prelate whom scandalous tongues have frequently linked her with. The Cardinal's own evidence is a plea of "Not Guilty," and, as M. Ashton points out, he was hardly the sort of man to deny such a connection, had it ever really existed.

humanitarian note at times as when, discussing seal fishing, he denounces the "horrible circumstances of the massacre which goes on year after year under the flags of Great Britain and the United States." Whether he is thus vigorously expressing such personal opinions, or chronicling facts of animal and bird life, flower and tree, Sir Herbert never fails to be interesting and informing. The book has five good illustrations.

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

CHRISTMAS POEMS.

Selected and Arranged by T. H. DARLOW. New and Enlarged Edition. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"God rest you, Merry Gentlemen," is the fitting beginning of an anthology of Christmas poems; Mr. Darlow says,

a rich collection and varied. The mystic Vaughan writes:

"But stay! What light is that doth stream
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is Thy star, run page, and bring
Thy tributary Eastern king."



Winter, circa 1755,
Harland Coll.

From The A B C of English Salt-Glaze Stoneware
(Stanley Paul).

Group, circa 1730,
Willet Coll.

Actor, circa 1755,
Harland Coll.

STAFFORDSHIRE SALT-GLAZE
(British Museum).

indeed, that it is the most popular of old English carols. But after that the volume is by no means a book of carols only. The names of the poets who wrote of Christmas are surprisingly many, coming down the centuries. "A Hymn on the Nativity of My Saviour," by Ben Jonson,

And Sarah Piatt writes:

"He will see sweet stockings, cunning and new
Warm in scarlet, and dainty in white—
Stockings that never have crept in a shoe—
Waiting his morning's enchanted light."



From The A B C of Collecting Old English China
(Stanley Paul).

WORCESTER WHEEL-PATTERN TEAPOT.
JAPAN PATTERN TEAPOY, AND OTHER
FINE PIECES.

follows the first carol, and Robert Southwell, Herrick, Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert, Jeremy Taylor, lead on to Isaac Watts, Keble, and such diverse writers as Blake, Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, J. A. Symonds, Swinburne, Coventry Patmore—and on to George MacDonald. It is

And lastly George MacDonald:

"They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry."

The book is ideal as a Christmas gift.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

MY LIFE AND SOME LETTERS.

By MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Few actresses have ever achieved such decisive fame in one night as Mrs. Patrick Campbell won by power of personality and talent thirty years ago in her presentation of Paula Tanqueray. She has maintained her proud position in the vanguard of the stage ever since; and though she has never found another rôle quite so exactly adapted to her peculiar gifts of temperament, she has triumphed in unsuitable plays and suitable plays alike by the magic of her personality and beauty. The record of such a life must obviously be of great interest; and the result in this book is a human document of poignant interest. For behind all the popular success and acclamation, there is much sadness and very little material gain in terms of money. As in the case of many other actresses, Mrs. Campbell's private life has been falsely construed. Rumour pictures her as an exotic vampire type of woman with many lovers. The main facts of her life are that she was an unusual and acutely sensitive child, the daughter of an English father and an Italian mother: she was brought up in the prosaic suburb of Dulwich; at the age of seventeen she made a runaway marriage with a Sydenham boy of twenty, who proved a shiftless husband. He went to South Africa, leaving his wife and two young children in England. By sheer necessity, Mrs. Campbell went on the stage, and led the hard life of an actress on tour in those days, at a salary of £2 a week. An engagement at the Adelphi Theatre led to the St. James's and fame in 1893 as "Paula Tanqueray." It was followed by "Agnes Ebb-smith," the magnificent rendering of "Magda," and many other successes. Of all this and more she tells, and through her story she scatters delightful anecdotes of herself and her famous friends with a lavish hand. An altogether admirable book—one of the best and most interesting of all the stage memoirs we have read.

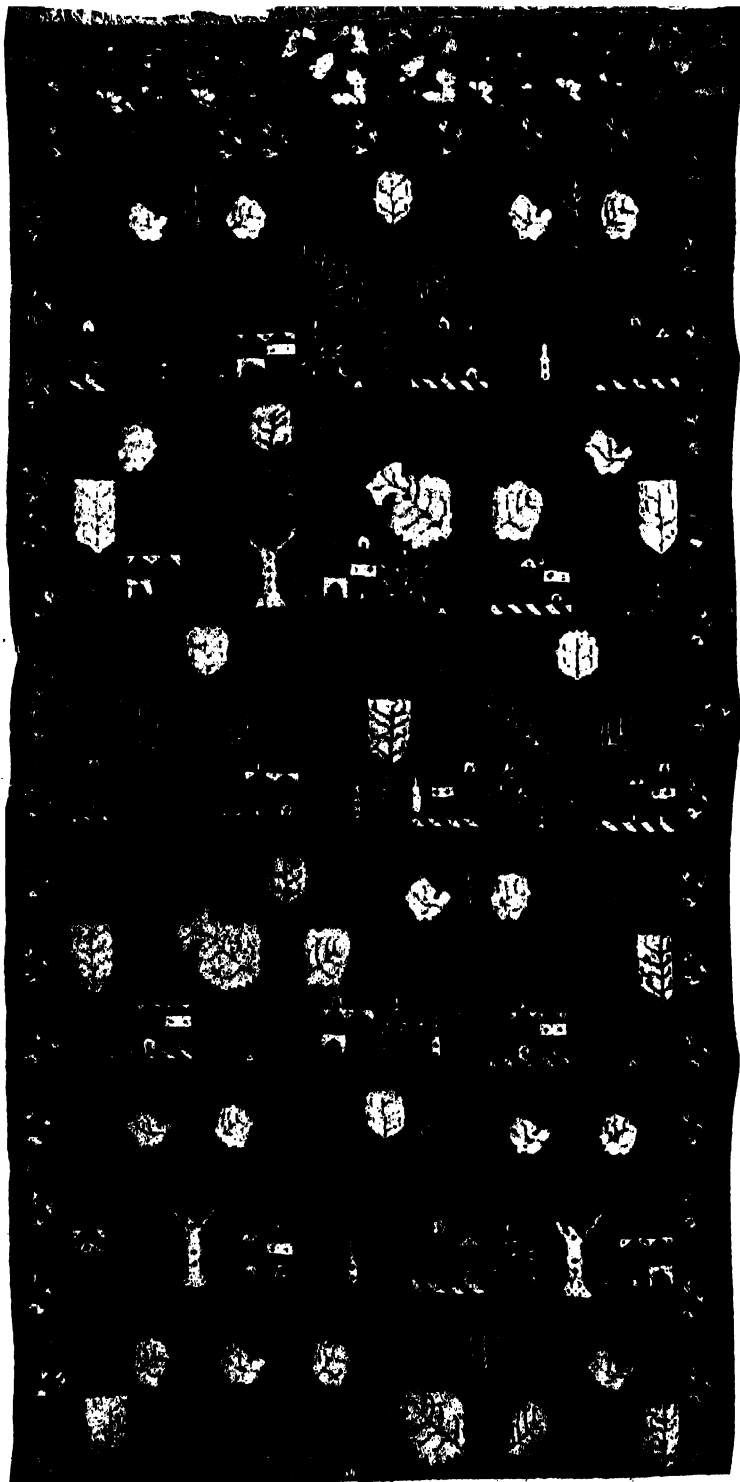
MY MEMORIES (1878-1918).

By EX-KAISER WILLIAM II. 25s. net. (Cassell.)

Forty years of memories | And when they are written

down, at any rate in this form, what a picture do they give us of one whom the English publisher announces as the "most dominating personality the world has known for 200 years." It may be wondered if the author of that phrase had read the book or had forgotten rudimentary history. For the book is a long explanation of just how little dominating was the Kaiser's personality, how all his deeds and acts were those into which he was forced or jockeyed by his counsellors and entourage. The reader will doubtless ask himself whether, if there had been no war, no overthrow of Germany, no dismissal of the Emperor, whether in that case the tone of his reminiscences would not have been remarkably different. The book can only properly be read in conjunction with the other volumes by German statesmen, soldiers and sailors, such as Falkenhayn, Ludendorff, Tirpitz, and the curious book issued by the Crown Prince to prove that Germany was not defeated by the Allies, and furthermore that if only his father and the Chancellor and General Head-quarters had followed his Crown-princely advice there would first of all have been no war, and then Germany would have won it! The description of the Kaiser's autocratic dealings with his Cabinet and the heads of the State departments, as given by the Crown Prince, is very

far from tallying with the imperial exposition. The interest in the book lies completely in the identity of the author. In itself it is not a good book in any way. But it shows clearly what manner of man the great figurehead of Germany really was, and is thus illuminating and instructive. It makes it the more sorrowful that he should have been allowed, even by his own people, to trouble the world so long, and his fall the less sorrowful.



From Hand-Woven Carpets, Oriental
and European
(Benn Bros.).

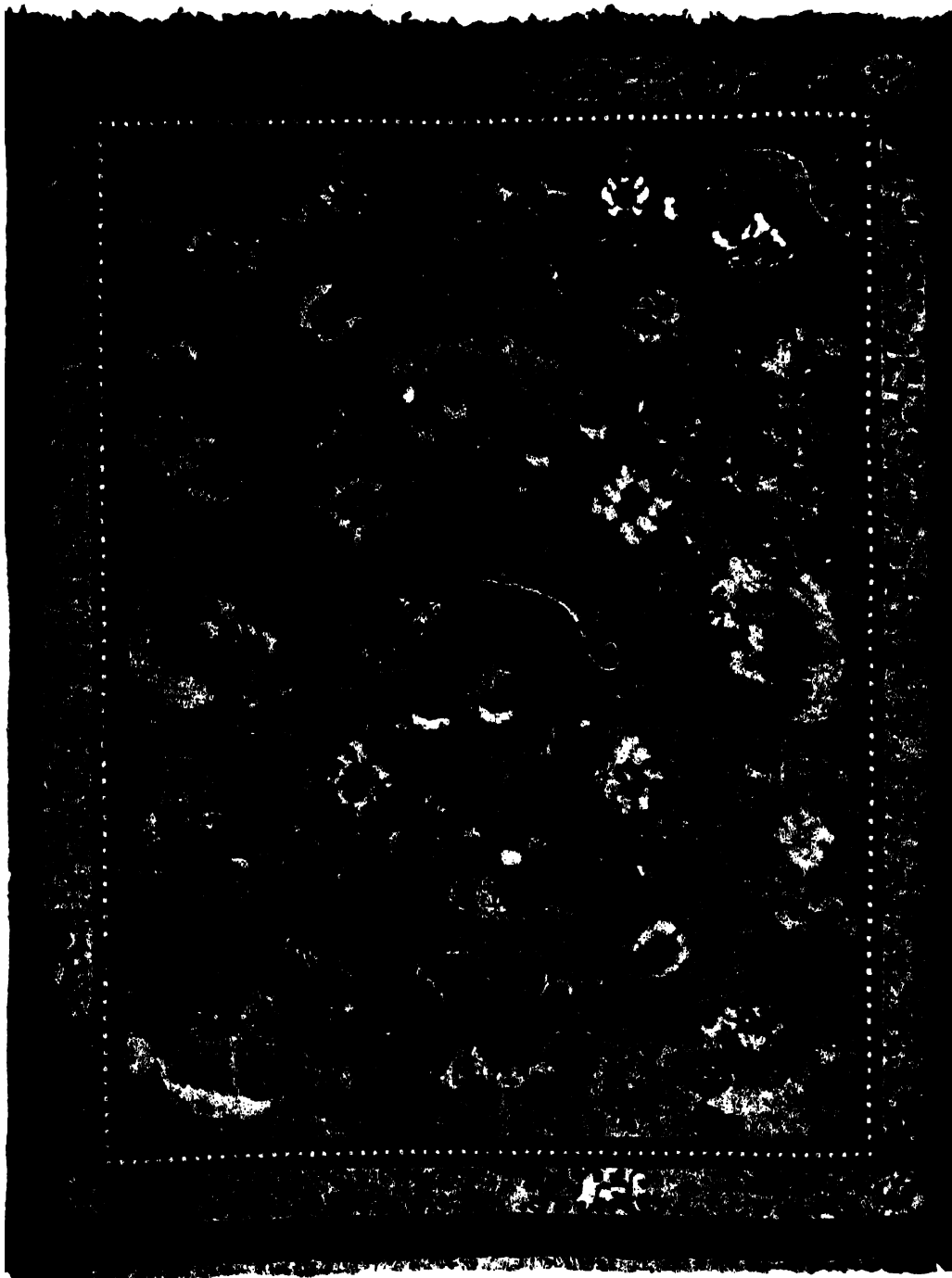
AN ASIA MINOR CARPET,
XVIII CENTURY.

THE
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BRAC
COL-
LECTOR.

By H. W.
LEWER and
MACIVER
PERCIVAL.
7s. 6d. (Her-
bert Jenkins.)

The latest addition to the excellent "Collectors" series, edited by H. W. Lewer, F.S.A. As the subjects of china, furniture, glass, earthenware, stamps, silver, Sheffield plate and pewter, medals, and lace and embroidery have already been treated by experts, it might be thought that little remained to be written about in the way of antiques available to the ordinary collector.

Messrs. Lewer and Percival, however, here introduce to our notice a multitude of "objects having a certain interest or value from their rarity, antiquity or the like . . . ornaments which may be pretty or curious, but have no intrinsic claim as serious works of art"—(*vide* "The Century Dictionary": "Bric-à-Brac") not generally included under any of the above heads. How many, for instance, of the people who habitually quote lines about "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" know what a "clouded cane" really was, or if such things are still extant. "Samplers" we know, perhaps, but what may a "Bellarmine" be?



From Hand-Woven Carpets, Oriental
and European
(Benn Bros.).

A CHINESE CARPET, XVIII CENTURY.

Messrs. Lewer and Percival can explain, and even produce photographs of authentic specimens which, "when sound, are difficult to procure to-day, except the forgeries now on the market." There are people, it seems, who make a dishonest living by fabricating bellarmines. It sounds worse than coining, and not half so remunerative.

THE
SPORT
OF
FISH-
ING.

By JOHN
MACKEACHAN.
16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d.
net. (Herbert
Jenkins.)

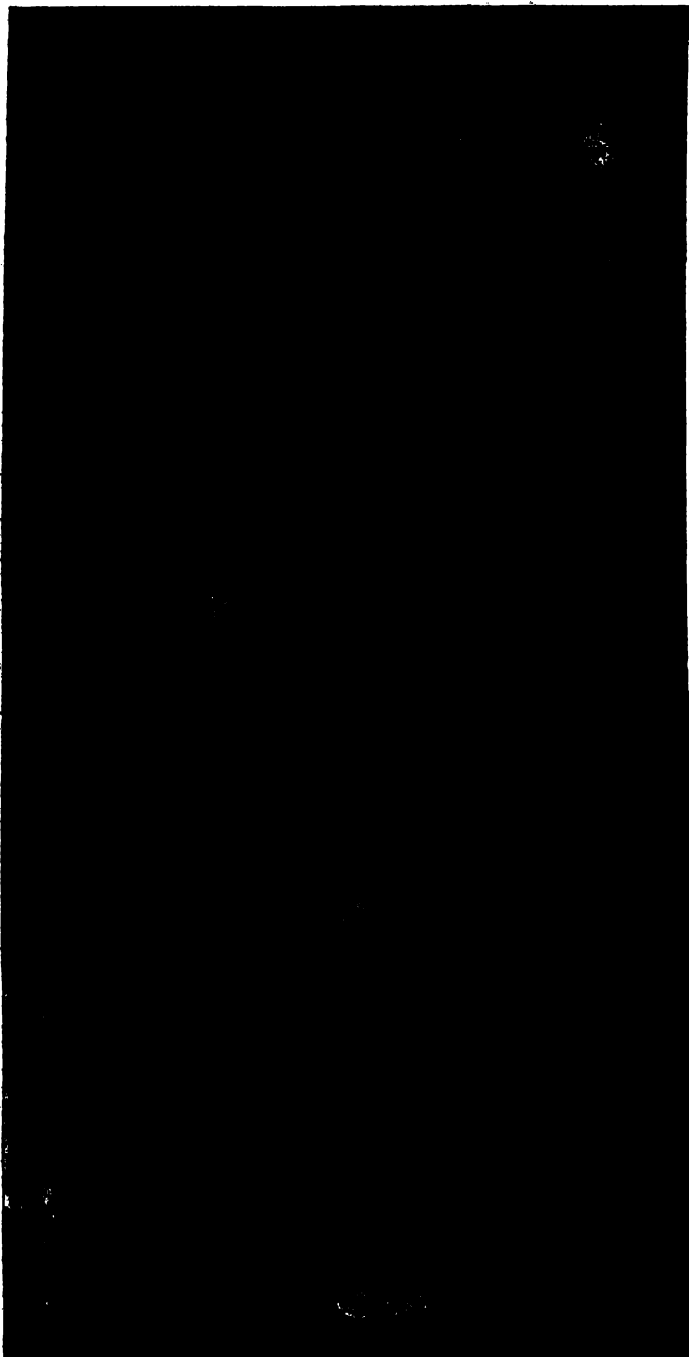
Sir Herbert Maxwell contributes an introduc-

tion to this very lively volume by Mr. Mackeachan, who unhappily died suddenly while his book was in the press. It is a tribute to the controversial interest of the many delightful chapters it contains that Sir Herbert cannot refrain from combating certain of the statements they include. Anglers are often booky folk—when the books are about fishing, and here is a book they will enjoy. Much practical advice is enshrined in these pages, but they will delight anyone who loves running water and nature; if he has ever cast a fly so much the better.



From The Bric-à-Brac Collector
(Herbert Jenkins).

GOLD AND ENAMELLED
SNUFF-BOX.



From The Cambridge History
of India
(Cambridge University Press).

RELIEFS ON THE RAILINGS
OF THE BARHUT STUPA.



From The Cambridge History
of India
(Cambridge University Press).

RELIEFS ON THE RAILINGS
OF THE BARHUT STUPA.

Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By F. A. SHERWOOD. 18s. (Leonard Parsons.)

Mr. Sherwood has chosen an unusual form for a travel book, but it is probably quite well adapted for the use which he hopes his readers may make of it. "Glimpses of South America" is frankly a note-book, pictorial and descriptive, dozens upon dozens of photographs and hundreds of paragraphs in description of and comment upon the people and places he has seen in business tours through the South American continent, jotted down as opportunity offered. It is about the highways and not the by-ways of Latin-American travel that he is naturally informative,

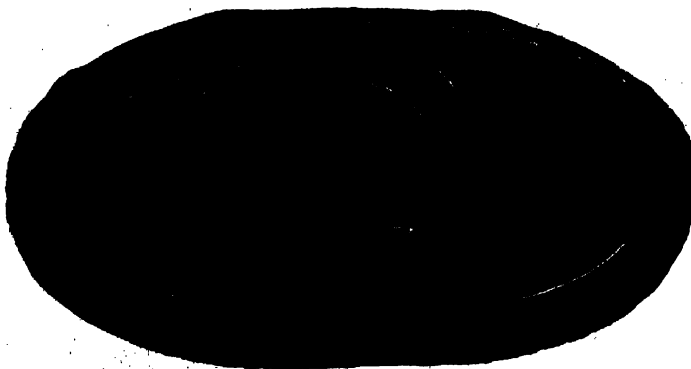
and for that very reason his "tips" will be useful to a larger proportion of his readers than is usually the case with travel writers. The result is what the author frankly calls "an unconventional sort of book, with no sign of a plot, but containing information about the part of South America that one is most apt to visit."

IN A GRAIN OF SAND.

By YOI MARAINI. 6s.
(Collins.)

The writer, whom we know as author of charming studies over the signature of "Yoi Pawlowska" (now apparently Madame Maraini), is fully up to her previous standard in these fifteen studies of Italian life.

The book is embellished by sketches from the pencil of Signor Antonio Maraini.



From The Bric-a-Brac Collector
(Herbert Jenkins).

GOLD AND
SNUFF BOX.



From Modern Decorative Art in England
(Batsford).

THE "WATTEAU" FRIEZE.

SCOTLAND.

By A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. Painted by SUTTON PALMER.
New and Revised Edition. (A. & C. Black.)

We are very glad to welcome a new edition of this exceedingly attractive book. Mr. Hope Moncrieff gives us glimpses of Scottish history, national character, customs and literature, and his book has again and again been reprinted. It is as much Mr. Sutton Palmer's success as Moncrieff's, for the coloured plates are beautiful landscapes indeed. Take "The Grampians from Boat of Garten, Inverness-shire"—what an air of spacious peace there is about it! "The River Teith, with Lochs Achray and Vennacher, Perthshire," may well bring tears to a wanderer's eyes. The book is written in a downright and amusing style, and weaves in personal recollections. Our author has no memory of seeing Ruskin at Perth; "but I well remember Millais, in the prime of manly beauty . . . several of the children he then painted so charmingly were playmates of mine." One could linger long over these entertaining chapters, but space forbids. Mr. Moncrieff praises William Alexander's "Life among my ain folk" and Sarah Tytler's "St. Mungo's City."

THE LIFE OF SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, Bt., G.B.E.

By SIDNEY DARK. 10s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is probable that only those who, having possessed sight, have become totally blind, can truly value the work originated and carried on by the late Sir Arthur Pearson, at St. Dunstan's and elsewhere. His great object, when he ceased to be able to see, was, as Mr. Dark happily puts it, "to help the blind to cease to be pitiful, to

cease to be persons for whom their fellows were sorry; to demonstrate that the loss could be minimised, and that the blind could be so educated that they would be able to fend for themselves, to arrange their own lives, and to hold their own in industrial and in social life." With what success he achieved this, and in so doing found his own intense happiness, we all know; and with this allusion

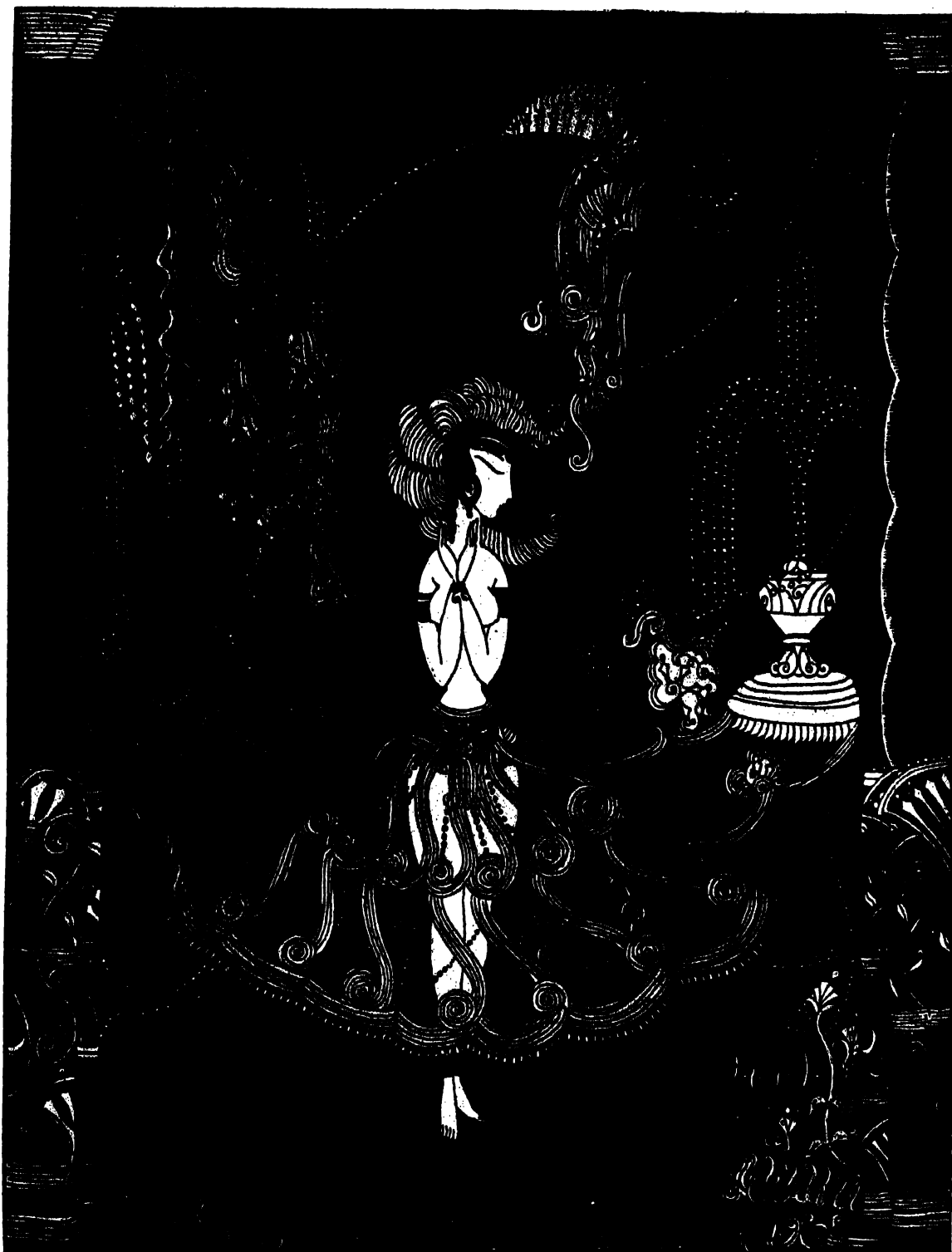


From Modern Decorative Art in England
(Batsford).

THE "MANDARIN" WALL-PAPER.
Designed by William Turner and Horace Warner.

to his splendid social triumph I will leave that part of the volume which gives its story, only adding that Mr. Dark makes of it an enthralling romance. Sir Arthur Pearson's character is unfolded, step by step, by his biographer, who knew him personally for more than twenty years. He would have succeeded in any other sphere of life—we can hardly doubt that, so unresting was his nature; but the great surprise to some readers will be in the revelation of what appears at first to be a lack of concentration. Reading further, we feel that it is rather a swift change of concentration from one theme to another. He did nothing by halves; from a non-smoker he became a very heavy smoker indeed. He was keen on golf, for a time; he fancied bee-keeping, for a time. Succeeding in one thing, he turned immediately to another. Success came to him while he was young, by the strange route of winning a prolonged "general knowledge" competition in *Tit-Bits*, the prize being a situation in the office of that paper at a salary of £100 a year. Very soon he was promoted. We need not here follow his career in detail. Mr. Dark has accomplished his task sympathetically, excellently. His book would be a memorial—if onewere needed

—to "the chief"; to the editor, the inspirer and the friend. But the real memorial is the work done at St. Dunstan's. This book will be treasured by all who read it, but more especially by those who knew the great leader of the blind.



*From The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám
(John Lane).*

"AND WHEN THYSELF WITH SHINING
FOOT SHALL PASS."

KORIN.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

£1 10s. (Elkin Mathews.)

It is very fitting that the pen which essays the task of introducing to the English public a very distinguished Japanese artist should be that of a distinguished Japanese poet who has already his own circle of British admirers. Korin (most of us, we blush to admit it, have never previously heard of him) has been dead for over two hundred years, while Mr. Noguchi's poems are still being written. We hope that in another century or so the poets of the day will pay him the same sort of tribute that Hoitsu, Korin's faithful follower, rendered to



YONE NOGUCHI,
Author of "Korin"
(Elkin Mathews).

his master's memory, sending a large stone from Yedo to Kyoto for a monument and inviting five people a day to the tea ceremony for thirty days. As to Korin's secret as an artist, of which we have here many examples in wood blocks in colour and black, collotypes and small cuts, Mr. Noguchi declares it to have been "the secret of how delightful it is to leave a full and empty space in the picture, or how to cover up the space of the picture with the most delightful emptiness," but herein Korin only "noticed and gazed on the accidental gesture of Nature, and let her sing her own song in his art." A book that will be sure of a welcome from the growing circle that is interested in the art of Japan. It is tastefully produced in the characteristic Japanese style.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

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By A. FREE-
MAN SMITH.
5s. (Fisher
Unwin.)

As an introduction by which intending architectural students may make their first acquaintance with the fascinating subject of ecclesiastical architecture, this little handbook is well designed. Admittedly elementary in character, its scope and treatment have been framed by an expert well qualified for this task, Mr. Smith having behind him many years of teaching experience as Art Master and Instructor in all architectural subjects in the very up-to-date Birmingham Municipal School of Arts. For the unlearned amateur whose interest in the examples of fine Gothic still abounding throughout the length and breadth of England has but just been aroused, and who may be desirous of understanding the origin and use of the more familiar forms which may come under his observation, no more helpful cicerone than Mr. Smith can be found. We must add a word of praise for the twelve plates with which the author supplements his text.

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Reviewed elsewhere in this Number

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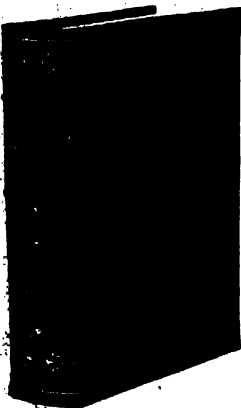
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Herbals with their hints of folk medicine of an even earlier age. It is pleasant to read that the oldest Saxon book, dealing with the virtues of herbs—the "Leech Book of Bald"—is in good condition, the fabric unimpaired by time. It is all very fascinating. Readers who already possess Miss Rohde's first book, "A Garden of Herbs," will find here the same delicate perception for detail, and the same charming enthusiasm that attracted them there. We must make room for a quotation—"To make a bath for Melancholy. Take Mallows, pelltory of the wall, of each three handfulls, Camomell flowers, Mellilot flowers, of each one handfull; hollyhocks, two handfulls: Isop, one greate handfull; senerick seede, one ounce; and boil them in nine gallons of Water till they come to three, then put in a

quart of new milke and go into it bloud warme, or something warmer." Can you imagine the mediæval face, serious and believing, bent over the vellum, as this was inscribed? We cannot close this inadequate review of a notable volume without a word of praise for the admirable and exhaustive bibliographies. The illustrations are exceedingly quaint. We find the frontispiece in colour—"Herbs being dug up and made into medecines under the direction of a sage"—very engaging. It is from a twelfth century copy of the Herbarium of Apeleius, now in the Library of Eton College.



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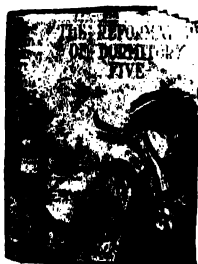


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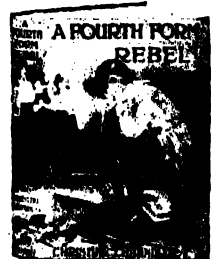
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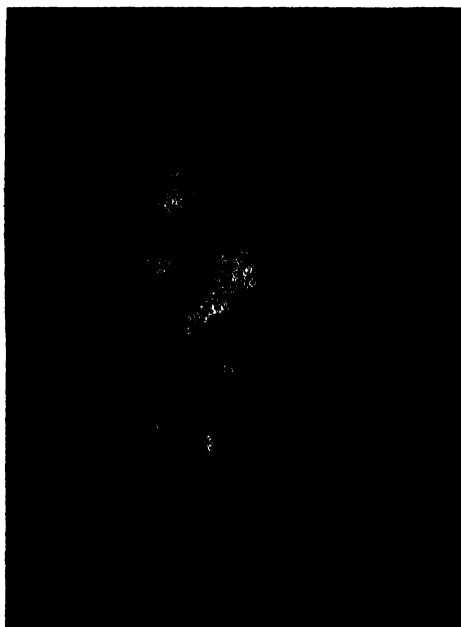
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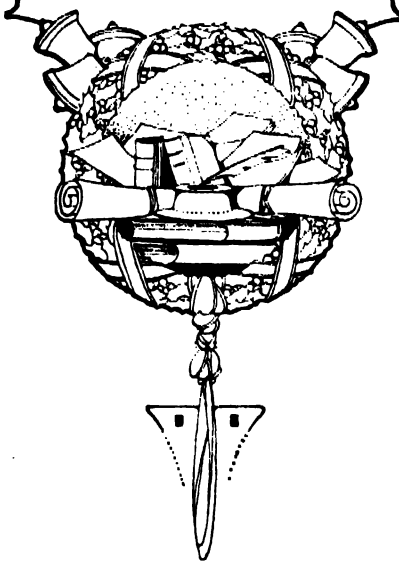
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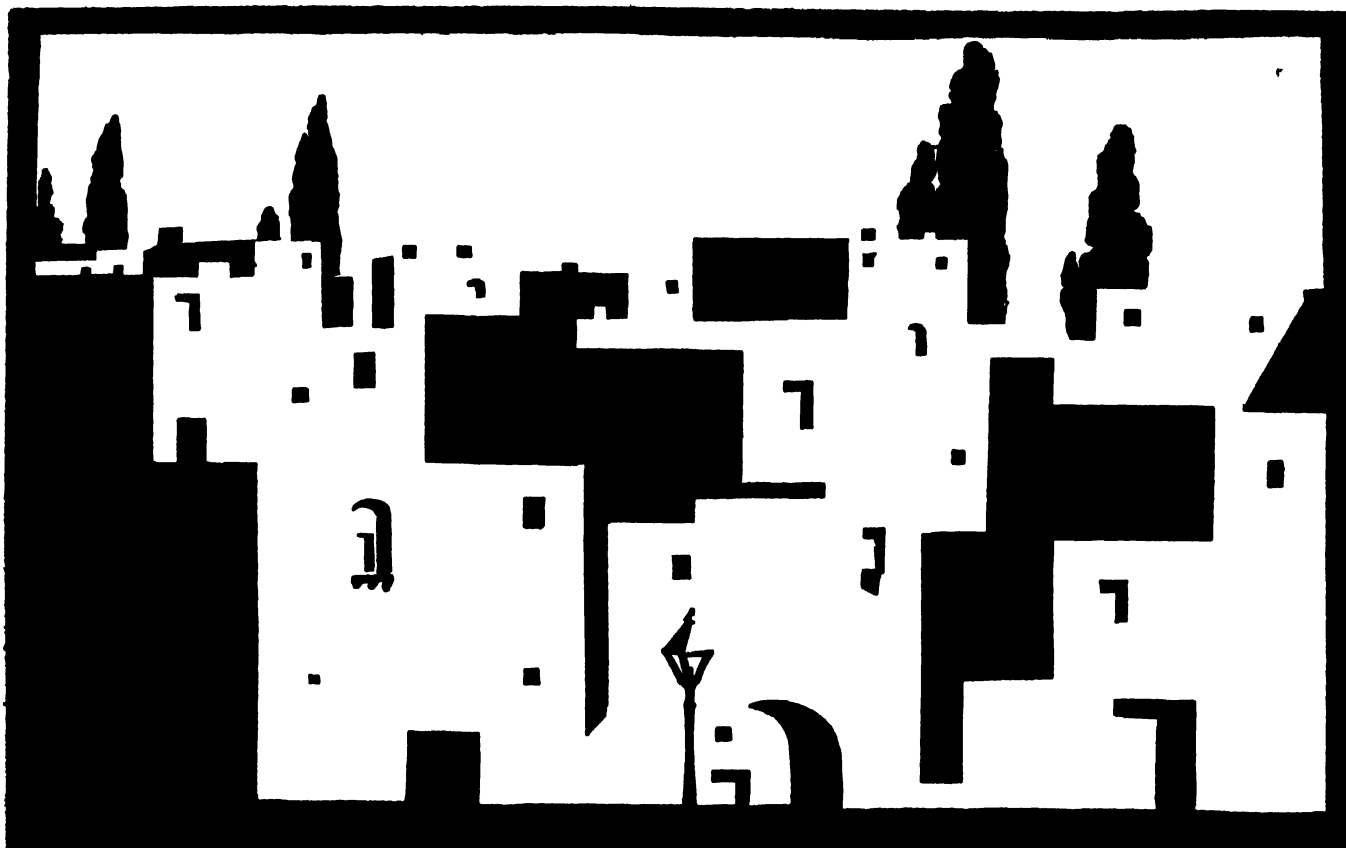
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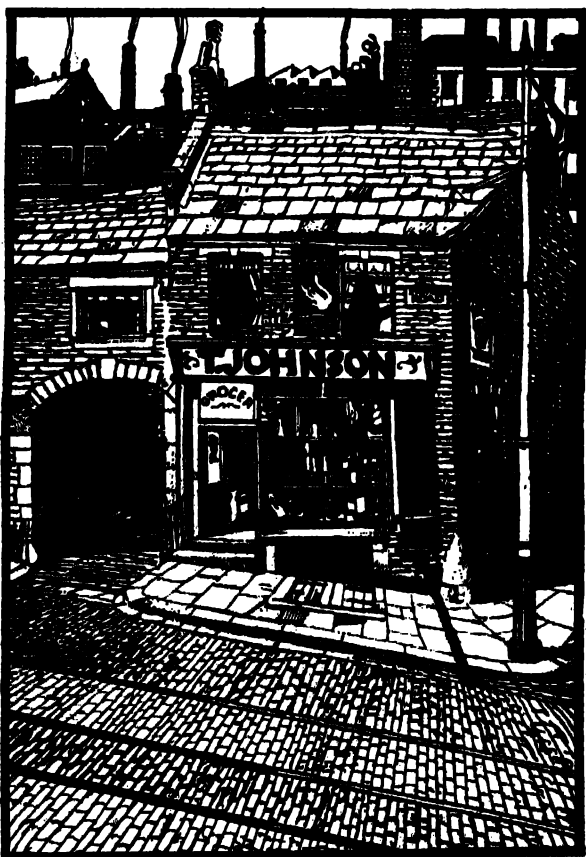
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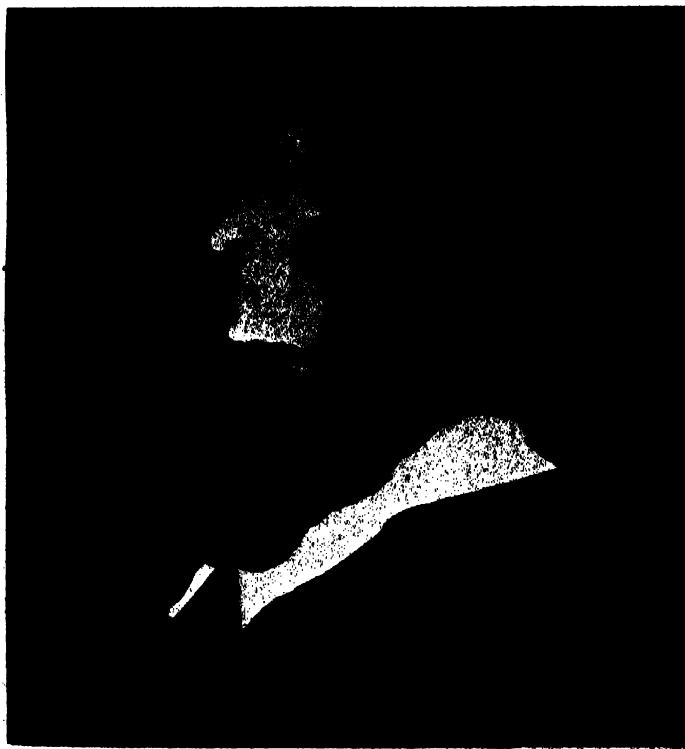
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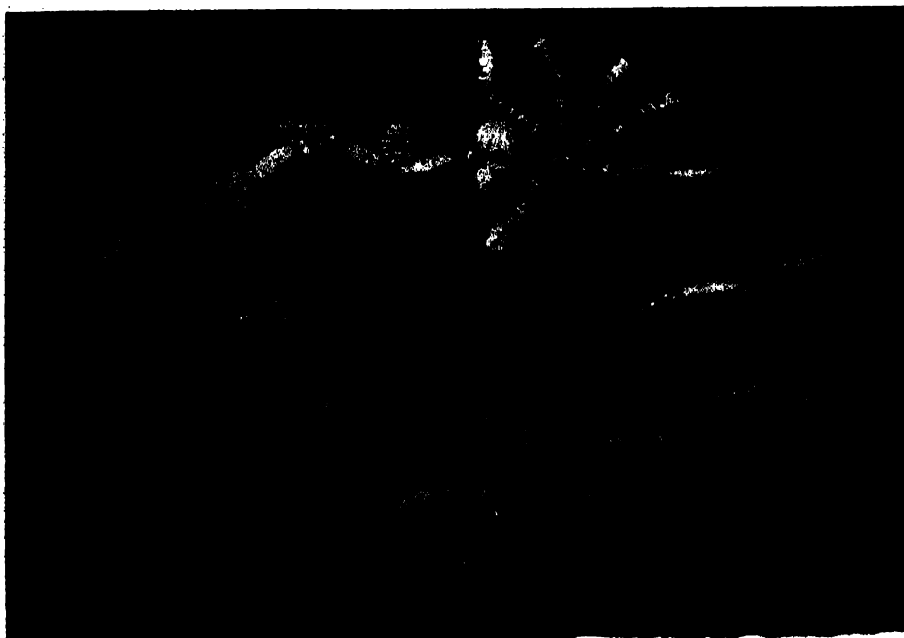
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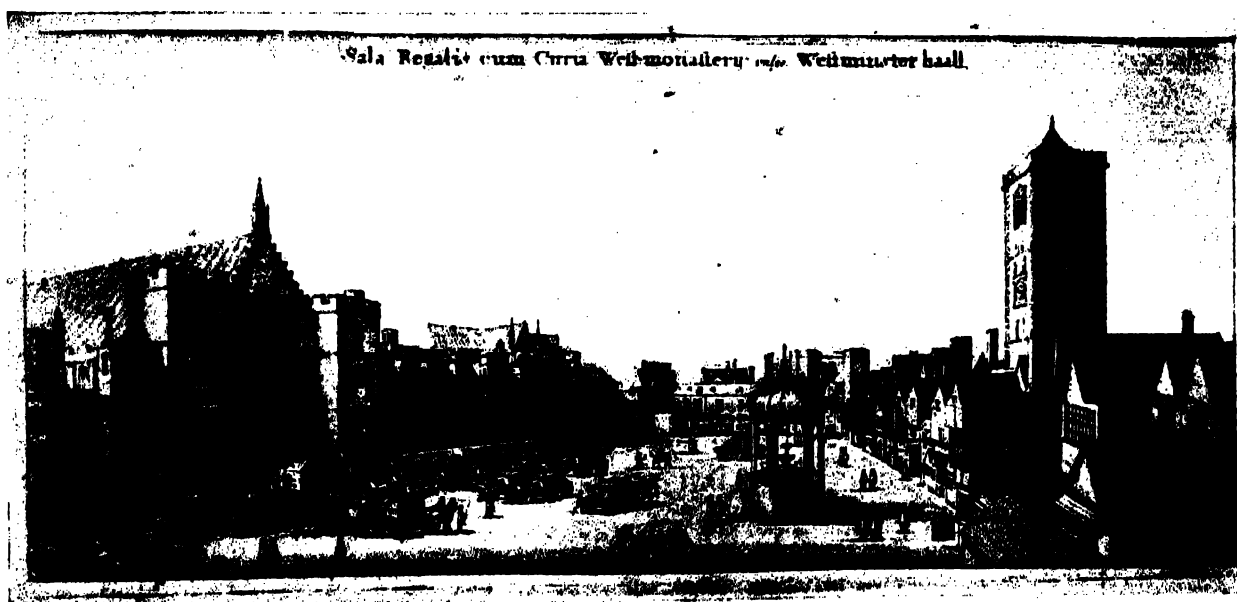
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From *New Testament Archaeology*
(Robert Scott).

JERUSALEM, THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

WILD LAKELAND.

Painted by A. HEATON COOPER.
Described by MACKENZIE MAC-
BRIDE. (A. & C. Black.)

For the picturing and the describing of Lakeland this volume has the good fortune to be created by two artists of enthusiasm and sympathetic understanding, artists who do not ask for a drought that they may travel its roads, its hills and fells in comfort. "It is no use denying that the English Lake District has the highest rainfall in our island," Mr. Macbride declares in his opening chapter. "But, what then? The rainfall of Lakeland is one of its greatest assets." There, at once, is the secret the fact, one should rather say that must be accepted before one approaches Lakeland. Without the rain the great beauty, certainly the greatest charm of the Lake District, would be gone. Mist, cloud, the dazzle of sunshine on raindrops dark shadows, changing outlines, varying lights, veiled and heightened colours—the rain makes these wonders. In the succession of pictures here presented by Mr. Heaton Cooper we see all these wonders. This artist's work reveals grandeur and sombreness, tenderness and delicacy, wild nature and village simplicity, but to us those pictures which have depended

most upon the rain have the greatest appeal. "Garburn Pass," "A Load Before the Storm," "Stepping Stones, Far Easdale"—and such. It is a beautiful revelation of a beautiful, many-sided land. And to Mr. Macbride's "description," true praise must also be given. It is no "guide-book," but it guides. It informs without being for an instant dull, and it holds that quality which all such books should hold—the quality of inspiring the reader and making him determine that all these lovelinesses he must see with his own eyes.



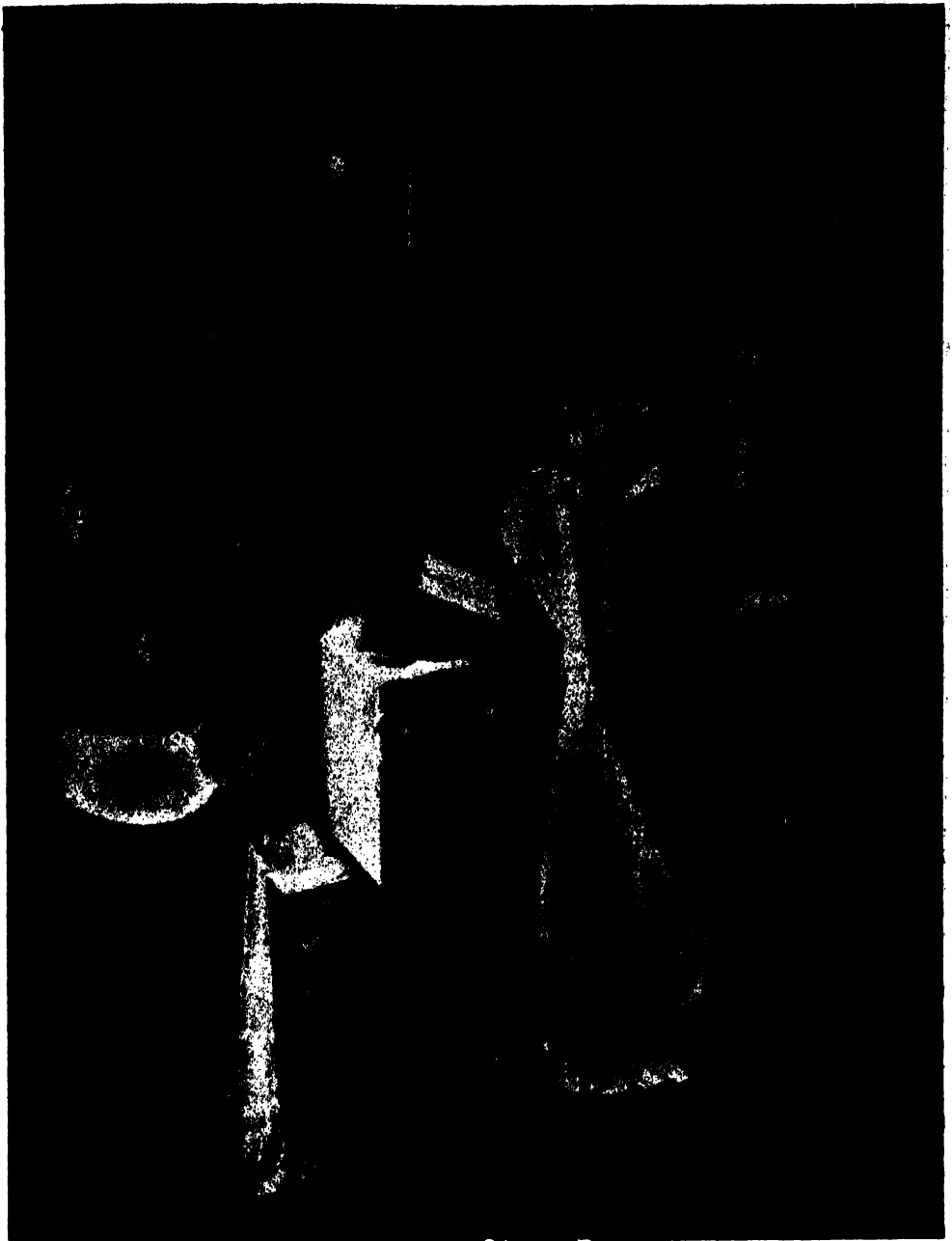
From *Mazes and Labyrinths*
(Longmans).

MAZE AT HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTS.
Photo by G. F. Green.

**THE PRACTICAL
BOOK OF
FURNISHING
THE SMALL HOUSE
AND APARTMENT.**

By EDWARD STRATTON
HOLLOWAY. 30s. net.
(Lippincott.)

In these days, when every man is more or less his own landlord, takes a pride in his home and, in many cases, decorates it himself, this book will come as a boon. It is an exhaustive volume based on common sense. "The reader is shown how to make the utmost use of the faculty he already possesses." Diagrams and numerous illustrations—many in colour—will help to formulate his ideas, and Mr. Holloway's suggestions are always practical, while every style of furnishing is carefully considered and every class of householder catered for. He "treats of the furnishing of premises from the most simply and inexpensively equipped cottage, bungalow, or flat, through the varying grades of home to the smart apartment, or the house of fair dimensions." By spending thirty shillings on the book the purchaser will find he is economising on the cost of house decoration, as well as providing himself with an almost endless source of inspiration for making his dwelling a charming and comfortable place to live



*From Fifty Pictures of Gothic Altars
(Mowbray).*

THE MIRACLE OF ST. GILES.

**FROM
FRIEND TO FRIEND
KALENDAR.**

Compiled and Edited by
JOSEPH SHAYLOR. 1s. 6d.
(Faulkner.)

Mr. Joseph Shaylor's "From Friend to Friend Kalendar" has long since taken its place as one of the daintiest and most welcome of Christmas annuals. The 1923 issue, strongly and tastefully bound, is just the size for the pocket, and contains just the postal and almanack information it is useful to carry there. In addition, it has spaces for appointments and memoranda, and each page for notes is faced with a poem on some aspect of friendship. It is a charming substitute for a Christmas card, and one that remains useful all through the year.



*From The Practical Book of Furnishing the
Small House and Apartment
(Lippincott).*

**A FINE EXAMPLE OF NEO-CLASSIC
LIBERAL PERIOD FURNISHING.**

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

BIRDS IN FLIGHT.

By W. P.
PYCRAFT,
F.Z.S. 158.
(Gay &
Hancock.)

Mr. Pycraft, in his preface to this handsome volume, says: "There are hosts of people who have a genuine love of our native birds, without yearning to possess their skins or desiring to acquire the reputation of being ornithologists. They would call them all by name if they could, but seek, alas! in vain, for some book wherein they will find some magic phrase, which will enable them to identify every bird they meet by the wayside." An attempt is made here to help such inquirers, who glance with such keen curiosity at the retreating bird forms. The author writes with great vivacity about Wings, their sizes, shapes and relation to Flight. He discusses Modes of Flight, Courtship Flights, and the Wings of Nestling Birds. But it is to the absorbing couple of chapters on "How to Tell Birds on the Wing" that most will turn first. Splendid, accurate coloured plates, by Mr. Roland Green.

HOMELY VERSES OF A HOME-LOVER.

By FAY INCHFAWN. (Ward,
Lock.)

Another book by one who has been aptly called the "Laureate of the Home." Hundreds of women doing their own housework, unable to afford to procure servants, have found Miss



From *Birds in Flight*
(Gay & Hancock).

LAPWINGS.



From *Homely Verses of a
Home-Lover*
(Ward, Lock).

COVER DESIGN.

Inchfawn's verses go straight to their weary and rebellious hearts. Very well does Miss Inchfawn understand the stormy moments of revolt that come over the sensitive and artistic soul caught tightly in the mesh of drudgery, and she sings blithely:

"Dear Soul—
If it should seem to you a sin
That wistful hands like yours must toil and spin:
And if you deem it waste of time to use
Life's precious moments cleaning knives and shoes;
Just tending babies; making things go right;
And tidying up from morning until night—
Consider this, my Dear:
It would be worse to waste Eternity
Just simply learning how to Be.
That would be foolish, when 'tis clear
We're meant to learn such things down here."

Miss Inchfawn's work is a powerful argument for the woman preacher. No man can get at the root of the matter altogether. We commend this book to the anxious housekeeper, who has lost any sense of true values in her perpetual rush.

CHINA CLAY.

By TREVOR BLAKEMORE.
Illustrated by F. M. McARTHUR.
3s. 6d.
(Heffer.)

Little pictures of Chinese scenes and characters fashioned in verses as charming and delicate as any carvings in ivory. The quiet or bizarre fantasy of the poems is well interpreted in the illustrations.

History Biography & Travel



*From Poor Folk in Spain
(John Lane).*

GIRL SINGING A MALAGUENA.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

A HISTORY OF THE DOUGLAS FAMILY OF MORTON IN NITHSDALE.

By Percy W. L.
ADAMS. 42s.
(The Sidney Press,
Bedford.)

Here is a family record extending to nearly a thousand pages, devoted to one branch of the great Border House of Douglas. An almost herculean task has been accomplished with what can only be described as unexampled industry and zeal. It is the richest genealogical feast one has had for many a day, though it must be confessed that, haggis-like, the volume contains a deal of "confused feeding." Numerous families linked with the Douglasses by descent and intermarriage come into the record. In his accumulation of material the compiler seems to have spared no expense, for his researches at the General Register House, and in other sources, must have been considerable and costly. The result is this fat, somewhat unwieldy quarto, printed in beautifully clear type, however, and enriched with such wealth of illustrations (there are a hundred and fifty-eight) as must make it a proud volume for those who bear the Douglas name or boast the Douglas blood. How it has been possible to produce this work for a couple of guineas a copy is a marvel in these days of abnormal prices in book production, and especially in books that are limited, as this one is, to two hundred copies!

Amongst those families whose story has cut deep into the life of Southern Scotland the Douglasses occupy almost the premier place. Their name is associated with every episode quoted in early Scottish



From Modern France
(Cambridge University Press).

THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS.

English representatives, the Witham and the Salwarpe Douglasses, in Essex and Worcestershire, through whose veins runs the blood of the ancient clan. Of William van Mildert, Bishop of Durham, Founder of Durham University, and his wife Jane Douglas, he gives an interesting account. Mildert was the last Prince Bishop, keeping up great state and maintaining a pack of foxhounds which he probably never himself used.

history. They were statesmen, scholars, soldiers, and stout Border raiders besung in many a ballad during those rough, wild times when might was right, and the cleverest, adroitest cattle-lifter was accounted the greatest hero. Even to their own countrymen the Douglas name was one of dread. They were not always so "tender and true" as one of their poets would have us believe. A Douglas was often Regent of the Kingdom, and the history of the race was virtually the history of Scotland.

Mr. Adams deals with the Morton branch descended from the Lairds of Drumlanrig, and with the Fingland line begun by Archibald, a scion of Morton, who died in 1718. In their turn these progenitors built up innumerable families in Scotland and England, some of whose members have carried the name with honour to the remotest regions. Mr. Adams has much to say about the

It is pleasant to recall that one of the most popular of Scottish love-songs owes its origin to William Douglas of Fingland, who wooed "Bonnie Annie Laurie" of Maxwellton, and heard with sad chagrin her refusal of his hand. It was then that he wrote the lines beginning, "Maxwelton's braes are bonnie"—lines which Lady John Scott of Spottiswood



From South African Houses
(Oxford University Press).

THE BELL TOWER, MAGISTER.

remodelled and rejuvenated, and sang into immortality when the Crimean War was raging. Mr. Adams has told the whole true story of the lyric once for all, and it is a valuable feature of the book.

As a rule family histories are dry and uninviting. That cannot be said of the Morton history. It is literally packed with a mass of multifarious data—pedigree charts, a hundred and sixty-seven pages of appendices showing abstracts from six hundred and ninety-one documents, and a host of illuminating notes—for all of which the future investigator into this particular subject must be profoundly grateful. An index extends to eighty double-columned pages. This is truly a meritorious piece of work, and having been done *con amore*, is a noble and notable contribution to genealogical and local literature.

W. S. CROCKETT.



From Knole & the Sackvilles
(Heinemann).

STAIRCASE.

picture of a town here which is very like a drawing by Marchand; Mrs. Gordon, though she has affinities with John Nash, has a livelier fancy and a quicker humour than her husband's; while she can also produce a picture full of solid quality and rich colour as in the frontispiece of a "Spanish Courtyard." The text is extremely good reading, unpretentious, observant and free from both varieties of Chauvinism—the kind which makes a traveller patronise a foreign country, and the kind which makes him despise his own. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon lived simply, met simple people and found, as all sensible travellers find, that the simple people, all the world over, are kind and friendly. Mr. Lane has given the book a beautiful form; and it is one of the cheapest gift-books of the year.

SOUTH AFRICAN HOUSES.

By DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE. Illustrated. £3 3s. (Oxford Press.)

Miss Dorothea Fairbridge has written an extraordinarily interesting and historically valuable book on famous houses in South Africa that have their places in South

African history. She writes with full knowledge of her subject and considerable charm of style. The ten colour pictures by Gwelo Goodman (one of which is reproduced among our presentation plates) are from beautiful and masterly studies in oil. The book is illustrated also with over 200 collotype plates, half-tones, and drawings.

POOR FOLK IN SPAIN.

By JAN and CORA GORDON. 12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

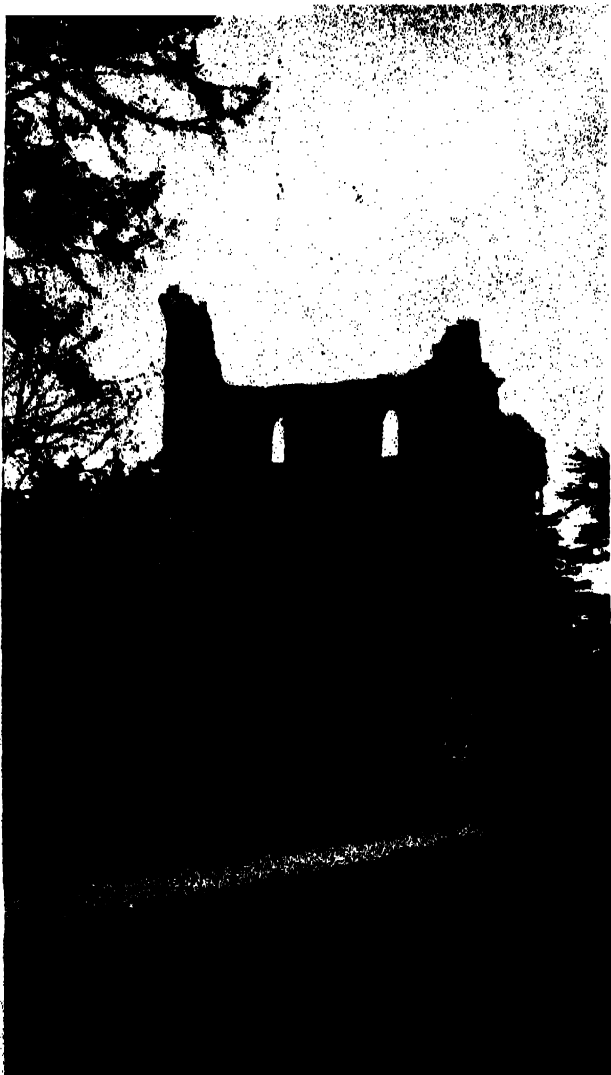
How pleasant it is to meet a travel-book which is personal, both in text and in illustrations! Here is no jejune sight-seeing, coked out by stereotyped photographs; but a record of enjoyment and amusement illustrated by drawings which are now sombre, now gay, but always individual and full of vitality. Mr. Gordon rather favours the more modern school of draughtsmanship. There is a



From Yesterday and To-day
(Methuen).

SITE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922



From Dryburgh Abbey
(Blackwood).

ST. MARY'S AISLE:
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
RESTING-PLACE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

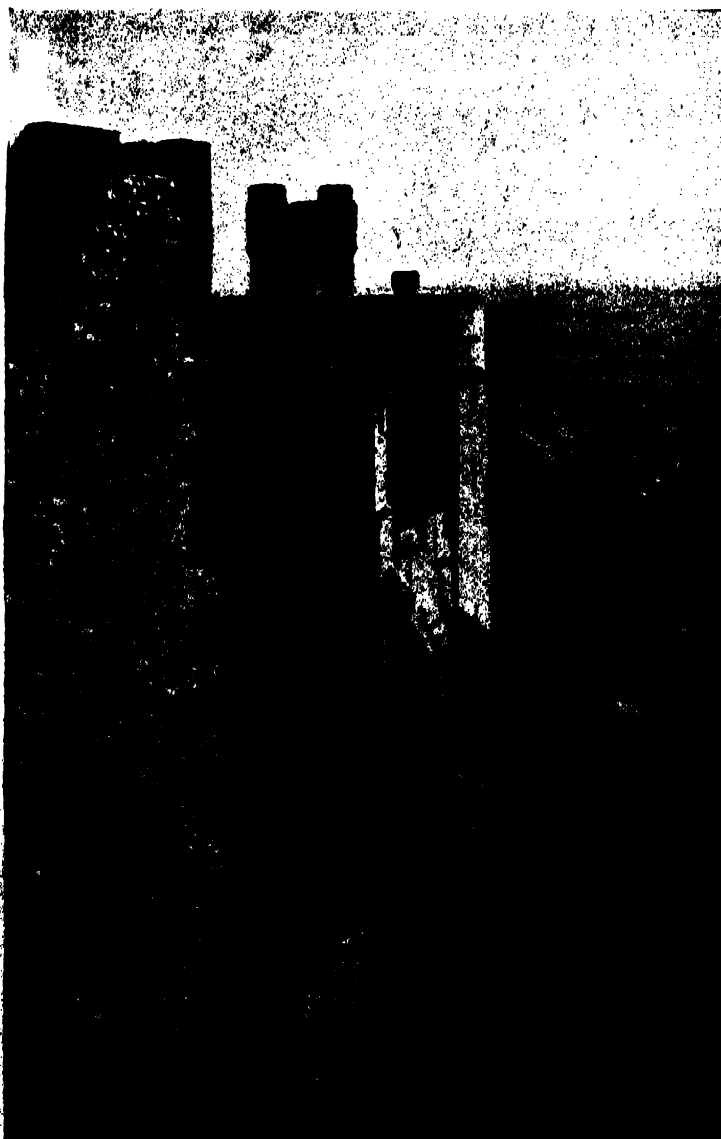
By SYDNEY PERKS, F.S.A., F.S.I., F.R.I.B.A. 35s.
(Cambridge University Press.)

With scarcely a glance at the marvellous group of buildings situated at that existing corner known familiarly as "the Bank," the crowds pass and re-pass all day long. It takes a book such as this to bring before us the real significance of London and to make us, next time business takes us that way, look upon the Mansion House, Walbrook and the district with a less casual mind. Mr. Perks is City Surveyor to the Corporation of London, and had for many years been planning a history of the Mansion House; he has had access to the records of the Guildhall and other ancient documents, and at last has seen the reward of his persevering research in the publication of this handsome volume. It is a mine of information, and the plans of the locality given at the end, progressing as they do from very old maps showing the course of the "Walbrook" to the modern ones where only the name of that lost London stream is left, are a most valuable feature. There are also many fine illustrations of old-time London. For the student Mr. Perks has provided a feast, and to the literature of the great city has added a very important contribution.

WEST AFRICA.

By CAPTAIN H. OSMAN NEWLAND. Edited with an introduction by EVANS LEWIN, M.B.E. 21s. (Daniel O'Connor.)

In this volume the late Captain Newland brought together an immense amount of accurate and up-to-date information about West Africa as a whole, and the book is very properly described as a "handbook of practical information for the official, planter, miner, financier and trader." West Africa includes Senegal, French Guinea, Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Ashanti, Togoland, Dahomey, Nigeria, the Cameroons, French Equatorial Africa and Portuguese West Africa. The German possessions of Togoland and the Cameroons have passed to France and England who now, with Belgium in the Congo, are paramount over all that enormous area which holds immense possibilities in developing trade and mineral and other produce. Captain Newland gives a clear account of the geography and the history of the territories concerned, describes their flora and fauna, the native population, narrates the steps being taken to develop the resources of the people and the soil. Chief among the products are the oil palm, the coco-palm, and cocoa, and it is clear that wealth beyond the dreams of avarice is latent in West Africa. Excellent indications are given as to means of producing and increasing the best crops, sensible advice is offered on many subjects, and as the book is written in a clear, vivid, knowledgeable fashion, it conveys the impression that it is as trustworthy in its facts as it is interesting in its presentation of them. A very commendable piece of work.



From Arundel Borough and Castle
(Robert Scott).

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN SUSSEX.

By ARTHUR STANLEY COOKE. 160 Illustrations by
Sussex artists. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

「 This is a reissue after some ten years of a very excellent description of villages and by-ways in Sussex, " off the beaten track." Sussex is a county with a full history, reaching back far beyond Saxondom, and rich in memories displayed in dewpond and manor and cottage and church, and all that slowly accumulates from generation to generation, from century to century. Once Steyning was a sea port, and at the Conquest was bigger than Southampton or Bath; and Sussex iron was forged and famous in the days when Rome held Britain. Mr. Cooke's volume is a handy, chatty, informing one, the hundred and sixty illustrations are exactly right, there is an excellent index, and if only there were a map of the county there would be no fault to find with a charming book.

WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME.

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS. 12s. 6d.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Recommended, and not without justice, by its publisher as an " unorthodox and stimulating book on a variety of subjects of the greatest public interest, Mr. Roberts's book seems fated to meet with a very mixed reception on this side. Lively and amusing as it is, it is in parts extremely exaggerated. We are certainly with the author in deploring the disastrous results (for America) that must come from a continued influx of miscellaneous undesirables over which waves the star-spangled banner of liberty. Mr. Roberts is very downright in his conclusions, and " opines " that miscegenation has already gone far enough. " The American nation," he declares, " was founded and developed by the Nordic race, but if a few more million members of the Alpine, Mediterranean and Semitic races are poured among us, the result must inevitably be

a hybrid race of people as worthless and futile as the good-for-nothing mongrels of Central America and South Eastern

Europe." That seems sound enough. But why is Mr. Roberts so angry with us for cold-shouldering Prohibition? Here he becomes both rude and reckless: " Beer has always been regarded by the English as being a harmless—nay, a healthful and almost essential part of their daily life, like soggy vegetables and damp bed-sheets." Well, well. " Drinking in England reached a higher stage of development centuries ago than it reached in America even during the hectic period when young ladies



From Off the Beaten Track in Sussex
(Herbert Jenkins).

SINGLETON CHURCH.



From Why Europe Leaves Home
(Fisher Unwin).

LOOKING ACROSS MODERN ATHENS
FROM THE ACROPOLIS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

removed and checked their corsets on arriving at dances, and were unable to be their natural selves unless they had about a pint and a half of whisky under their girdles." We don't think English young ladies have conducted themselves quite in the fashion here so delicately described. "Go to any of the countless quiet hotels in England to-day; and in every dining-room you will find austere elderly ladies sucking up bottles of champagne with their dinners." Honestly, Mr. Roberts, we fear you won't.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD LEE HICKS.

(Bishop of Lincoln
1910-1919.)

Edited by
J. H. FOWLER.
(Christophers.)

A strong, intellectual and profoundly tolerant spirit shines through this record of Bishop Hicks's life, in which his personal writings are freely quoted. Truly it was remarked of him, who was never afraid of advanced ideas, that even in death he was ahead of his generation. "He never grew old," says his wife, "because he was always interested more in the present and future than in the past. He cared for the past only *historically*." His letter to his daughter Christina, dated January 23rd, 1908, should be read in full by all to whom the question of an after-life brings grave doubts; he shows both sides of the argument in a clear and comprehensive manner that proves with what courage he examined the faith he set himself up to teach.

GYPSYING THROUGH CENTRAL AMERICA.

By EUGENE CUNNINGHAM.
21s. (Unwin.)

This is the chronicle of a trip conceived in restlessness and executed in genuine enjoyment. Mr. Cunningham and his friend the photographer are shown to us in the



From *Past Times and Pastimes*
(Hodder & Stoughton).

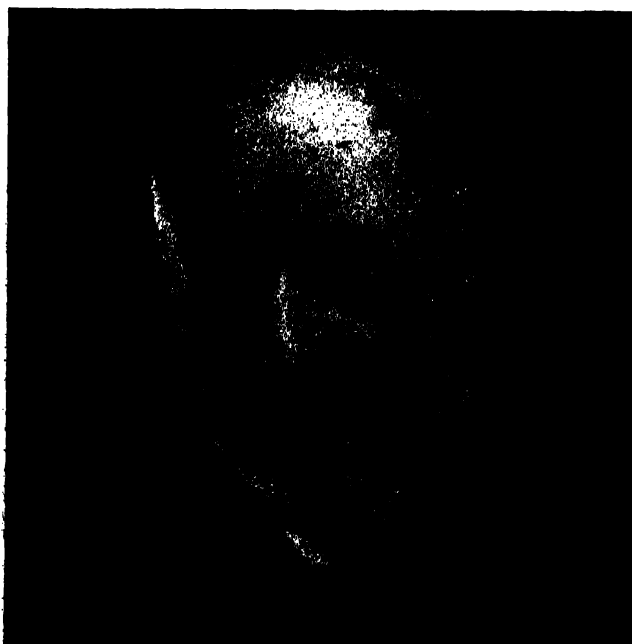
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.
From the painting by Sir Arthur S. Cope, R.A.
(Photo: The Autotype Fine Art Company).

frontispiece, young, stalwart men with keen, strong faces. They set out on their explorations through the picturesque banana republic of Central America, with high hearts, burning for adventure. They galloped through wildernesses of madroings and oaks, splashed through rivers (disturbing alligators), sampled the hospitality of Costa Rica; tried to get a cup of coffee in Nicaragua and had trouble about it. "Personally, in Nicaragua, where the natives look upon any white man with almost fanatical hatred, I would rather have my Colt than a safe-conduct signed by all the presidents. . . . In my opinion, Nicaragua would be another Mexico were the marines withdrawn." It is an engaging narrative, told in bright, emphatic style. The writer, however, is not very optimistic as regards the native. "Always as we watched these people there rose in us a vast disgust at the depths of their sloth. Always came the thought, 'What *couldn't* the white man's industry and perseverance do with these countries!'" There is an interesting account of a meeting with Lee Christmas, Central America's most noted soldier of fortune.

FROM CROW-SCARING TO WESTMINSTER.

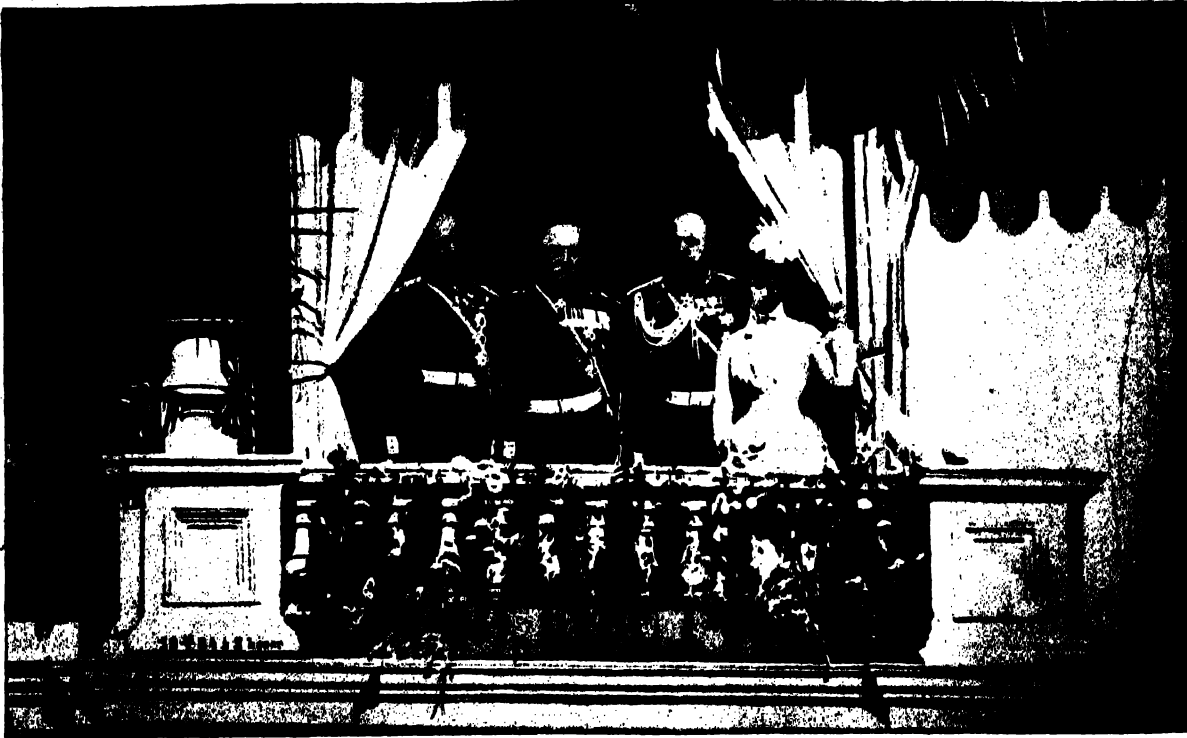
By GEORGE EDWARDS, M.P.,
O.B.E. 7s. 6d. (Labour
Publishing Co.)

This life-story of a distinguished Labour leader, simply and tolerantly written, should be read by all who care to understand what are the aims of Labour—the evils it is out to remedy, and why it is so desperately determined to remedy them. There can be few more poignant things in literature than the early chapters of this book. They should be read by every comfortable person who is indignant that the working classes are not contented with their lot. To read them has made one reviewer rather ashamed of his country, and of its riches.



From *Edward Lee Hicks*
(Christophers).

EDWARD LEE HICKS, D.D.



From *Comparative History*
(Hutchinson).

THE THREE EMPERORS AT SKIERNIVICE.

through of German troops. The French violate the frontier in many places." For both these statements the authority is *Deutsche Dokumente*. So we should suppose.

FIFTY YEARS A JOURNAL- IST.

By MELVILLE
STONE.
12s. 6d.
(Heinemann.)

Mr. Melville Stone retired the other day from the control of the great news agency he founded half a

COMPARATIVE HISTORY.

By the EX-EMPEROR OF GERMANY. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Only an elastic student of characterisation would allow the title of "book" to what is merely a tabulated list of occurrences and alleged occurrences, meagrely annotated, and interspersed haphazard with a number of photographs which really supply the main interest to which this volume can lay claim. Such as it is, however, we must take it at its own profession to be the considered defence of the Ex-Emperor of Germany against the world's indictment for Germany's responsibility as the principal instigator of the Great War. If the author has found any comfort in its compilation, no very useful purpose can be served by grudging it to him. For other people, one sample of its quality should suffice. Under *August 3rd, 8 p.m.* we read: "As there was no doubt about the Franco-Belgian agreements for the neutrality of mobilisation, Germany addresses an ultimatum to Belgium to permit the march

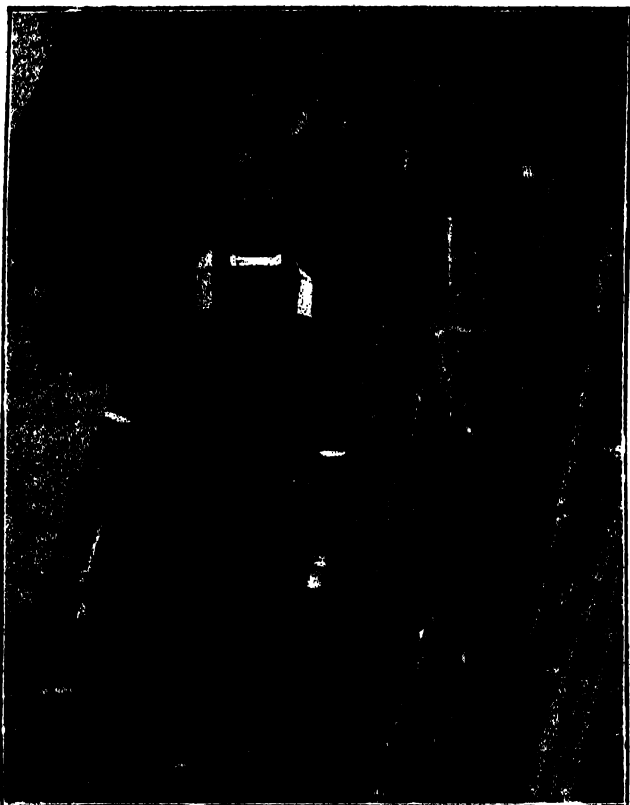
century ago, the Associated Press, and he is generally accorded the credit for having fingered more voluminous and momentous news than any man in his profession, so far as the western hemisphere goes. Since his retirement he has put together this racy and entertaining log of his experiences, from his first training on a Chicago paper down to the Peace Conference at Versailles. Those of us who helped to give him a feast of welcome and tribute on his passing through London well remember the keenness of mind, the flashing wit and humour and the dry irony he put into his speech of thanks—all qualities redolent of the pressman who is at home with all companies and conditions, but especially



From *The Life of George, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen*
(Hodder & Stoughton).

THE ABERDEEN CABINET FORMED IN 1852.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922



From *The Lhota Nagas*
(Macmillan).

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN
OF OKOKO.

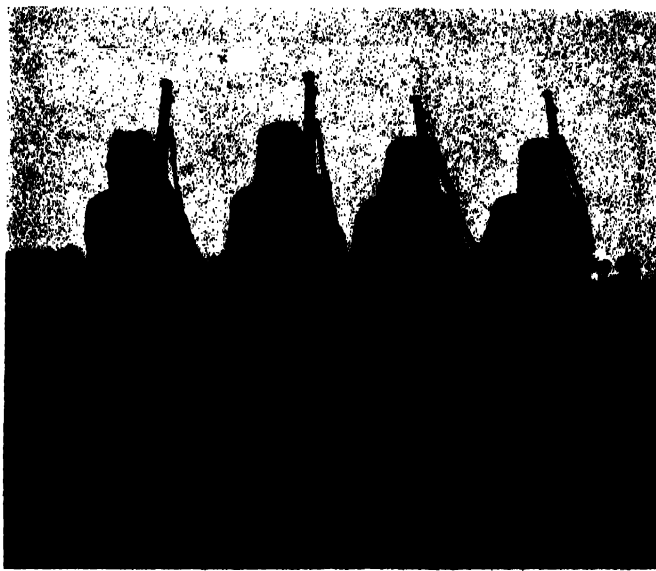
among his own brethren of the pen. This book shows where and how he gained and developed those attributes, tells of famous men with whom he served, including writers like Eugene Field, George Ade and "Bill Nye." But these are eclipsed by the potentates and statesmen Mr. Melville Stone encountered before the war or while it lasted. One reconciliation he records with an American

admiral had its repercussion in the fact that President Wilson "announced that he would never speak to me again, to which I replied that I would strive to exist nevertheless." He has since existed to some purpose, as this book shows. Another good story is of a certain retort made to Diaz, the Italian generalissimo. To enhance France's idea of Italy's prowess he had declared the Austrians were absolute lions, veritable lions. A few days later Koch captured five thousand Austrians, and Diaz got this telegram from Clemenceau: "MY DEAR DIAZ,—We have taken as prisoners 5,000 of your lions. What shall we do with them?—Affectionately, 'THE TIGER.'" Mr. Melville Stone holds that the first duty of a man in his position is to foresee a big thing and have a man on the spot to deal with it. He has written a sterling book, and one that enters permanently into the annals of the world's press.

THE INSURRECTION IN MESOPOTAMIA, 1920.

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR AYLMER L. HALDANE, G.C.M.G.,
K.C.B., D.S.O. 21s. net. (Blackwood.)

The whole question of Mesopotamia, why we went there and why Great Britain is still interested in that ancient and difficult territory, is one of great prominence just now,



From *The Insurrection in
Mesopotamia*
(Blackwood).

ARAB LEVIES.



From *English Country Life
and Work*
(Batsford).

HENRIETTA LACE MAKER.

"The faster I work it'll shorten my coles,
But if I do play it'll stick to a stay,
So halloo! little fingers, and twank it away."

and this account of the very serious troubles there in 1920, excellently described by the officer in command of our forces at the time, must needs attract no little attention and study. Four thousand British and three thousand Indian troops were his whole effective force, a tiny weapon with which to reconquer and hold an area greater than the whole United Kingdom. From a careful study of General Haldane's book the reader can derive much material which will help him to form his own judgment as to the British concern with Mesopotamia. It is by no means merely a matter of cost to the taxpayer. A great Empire has to shoulder many burdens and responsibilities and pay the heavy cost, if it is to remain great. The question is more whether honour or prestige or duty is at stake, and then the cost must be met. General Haldane quotes a very interesting remark by His Highness the Agha Khan on the subject of British administration. According to him the Pax Britannica "which does not wink at lawlessness," if enforced among barbarous tribes will always lead to trouble, while the French in Morocco tolerate a good deal of lawlessness and get on successfully. And he approved of "bakshesh" among the tribes. A very large number of most interesting photographs greatly help the book to put its theme forward realistically.

SURREY.

Painted by SUTTON PALMER. Described by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. (A. & C. Black.)

Perhaps no other English county can be so closely packed with scenes of manifold beauty, Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff tells us, as the small home county, Surrey. It must surely have been difficult for Mr. Sutton Palmer to decide what views to paint as representative of a county whose glories are so diverse. The care with which he has made his selection speaks of a close acquaintance with those wooded heights and verdant valleys that have turned Surrey into "a play-ground, pleasure-ground and garden-ground" for Londoners. No less full of colour are the word-pictures accompanying the paintings. Both from a literary and artistic standpoint the book reaches the very high level attained by previous volumes in the series.

THE ADVENTURES OF IMSHI.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU. Illustrated. 21s. (Jarrolds.)

"Imshi" was a gallant little two-seater car in which Mr. Prioleau set forth in December, 1920, "to look for the sun." In which quest he dashed south from London to Calais, thence to Orange, Avignon and the Riviera, moving swiftly or cautiously down the good or much-war-suffering roads of France, a dash into Italy, then back through Monte Carlo to Marseilles. And so by steamboat to Morocco, and the real, real sun and all the wonders of an ancient land, with its memories great and mean, and the strange cities that for centuries hardly a European infidel foot might tread, now a



From Siwa : the Oasis of
Jupiter Ammon
(John Lane).

THE TOWN-CRIER'S DAUGHTER.



From The Adventures of Imshi
(Jarrolds).

THE LOOKSMITH'S SHOP
AT KAIRUAN.

country of roads and motors and modernity side by side with the Middle Ages, the unchanged East and the little-tamed tribal chiefs and their clans. Morocco is the gateway to Algeria, Tunis, Carthage, Tangier and the rest (it is amusing to read once more the old, foolish fairy tale of Regulus at Carthage—fables die hard indeed), and then homewards via Spain, the Pyrenees and up, hurrying to Perigueux and Poitiers, and England once more. Mr. Prioleau gives a light, sparkling narrative, always centring on his gallant car and her powers and possibilities, so that his book, besides being excellent reading, is a first-rate guide to other motorists who may wish to go a-touring in these and similar lands.

THE IRISH TWINS.

By LUCY FITZPERKINS. [6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

It has been left to Miss Lucy FitzPerkins to add quite a new series to the children's book shelves. She has, as it were, made a corner in twins—Eskimo twins, Cave twins, Scotch twins and in the book under review, "The Irish Twins." I'm afraid that the Ireland in which the Twins lived was an Ireland of very long ago—certainly not the Ireland of the last six years. One of the stories or sketches is entitled, "Mr. MacQueen Pays the Rent." To anybody who knows the Ireland of to-day that title would be sufficient evidence that the authoress is writing of long past yesterdays. And yet those yesterdays make very pleasant reading and her Irish twins are a delightful pair. The illustrations, which are by the authoress, deserve particular mention.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

IN LOTUSLAND JAPAN.

By
HERBERT G. PONTING.
18s. (Dent.)

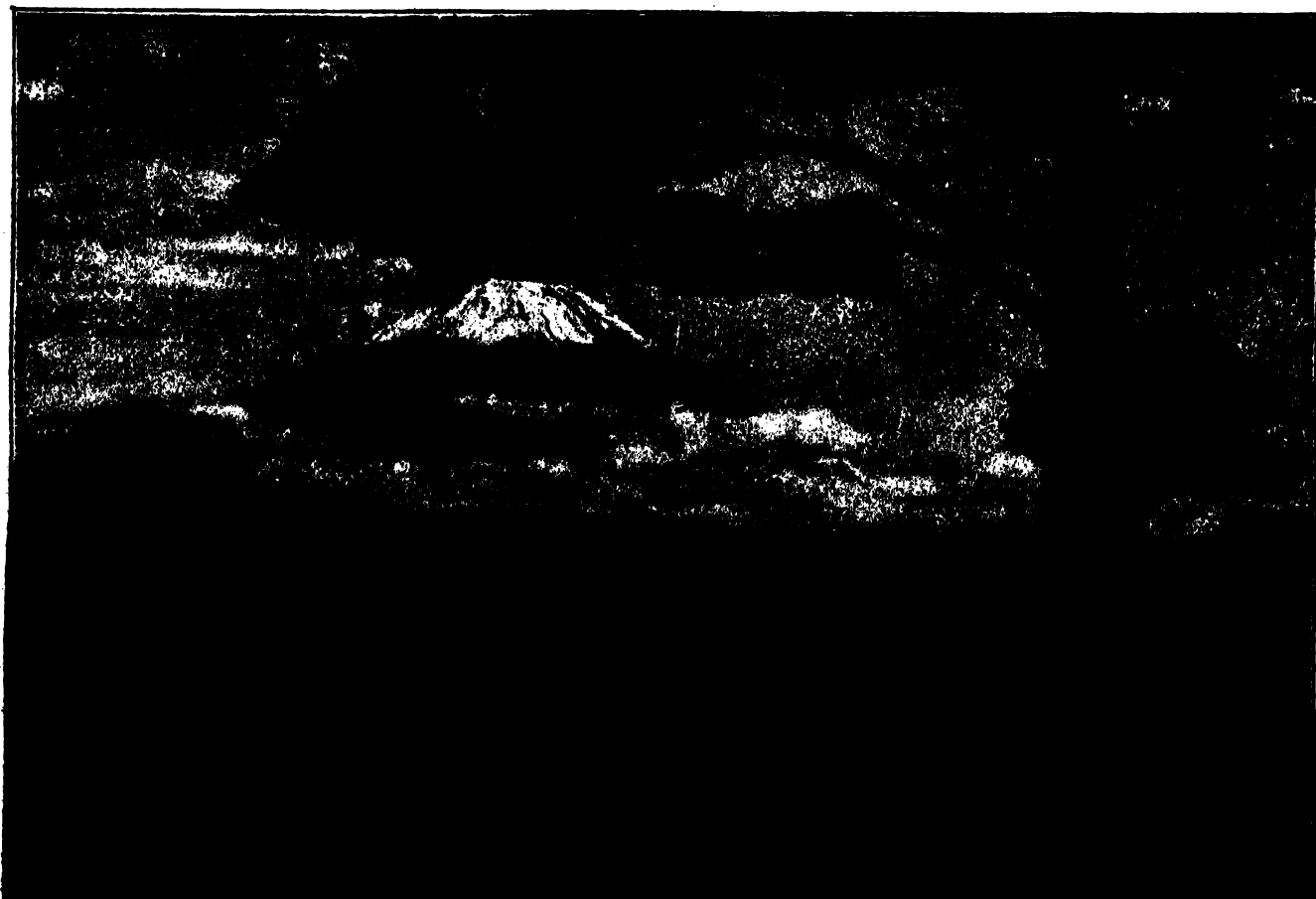
A new and revised edition of Mr. H. G. Ponting's delightful book on Japan is to be welcomed. The author, well known as a member of Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition, recalls in his Preface that the book's first appearance synchronised with the departure of Captain Scott and his party from these shores, a fact which rather militated against the careful revision of proofs, etc. Whatever errors and omissions crept in thus unavoidably have now been rectified, considerable additions made to the text, and a number of new photographic plates added. It is indeed with the singular beauty of its very numerous illustrations that the book chiefly scores in its improved form. Certainly they represent the high-



*From Wanderings in the Queensland Bush
(Allen & Unwin)*

FISHER FALLS, INNISFAIR.

water mark of artistic photography, and it is not surprising to learn that the aesthetically wide-awake Japanese should have seized upon a number of them as copies. Not only photographers, but many artists and craftsmen working in various metals and textiles have borrowed without stint. Several of Mr. Ponting's efforts in this wise have all the excellence of composition and clarity of detail of a good Japanese print, and many of the flower photographs—wistaria (beneath which the flower-worshippers sit improvising poems which they tie to the floral wonders by which they are inspired), lotus, cherry-blossom, etc.—are of striking beauty. There are also admirable photographs of Fuji in many aspects, and some extremely interesting and quite sensational snapshots of the little-known volcanoes, Aso-San and Asama-Yama.



*From In Lotusland Japan
(Dent).*

FUJI FROM LAKE MOTOSU.

THE
GOLDEN
RIVER.

By J. W. HILLS,
M.P., and IANTHE
DUNBAR. 10s. 6d.
(Philip Allan.)

This is an unconventional and wholly delightful record of sport and travel in Paraguay. Its authors are not the usual restless type of globe-trotters with notebooks, and the presence of at least one of them in such an out-of-the-way corner as the upper waters of the Parana river was due to his having gone there for a particular purpose, and an admirably non-utilitarian one at that. If there is anything that Major Hills seems to be keen on it is fishing, and here were virgin hunting-grounds whereon to set deliberately about the conquest of that tropical rival of the salmon known vaguely throughout the river systems of the continent as the dorado. He seems to be a gloriously sporting beast, and in appearance a resplendent



From *The Golden River*
(Philip Allan).

A CURVED STRETCH OF WATERFALLS.

thought hard to live up to. In making the intimate acquaintance of this golden fish of spirit and of sense, if we may be allowed to call him so after reading Major Hills's eulogy, the authors spent many happy and healthful weeks aboard the *Lelia*, a launch manned by a composite medley of Latin-American swashbucklers whose idiosyncrasies added to the gaiety of their employers. The story of this adventure is well illustrated by photographs, some of the fishing snapshots are a revelation as to what prizes await the angler in these waters, and much of the information gleaned not only about the dorado but other denizens of South American streams is presumably new to science. Major Hills is an all-round naturalist, and in his remarks on birds pays an eloquent tribute to the value, to the ornithologist in these latitudes, of the works of a "fine observer and beautiful writer." The late W. H. Hudson, of course.



From *Under the Black Ensign*
(Hutchinson).

H.M.S. INTREPID AT YUKANSKIE, JUNE 1916.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

THE WESTMINSTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

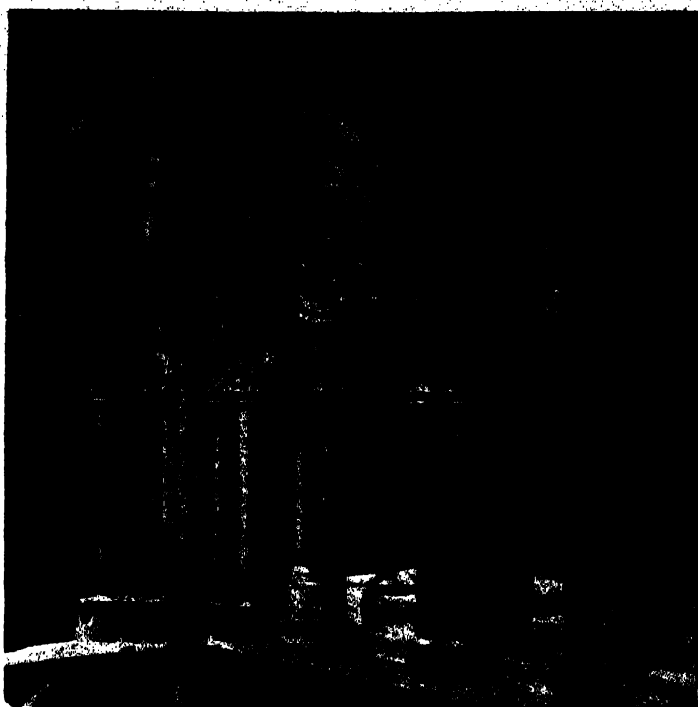
By RALPH TANNER, M.A. 6s. (Sheldon Press.)

"Westminster boys are the first to acclaim the Sovereign at Coronations. They have the privilege of attending the great functions in the Abbey and of listening to debates in the House of Parliament. The Abbey is their chapel. They are brought up under its shadow." Mr. Tanner reminds us thus, in the preface to his able, tersely-written history. Lucky are Westminster lads who can now possess themselves of this record and who may grasp, while yet pupils, some of the mighty traditions of their school. We fancy that the book will be used by others than those especially interested in Westminster. Its concise paragraphs and clear groupings and summaries will be valuable to all young students of history. The short list of books recommended for reading on the different periods is well chosen and, we are glad to notice, includes tales by Merriman and Henty, as well as by more ancient spirits.

THE EMPIRE AT WAR

By SIR CHARLES LUCAS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Vol. I. 15s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

This work, to be completed in five volumes, was planned by the Council of the Royal Colonial Institution, "to trace the growth of Imperial co-operation in war time prior to the late war, to give side by side a complete record



From The Westminster History
of England
(S.P.C.K.).

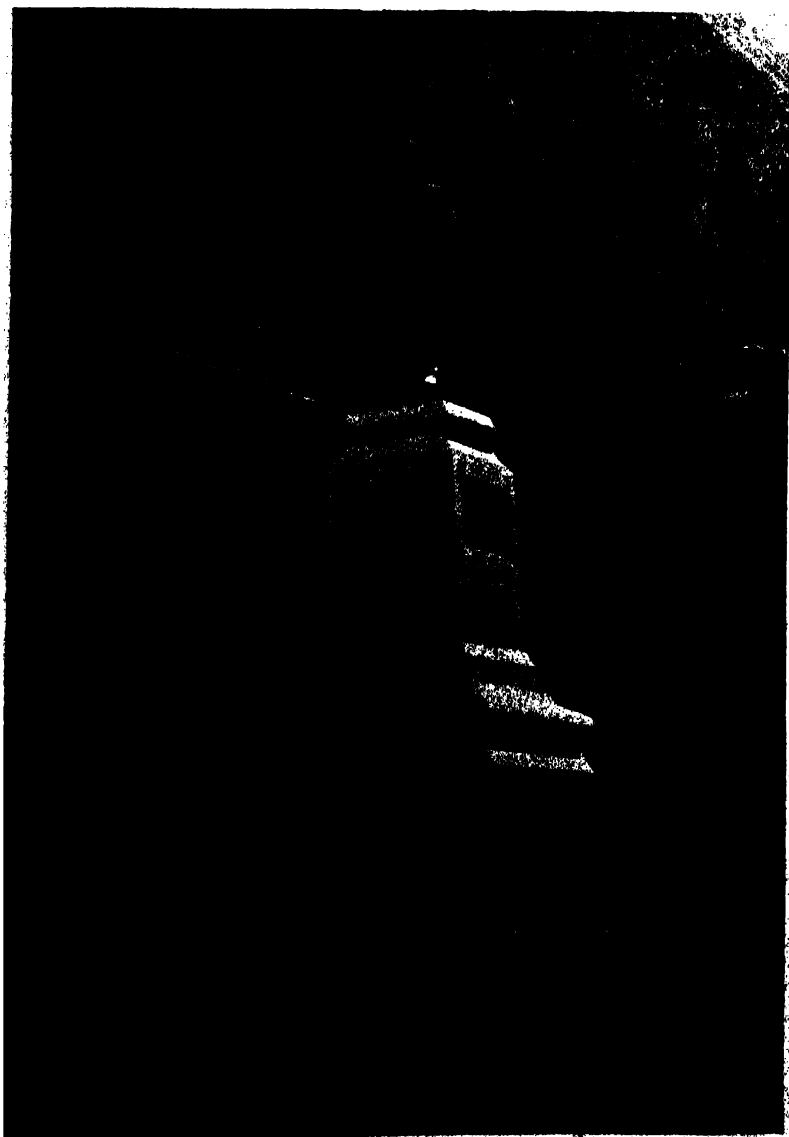
TRIFORIUM WINDOWS.

of the effort made in the late war by every unit of the Overseas Empire from the greatest to the smallest, and also to tell in what particular ways and to what extent the fortunes and the development of each part were affected by the war." Sir Charles Lucas is the general editor, and himself contributes this first volume which brings the theme down to the outbreak of the late war, and is admirably lucid, concise and authoritative. Many illustrations and maps are included to make an excellent and standard work.

UNDER THE BLACK ENSIGN.

By R. S. GWATKIN-WILLIAMS. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

Captain Gwatkin-Williams has a pen that is certainly lively, if perhaps a little too incessantly facetious to suit all tastes. "He who would know the world of the sea as the author saw it, and learn of subjects so far apart and apparently incongruous as tape-worms and torpedoes, let him turn these pages," and so forth. It should be explained that the "Black Ensign" is intended to connote all the "little ships" of the late War Navy, destroyers, tugs, trawlers, and so forth, who though officially entitled to the White Ensign usually flaunted a banner "as black and tattered as their own grubby and insignificant piratic selves." Captain Williams's experiences embraced patrol work in the North Channel in 1914, and subsequently off the Murman coast in command of the *Intrepid*, the mothership of all the mine-sweepers which kept clear the passages through which supplies and munitions found their way to Russia during the most critical period of the war. There are several exciting accounts of submarine engagements, and it must not be understood that the author's statement that in four years' continuous maritime service in the war zone he only once heard a shot fired in anger, betokens his enjoyment during that period of a "cushy" job.



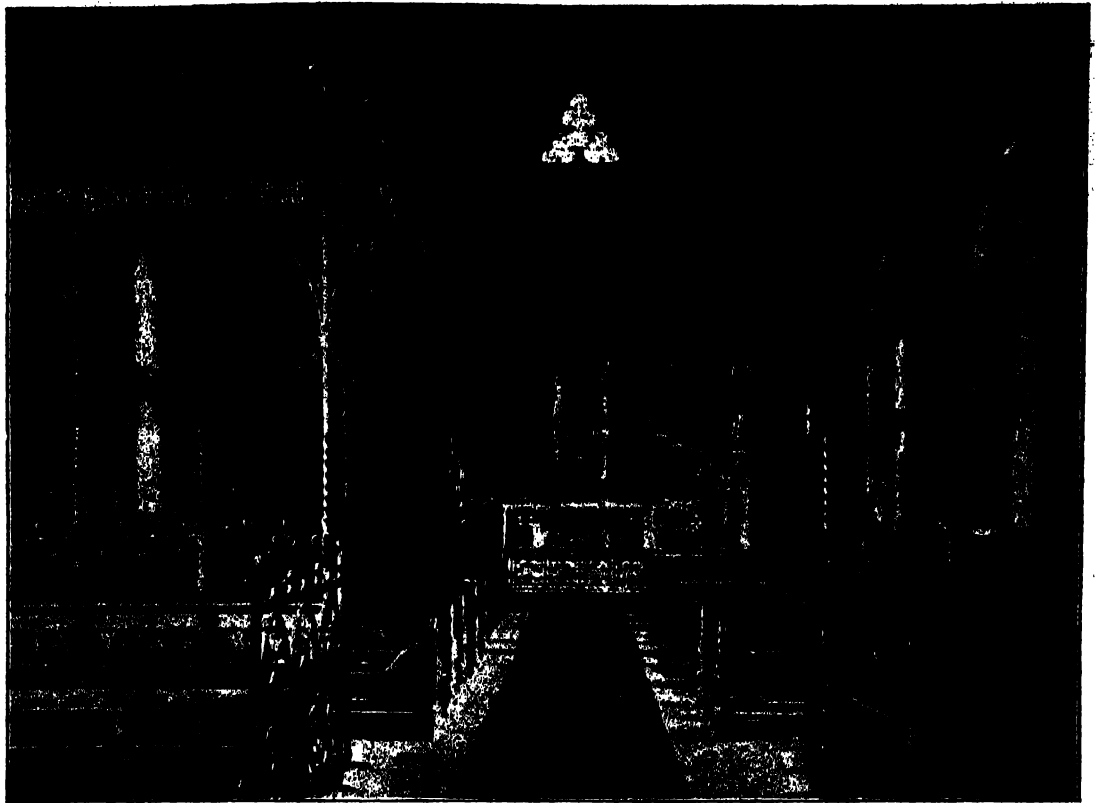
From The Empire at War
By Sir Charles Lucas
(Oxford University Press).

THE OLIVE STATUE

THE LIFE OF CORNELIA CONNOLLY.

218. (Longmans.)

Probably one of the most remarkable personalities among the *religieuses* of Victorian England, Cornelia Connolly attained a celebrity in the time of our grandfathers less due to her very unusual qualities of mind and character than to the regrettable chance which made her a principal in much unpleasant and even scandalous litigation. Few of this generation, even among British Catholics, remember the Connolly and St. Leonard's cases, one of which, at least, agitated



From *The Life of Cornelia Connolly*
(Longmans).

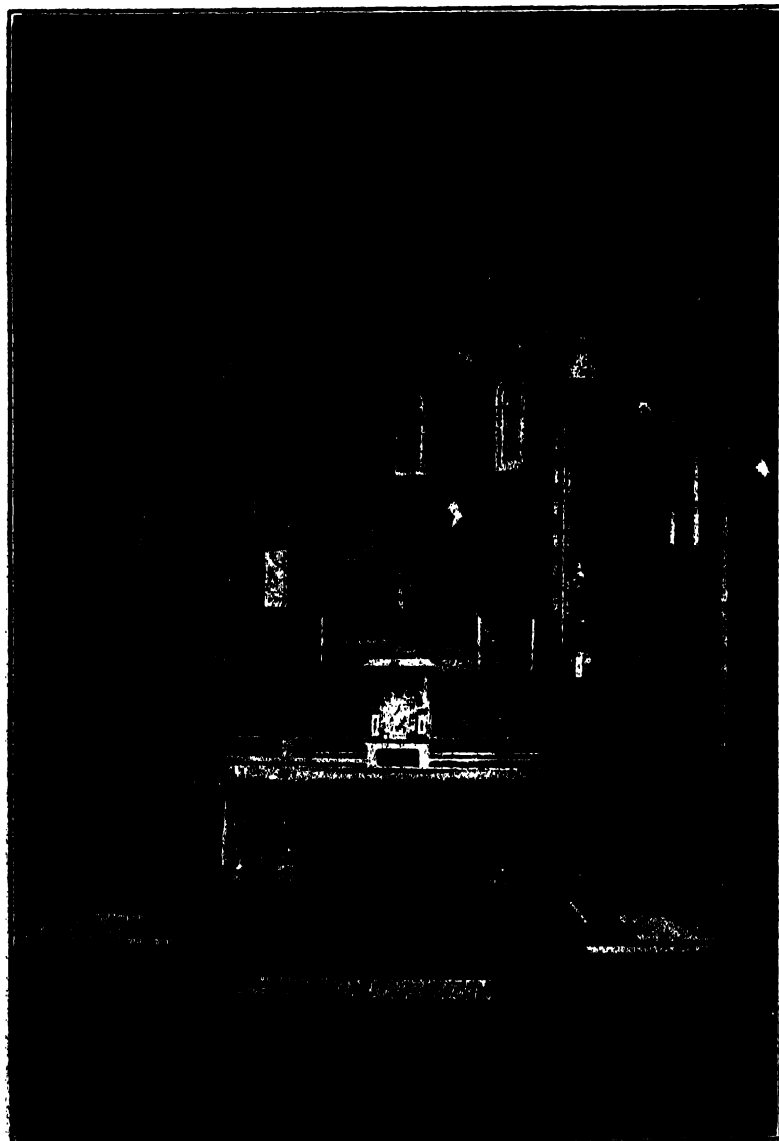
THE CONVENT CHURCH, MAYFIELD.

the public of every denomination during the forties and fifties of the last century. Told briefly, the story of Mother Connolly is that of a young American convert, a girl of singular beauty and intelligence, married to a Protestant minister of much zeal and ability, who joins the Church of Rome, carries his wife along with him, becomes a celibate priest and encourages his wife to enter a convent; changes his mind and reverts to Protestantism a few years later, and while still a priest and his wife not only a nun, but by this time the Mother Superior of a Convent, brings an action against her both in the ecclesiastical and lay courts for the restitution of conjugal rights. He lost, though it seems only narrowly. Nor was this the only distress and anxiety in which a sensational lawsuit involved the Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. She appears to have preserved a wonderful courage and serenity through all her trials, however, and by the success of her educational work and the influence of her character and example she will be long remembered and revered in her own adopted community, and the present biography, the work of a member of her own society, to which Cardinal Gasquet contributes an eloquent and appreciative preface, is in the nature of a pious memorial. The portraits of Mother Connolly here shown indicate that the reports of her singular physical attractions and distinction have not been exaggerated.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JANET ERSKINE STUART.

By MAUD MONAHAN. 218. (Longmans.)

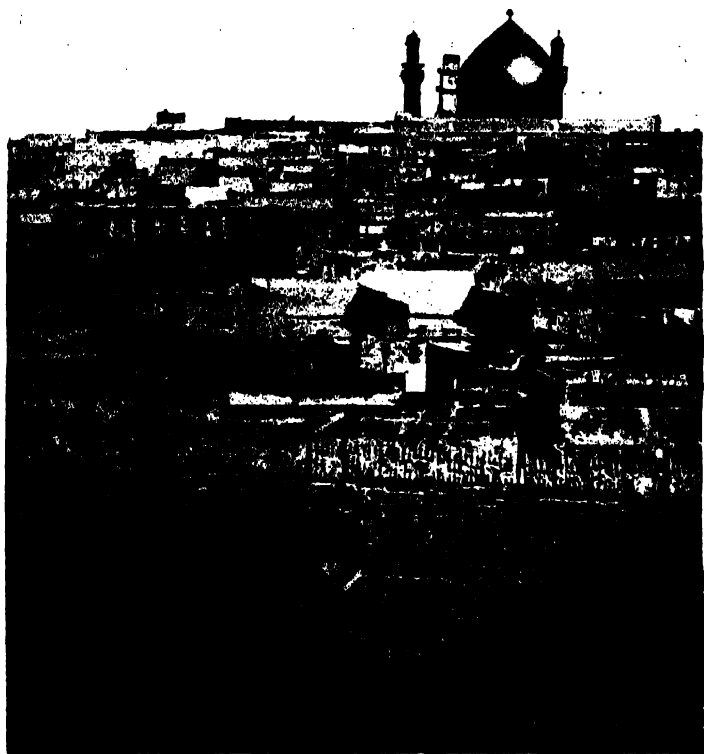
A very remarkable book, long and full of letters written by the distinguished, unconventional, deeply spiritual woman who became Mother-General of an institute of world-wide extent. She exercised a mother's sway in the things that count, over innumerable souls both within and beyond the direct influence of the Society



From *Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart*
(Longmans).

CHAPEL OF THE SACRED HEART
ROEHAMPTON.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922



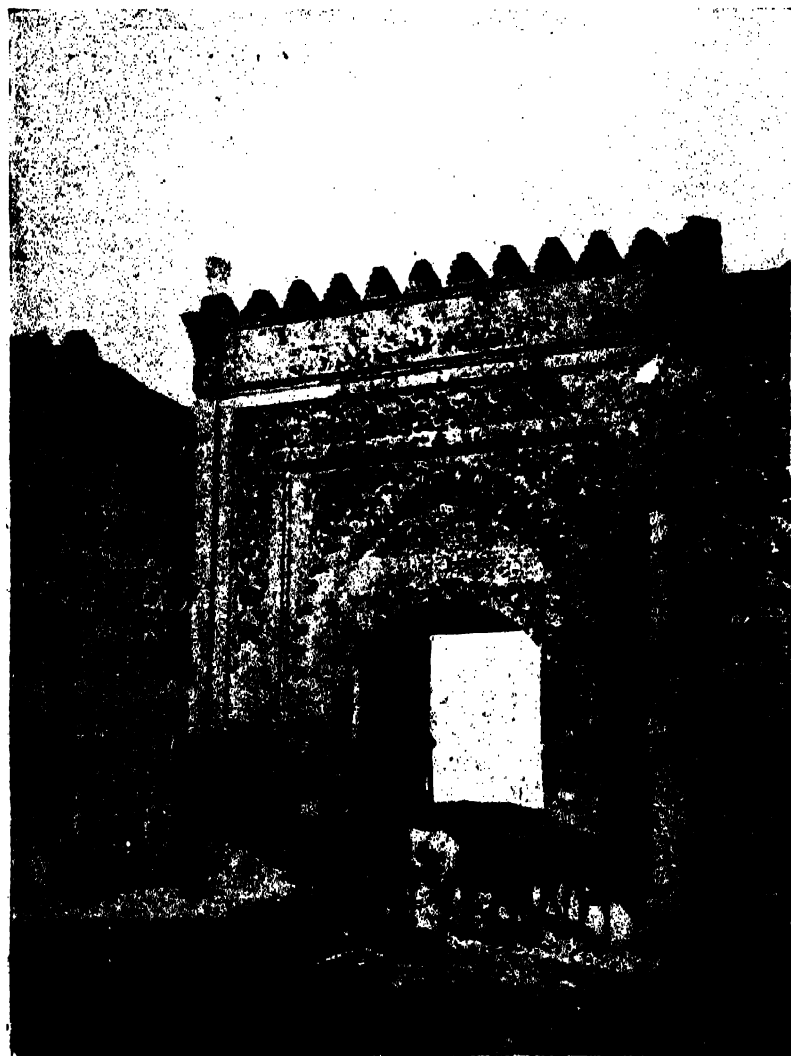
From *The Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia*
(Philpot).

NAJAF.
Golden Dome of the Shrine of Ali on the right.



From *Palestine and the World*
(Sampson Low).

CHRISTIAN STREET.
JERUSALEM
(NOW JEWISH).



From *The Adventures of Imshi*
(Jarvolds).

A SENTRY OF FEZ,
THE IMPENETRABLE.

of the Sacred Heart. People of all shades of belief will find benefit from reading this record of a fine life. Mother Stuart's great work was to teach others to manage their own souls, and we have not too much literature on that subject. To some of us it seems the only thing worth writing about. "We should take our own soul," once said the subject of this Memoir, "as our first and favourite pupil; give it every advantage we can . . . make it stand on its feet, make it elastic, make it adaptable to circumstance, free in its movements, that is to say not held down in a groove, and not holding to anything." Again, "Think glorious things of God and serve Him with a quiet mind." The life story of Janet Erskine Stuart is given in great detail. She died after the

Great War had only raged for a few months. We trust a small book of extracts from these letters will be prepared by judicious hands. It would be widely used.

PALESTINE AND THE WORLD.

By FRANK G. JANNAWAY. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.
(Sampson Low.)

"To even simply give the names of those who come to our aid in the work would require space we cannot spare," writes Mr. Jannaway in his buoyant introduction to his third book on Palestine and the Jews. In this volume he interweaves facts of history, facts of geography, and facts from "the Sure Word of Prophecy," "which are never out of date." Now there are a very large number of people who are not Jews themselves who are yet keenly interested in the question of the Jerusalem of To-morrow, and its connection with various verses in Holy Writ; they will undoubtedly find much to attract them in this vivacious piece of writing. Mr. Jannaway has chapters on "Dr. John Thomas and Ezekiel's Programme," "The Passing of Turkey" (disappearance of Turkey foretold in the Apocalypse), and "Daniel's Question—How Long?" He says: "Whatever Lord Reading may say or think, it is an absolute certainty that Israel's Day is near at hand, when the Jew will not only be back in the Land, but when he will be the head of all nations and not the tail!"

THE SUMMER CAMP: A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK FOR SCOUTS.

By A. D. MERRIMAN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
(Humphrey Milford.)

This is a most important volume, and we rejoice to see that it is so inexpensive. It is a perfect guide as to the Summer



From Palestine and
the World
(Sampson Low).

JERUSALEM'S MAIN
STREET ON SATUR-
DAY (THE CITY'S
SUNDAY).

Camp; tells in great detail how to "Find it, lay it out and run it." The work is conveniently divided into two portions—the indoor and the outdoor work. The latter portion contains some instruction on finding one's way about the country, by the aid of a map. Admirable plans are given. Simple drawings, showing the best positions for larder, camp fire, store tent, marquee, incinerator, kitchen, are here. All the difficulties appear to be thought of. "Making a mattress on the Camp Loom" is one of the interesting illustrations. Surveying and traversing are treated; and there is also much about bridge building. As to the site, the author points out that it is best to try and imagine what the place we are thinking of would look like in wet weather. "And preferably we should choose a spot which is not too far removed from a good road leading to the nearest village, in case we require to draw stores of food or seek the aid of a medical man."



From Egypt Old and New
(Allen & Unwin).

AT THE UNIVERSITY MOSQUE
OF AL-AZHAR, CAIRO
(INSET, A STUDENT).



From From an Abbeville Window
(Arrowsmith).

ABBEVILLE CEMETERY.



From Among the Head-hunters
of Formosa
(Fisher Unwin).

YAMI TRIBESPEOPLE OF
BOTEL TOBOSA, IN FRONT
OF "BACHELOR HOUSE."

With such words of wisdom, hummed to an aboriginal chant lately picked up in a remote village, Mrs. McGovern was revolving her impressions of a Chinese Formosan family of which the three co-wives had very charmingly given her afternoon tea, thinking so hard, in fact, that she forgot to acknowledge the missionary's greeting. Turning to apologise, she mentioned the matter of her visit, and quoted Kipling. "Disgusting heathen!" was the retort, with a mild expostulation against confusing the writing of poetry with "the heathen and their horrible ways," and a parting adjuration to be more careful about wearing the necessary sun-helmet. "If one does not, something might happen to one—to one's head, you know (significantly), and it would be a dreadful thing in a heathen country. . . ." Mrs. McGovern, however, insisted on continued fraternisation with the dreadful heathen, and the fruits of her inquiries provide a great deal of valuable and highly interesting information, including details of the practical working of a present-day matriarchate among the Formosans.

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS
OF FORMOSA.

By JANET B. M. MCGOVERN. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)
Mrs. McGovern is no globe-trotting woman writer, but an earnest student in the fascinating field of anthropology, a great traveller certainly, but the sort of traveller who takes the trouble to learn the languages of the people she visits, or so much of the language as is practicable, to eschew the conventional manner of life of Europeans in such out-of-the-way spots as Formosa, and, generally speaking, to ferret out the information she wants for herself. That sort of thing of course carries its own penalties. You may be set down by the Japanese director of the school in which you teach, not only as odd, but even as "immoral," while a quite well-intentioned lady missionary (English) may conceive doubts of your sanity.



"There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right."

From With the Prince in the East
(Methuen).

GOING TO A TIGER SHOOT
IN NEPAUL.



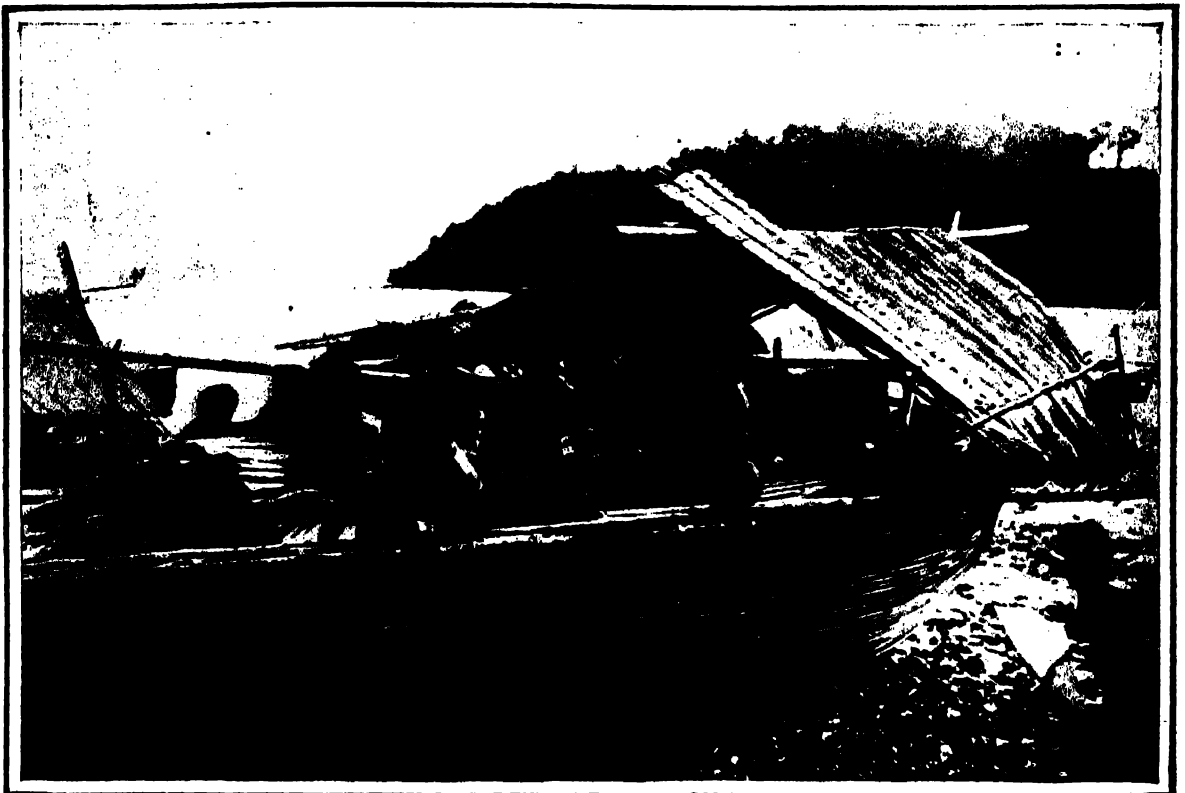
From Where the Tyain Meet
(John Murray)

ROADSIDE SCENE ON THE WAY TO ST. ANNE'S BAY

THE SEA GYPSIES OF MALAYA.

By W. G.
WHITE. 218.
(Seeley, Ser-
vice.)

Scattered up and down along the mazy Burmese littoral in a profusion whose minor details have not yet found their way on to the charts, lie the thousand and one islets of the Mergui Archipelago, home of a fugitive and depressed race of amphibians, about whom no European knew, or troubled to know, anything whatever except that they existed, but were expected shortly to follow the dodo and the great auk. That, at least, was the state of things



*From The Sea Gypsies of Malaya
(Seeley, Service).*

THE FLOATING HOME OF THE SEA GYPSIES.

like anybody else. Already they show signs of regeneration that may lead them anywhere, even to settling on the land and building themselves houses again after the fashion of their forefathers. It certainly seems essential, however, as Mr. White suggests, that the India Office should place the Mawken on the "protected list" as regards opium.



*From The Insurrection in
Mesopotamia
(Blackwood).*

ASSYRIAN WARRIORS.

when Mr. W. G. White arrived to take up work as an Anglican missionary in Burma. What he heard of the Mawken, or so-called Sea-Gypsies of Malaya, seems to have intrigued him, so much so that he took the first opportunity of making their acquaintance. That was not easy, and involved much time, patience and hardihood, the pursuit of an elusive quarry on its own somewhat perilous element, leading a Crusoe existence in extremely uncomfortable exile, learning an entirely new language never till then systematically studied, and inventing a script for it. All these jobs Mr. White tackled in turn and successfully, ending by winning the confidence of the tribe completely, training some of its brighter spirits to become extremely useful, worthy, and sophisticated citizens, and generally improving the lot of all the Mawken family beyond what might have been considered possible. Thanks to his efforts, the predatory Chinese and Malays have been taught that the Mawken possess civil rights just



*From Won by Blood
(James Clarke).*

ERROMANGAN WOMEN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

WON BY BLOOD:

The Story of Erromanga, the Martyr Isle.

By A. K. LANG-
BRIDGE. 3s. 6d.
(James Clarke.)

This rather ghastly title should not prevent readers from going right through this little volume, for it is as grand a story as it is tragic. "From the beginning, the New Hebrides Mission has been steeped in prayer. Unexpectedly God has raised up helpers to provide the means to send out men after His own heart, willing to live and die in the conquest of these savage islands." Mrs. Turner in her preface exclaims: "Think of the joy, the unspeakable joy of leading those painted savages to the feet of Jesus. There is no earthly joy to compare with it. It is worth living for; it is worth dying for." The tale of the gallant Gordon and his wife is given here, followed by an account of his brother, who was also murdered. But through death came victory, and the good work flourishes now, though it badly wants funds.

From *Old Diplomacy and New*
(John Murray).

ROBERT GASCOIGNE CECIL,
3RD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

posturings, had at the back of it all some of the great common sense that distinguishes the Royal family. The interest of the book is enhanced by its twenty illustrations, most of them reproduced from engravings, prints and photographs in the collection of Royal Portraits in the Library at Windsor Castle.

THE MAID OF FRANCE.

By ANDREW LANG. 7s. 6d.
(Longmans.)

A fourth and cheaper edition of what the late Professor Hume of Edinburgh has characterised in the British Academy Proceedings as "of all the books that came from Andrew Lang's hand, that which probably contains most of himself." Certainly we remember the stir which his "Life of Joan of Arc" made on its appearance fourteen years ago, written, as we had imagined and as his widow now confirms, "in a white heat of indignation." Written, too, in three months, for all that it bears all the marks of research and care so typical of its distinguished author.



From *The Private Diaries of the Rt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B.*
(John Murray). Reviewed elsewhere in this Number.

THE PRINCES OF WALES.

By F. MAYNARD
BRIDGE. 8s. 6d.
(Dean & Sons.)

Mr. F. Maynard Bridge has compiled a very pleasant little anecdotal history in "The Princes of Wales." Since the time when Edward I, having wiped out the line of native Welsh princes, consolidated his authority in the recently conquered territory by proclaiming his new born son Prince of Wales, altogether nineteen princes have borne the title. Two of them are still with us. In nineteen chapters the author deals with each subject in turn. The whole book makes very pleasant reading, for Mr. Bridge has most distinctly the art of narrative. The chapter on the Prince Regent is particularly good, for he has portrayed that prince of buckram with a critical impartiality—and after all George the Fourth, despite his follies and absurd

REFLECTIONS.

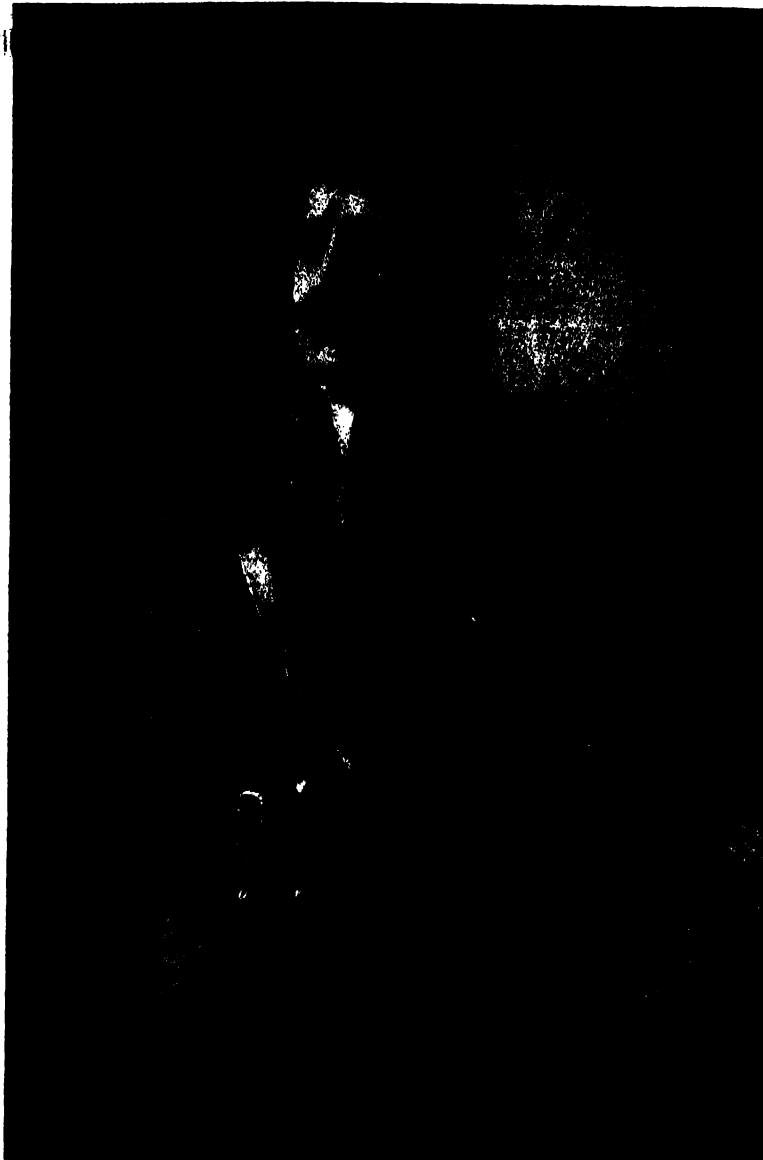
Drawings by EDMOND X. KAPP. Introductory comments by Laurence Binyon and W. H. Davies. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

A second series of drawings by one of the cleverest of modern caricaturists. Among his subjects are H. G. Wells, Sir Henry Wood, Clement Shorter (a back view), Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Clifford and some score others. Mr. Kapp does not rely only on extravagant exaggeration for his humour. He exaggerates but only sufficiently to bring out salient points. In his line, as artist and as wit, he stands supreme.

PHYLLIS— AND A PHILOSOPHER.

By E. H. LACON
WATSON. 5s. net.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

This little book, which is very tastefully produced and gives pleasure to the hand which holds it, contains seventeen chapters reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Chronicle*, *Punch*, and other journals. They are neither "essays" nor "sketches" nor "short stories," but a delightful medley of the three. There is perhaps more of the philosopher than of Phyllis in Mr. Watson's pages, but he is a very light-hearted and winsome philosopher and, if Phyllis enters but slightly into some of his little stories and disquisitions, she serves at least to give unity to the series, as well as to throw into humorous relief the difference between the man's and the woman's point of view. Mr. Watson's philosophisings do not penetrate very deeply, but then they do not need to. His pen has the true companionable touch that invests the most commonplace things with glamour and romance. Phyllis buys a tortoise from an itinerant vendor, and one cold and dark night Phyllis's husband is sent out after supper to search for the pampered reptile in the garden. Around such trivial incidents Mr. Watson weaves a delicate web of fun, and whether he is writing "Of Travel" or "About Clubs," or "On the Management of Cooks," or "Of Excursions," his hand never loses its light touch or fails to scatter a few flowers of wisdom upon the reader's path. "Phyllis—and a Philosopher" is indeed worthy of taking its place among the select company of bedside companions. It may interest Mr. Watson, by the way, to know that his book has fallen into the hands of a reviewer who, like himself, spent hours of his boyhood on Leicester platform, watching the Northern expresses steam out, and envying the passengers bound for magic places like Perth and Glasgow and Aberdeen.



From *Egypt Old and New*
(Allen & Unwin).

H. H. THE SULTAN OF EGYPT,
PRINCE AHMED FUAD PASHA,
G.C.M.G.



From Mr. Lloyd George
(Collins).

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THE ROAD- MENDER COUNTRY.

By LORMA LEIGH.
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CAN MOUL. 7s. 6d.
(Homeland Associa-
tion.)

We take it that the main purpose in issuing this book is to make it an album of pen-and-ink drawings of a part of Sussex which of late has added new interest to itself. For it has been identified as the country to which early illness drove the gifted and high-minded girl who called herself "Michael Fairless," and who wrote several ethereal and delightful books, of which "The Roadmender" is far and away the best. More than one well-known admirer has likened "Michael Fairless" to R. J. Stevenson in just this attitude of patient and toiling heroism for the edification of others, even under the heavy hand of physical doom. All this being so, it was distinctly a service to add to our knowledge concerning this young Englishwoman cut off so untimely on the threshold of her powers. Moreover it satisfies our sense of appropriateness

to find that of all the places she knew in southern England she chose to make her last home at Mock Bridge, a quaint and engaging old village equidistant from Ashurst, Cowfold, Poynings and Steyning, in the green and pleasant hinterland of Brighton and Shoreham. There is little in the topographical information that was not given some months ago in the series of articles contributed by Mr. A. H. Anderson to the *Observer*, and we understand that Mr. Anderson has embodied the results of his researches in a book that is to be published shortly.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF W. H. HUDSON.

By G. F. WILSON. 14s. (*Bookman's Journal*.)

It was apparent even before Mr. Hudson died that early and rare editions of his works were being increasingly sought after by collectors, whose numbers and



From *Life and Letters of*
W. J. Birkbeck, M.A.
(Longmans).

MORSE WORN AT THE CORONATION
OF KING EDWARD VII.

eagerness must have been very considerably augmented in recent months, and this careful bibliography of his writings should now be most timely. Mr. G. F. Wilson, the compiler, has always been a Hudson enthusiast and has performed his task conscientiously and well. Full collations, with notes, of all the first editions (books, pamphlets, and leaflets are here), to say nothing of a list of contributions to periodicals, prefaces to books, etc. Eight facsimiles and title pages are reproduced and a biographical note appended by the compiler. Not the least interesting feature of this volume is its revelation of Hudson as the pseudonymous author of a three-decker novel published by Chapman & Hall in the early nineties, when "Fan: the story of a young girl's life," appeared over the signature of "Henry Harford." Report indicates that public knowledge of its actual authorship might have done little to add to Hudson's reputation, but whether that is so or not there is bound to be a feverish hunt for this curiosity on the part of first edition maniacs. Quite probably the Bibliography itself will shortly be *ben trovato* if come upon anywhere but on the booksellers' most expensive shelves.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF
W. J. BIRKBECK, M.A., F.S.A.

By HIS WIFE. Preface by VISCOUNT HALIFAX. 15s.
(Longmans.)

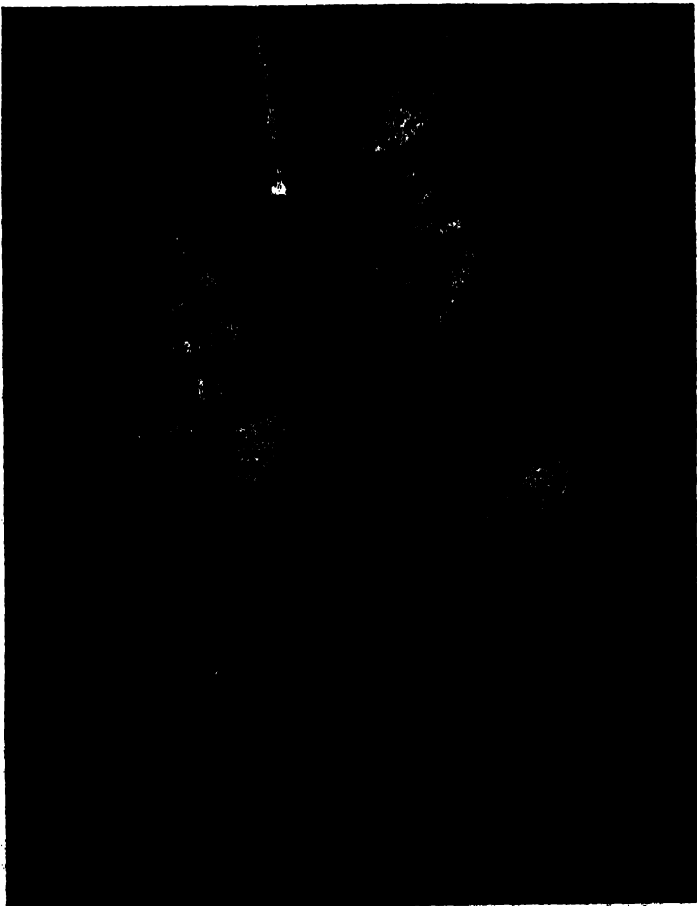
The late W. J. Birkbeck was a scholar whose every recreation was scholarly—if we except a little shooting. He read Greek for his amusement, was an accomplished

musician and an authority on ecclesiastical Russia, hymnology and theology and church practice in general. But—and the conditional interpolation is important—his was the sunny, lively nature that no amount of learning can dull, and though this memoir contains many echoes of stiff controversies on points of doctrine, many argumentative letters, they are all energetic, racy, the work of a man to whom his theme was vital. In so brief a notice only a very small part of the contents of this fascinating life-story can be mentioned; but we must particularly emphasise Mr. Birkbeck's travels in Russia and the interesting account of Russian church music. Even the man with no music in his soul must appreciate such a delightful passage as that which describes the wonderful cathedral choir.

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From *Footprints in Spain*
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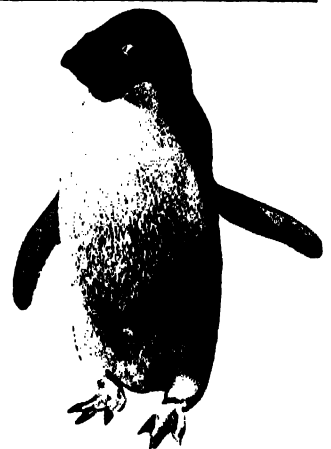
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922



From *The Dancing Fakir*
(Longmans).

"AS HE SAT AT THE
STREET CORNER."

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The entertainments held at the front during the war are remembered by ex-service men with heartfelt gratitude. Few realise the good work done by the artists who went out, often at personal risk, and gave of their best to the fighting men. Miss Lena Ashwell's record will bring back to many those old days of battle and how welcome were the concerts that lightened the stress of them. These concerts, the author tells us, were frequently given in the open, "punctuated by 9.2 guns, with one or two aeroplanes coming over the platform, which was two empty packing-cases of unequal height. Whilst the aeroplanes were being



From *Everyday Life in the New
Stone, Bronze, and Early
Iron Ages*
(Batsford).

A POTTER'S WHEEL.

happily shelled, the party carried on. The big guns were firing directly over the concert, so the party was literally performing under fire." The writer is eminently suited to recount the experiences of the actors and actresses who visited the war zone from 1915 to the end of 1919, as she was the honorary organiser of the scheme, in which more than six hundred artists took part. No library of war books will be complete without the addition of this very interesting record.

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From *Joseph Wright of Derby*
(Philip Allan).

THE ALCHEMIST.

chapter touches on the voices of animals. The more than leonine roar of the gorilla, the octave singing mouse, the loud cry of the bell bird, the many fishes that are far from dumb, despite the proverb, and the "howler" monkey, no bigger than a big cat, that has the hugest voice of all created things, except the thunder. Then nest building fishes, animals that change their colours, birds with queer beaks, crabs of all kinds, including one with legs that span eighteen feet! A chapter on animals that emit light—mainly marine animals and insects, no land vertebrates—including the piddock which, when embedded in honey, kept its luminous powers for more than a year. The last chapter deals with animals with special vocations or aptitudes, such as the dhole, which hunts in packs in a peculiar way; the bombardier beetle; the archer fish, which is a deadly marksman and can bring down an insect six feet away with a drop of water squirted from its mouth; the many ants, burying beetles and the like, weaver birds, ants that practise agriculture, and so forth. It is curious that this chapter is incorrectly titled "Animal Avocations," while throughout the chapter itself the correct word *vocation* is used. The forty-nine photographs are well chosen and splendidly printed.



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omissions are probably
geographical accidents.
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he taken mighty toll,



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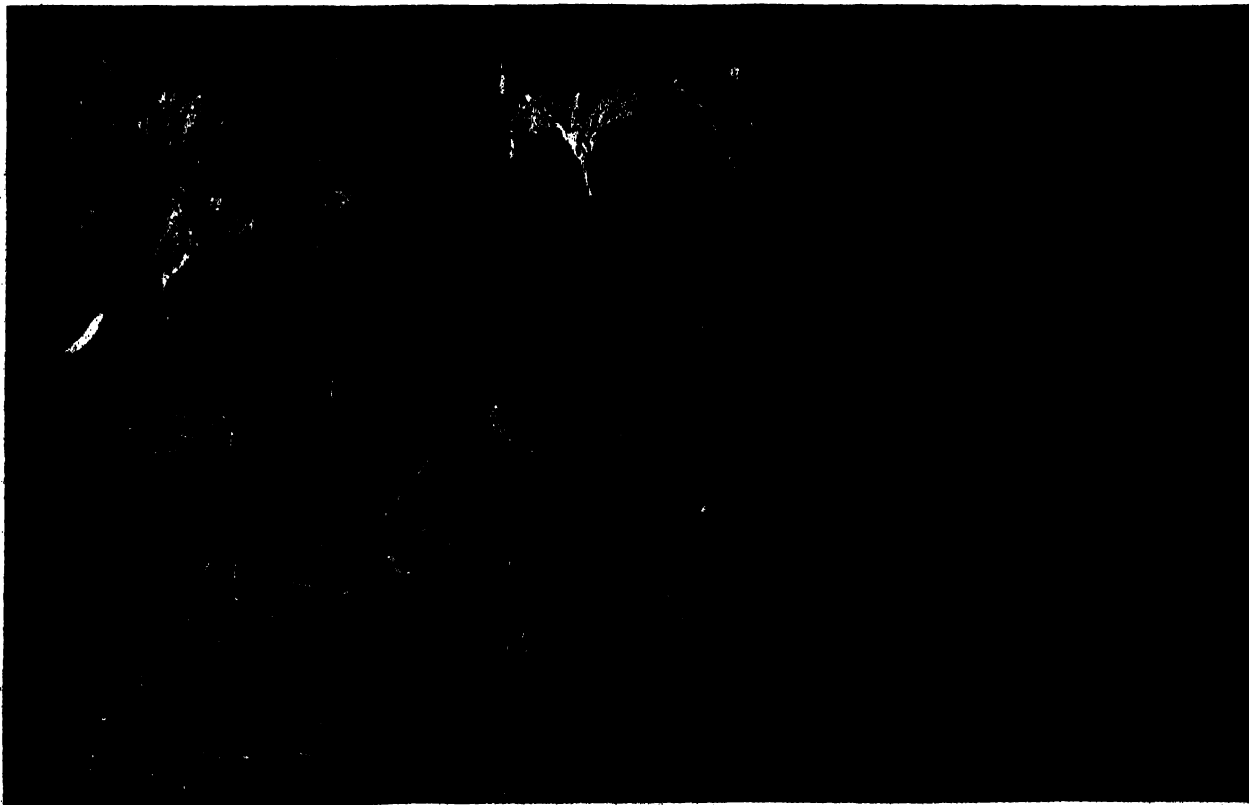
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tions on what seems
the universal practice
of torturing *shikar*
elephants by maintain-
ing a permanent sore on
the top of their heads
that their mahouts may
retain control of them
in moments of crisis.
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ought to be another
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then that elephants
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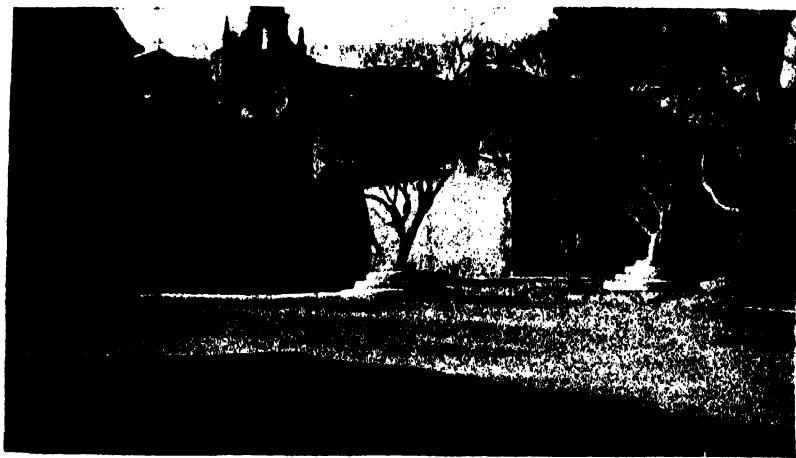
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*From Round About the
Upper Thames
(Duckworth).*

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Photo by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.



*From Memories of Old Richmond
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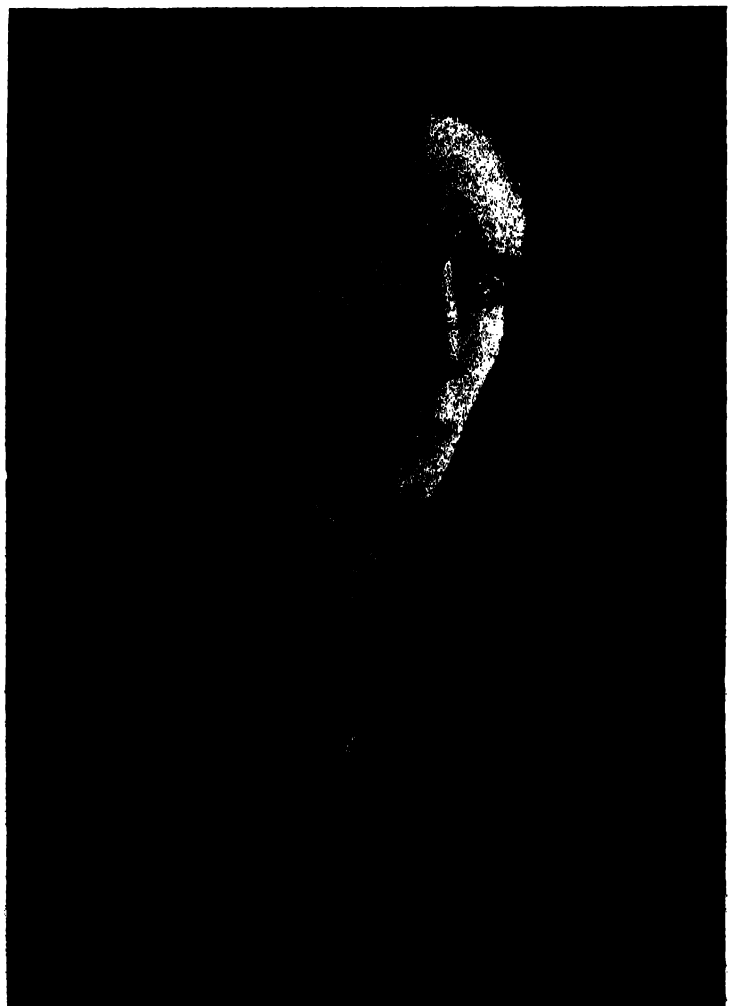


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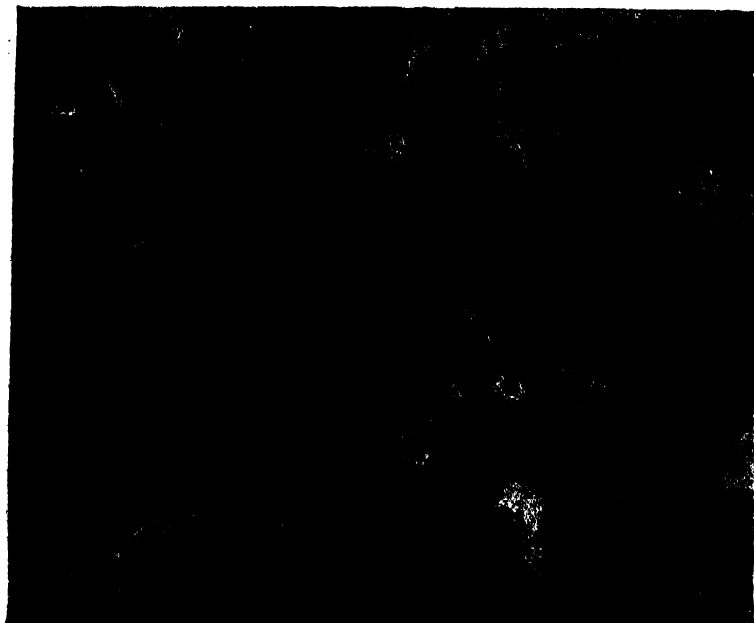
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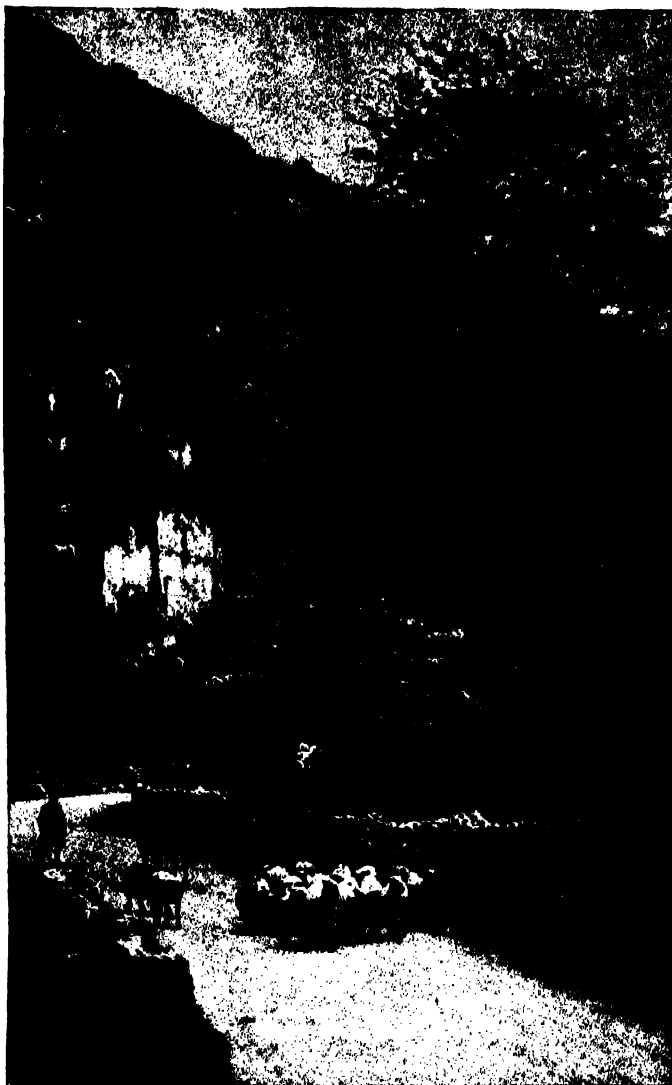
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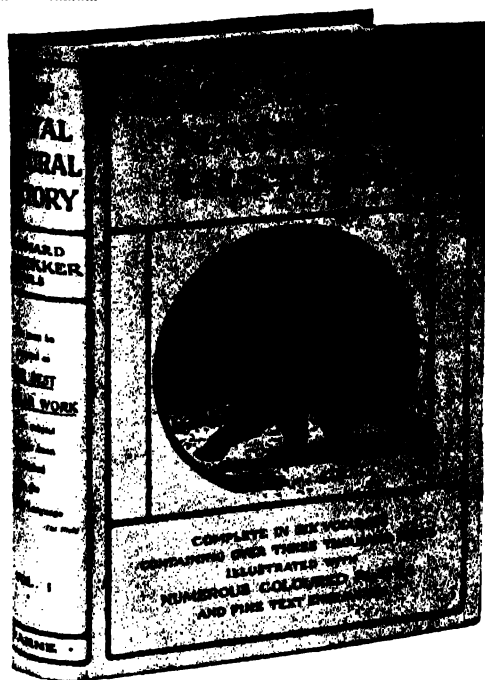
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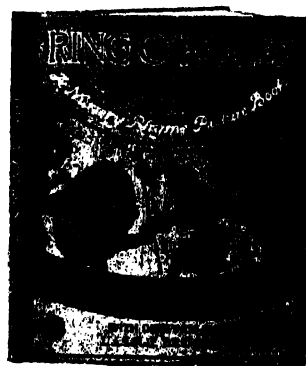
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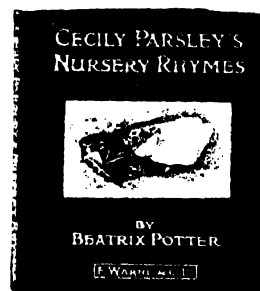
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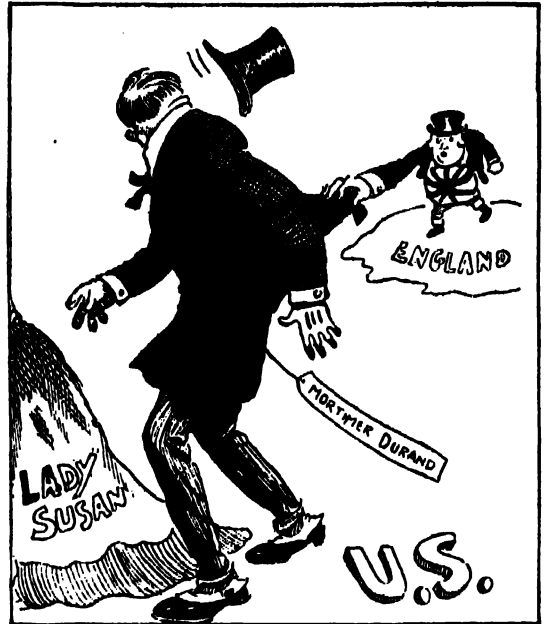
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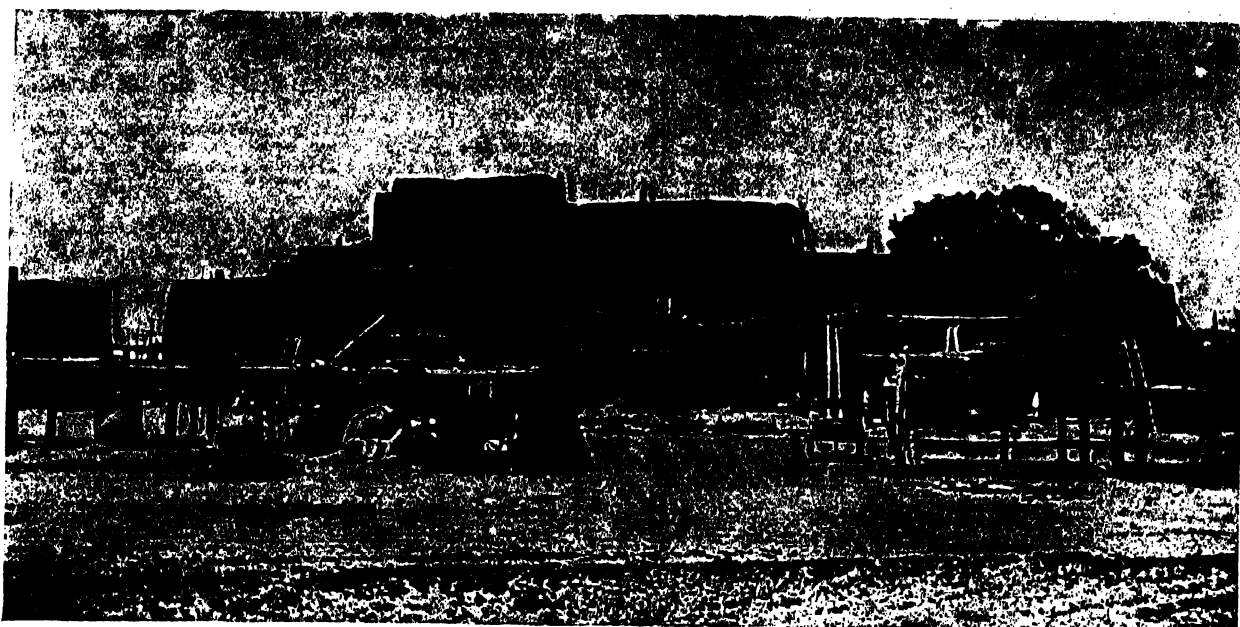
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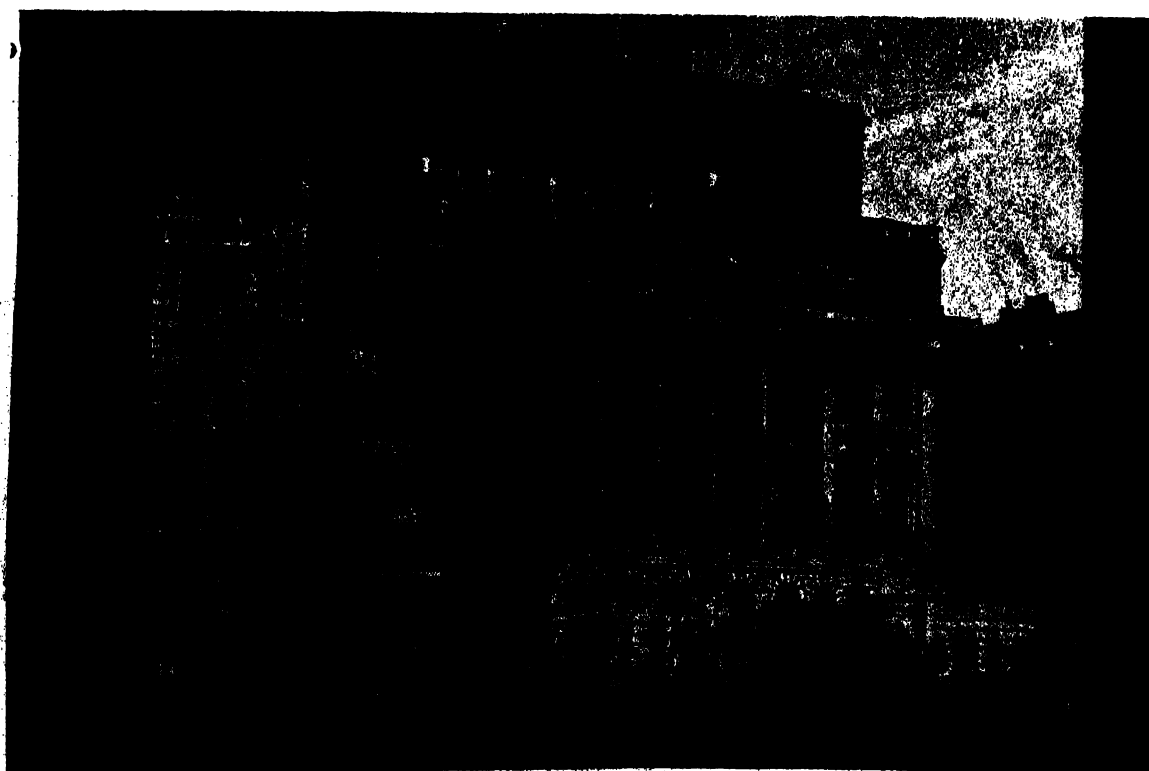
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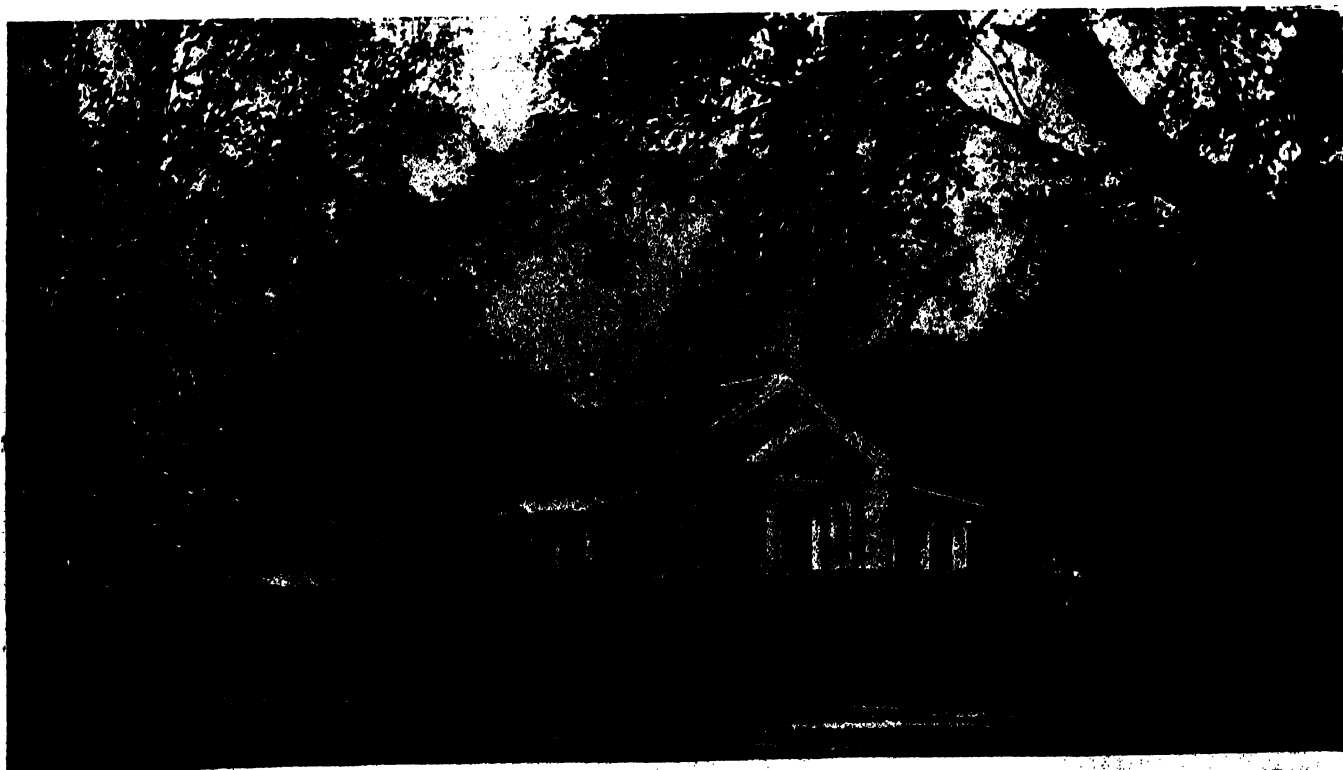
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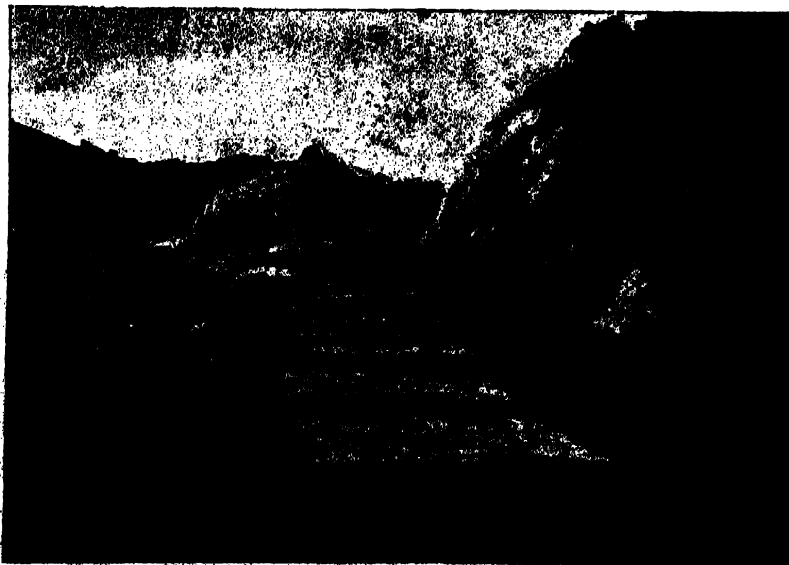
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THE TALE OF TRIONA.

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Triona's own words to his wife, though half meant to defend best describe the crime which helped him to fame:

"An unknown dead man just a kilometre away from a bleak expanse of waste covered with thousands of dead men. Some one happens upon him; searches him for identification; finds nothing of any use or interest save a little notebook with leaves of the thinnest paper next his skin. And he glances through the book and sees at once that it is no ordinary diary of war . . . but something quite different. He puts it in his pocket. For all that the modern world is concerned, the dead man is as lost as any skeleton dug up in an ancient Egyptian graveyard. The living man, when he has leisure, reads the closely-written manuscript book, finds it contains rough notes of wonderful experiences, thoughts, imaginings. But all in a jumble, ill-expressed, chaotic. Suppose, now, the finder, a man with the story-teller's gift, weaves a wonderful, thrilling tale out of this material! Who is injured? Nobody. On the contrary, the world is the richer."

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when his past peeps out and he has to journey from home to silence relatives. At a reception an old acquaintance of his addresses Olivia as Mrs. Briggs. Critics spring up who throw doubts on his veracity. One night in his worry he surrenders to the lure of alcohol and his wife, vainly striving to rouse him from his stupor, finds his identification papers spread before him and jumps to the truth.

That is a strong situation admirably handled, and indeed the whole history of Triona's imposture and its cankering influence on his married life is managed with that persuasiveness of narrative and those graces of style we have learnt to expect from so accomplished a craftsman as Mr. Locke. The hard nut to crack is Triona himself. For we are to suppose him a man of resource and courage with plenty of heroic adventures of his own so that he had no need to steal another's. We are also to conceive him as an artist in letters, rich in imagination, whose gifts would sooner or later have found outlet quite apart from the stimulus of any dead man's diary. Nor, though he is assigned the histrionic temperament,



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THE DEVILS ARE FIGHTING
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is there any serious moral kink imputed to him to explain his lapse. His is no ordinary vulgar instance of plagiarism or charlatanism. His case, in fact, is one of those in which it is best to give Mr. Locke his head. You may have your doubts about Triona, but once you have allowed the possibility of his sin, no other strain is put on your credulity. Out of it the novelist has fashioned one of the most moving and exciting of his tales and, Triona apart, every character in the book is convincingly stippled in. Moreover this new book of Mr. Locke's has a wider social survey than he usually covers; he has extended his frontiers and moves with as sure a foot in provincial middle-class homes and the dancing sets of "faster" London as in the drawing-rooms of Hampstead cranks or amid the gossips of West End clubs. His range of types is correspondingly more varied;

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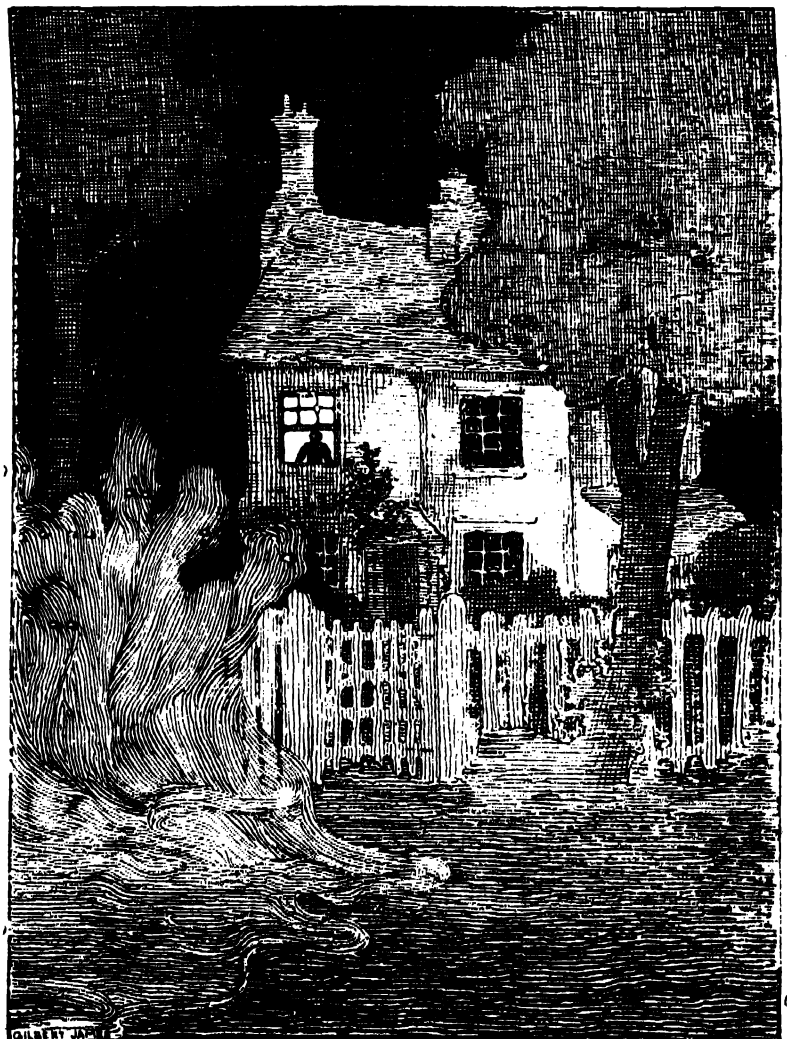
with Lydia and her night-club friends he is surely breaking fresh ground while his full length portrait of Olivia's maid, Myra Stebbings, as grim and puritanical and tart-tongued as she is loyal, is one of the happiest things in the novel. But Olivia herself it is who lends the tale its distinction: what a pleasure it is to see Mr. Locke tackling the young girl of to-day and offering an example as fastidious as she is ardent and self-reliant!

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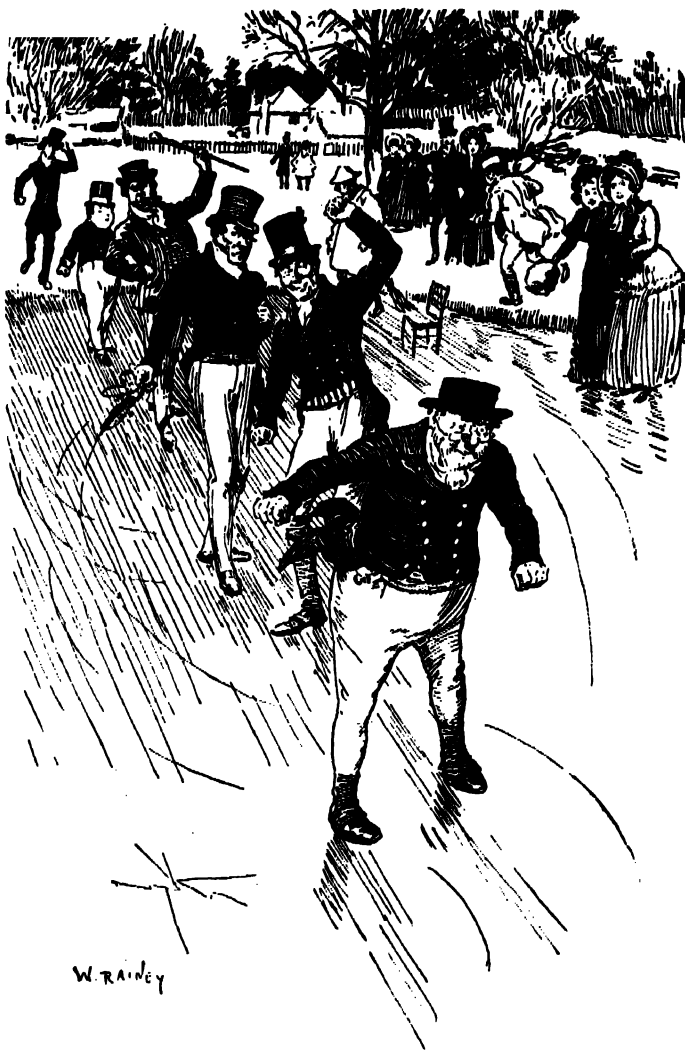


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THE PILLARS OF MIST.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

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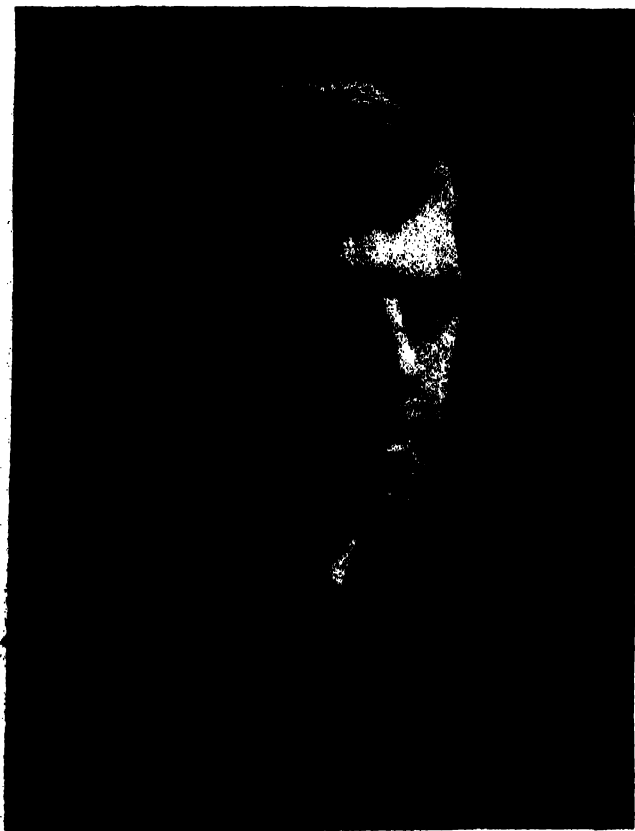
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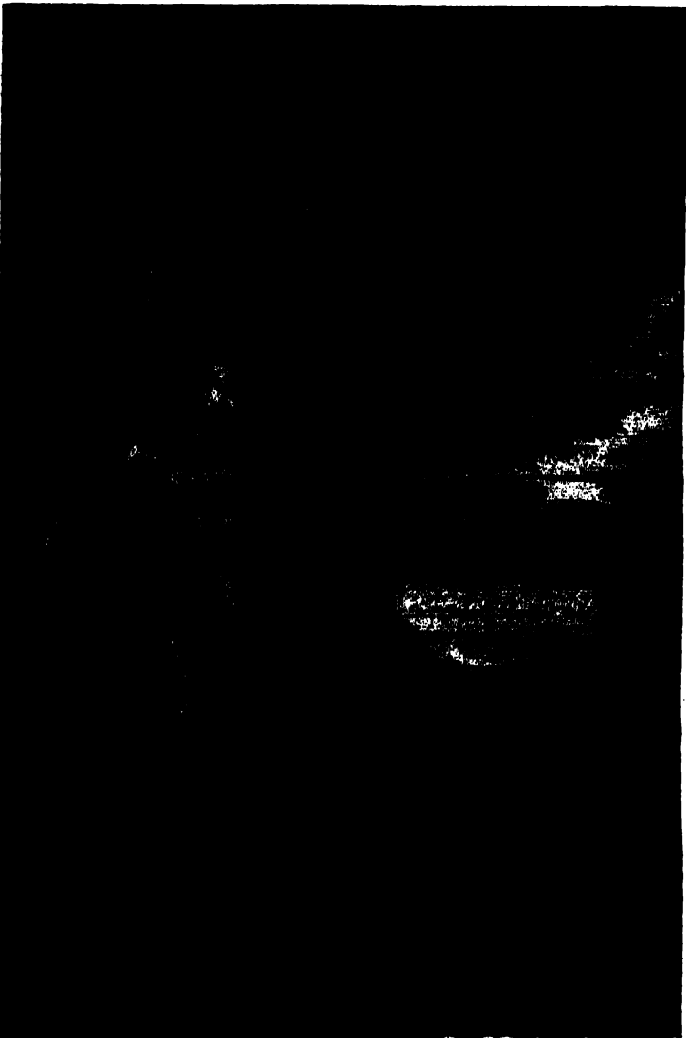


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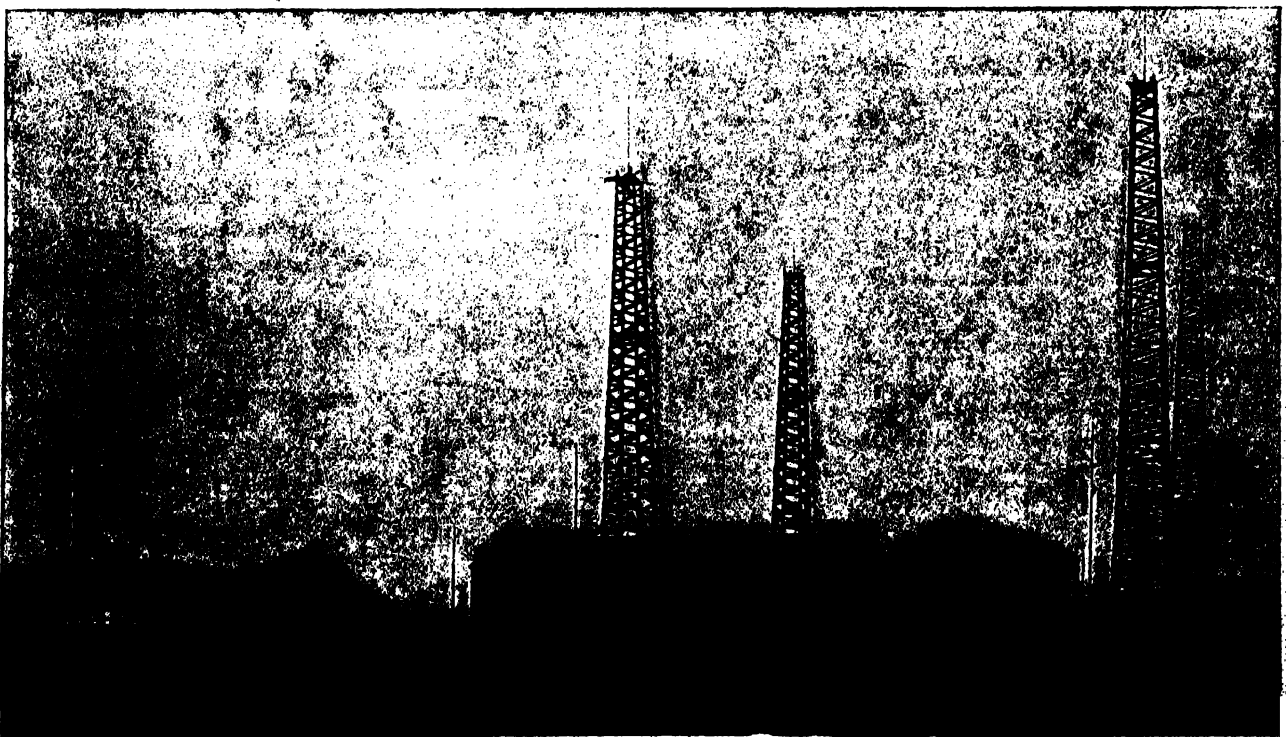
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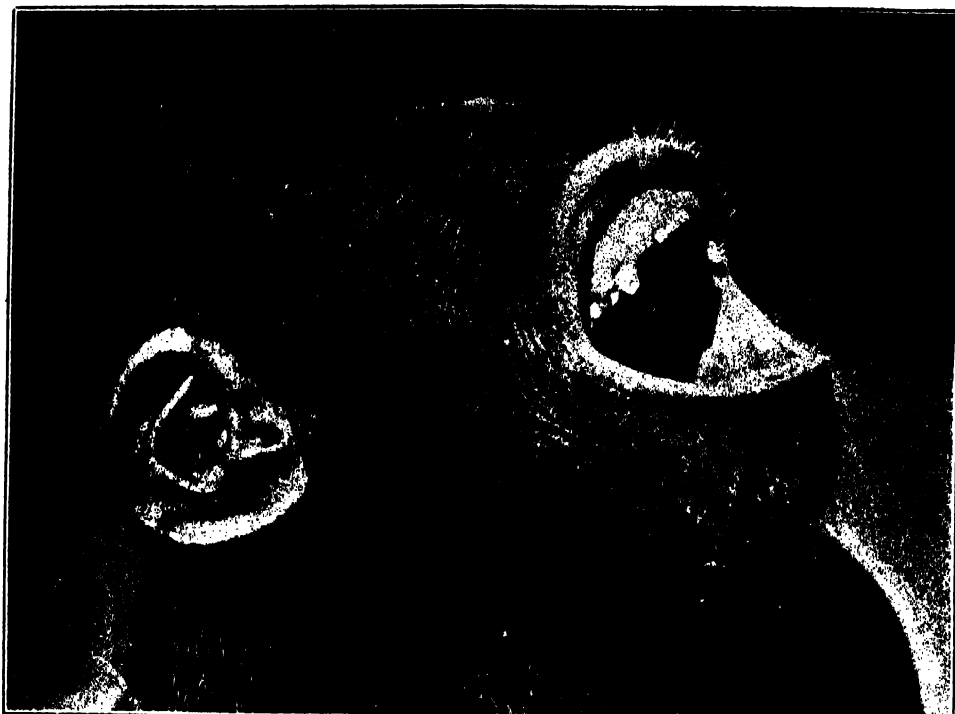
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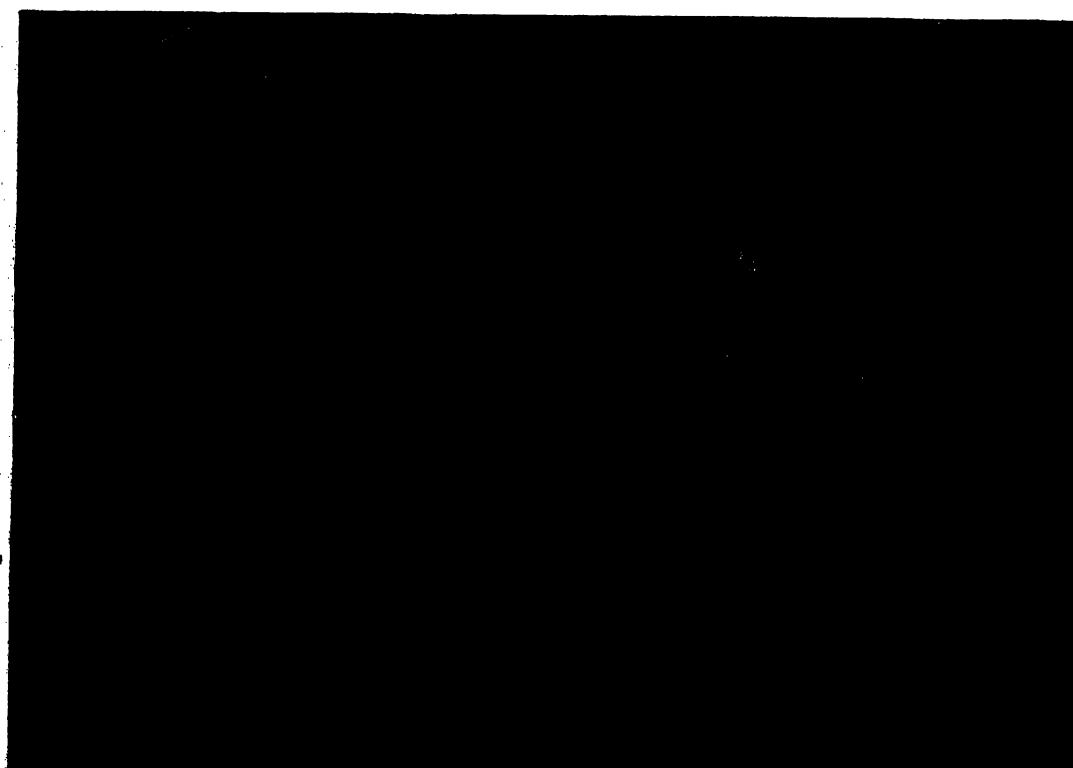
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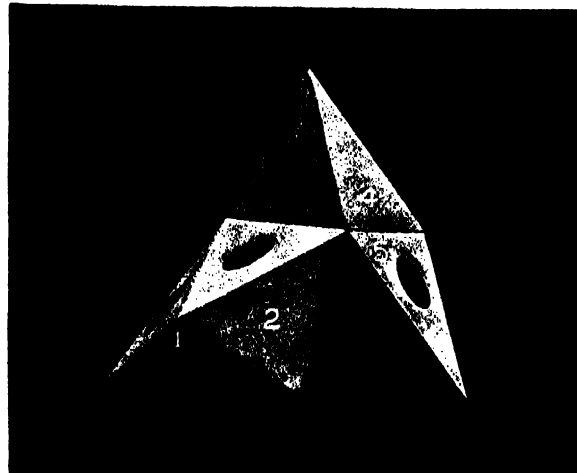
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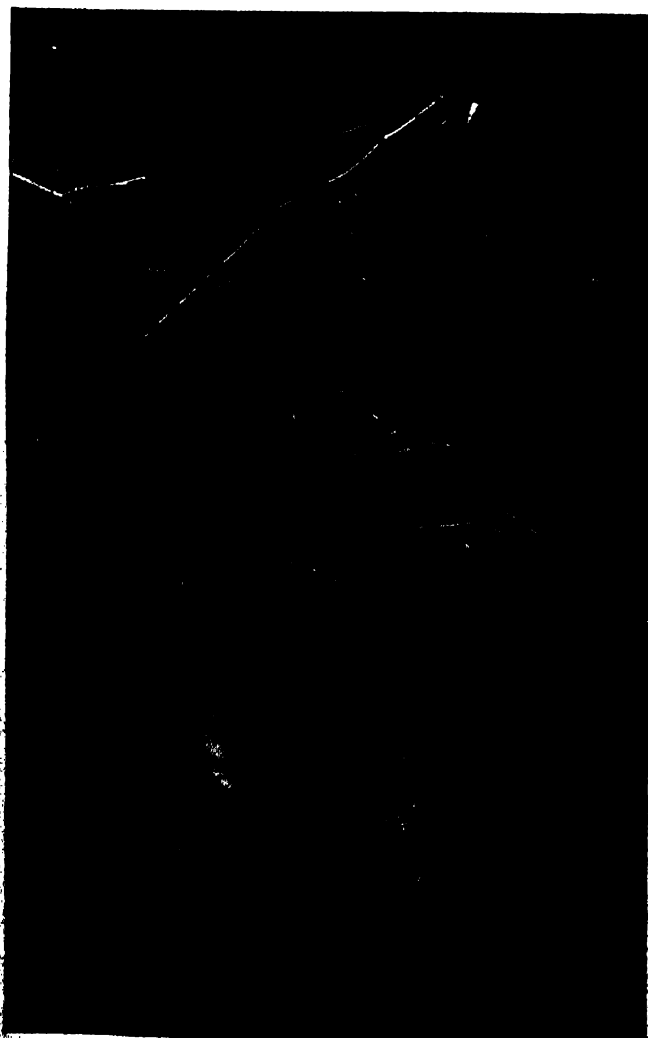
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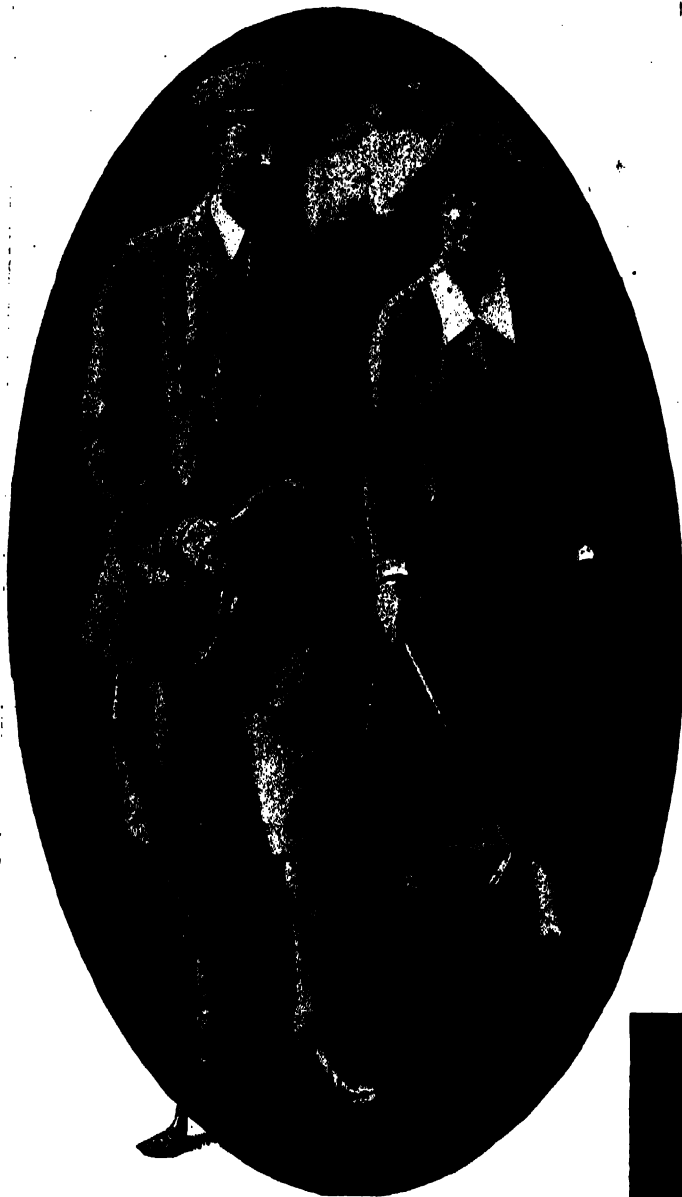
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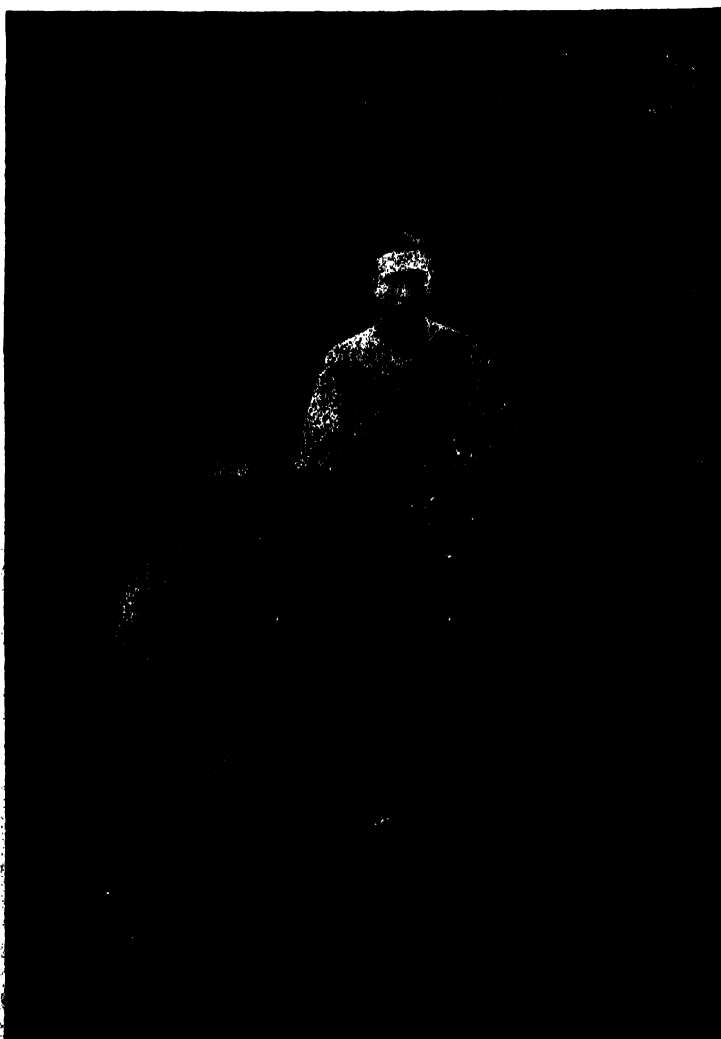
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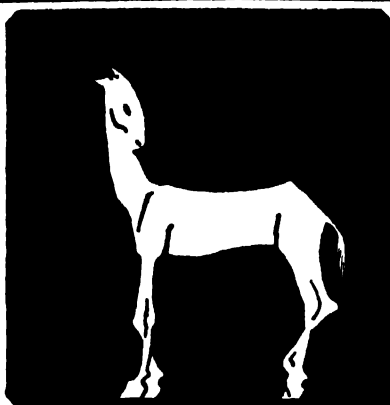
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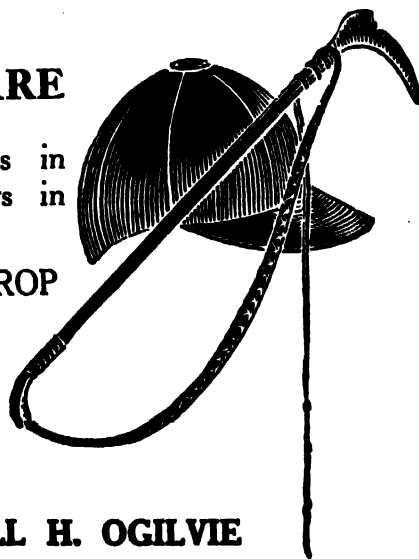
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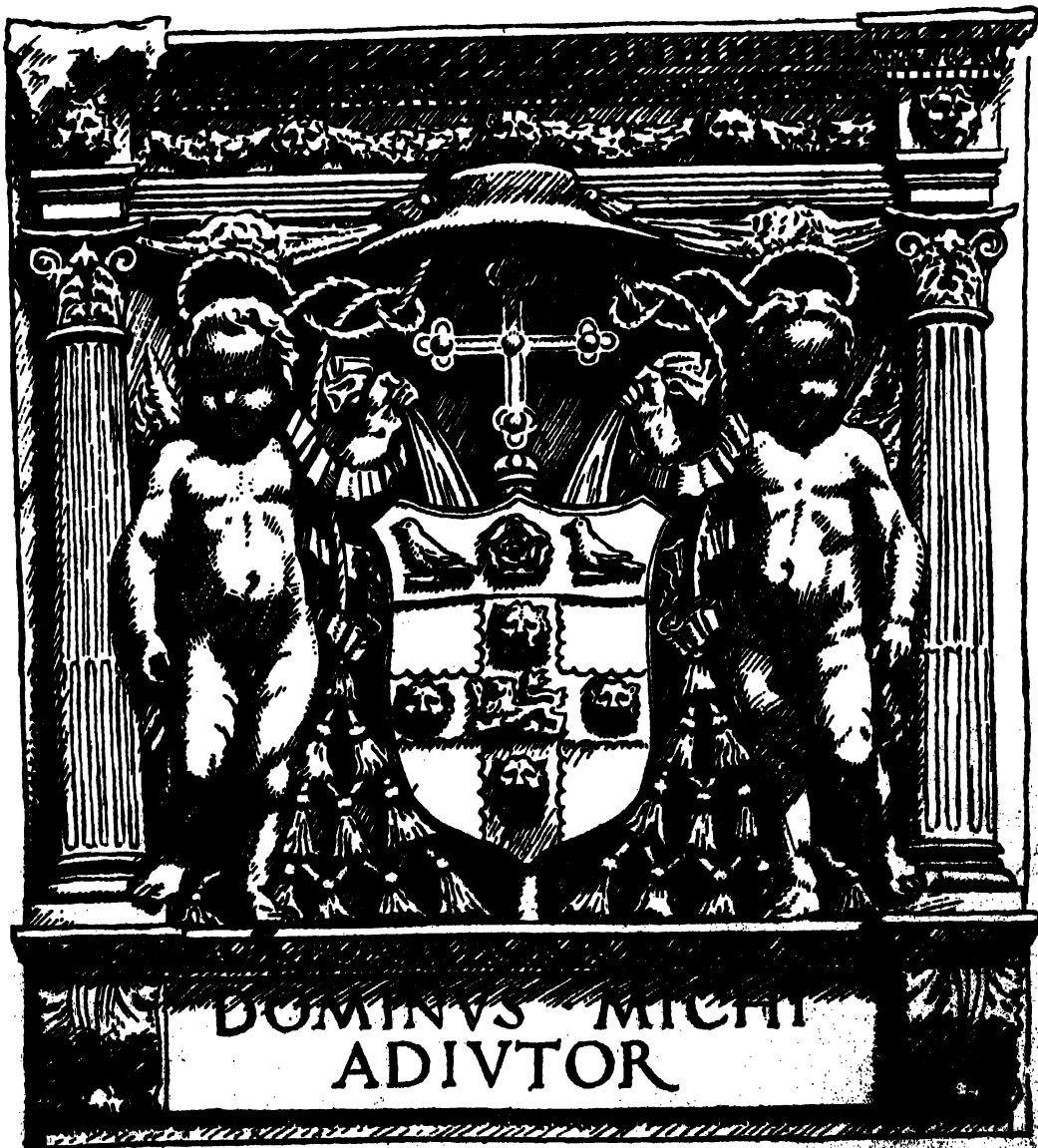
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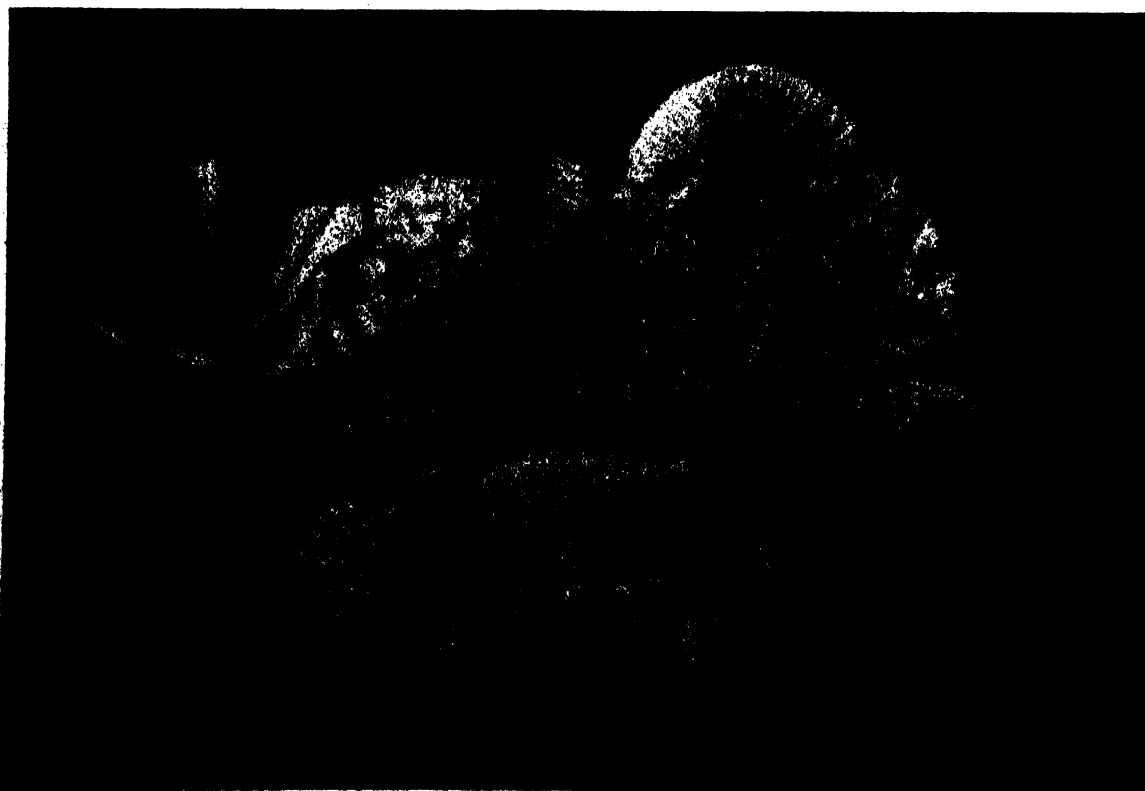
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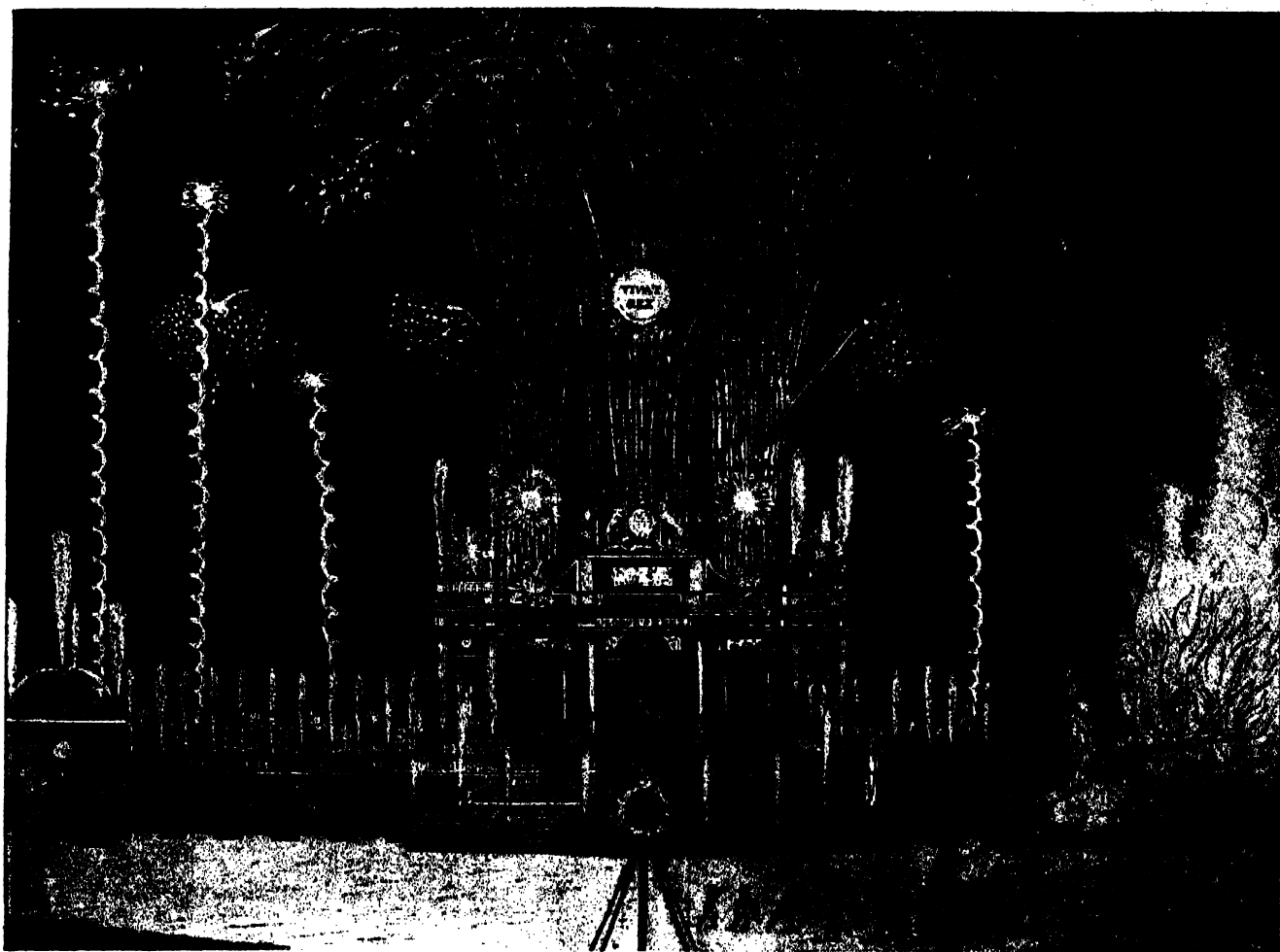
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discovery of gunpowder, and the chances are that it happened the other way about. Not unnaturally we must look to the East, the cradle of all inventive genius, for the first discoveries in pyrotechny. The thing came about in the search for a short cut to the production of fire, the most important item in early social life. Iron pyrites would be struck on a flint, particles of iron would fall on the tinder, and when this caught fire would coruscate; more experiments would follow, and you have Chinese fire, the first known manufactured firework. Mr. Brock carries the development of the art down to the stage where we can watch the Battle of Jutland in progress, all in fireworks, on a stage covering several acres. The second half of his book is devoted to the technical side, the evolution of rockets, shells, mines, lances and compound fireworks being



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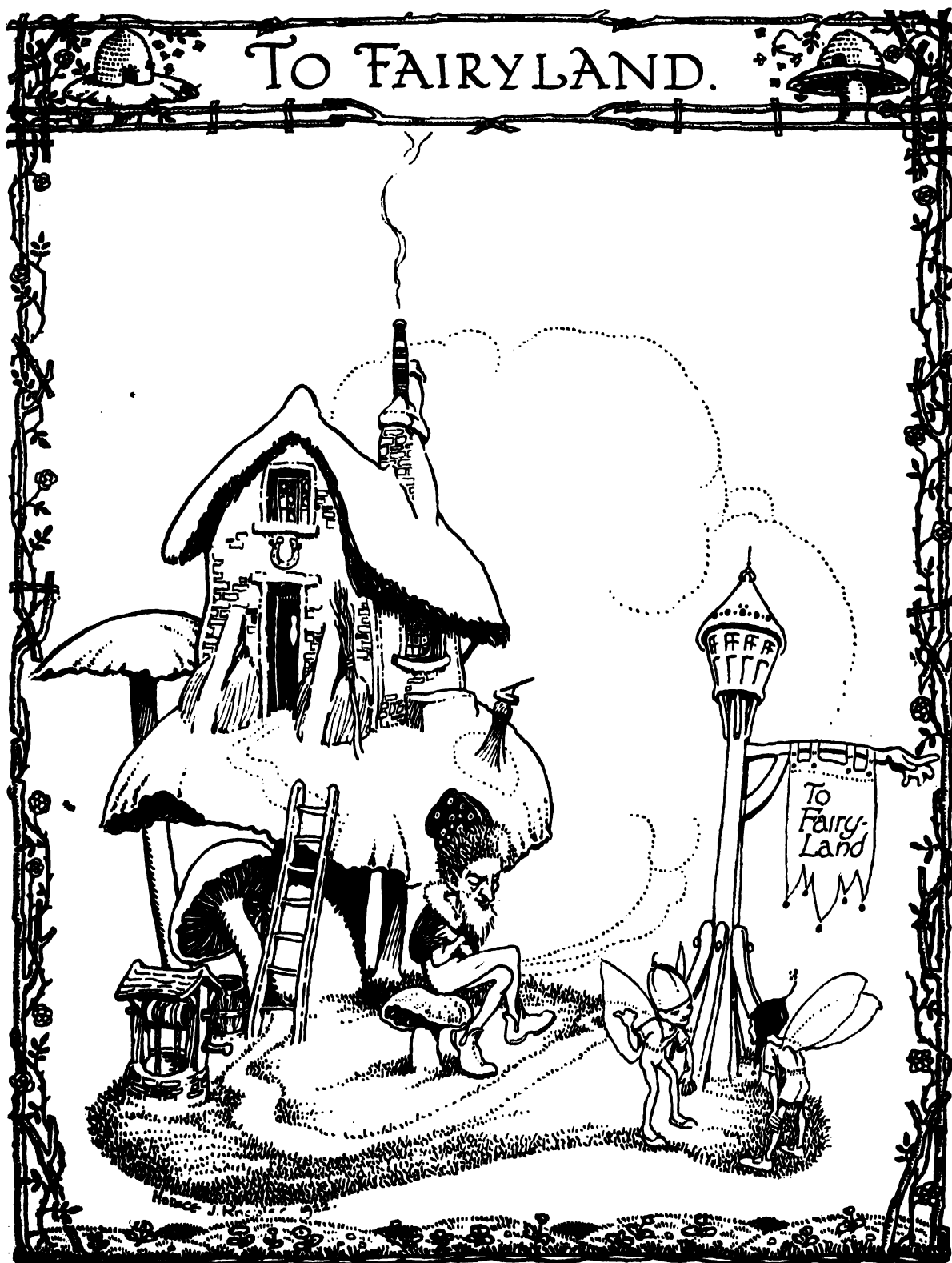
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GLASGOW AND BOMBAY

MERRY MOMENTS ANNUAL.

Illustrated. 5s. (Newnes.)

The names of the clever folk who have contributed to this annual are not revealed to us, but they have worked nobly and have served up, in this jolly Christmas volume,

explaining what is to come, are helpful too. You know what you are in for, before you begin. Also, the person who planned this book knew very well that when all is said and done, scarlet is the Christmas colour, so he wisely put this "Merry Moments" into a brave red cover.



From Merry Moments Annual
(Newnes).

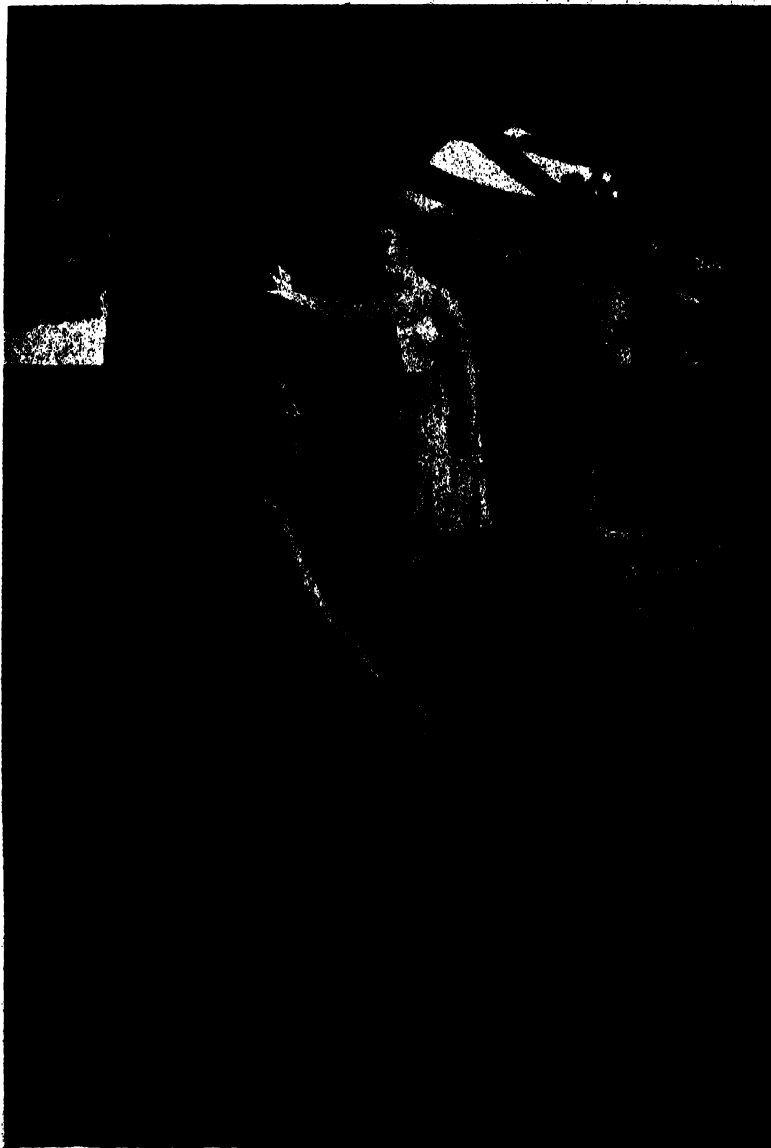
TO FAIRYLAND.

a splendid set of fairy and adventure stories. "The Pink Silk Frock, the Story of a Simply Scrumptious Surprise," is lovely, and so is "The Stream of a Thousand Smiles." And there are heaps of pictures and riddles. (What key in music is disliked by the soldiers?—A sharp Major! What is always hot in cold weather?—Mustard. What is always behind time?—The back of a watch.) The little short bits, which do so well for the elder ones to read aloud to the toddlers, are not forgotten; there are many of them tucked among the longer stories. The sub-titles,

LADY INTO FOX.

By DAVID GARNETT. With wood-engravings by R. A. GARNETT. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Here we have an oddity, but a very charming one, a literary masterpiece in little by a real artist. The romance which Dr. David Garnett unfolds with a limpid and old-world gravity of style which is wholly distinctive and like nothing we have ever read before turns upon a miracle, of which a blameless young lady of the Du Maurier "bustle"



From The Swedish Fairy Book
(Fisher Unwin).

"A SHRINE ADORNED WITH GOLD
AND PRECIOUS STONES APPEARED."

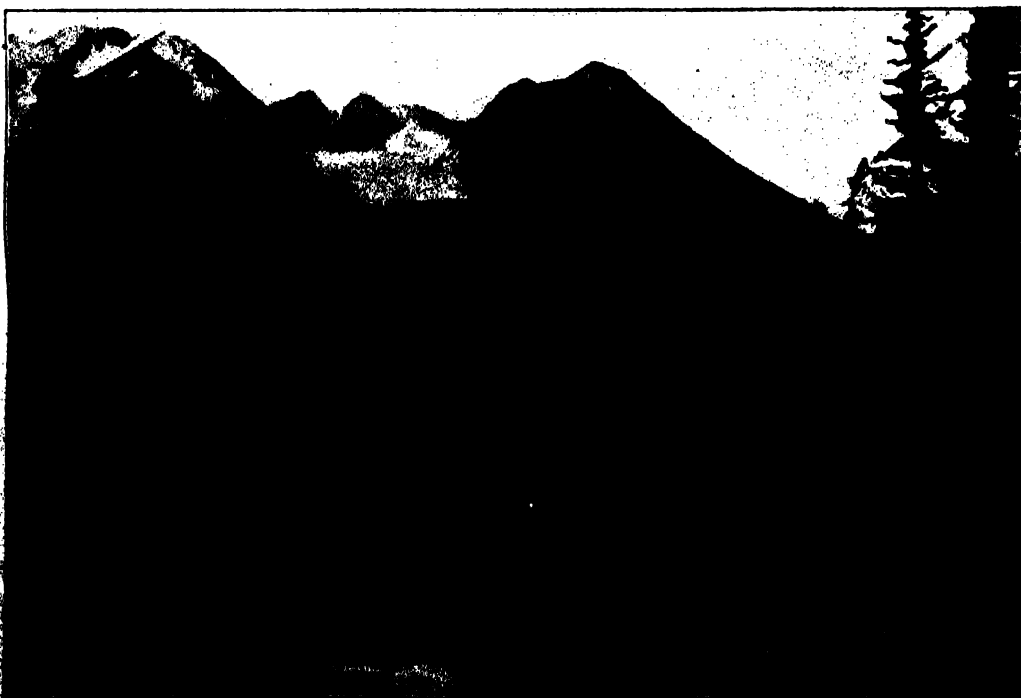
period is the unfortunate victim. Metamorphosed before the eyes of her distracted husband into a little red vixen, she is at first half beast, half human, and Mr. Telrick, who is nothing if not a devout and constant lover, makes shift to put up with an unprecedented situation and continue to behave towards the changeling as his lawful wedded wife. But daily does ex-Mrs. Telrick shed from her the remaining tatters of her humanity, tears off the little dressing-jacket without which she has been too modest to show herself to her husband in the early days of her vixenhood, gobbles up a rabbit in a business-like fashion, which is altogether too dreadful, and ultimately makes for the woods and relapses into complete vulpine savagery. But somewhere the once human beast retains a spark of affection for and

memory of its human mate, and when the hunting season brings the cruel but inevitable end, it is in her husband's arms that she meets it. Mrs. Garnett's woodcuts provide an entirely adequate complement to the text, and that is high praise.

THE SWEDISH FAIRY BOOK.

Edited by CLARA STROEBE. Translated by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS. Illustrated by GEORGE
W. HOOD. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

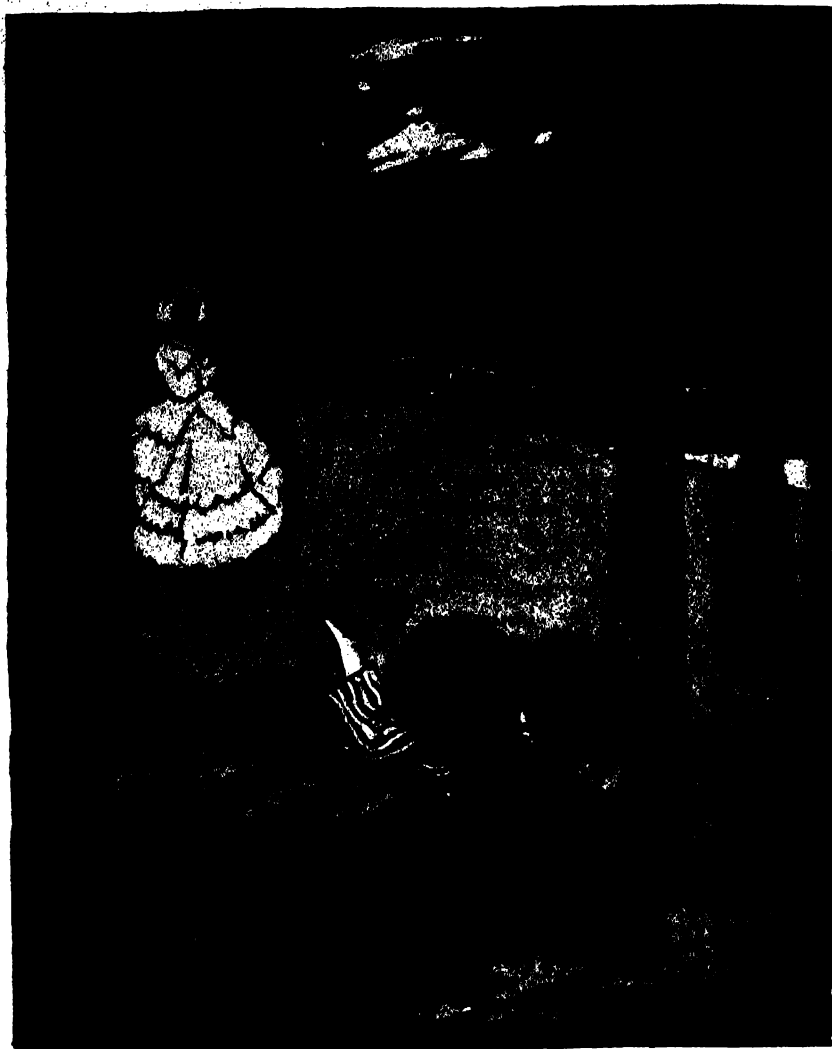
It is claimed for this collection of twenty-eight folk-tales from Scandinavian sources that the fact of their having been literally translated has given them that simple *naïveté* which their traditional rendering demands, and that they ought therefore to appeal to young American readers. Young America it is assumed taking kindly to "that which is straightforward and sincere, in the realms of fairy-tale as in life itself." But what about Mutt and Jeff? Not being experts in the psychology of Buster Brown we cannot theorise, and as "The Swedish Fairy Book" is now being offered to English children, it is what they think that matters. Simplicity in itself is excellent, but the right sort of simplicity is the most difficult art of all, and we hardly think Mr. Martens has mastered it yet. Jolly in themselves, these stories of children and animals, princes and princesses, trolls and werewolves, are unexceptionable in their outlines, but we cannot detect even in those of later origin—"Lasse my Thrall" and others which the translator indicates—that they leave his hands coloured with the "rich and ornate stylistic garb of mediæval chivalric poesy" which he claims for them. Frankly, they strike us as being a little bald and flat, while though the appended notes may be edifying and instructive they are not amusing. Young England no longer takes kindly to the sententious and "stuck-up" in its literature. So far as they go, Mr. Wood's coloured illustrations are all right.



From The Boy's Book of Canada
(Wells Gardner).

LAKE KATHLYN AND MUSSEL BAY MOUNTAINS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS



From *Poum*
(*Philpot*).

"IT WAS GREAT FUN BEING A DOG."

POUM.

By PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERITTE. Translated by BERENGERE DRILLIEN. 7s. 6d. net. (*Philpot*.)

This translation from the French presents an excellent study of child life; it is autobiographical. So that "while the child reader can be assured that Poum was a real little boy who thought and felt and did all the things recorded, grown-ups may interest themselves in a revelation of the early phases of an imaginative, highly-strung temperament that later gave to France some of its finest modern literature." This we learn from the introduction to the book, which also goes on to tell us how the book "came into being as the result of mutual recollections by the two brothers . . . the result of various 'Do you remembers?'" Poum is a quaint little character, and all child lovers will delight in him. In a series of vividly told incidents Poum lives for us, and we get many a chuckle out of his droll little ways.

EVERY GIRL'S ANNUAL.

Stories of School, Adventure and Sport—No. 1.

5s. (*The United Press Ltd.*)

Exciting tales for our girls—twenty-five or so, with a few capital papers on such things as needlework, country dancing, etc. In a bright blue cover, bearing a fine picture of maidens playing hockey. "Rose of Roaring Ranch" is one of the best tales. In "The Doings of Daffy" Miss Morton Howard shows real talent in the way of dialogue writing; her narrative is brisk and well put together. Miss Christine Chaundler, who is a popular favourite, writes rather a weak tale on the birthday present

given by the fourth form to their adored mistress. But on the whole the standard is good, and every girl should find something to her taste here, as the tastes of both romantic and unromantic are studied.

JUST A JOLLY GIRL.

By E. L. HAVERFIELD. 6s. net.
(*Humphrey Milford*.)

Stella West had never been to school, and it seemed at first as if Maze Court was not going to come up to her happy expectations. She was so shy and timid, so unused to associating with girls of her own age, and lively Kitty O'Hagan was such a tease, so bubbling over with harmless fun at other people's expense, that it looked as if poor Stella was in for a bad time. Stella met Kitty's practical jokes with a staidness the other girls couldn't understand; but, although she knew Kitty was making her a butt, she bore no grudge and in the end her loyalty compelled Kitty's admiration, and she became, as her guardian had hoped she would, "just a jolly girl." Before she won that title, however, a number of things happened. Maze Court was a house of great antiquity, and the atmosphere of mystery surrounding it piques the reader's curiosity from the first. Why did old "Methuselah" insist on keeping the fires out of the shrubbery? Who was it caused such havoc in the house at night, disarranging furniture and pictures? Kitty was suspected, and the evidence looked black against her, but whether she



From *Adaste Fideles*
(*Burns & Oates*).

Before the Oms.
(*1911*)



From *Old Time and the Boy*
(Allenson).

GREAT GROUND SLOTH.

was the real culprit or not, and how all this excitement helped to develop Stella's character, girls must read for themselves. It would be unfair even to hint at the conclusion of a mystery so baffling and well-sustained.



From *Chatterbox*
(Wells Gardner).

THE EWING BOOK.

Edited by E. M. ALLSOPP. 2s. 6d. (Bell.)

The introduction to this book states that "the importance has long been realised of providing older children with selections from standard prose writers and of training them to appreciate the difference between good and bad literature." The object of this series, of which "The Ewing Book" is the first, is to provide a selection of scenes from great novelists, adding a biographical introduction, notes, and exercises in oral and written work. It is an interesting experiment and one that certainly deserves to be successful. The extracts from Mrs.

Ewing's works are carefully chosen, and should tempt boys and girls to read all Mrs. Ewing's books for themselves.



"WHY, IT'S DEAREST PAPA."
From *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*
(Methuen).

PEGGY THE PILOT.

By LILIAN TURNER. 4s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Peggy is a little lady with a very decided mind of her own, and the story of her career, her conflicts with Aunt Keziah, and incidentally the affairs of her relatives in general, is very racily told. The aunt, Miss Keziah Shaw, is rather a fearsome person, who wears "four little forehead curls without which she would not have dreamed of facing the workaday world," and a cap "that made her stern old face look quite ten times as stern and hard and cold as Nature and Time had already made it"; she loves to catch other people doing wrong, and discovers to her surprise that

Peggy cannot be "sat upon" satisfactorily at all. She believed that a girl should "make herself useful," and acted upon her conviction. As for Peggy—"Peggy's great," said one of her friends. "There's only one thing wrong about old Peg, and that is she is a girl; she ought to have been a boy." So with these hints you will see that Peggy is a Personage to be read about—and not to be "given away" too much in a mere review. She is far too exciting for that!

"ROWING TO AND FRO IN ALL WEATHERS."

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

3s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

It is an enviable thing to be a boy!—so one is disposed to think at Christmas time when such books as "Herbert Strang's Annual" make their appearance. To many lucky youngsters "Herbert Strang" is an integral part of Christmas; they have a whole shelf full of him—fifteen volumes—and pore over the stories and articles and pictures to their hearts' content. You cannot imagine any intelligent boy failing to derive happiness from the wonderful contents in this year's magnificent annual. The marvel is that the standard never falls off, that you may always be sure of getting first-class stuff by first-class writers; and illustrations, photographic or in colour or black-and-white, that leave no room for criticism. To say more is scarcely necessary; the annual's splendid record speaks for itself.

THE FLAME FLOWER.

By PHYLLIS SAUNDERS.

Illustrated by HILDA T. MILLER. 6s.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

At regular intervals we hear the lament that fairy stories are out of date, old-fashioned, no use to the young folks of to-day; and at equally regular intervals we find kind, clever authors and benevolent



From *The Flame Flower*
(Thornton Butterworth).

"IN LESS THAN A MOMENT THE PRINCESS
WAS UP ABOVE THE TREE-TOPS."

publishers and artists of the most delicate imagination providing books of fairy stories that are absolutely irresistible. This book is one of them; it will make many a child happy even to look through the charming pictures, both in colour and in dainty black-and-white line drawings. Of course there is a princess; of course there is magic, and lots of trouble, and a real happy ending. So all the laws of the authentic fairy tale, laid down from the beginning of the Fairy Era (which dates back so far that nobody knows who the first Fairy Queen was), are fulfilled, and anybody who dares to say that there are too many fairy stories, or that they are not as good as they used to be, shall surely be deprived of the pleasure of reading this one—which deprivation will be the severest possible penalty for such heresy.

THE CITY OF WISHES.

By J. A. BENTHAM. (Jonathan Cape.)

You could hardly call "The City of Wishes" a fairy-tale; the author, indeed, suggests that the Land of Nodd, to which Ethel and John were spirited away, is merely another planet. But it is a tale where magic happens and wishes come true. The author, while playing round a quaint idea, employs language too difficult for the ordinary child to understand with ease. But the plot gets very thrilling at times and doubtless many girls and boys will skip the hard words and enjoy the story in spite of them.

From *Herbert Strang's Annual*
(Oxford University Press).

"WE SET OFF, SUPPORTING
HIM ON EITHER SIDE."



From *Down adown Derry*
(Constable).

"WOKE THE OLD KING
OF CUMBERLAND."

Reviewed elsewhere in this Number.

THE GOLDFISH BOWL.

By PHYLLIS AUSTIN. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Prefaced in the most winning way by Barry Pain. "I keep my liking for the fairy tale," he confesses. "I am inclined to think that if once you get a love of fantasy it never leaves you." To those, old and young, who are, like Mr. Pain, fantasy lovers for life, we advise an exhaustive reading of the gay pages of "The Goldfish Bowl" and a leisurely study of Mr. Charles Robinson's delicate and dainty illustrations. Tim and Peggy wake one night and notice that their gold-fish bowl has become HUGE. Well, they dived into it, of course, down under the Wonderful Sea. Queens, Bogies, Witches and Eels float through their sunny hours.

LEIF AND THORKEL.

By GENEVRO SNEDDEN. 5s. (Harrap.)

Besides being an interesting tale that children will enjoy for its own sake, and possessing exceptional artistic value because of Mr. Meredith Williams's beautiful illustrations, "Leif and Thorkel" gives a true glimpse into the lives of two little Norse boys of long ago. The author is very accurate in matters of detail, and holds up the mirror to life as it was lived in Norway nine hundred years ago. The

educational merit of the story may be gathered from the extensive bibliography at the end of the book, but history is so deftly woven with narrative that boys and girls, in following the adventures of Leif and Thorkel, will assimilate knowledge without being aware of it.

OUNDLE'S STORY.

By CANON SMALLEY LAW. 4s. 6d.
(Sheldon Press.)

The Vicar of Oundle deserves as much fame as the Vicar of Bray, though for extremely different reasons. He has hit upon a very attractive method of presenting local history which might with advantage be copied by others who have exceptional facilities for unearthing records of past years. Into the old accounts, the old customs, he brings life and paints little word-pictures of the days gone by, in a manner which reflects great credit upon his studies; he may well claim, as he does in his preface, "to have spent much time in research and to have elucidated a few points." The story of the foundation of the famous School is brought out carefully from ancient records; it dates from the sixteenth century. Pupils came from far and wide and, from the first, it was something much more than merely a local school. This compact little history is brought down to the present day—beginning about the eighth century—and ends with a list of Oundle men who gave their lives in the war.

PRINCE AND ROVER OF CLOVERFIELD FARM.

Written and Illustrated by HELEN FULLER OWEN.
5s. (Duckworth.)

Here is a secret that all good parents know—it's not really necessary to provide sensational reading for little children. They like just as much what grown-ups would call a peaceful, monotonous tale about everyday things, flowers and farms and horses. Well, Miss Orton, clever artist and narrator as she is, enjoys full possession of the secret that so few authors and publishers know. Her simple, very simple tale of Prince the horse, and Rover the shepherd's dog, of their wisdom and their funny adventures, will, we doubt not, have an enduring sale.



Alice Rainbird
aged seven

Charles Dickens

THE MAGIC FISH-BONE

From *The Magic Fish-Bone*
(Frederick Warne).

ALICE RAINBIRD (KATE
DOUGLAS WIGGIN, AGED 7)
AND CHARLES DICKENS.

From "Holiday Romance," first published in 1888.

WINNING HIS NAME.

By HERBERT STRANG. 6s. (Humphrey Milford.)

All the ingredients of a successful boy's book are here, and they are manipulated by a skilful and accustomed hand. Mr. Strang, emerging undaunted from the labours that have given nigh half a hundred romances to a grateful public, is still full of zest and invention. He has created a dashing hero (whose parentage is mysterious), a poor, ill-treated, hunted negro servant: a supercilious baronet, who is a formidable foe. The boy, Adam, helps the negro to fly, and later on is appropriately rewarded by the negro's championship. The tale is set in the stirring days of the Stuarts, and the colour of the period is utilised to much advantage in these picturesque pages. And at the end, in the splendid way of such tales, the nameless vagrant turns out to be in truth and fact, Sir Giles Armitage. It is Black Sol who brings forth the evidence within a casket. It may be objected that the notion of the youth tramping up to London to seek his fortune is overworked. But it carries an eternal charm for the young mind which absorbs it; for the young reader who himself will soon be setting forth on the slippery path to adventure, failure or fortune.



From *Tunes of a Penny Piper*
(Selwyn & Blount).

Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Edited by SAMUEL J. LOOKER. 7s. 6d. net. (Daniel O'Connor.)

When next you find yourself in the company of a dozen or so grown-ups it would probably surprise you, if you inquired, to find how few of them would be able to recite the old nursery rhyme of "Oranges and Lemons" correctly. We all think we know the old nursery rhymes, but scarcely any of us do, and if we are wise we will buy this Christmas for our young friends a copy of the "Nursery Rhymes" book edited by Samuel J. Looker, and illustrated so charmingly by Maud Tindal Atkinson, and before giving



From *Winning His Name*
(Oxford University Press).

'MR. PEPPY SANG TO
US HIS OWN SONG,
'BEAUTY RETIRE.'

it away we will refresh our own memories. Turning to "Oranges and Lemons," in this book, we may find that in our youth we were sadly misdirected, for who remembers:

"Brickbats and tiles
Says the bells of St. Giles . . .

"Pancakes and fritters
Says the bells of St. Peter's . . .

"Two sticks and an apple
Says the bells of Whitechapel. . . ."

Certainly we don't. There are several other strangers in this version. Strangers to some of us, at any rate. A word of praise must be said for the very striking cover chosen for the book. It should attract children immensely.



From *Nursery Rhymes*
(The Poetry Bookshop).



From *The Magic Egg*
(A. & C. Black).

"SHE DANCED WITH JOY ALL ROUND
THE LITTLE HOUSE."

attractive—the charming nonsense that he writes or the delightful pictures he has reproduced. Children all over the world will love this book with its story of the quaint doctor who gave up looking after human beings to devote himself to animals.

SING-SONG STORIES.

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERT.
SON. (Humphrey Milford.)

"There was once a Princess who had been ill and was getting better; and she could not sleep o' nights. . . . One evening an old crone came to the Palace. She said her name was 'Dear-Old-Thing.' . . . Dear-Old-Thing asked to see the Queen, and she said to her, 'Dear Queen, what the Princess your daughter needs is not medicine, but a *sing-song story*. I will tell the child a story that will send her to sleep.' That is how the 'Sing-Song Stories' start; and for twelve nights the old crone comes and each night tells a story. And whether it is the story of the Lost Dream, or The Clock That Couldn't Tock, or of Hoppity-Hop Lending His Saucepan, or The Friday-Farthing, it is always something quaint, which takes the fancy, that the old crone has to tell. The illustrations in the book are delicious; they are by Anne Anderson and Alan Wright; full of character, with a pleasing line and dainty finish, they are just right for 'Sing-Song Stories.'"

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR BABY.

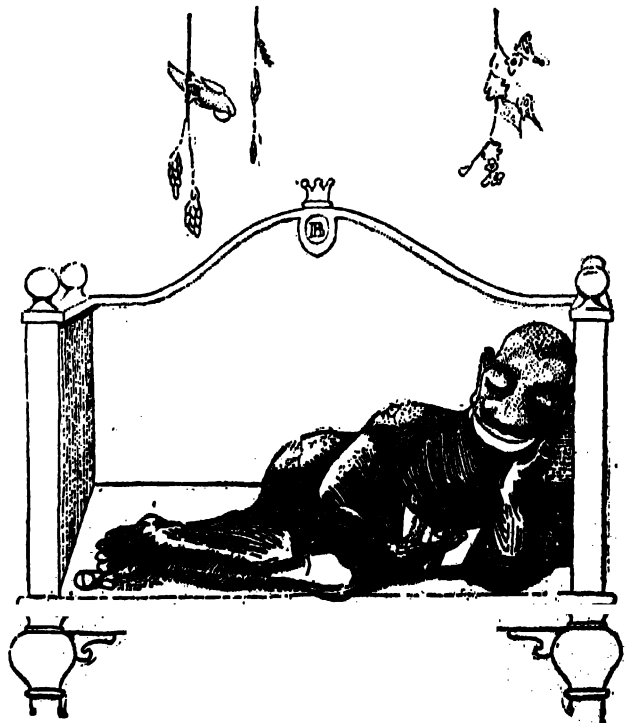
4s. (Oxford University Press.)

Mr. Milford, of the Oxford University Press, ought to come second only to Santa Claus in the affections of those happy children who receive "Mrs. Strang's Annual for Baby," which he has put out at the moderate price of four shillings. Well coloured and well drawn pictures, simple stories told in simple words (and printed in good, clear type) make a book that is a joy for the little ones. And Baby can turn over the leaves with his chubby fingers without fear of hurting them, for they are untearable—a delightful Christmas present.

DR. DOLITTLE.

By HUGH LOFTING. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Since the days of Thackeray there has always been a great deal to be said for the author who is also his own illustrator. Especially is this true of children's books, where another artist might have difficulty in catching the freakish imagination of the author. Tenniel, it is true, illustrated "Alice in Wonderland," but only with Lewis Carroll sitting over him and making him draw and redraw until the desired effect was secured. In "Dr. Dolittle," by Hugh Lofting, it is difficult to decide which is the more



From *Doctor Dolittle*
(Jonathan Cape).

HE BEGAN READING THE FAIRY
STORIES TO HIMSELF.

BARBARA IN PIXIE-LAND.

By HARRY E. CHAPMAN. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Harry Chapman's heroine really is a heroine. It is stated explicitly that she did not *like* getting up in the morning, but when anyone asked her about it, she said: "I must get up some time, so I might just as well do it at once," and she did nearly everything else in the same way, whether she liked it or not, so that every one who heard of this trait in her character said: "How splendid in one so young! She must have a very fine will." On the other hand we are informed that if anyone else was going to do anything for Barbara and did not do it at once, she wanted very quickly to know why, very often to the great annoyance of the person who was going to do it, who would then say what a pity it was Barbara was not taught more patience and self-control. All that seems to indicate that Barbara had plenty of character, which is just what a little girl Gulliver ought to have, for Barbara was fated to have all kinds of odd adventures with Pixies, whom she picked up in her hands, and with giants, who picked her up in *their* hands, and to be able to behave properly, which was what Barbara did, in bewilderingly sudden changes of environment like that is a great test of character. There are some jolly pictures of Barbara and her friends, little and big, some in colour and some in black-and-white. These are by Miss Gladys M. Rees.

THE FLINT HEART:

A Fairy Story.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 6s. (Chapman & Dodd.)

Grown-ups who were children in 1910 and read "The Flint Heart" will remember how thoroughly they enjoyed it, and the new and revised edition that appears this year will be warmly welcomed as a gift-book by the youngsters of to-day. For good fairy stories are really scarce. The foundation of the tale is laid in the Stone Age when the flint heart was sought as a charm by the ambitious Phutt Phutt, who straightway grew hard and unscrupulous, gaining power but losing love. The same unpleasant results followed the possession of the heart in every case. When Phutt Phutt died the charm was buried with him and lay undisturbed for 5,000 years. Until one day a Dartmoor farmer dug up the stone heart and put it in his pocket. Terrible times followed for the Jago family till Charles and Unity sought aid of the fairies and had many thrilling adventures. There is nothing 'gruesome or eerie in "The Flint Heart"; it is as fresh and invigorating as Dartmoor air, about which Mr. Phillpotts tells us a secret.



From Moonshine and Clover
(Jonathan Cape).

BEGAN RISING WITH
A WOBBLING MOTION
INTO THE AIR.



From Barbara in Pixieland
(Jonathan Cape).

GAVE HER A MOST FIERCE
AND ANGRY LOOK.

GUIDE GILLY, ADVENTURER.

By DOROTHEA MOORE.
(Nisbet.)

Not many Girl Guides have the opportunity of testing courage and will-power and mental capacity as Gilly has; and how many would come through the test with flying colours? Accompanying a journalist friend to a fictitious country where she has selected a school for herself, this self-reliant little girl soon becomes involved in political intrigue. Her training as a Guide has taught her presence of mind and promptness of action—two qualities that help her through a dangerous situation, and enable her, not only to save the life of her friend, but also the life of the young queen of the country. It is a thrilling tale, full of action, with not a tedious line.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922



From The British Girl's Annual
(Cassell).

"FATHER SAYS I MUST NOT BELIEVE IN ANY
FORM OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA."

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR GIRLS.

6s. (Religious Tract Society.)

What a perfectly splendid time the girls of to-day have, was the thought of the reviewer of this book, whose own school days ended twenty years ago. There was no talk of cricket matches in the girls' schools then, and such an exciting story as "The Second In Command," by Christine Chaundler, would only have

been written for boys. The girls would not have understood that a girl who was good at games was the heroine of her chums, nor indeed anything about such technical terms as "overs" and "wides" and "no balls." There are several other thrilling stories very much to the modern girl's taste. Articles really helpful to senior girls thinking of a career are contributed by expert advisers: "Why Not Art as a Career?" by Hilda Cowham-Lander, the black-and-white artist; "For Girls Who Want to be Nurses," an interview

with the former matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. "Girls' Games in Many Lands" describes playtime from the equator to the pole, and Mrs. Rosita Forbes tells her story of exploration in unknown Africa. Certainly the girl who receives this Annual as a Christmas gift should have no difficulty in saying it is just what she wanted.



From A Collection
of Nursery
Rhymes.
Embellished by
Lovat Fraser
(Poetry Bookshop).

SHEILA AT HAPPY HILLS.

By LILIAN M. PYKE. 4s. (Ward, Lock.)

This is an Australian story and meets the want of a class of reader perhaps rather difficult to cater for—the girl in her early teens. Sheila Chester is a charming young heroine, with a real desire to do the right thing. Early in

the book we hear her history. Although she has been in Australia all her school days—and Miss Pyke, be it noted, is a writer first of all for Australian youth—she had spent her early childhood in England. Her mother had married again after Sheila's father died, and tells Sheila the full story of that marriage as she herself lies dying. She finds that her second husband gets into debt and believes him to have been guilty of a forgery, therefore has cast him off utterly. Later, when he has left her for ever, she finds out that he was innocent. She has never discovered his whereabouts, but wishes a certain amount of her money to go to him after her death, should he be found. Sheila, though there is no will, loyally respects the mother's wish; is tricked and deceived, but does her best. Very brightly done. Lightly too; there are no boring pages.



From Sheila at Happy Hills
(Ward, Lock).

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW
OF PETER GOODWIN."

THE ROMANCE OF COAL.

By CHARLES R. GIBSON, F.R.S.E.
6s. (Seeley, Service.)

It might seem at first sight a little difficult to impart a flavour of "romance" to a popular handbook crammed full of general information on the subject of coal. But Mr. Charles R. Gibson shows that the task is not impossible. After all, one only has to consider that a lump of kitchen coal and the Koh-i-Noor diamond are practically identical matter, and that the same substance, with the merest flavouring of one or two other ingredients and the breath of some indefinable essence puffed into it, may spring to life either as a hippopotamus or a star of the Russian ballet. But these are romantic aspects of the coal question with which



DECORATION BY
LOVAT FRAZER.
From Nursery Rhymes
(The Poetry Bookshop).



From Rip Van Winkle
(Harrap).

"STRANGE CHILDREN RAN AT HIS HEELS."

RIP VAN
WINKLE.

By WASHINGTON IRVING. Pictures
and Decorations by N. C. WYETH.
7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The fine art plates in this new edition of an old favourite that will never grow old, are each worthy of framing. They are perfect little gems of colour. No less beautifully executed are the smaller black-and-white drawings scattered through the book. This "Rip Van Winkle" would make a thoroughly entertaining and artistic gift for young or old.

BROWN DE
BRACKEN.

By FLORA FORSTER. Illustrated by
GABRIEL PIPPET. 3s. 6d. (Blackwell,
Oxford.)

"Down along" in bonnie Devon and Cornwall there are still a few lonely places left where the pixies live—and let us be thankful for it. The West Country is the scene of these adventures in pixie-land, or brownie-land, and very prettily they are told. The ideal method of treating this book would be to read it aloud at bedtime when a story is demanded—the danger being that bedtime would be postponed until it was quite finished. Magic spells, jolly, comic or wizard-like little people of the woods and bracken (and one thrilling appearance of an intelligent lobster) are calculated to make sleepy eyes open wide and hushed listeners ask for more. The illustrations are clever and full of life. Both author and artist are happily in the possession of exactly the right vein of fantasy which makes a fairy story appeal to the heart and affection of its readers—or hearers.



From Brown de Bracken
(Basil Blackwell).

"WASN'T THERE A RUMPUS WHEN
THE OLD WITCH CAME BACK!"



From The Chinese Fairy Book "THE CROWS COME FLYING AND FORM A BRIDGE."
(Fisher Unwin).

THE CHINESE FAIRY BOOK.

Edited by DR. W. WILHELM. Translated by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS. Illustrated by GEORGE
W. WOOD. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

One of a capital series of tales from all lands. We have read some of the others, but this is our favourite volume. The ancient legends of a land so ancient are full of extraordinary charm. They glow with colour; they are embroidered with silver and golden fancies, and constantly yield a moral meaning. It is delightful to have the short explanatory notes printed at the end of every story. The book is split up into sections — "Nursery Fairy Tales" (with the enchanting history of the Panther), "Legends of the Gods" (easily the most interesting of all, as Chinese myth is perfectly fascinating), "Saints and Magicians" (with references to Taoism and Buddhism), "Nature and Animal Tales" (in which princesses and dragons, fishes and scholars play their parts), "Ghost Stories," "Historic Legends" and "Literary Fairy Tales." We advise new readers to turn first to the narrative entitled "How Three Heroes Came by their Deaths because of Two Peaches," truly surprising and characteristic. The coloured pictures are excellent; we should have liked more of them.



DECORATION BY
LOVAT FRASER.
From Nursery Rhymes
(The Poetry Bookshop).

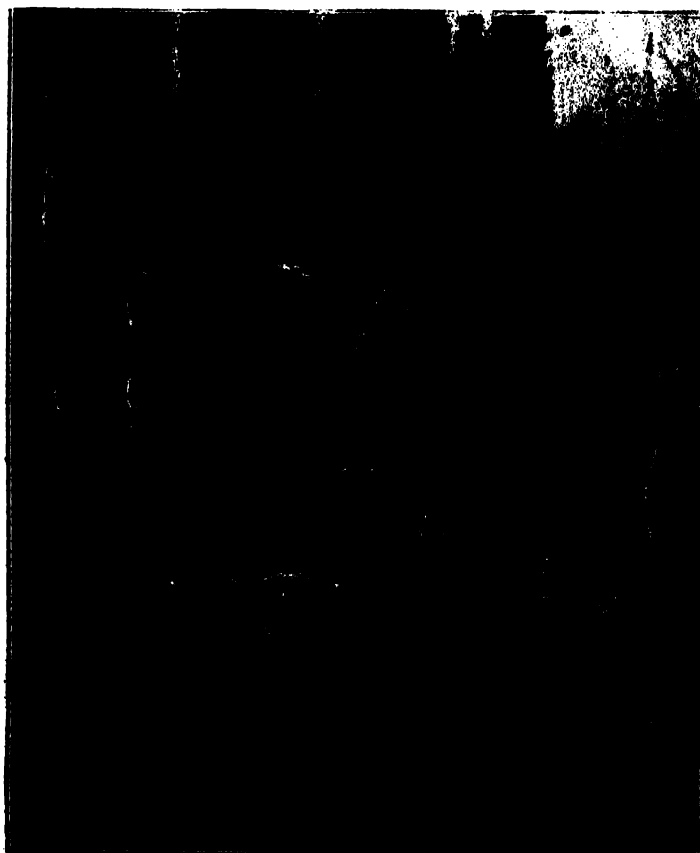
everybody is familiar. Mr. Gibson furnishes innumerable fresh ones in what he rightly describes as a general survey of a very large subject. The earlier chapters, in which he describes the formation of coal and the

conditions under which the carboniferous deposits would come into being, could hardly have been made more interesting, while the accompanying diagrams are simple, clear and most graphic. From these he passes on to survey the industrial uses of coal, the various inventions which have enabled modern humanity to benefit from it, the actual processes of mining, chemistry, by-products, and so forth, not forgetting to discuss the hypothetical exhaustion of world supplies, in a chapter that is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but which indicates how desirable it is that we should encourage research work and continue to practise economy. It is amusing to learn that Sir Humphry Davy poked fun at the pioneers of gas-lighting and wanted to know if the dome of St. Paul's would be suitable for storage, while Sir Walter Scott also jeered at the idea



From Stories
for Mary
(Blackwell).

of lighting London with "smoke," but was quick to see his error and instal the new system at Abbotsford.



From The Romance of Coal
(Seeley, Service).

A FOREST IN THE
CARBONIFEROUS
PERIOD.

STORIES FOR MARY

By LETTICE FISHER. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

A holiday atmosphere blows through the pages of this book, wafting salt breezes and the scent of new-mown hay. Some of the stories deal with Mary's adventures



From *Once Upon a Time*
(Daniel O'Connor).

BLUEBEARD.

at the seaside; others with Mary's adventures in the country. All are told in a simple, straightforward manner which children will love, and evidently by one who knows the things that interest a child and can enter into the joys and sorrows of a little girl. The pictures by Chas. T. Nightingale are very effective.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

5s. (James Clarke.)

In a brilliant blue cover, shiny and suggestive of dark green houghs and candle-light. We find here the

animal pictures that are so dear to the little kiddies. "Pussy's Tea Party" shows a nice little tabby cat, sitting between two dolls. "Sambo and the Gentle Giraffe," showing a piccaninny embracing a long neck, is nice; a bear carrying a candle and poker to look for a mouse burglar is even nicer. There are some easy verses, and one of them, a riddle, begins:

"I'm sometimes quite long, and
I'm generally thin;
I'm never stuck up, but I'm
always stuck in."

Country folk wanting a gift-book for three, four, five and six years old, can send for this with confidence.



NURSERY RHYMES.

Embellished by LOVAT FRASER.
2s. 6d. (Poetry Bookshop.)

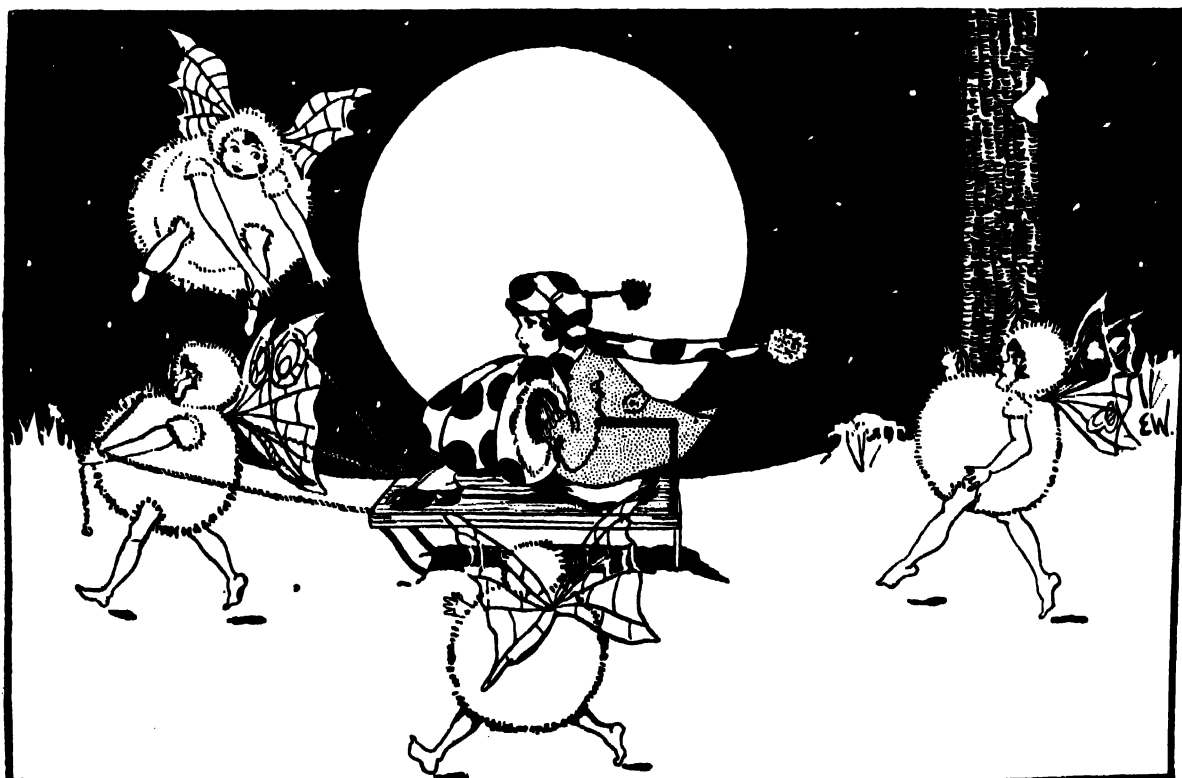
From *Stories for Mary*
(Blackwell).

Our old friend, "Nurse Lovechild's Legacy," in other words "a mighty fine collection of the most noble, memorable and veracious Nursery Rhymes." Mr. Lovat Fraser's "embellishments," of which we reproduce examples, could not be bettered. Boasting these, and now reissued in a very charming format on which the Poetry Bookshop is to be congratulated, this little book seems in these days singularly cheap at half a crown.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

By CHARLES PERRAULT.
Translated by William Canton.
Illustrated in Colour by Helen Sinclair.
6s. (Daniel O'Connor.)

Eight of the old fairy tales that never grow old in a most charming and beautifully illustrated volume.



From *The Rosebud Annual*
(James Clarke).

THE MAGIC SNOWBALLS.



From Cassell's Children's Annual
(Cassell).

THE JAPANESE FAIRY BOOK.

Rendered into English by YEI THEODORA
OZAKI. New Edition with a Frontispiece
by TAKE SATO. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

A very moderately priced book as prices go nowadays. Bound in grey, with scarlet lettering, nicely printed and full of most characteristic Japanese drawings. From a perusal of the stories the child is bound to receive an important impression of Japan: "... the plum and cherry trees were seen in full bloom, the nightingales sang in the pink avenues." ... "On her third birthday her first *obi* (broad brocade sash) of scarlet and gold was tied round her small waist, a sign that she had crossed the threshold of girlhood and left infancy behind." Some of the stories are exceedingly good, such as "The Bamboo Cutter and the Moon Child," also "The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees to Flower," and all will be fresh to the small Britisher. There are plenty of them, which is very satisfactory.



From The Japanese Fairy Book (Constable).

THE WITHERED TREE BLOOMS.

MAN: A FABLE.

By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
6s. net. (Constable.)

This fable of Man tells how he, a giant in stature and twenty years old, left his first home and his everyday work for his parents, and went out into the world to be great. He has many ambitions, and one by one they fail him, and inch by inch he grows smaller till, living through experience after experience, he shrinks to the size of an orange pip. But the end of Man in the fable is not extinction. It is all it should be. There are touches of modernity in Miss Phillpotts's narrative, and also touches of humour. Also it is a treat to read a fable on such paper as this, and the type is worthy to be mentioned too.

BLACKIE'S LITTLE ONES' ANNUAL.

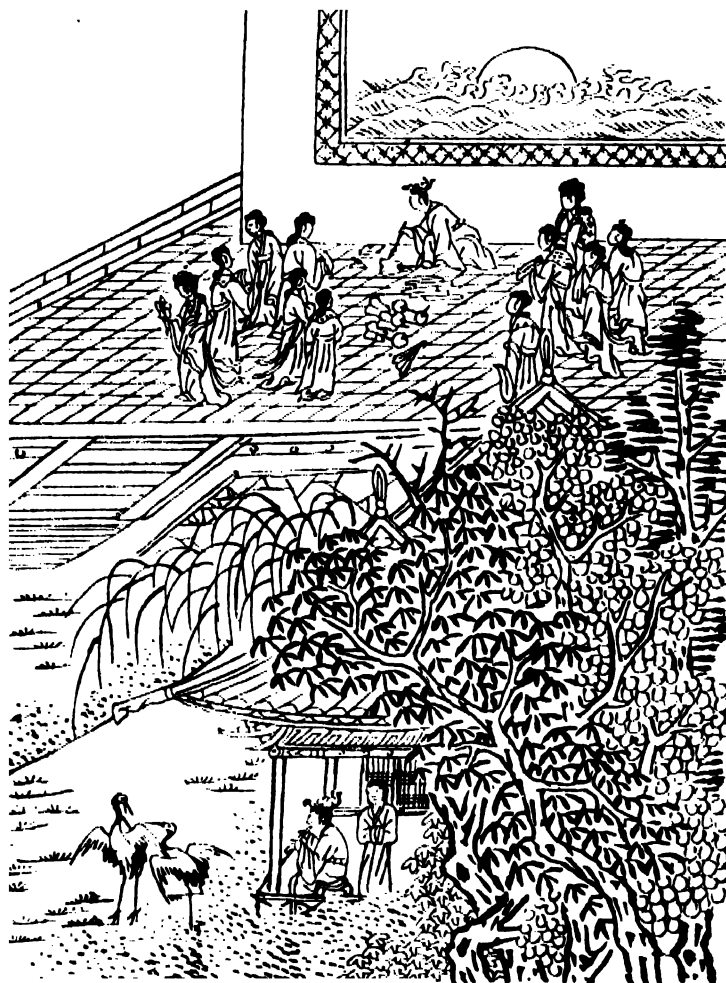
3s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

We showed a pile of Christmas books, all gay in their lovely bindings, to a little girl called Rosemary, and asked her to choose out the one she liked best. After a close scrutiny she put her hands on "Blackie's Little Ones' Annual" "Why this one, dear?" "Such gorgeous big print," was the answer, "and there's that picture of the Bunnykins kitchen at the end of the Rabbit hole; and you see I've always longed to know what the end of the Bunny passage came into!" We certainly find the book, from our grown-up standpoint, excellent. Pretty, jolly stories, crowds of pictures, and Miss Jessie Pope and Miss A. G. Herbertson working happily in unison with the most famous illustrators of children's tales.

**BILLY BARNICOAT:
A FAIRY ROMANCE FOR
YOUNG AND OLD.**

Written by GREVILLE MACDONALD. Illustrated by FRANCIS D. BEDFORD. 8s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Dr. Greville Macdonald has inherited much of his father's gift as a story-teller. His "Billy Barnicoat" is a boy



From *The Cloud Dream of the Nine*
(Daniel O'Connor).

THE PALACE MAIDS-IN-WAITING.

whom the author of "David Elginbrod" would have loved, a child full of fancies and sweetness. He was a waif, cast up by the sea, adopted by kindly poor Cornish folks. Here's his description of his first sight of a mermaid: "At last, however, he came wide awake, yet saw nothing—only dim, moony light that barely showed up the darkness. He wriggled free of the embracing arms, and then beheld, lying over his legs, a big tail, with scales as soft and dry as feathers, and all the colours of a greeny-blue labbat-shell (ear-shell); while above him was a kind face, but sweeter and sadder than any he'd ever seen. And her hair was as blue as mussels. . . . And I saw her comb, too; pearly as a moon it was—stuck on top of her plait. . . ." The pictures to this long and elaborate fantasy of a little lord in disguise, are remarkably fine.

**THE CLOUD DREAM
OF THE NINE.**

By KIM MAN-CHOONG. Translated by JAMES S. GALE. 15s. (Daniel O'Connor.)

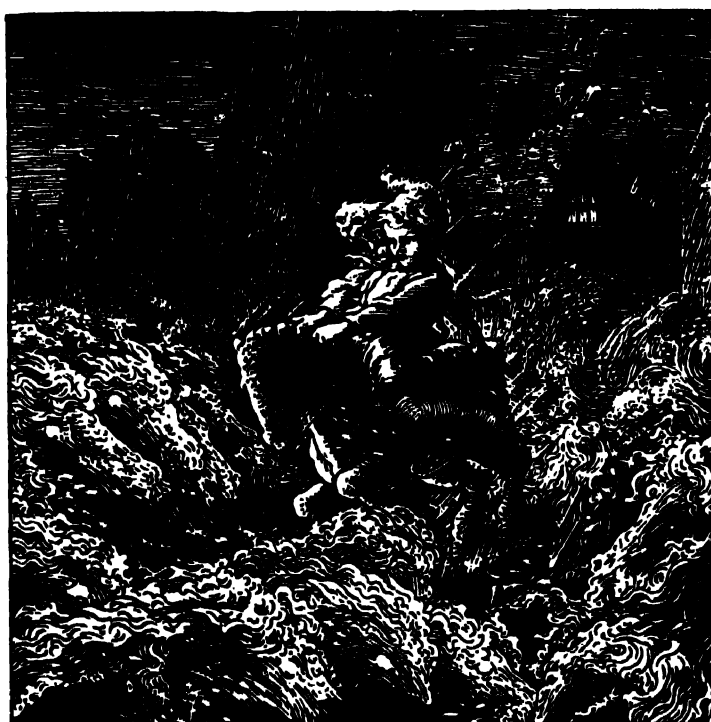
It seems that we are indebted to a Presbyterian missionary for the first translation into English of "the most moving romance of polygamy ever written." That may sound a little odd, but when one investigates one perceives that the thing is perfectly natural and right, the romance being a Korean classic of the seventeenth century and the translator the greatest living authority



From *My Favourite Nursery Rhymes*
(Daniel O'Connor).

WEE WILLIE
WINKIE.

among Westerners on Korean literature. As explained by Miss Robertson Scott in her introduction, the story of the devotion of the pious and admirable Yang to no fewer than eight lovely ladies, and their devotion to him and to each other, is more than a naïve tale of the relations of the sexes under a social code so far removed from our own as to be almost incredible, being furthermore "a record of emotions, aspirations and ideas, which enables us to look into the innermost chambers of the Chinese soul." Even in its purely literary aspect the story is delightful. Yang, a Buddhist, encounters eight charming fairies on a bridge. Playfully they will not allow him to pass. A little harmless persiflage ensues, and a pretty passage or so of flirtation, not unmingled with magic, and the maidens vanish. Even such innocent dalliance, however, is unbecoming in one of Yang's habit,



From *Billy Barnicoat*
(Allen & Unwin).

BILLY AND CAROLINE
RIDE THE STORM.



From *Flights in Fairyland*
(Saville).

PRINCESS SILVERBLOSSOM'S CHOICE.

and a penance is laid upon him. Born again, he meets his eight charmers in various disguises and, not to put too fine a point upon it, marries the lot, a by no means unpleasant method of working out his salvation. Scholars and the general public alike will revel in this bright, moving and extremely original romance, which is most suitably illustrated by sixteen charming Japanese drawings.

FLIGHTS IN FAIRYLAND.

By the STAFF and PUPILS of Lothian School for Girls, Harrogate. Illustrated. Paper, 4s. 6d.; half cloth, 6s. net. (Saville.)

It is to be regretted that no indication is given of the age of the young folk, "aged nine to fifteen" who were the authors of these thirty-nine prose fancies and nine "poems." They are pupils of the Lothian girls' school at Harrogate; two of the mistresses have also contributed. It is always interesting to see the imaginative working of the juvenile mind, and the Persse books are classics in their way. The present volume is interesting,

but there is practically only one mould in which all the sketches are cast; they are imitative, the vocabulary is excellent, but it is all good commonplace phrasing, except in Miss Morwenna Lyne's account of "why Black Cats have a few White Hairs," when the Imperial Dyers and Cleaners "rolled the feline babe from side to side." But the plan of making children devise and write is beyond words to be commended.

SCHOOLGIRL CHUMS.

By KATHLYN RHODES.
5s. (Nelson.)

It was quite a good idea—to give the story of a seagull in a cage here. It comes in freshly and takes the interest of the reader. Sporting Miss Loy, the youthful head mistress of St. Hilda's, wasn't really annoyed when sporting little Cynthia, the new pupil, went down on the beach early one morning and released it from its work as model for the drawing class. An artless, animated record; which girl readers will gobble up very quickly, though it is of a respectable length.

THE KAYLES OF BUSHY LODGE.

By VERA G. DWYER.
With Illustrations.
6s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

This story of Australian girls in the suburbs of an Australian town is of very general interest because, to a great extent, it is a story that might have happened anywhere. At the same time its surroundings and its outlook give it a freshness for English readers which adds much to its charm. It is a book for a child-girl, or for a girl in her teens, or for one in her twenties—and a pretty love story threads its way through.



From *Nursery Lyrics*
(Challo & Windus).

TAIL-PIECE
(Philip Hagreen).

THREE NAUGHTY CHILDREN.

By ORLO WILLIAMS. (Duckworth.)

All good children, and naughty ones as well, will like this story about the three naughty children of King Piccolo the twenty-fifth and Queen Harpsichordia, who reigned over the kingdom of Trombonia. All sorts of magical and fairy things happen to the three children when they are sent away to travel for a year, because they have been so naughty. Their father says they are to go "all three together, and nobody with you. I don't mind where you go, or what you do, and you need not write any letters home. I shall know better than you think what is going on. You will get some idea what the world is like, and learn that what seems just funny at home may seem something quite different away." Among other things their father gives them a magic picnic basket in which they can find whatever food they ask for—only they must all agree on asking for the same kind of food; if they disagree they find nothing but dry bread when they open the basket. Of course this necessitates patching up quarrels and



From *The Pageant of the Flowers*
(Thornton Butterworth.)

TAIL-PIECE

THE PAGEANT OF THE FLOWERS.

By W. H. KOEBEL. 6s.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

Above the common, with its sparkling fancies. The idea is that the Father of the Flowers is calling each to do its duty on the earth. "The North Wind isn't quite done with yet," said the Spirit of the bloom. . . . "Those who follow the daffodil must be prepared to suffer some of the blows he bore. Who will go up now?" . . . A lane was made in the crowd of flowers. Down this lane came three little blossoms, the daisy first, followed by the buttercup and the dandelion. Those were sent to gladden not only the country, but the town. "You, Buttercup, fellow-worker of the Daisy, your polished petals shall glow like little flames to brighten poverty." It is a charming book, and will especially be loved by the dreamy little girl. And from its pages many facts can be learned about many, many flowers; Silverweed, Charlock, White Campion.

THE PURPLE ROSE.

By ANNE FORRESTER. 2s.
(The Sheldon Press.)

We are assured by a school-mistress, who ought to know, that most girls pass through a period in which the historical book is prime favourite. Nothing else will do. To them, this very ambitious and not very convincing tale of Assisi in ancient times may appeal. The young heroine goes to pluck a purple rose, and is kidnapped and carried off by a Perugian, and passes through many adventures.



From *Father Tuck's Annual*
(Raphael Tuck.)

'GOOD MORNING, PRETTY FAIRIES.'



From *The Swiss Family Robinson*
(Robert Hayes).

COVER DESIGN.

agreeing whenever they are hungry on their travels. So entertaining are the adventures of the children that the reader is quite sorry when they come to an end. The book is delightfully illustrated, in a style that is quaint and individual, by J. R. Monsell.

PEGGY'S FIRST TERM.

By MAY WYNNE. (Ward, Lock.)

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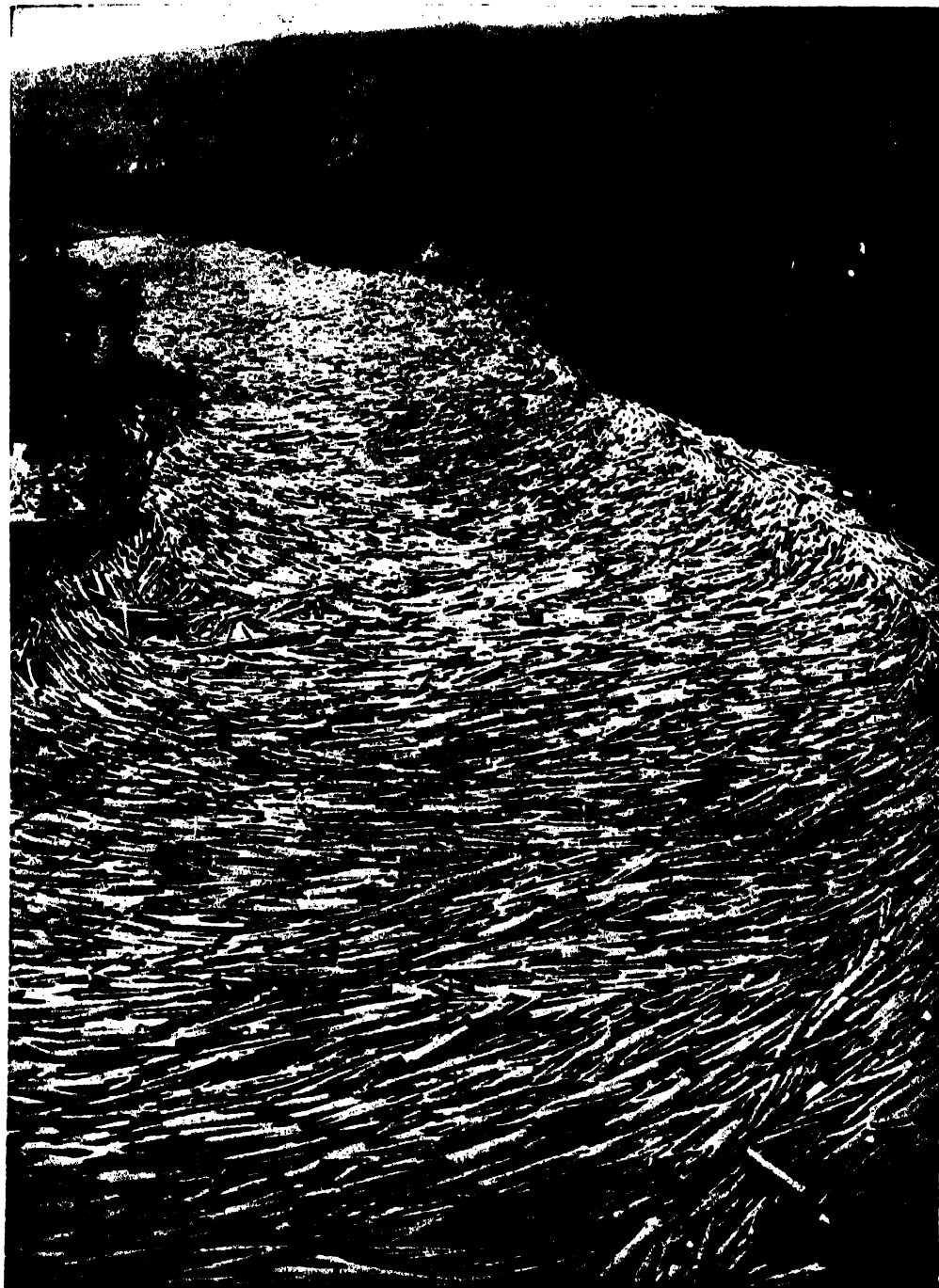
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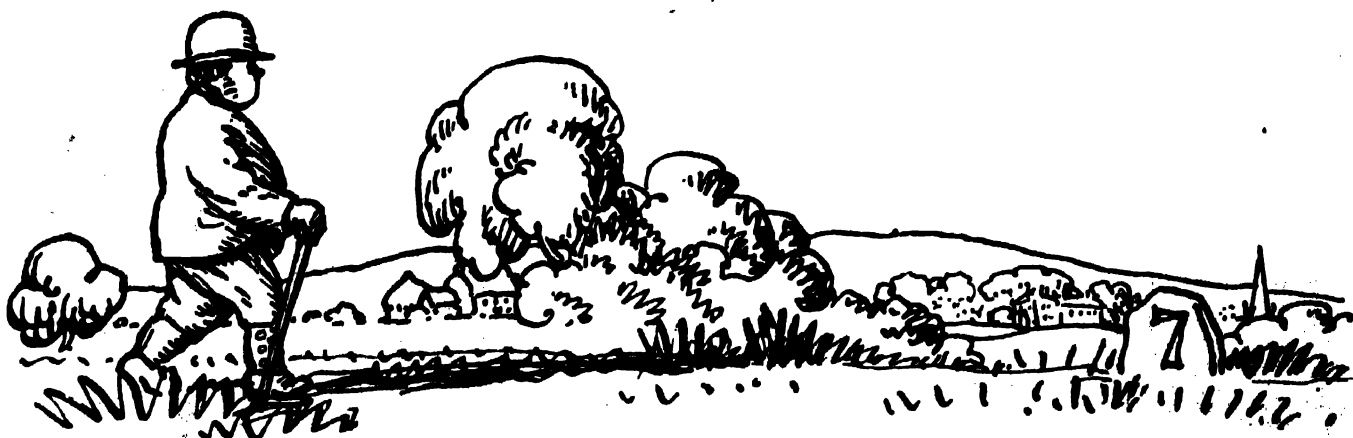
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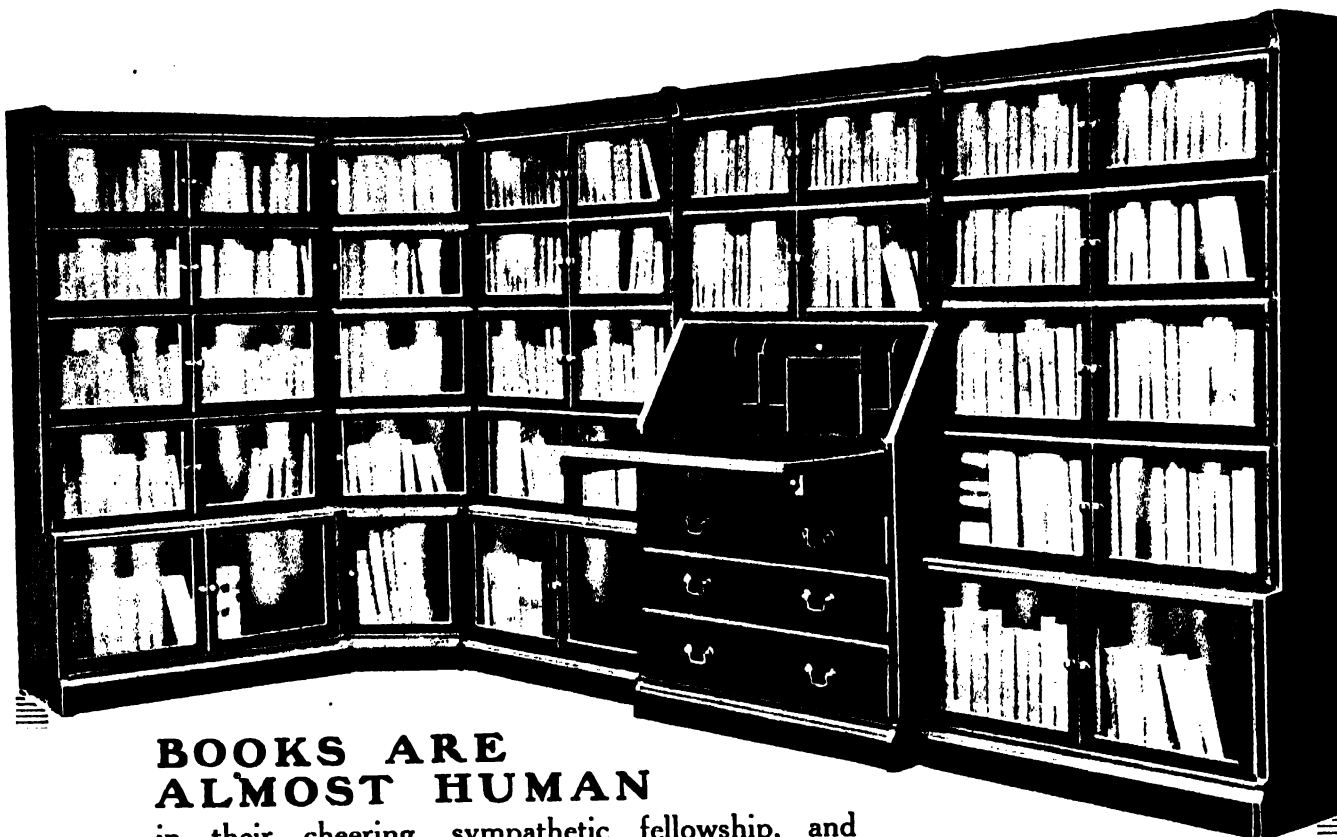
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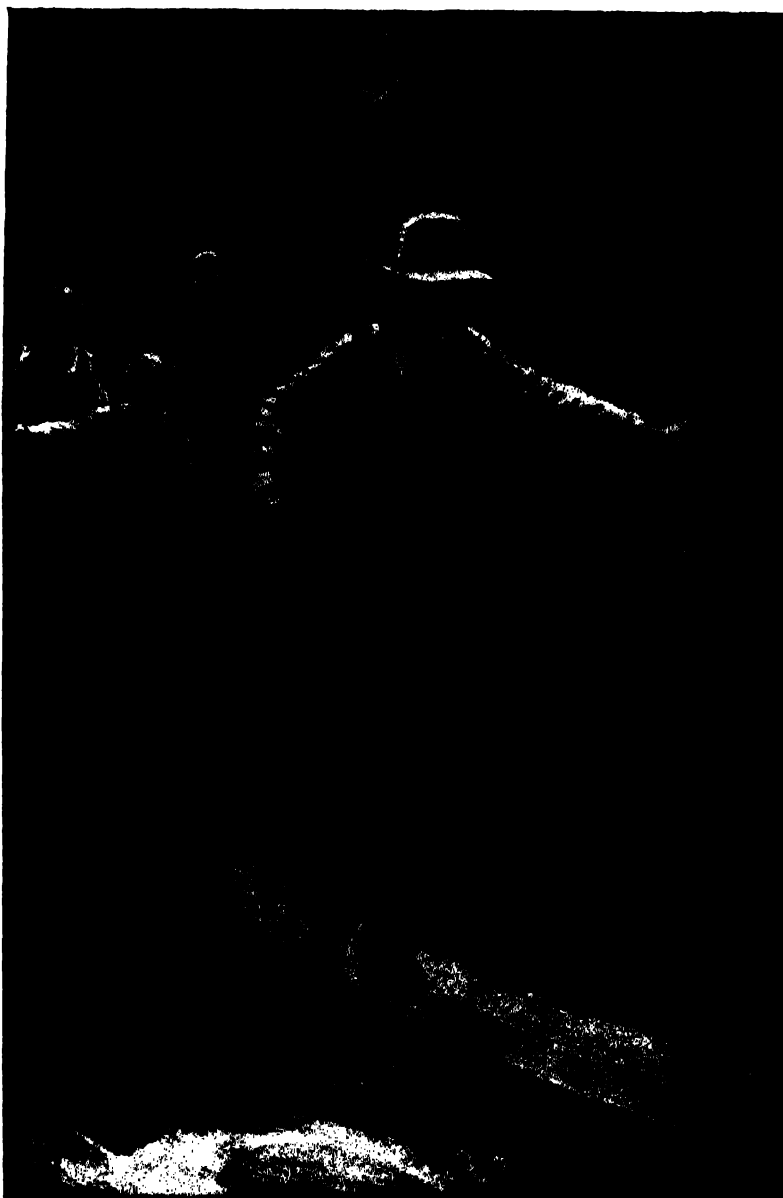
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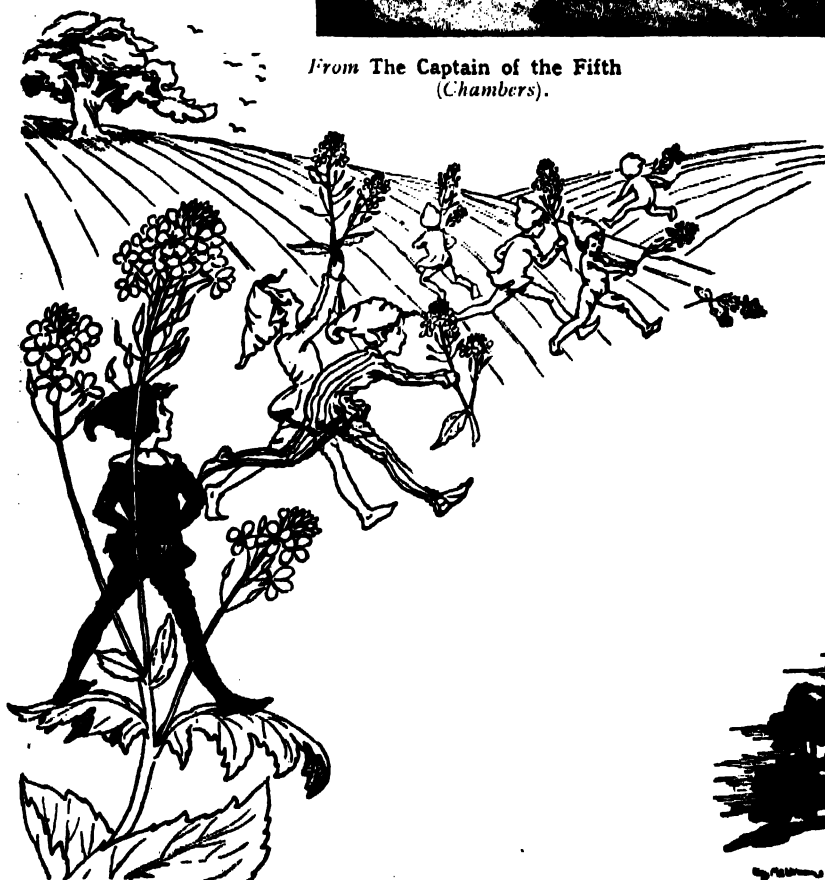
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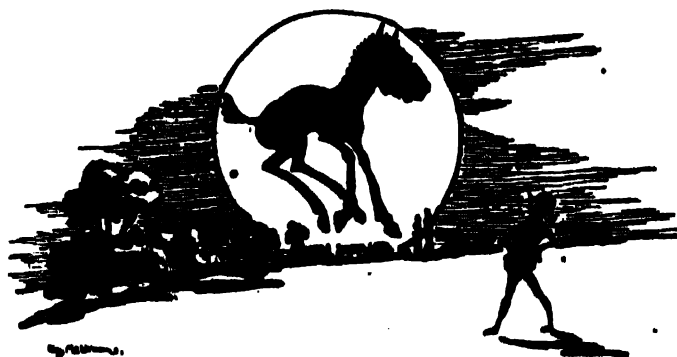
shapes and prices, till he got quite bewildered by them all. Be sure he chose a nice one! Then Amelia got a doll, called Mary Anne, with real eyelashes; and then they bought six balloons, and a big box of scarlet crackers. And so on, and so on—with many excitements over each purchase. The big fat outlines of the Peek-a-Boos, and the delightful colouring of the pictures will appeal to tinies. But Miss Preston might have given a little moral at the end, to make the small reader feel virtuous.

the first laugh may not be accurate, but it is certainly whimsical, and his series of stories showing the magic effects it produced on the lives of certain humans, are both touching and amusing. The book will appeal to boys and girls who have a taste for the fantastic, and these will also enjoy the quaint, original drawings of Mr. Roy Meldrum.

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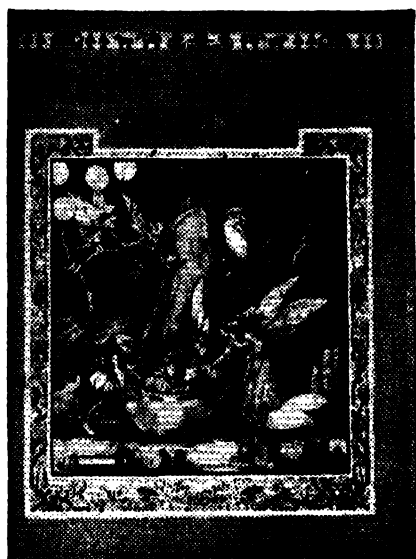
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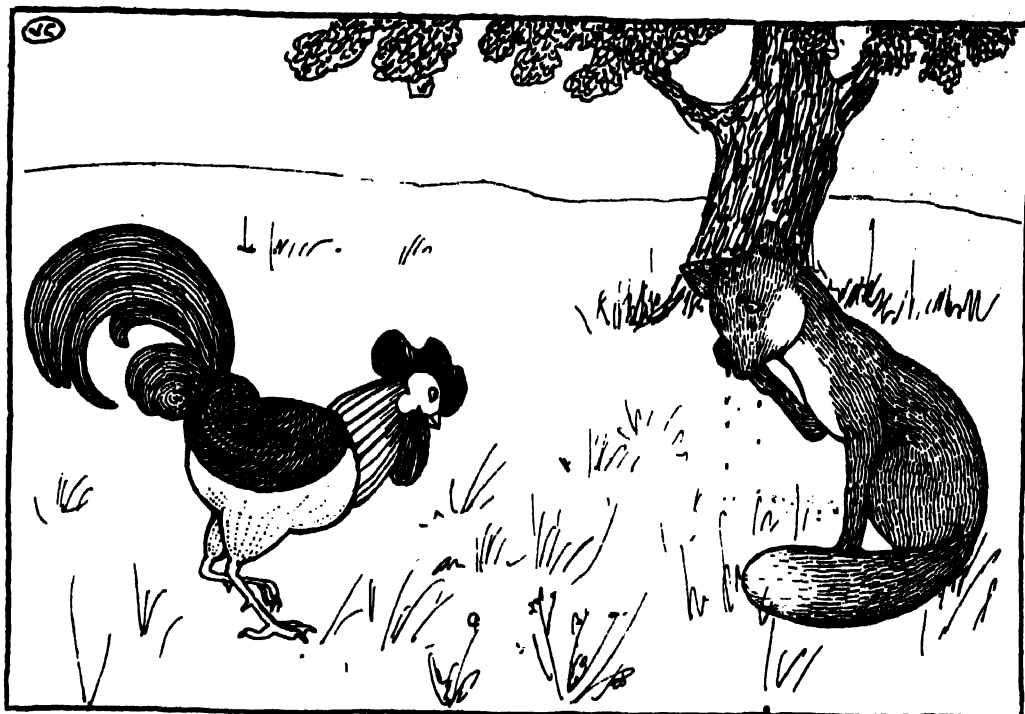
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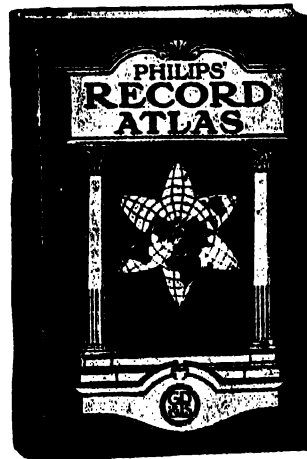
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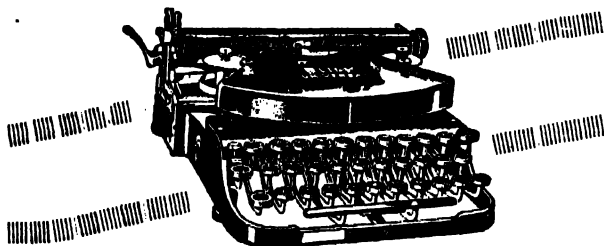
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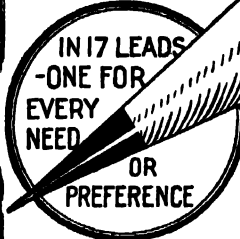
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"Romeo" and "Juliet," and the others who soon drift into the plot and take their share in the general merriment. The pictures of Mr. Percy Tarrant's work help to make the book an altogether wonderful five-shillings-worth.



From *Nursery Rhymes*
(*The Poetry Bookshop*).

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Seven!" "Nothing original in that. We're always slaying Seven!" The chapter describing Clarence's first effort at football, and the ludicrous way in which he tried to get a goal, will buck up the timid, and convulse the experienced. Clarence is a true Briton (after discipline), and is being quite decent to a shy new-comer when we leave him.

A LITTLE RHODESIAN.

By
MARGARET BATCHELOR.
3s. (Humphrey Milford.)

Quite a nice little story about Gwenda, a small girl, who leads a lonely life in a gold-mining region in Rhodesia. She is sent away to Cape Town for a visit and has a good many adventures there. This is a book for a little person of ten to twelve. Miss Batchelor has a clear and simple style, easily understandable, and makes the most of small incidents such as the accidental smashing of a tea-cup. It has always been Gwenda's daydream to have a little friend of hers in England to play with, and the book ends brightly with the coming of this Elizabeth to Cape Town. "Nothing nicer could possibly have happened," exclaims Gwenda. "I really think I am the happiest child in South Africa."



From *Nursery Rhymes*
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JENNIFER, J.

By ETHEL TURNER. 4s. (Ward, Lock.)

All young fellows of the age of ten and upwards to seventeen should read this jolly book; and we shall not be at all surprised if authors (and other people) of twice and three times those years enjoy it. The production of that immortal paper, *The Pea-Nut*, is enough to make an anchorite chuckle. "Don't have advertisements," says the wise young editor, "and then you can say anything." But, to be *comme il faut* the *Pea-Nut* had to have everything correct, and here are some of its special home-made advertisements: "Lost, on Monday morning, between Porridge and Eggs, A Temper.—Apply Marta, the Martyr." "Lost: My Wits. Positively no use to anyone but the owner." Jennifer was responsible for these; what more need be said by way of introducing such a brilliant member of the staff? But there are many other people in this story just as interesting. The author has given us a perfectly delightful tale, with genuine, irresistible humour.

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The girl who does not find something to her liking in this attractive volume will indeed be hard to please. There is a delightful story by Angela Brazil; articles on Amateur Theatricals, Camping for Girls, Hockey for Girls, Girls of Other Days, Gardening for Girls, a Plum-Picking Holiday, Home-made Sweets, Pretty Things to Wear, and many another interesting subject. There is a play in one act, by Alice Parry Gunn. And of course there are stories and verses, and illustrations galore. On the whole the verses are a little colourless and disappointing. The artists include Gordon Browne, R.I., and C. E. Brock.

US.

By CECIL ALDIN. (Humphrey Milford.)

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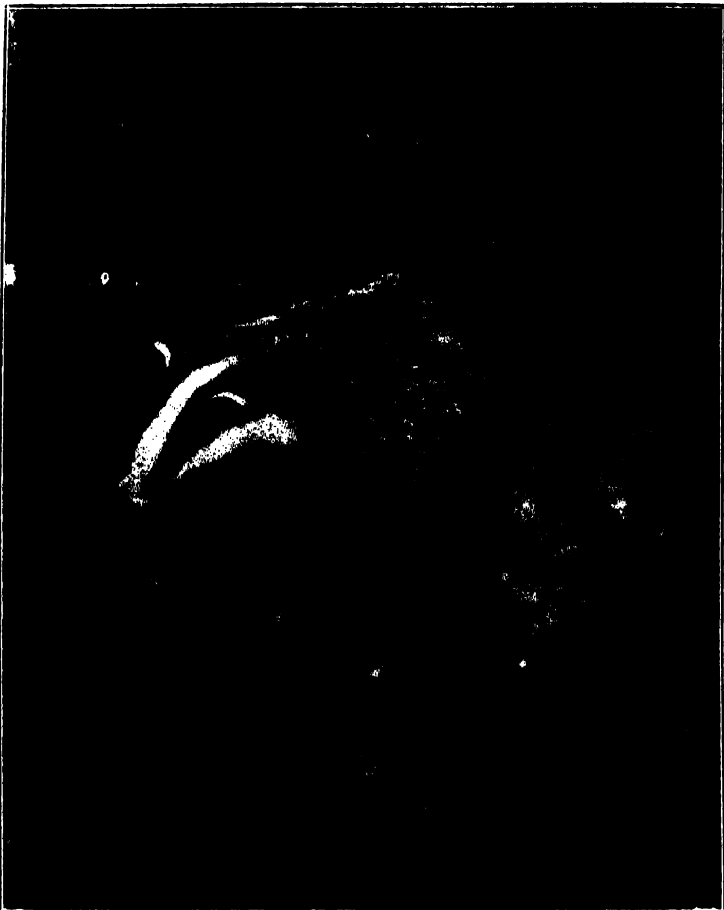
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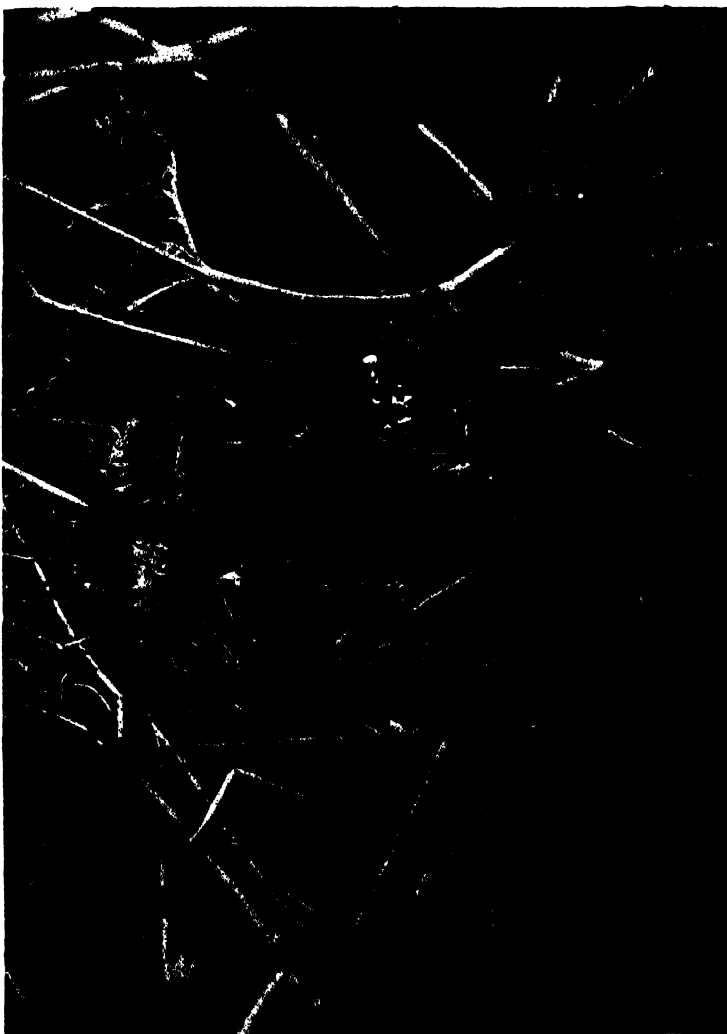
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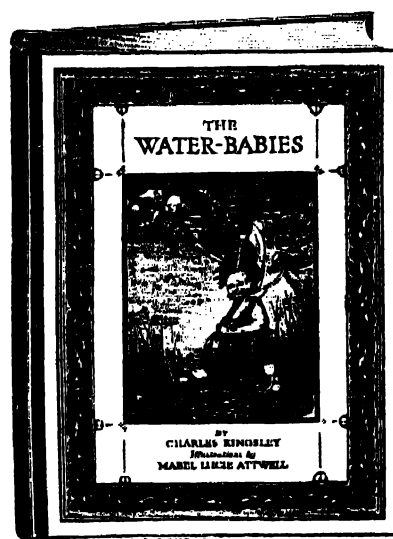
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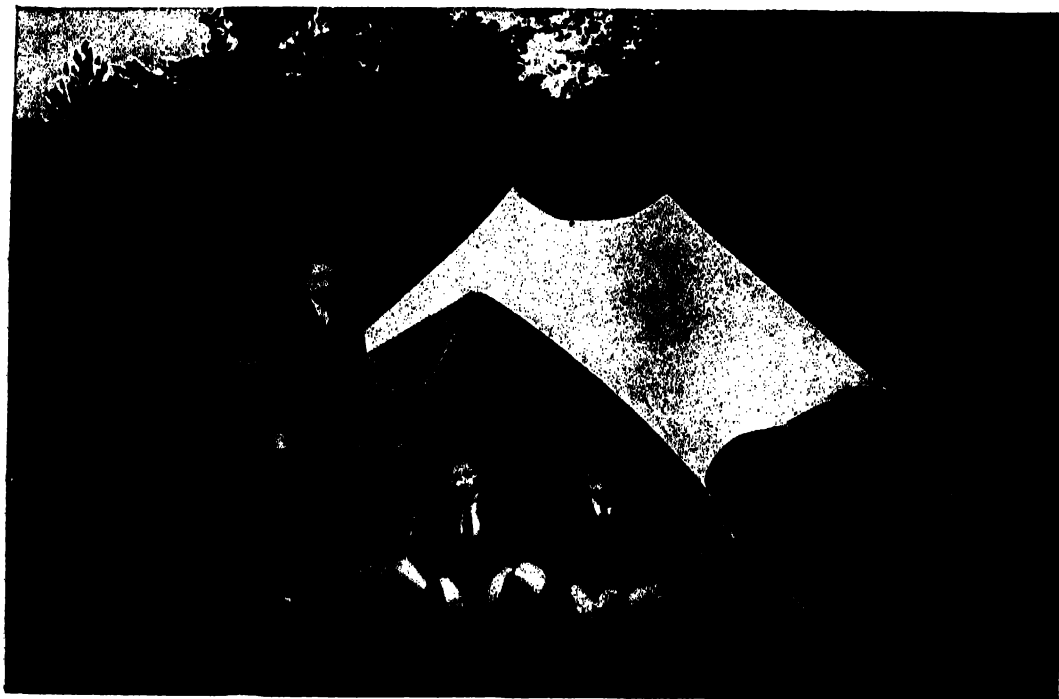
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COLLEGE TENT WITH FLY-SHEET.

J. S. Elder, is beautifully creepy. ("People are known to come out, but nobody is ever seen to go in . . .") Altogether a good five shillingsworth. Neil Munro's poem on the young Macleod going to school is interesting. The volume is excellently illustrated throughout.



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From Kathleen's Adventure
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SAID ALBERT.

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The chief thing that strikes one about Miss Brenda Girvin's book is the personality of the writer. "What a splendid chum and confidante she must be for school-girls to have! We don't wonder the Tripp twins, to whom the book is dedicated, go and tell her all about their "cracks." She seems to understand girls so thoroughly, to read their very thoughts, to sympathise with their every feeling. Kathleen and Isa and the other girls involved in the "adventure" are the most natural young folk you could meet anywhere; they think and talk, as the author writes, in a fashion quite free from affectation. That is the charm of Miss Girvin's writing—she is just herself all the time. The cleverness of the story lies in the fact that much turns on a little. Isa, on the way to Kathleen's picnic, is given in trust by an old invalid lady a

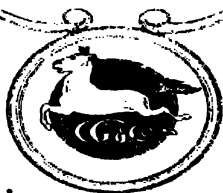


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THE LASCARS BUNDLED THE
BODIES INTO THE LIFEBOAT

mysterious envelope. Oh, the trouble that envelope causes! It is hidden in a most ingenious place, stolen, recovered, and stolen again. It almost ruins the friendship between Isa and Kathleen; does indeed ruin it for a time; it casts a shadow of suspicion on poor Kathleen and makes her the most unpopular girl in the school. What was in the envelope? Was it recovered a second time? Does Kathleen clear herself? These questions are answered as the mystery unravels, and a first-rate mystery it is—something quite unique, something girls will heartily enjoy.



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HER VERY ATTITUDE
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And he'll gallop and trot until
Robin cries 'Whoa!'"

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By MARGERY WILLIAMS.
With Illustrations by WILLIAM
NICHOLSON. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)



From *Ten Tales*
(Oxford University Press).

'YES, YOU'VE SEEN ME BEFORE, From *Who was Jane*
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'COME AWAY, CHILD, AT ONCE.'

DREAM DAYS.

By KENNETH GRAHAME. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

There is no book about children like "The Golden Age," unless it is Kenneth Grahame's present volume, which is chiefly divided between their adventurous happenings in daily life and sundry exploits in worlds which they have shaped to their own imagining. An illustration of the former is called "The Magic Ring"—in reality a first visit to a circus. We are back in our own childhood, amidst the old delight and dazzlement. A certain "Saga of the Seas" is the crowning instance of the second: it is an ecstasy of pirate hunting. There is, however, an extra which belongs to neither class, a story told by a grown-up concerning "The Reluctant Dragon," no other than that of the Seven Champions myth and St. George of England. But a change and a new spirit has come over all; the dragon is really the desirable acquaintance, while the champion earns his laurels by coming to a good understanding with the enchanting beast. One expects that "Dream Days" will appeal as strongly to all between nine and ninety as did—and indeed does—"The Golden Age." The illustrations—coloured and otherwise—by Lois Lenski are to the manner born of the stories.

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Harriet went a-roaming because she had grit, and go, and she saw that her family would never flourish unless she worked. You see, she had a silly, genteel mother,

who spent her daughter's wages on black "dumplings" for the drawing-room floor, rather than in getting the necessities. Harriet fairly seizes the chance of going out to Canada as travelling companion to a friend. She finds herself in a wild part of Alberta, and begins to have many adventures. She is without money, and takes the post of cook in a poor little restaurant. "The puddings might be a trifle stodgy, and the potatoes were, some of them, rather watery, but the men were too hungry to be critical." Harriet finds the poor shack where she has to live, a trial; but her high spirit keeps her lively. A young man appears, called Dick Holdsworth, and we have a love story and a misunderstanding. A well-knit tale, with a cheerful ending.



From The Wonder Book Annual
(Ward, Lock).

"DIPPING THEIR SPOONS INTO
THE APPLE JELLY."

ROGER THE BOLD.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. S. BRERETON. Illustrated. 4s. (Blackie.)

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the sort of fellow we like to read about, and the tale of his adventures in the conquest of Mexico makes a fine story. Mr. Stanley L. Wood has done some of those spirited illustrations that he is so good at, and has caught the atmosphere admirably. Colonel Brereton is of course no novice; "Tom Stapleton" is a beloved character, and "The Dragon of Pekin" is another favourite. Roger's deeds of derring-do make us long to move back the hands of the clock and the wheels of Time's chariot so that we, too, may sally forth across the seas to the land of treasure. The book should be an acceptable gift for a manly boy; its three hundred and eighty pages are packed with the right sort of adventure.



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EXACTLY WHAT TO DO.'

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MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR GIRLS.

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Many a happy hour is in store for the girl who is given "Mrs. Strang's Annual" this Christmas. The mere handling of the book and turning over of its 160 broad pages is a pleasure which is not exhausted in the first hour of possession. If you are interested in lawn-tennis you will enjoy Vernon Rendall's practical hints for improving your strokes, while Jean Sterling Mackinlay's paper "On the Art of Singing Ballads" contains some valuable information for the girl who has a pretty voice. In "A Ride to King Khama's Capital" Rosita Forbes gives a picturesque account of a journey she took along the arid African plains to the encampment of a Kaffir chief. Bessie Marchant contributes a story, "British Brenda," and Winifred Darch a tale that all Girl Guides will love. These are only one or two names in a galaxy of talent that makes an annual of unusual merit. We like the stories, we like the arrangement, we like the illustrations and the general get-up of the book. "Mrs. Strang's Annual" will hold its own with any rivals in the field.



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HARLEQUIN WAS JEALOUS.

ROMANCES OF THE WILD.

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(Blackie).

THE DEATH LEAP

We have seized some of them, and questioned them,
only to find that they have never heard of the new lamps
for old ; or of the roc's egg ! This sad state of things will
no doubt be greatly remedied
by the publication of this
clearly printed, well illustrated
volume. There is a neat
little introduction explaining
about Scheherazade. Im-
mediately we received this book,
we put it into the hands of an
eight-year-old, remembering the
enchantment that descended on
us long ago. The charm still
works : the exclamation of
delight is uttered again. We
heard it from our reader by
the fireside !

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Blackie.)

Quite sure to be greeted with
shouts of joy from the nursery
party that is fortunate enough
to secure it. A gay cover, a
large-sized book, print and paper
and pictures all of the best.
Miss Honor Appleton, who by
now is a famous illustrator, has
done a good many coloured
sketches. "The Day Before the Christmas Holidays"
is so good that it might easily be framed, and sold in
hundreds. A little girl in a pink sports coat sits at her



From *Aladdin and other Arabian Nights Tales*
(Wells Gardner).

'TAKE HOLD OF THE RING AND
LIFT UP THAT STONE.'

tremendous fight with a great timber wolf in order to save
the trapped fox-terrier from destruction. The book is
lavishly illustrated by Mr. Warwick Reynolds.

ALADDIN:

And Other Arabian
Nights Tales.

4s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

We must say that we are very
glad to see these attractive
stories issued as a pleasant
picture book, and including
"Sindbad the Sailor," "The
Little Hunchback," "The
Merchant's Story," and others.
For the truth is that the small
people of to-day are not being
brought up on "Aladdin."



From *Blackie's Little One's Annual*
(Blackie).

PICTURES.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1922

school desk, dreaming of crackers and Christmas trees and games and home—the lesson book is untouched. Stories are here by the dozen, and useful articles too. "A Matchbox Village," with its explanatory pictures, will set the kiddies to work, perhaps on one of these rather dreary days when the rain falls, the cough and cold are bad enough for one to stay indoors, and everything is stale; till a fresh idea comes prancing along.

MAYA: THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BEE.

By WALDEMAR
BONSELS.

Translated by
REMFRY-KIDD.

With Illustrations by
L. R. BRIGHTWELL,
F.Z.S.

7s. 6d. net.

(Hutchinson.)

When Maya, the baby bee, slipped out of her cell into life, there was a small rebellion taking place in the hive. A large number of the younger bees were forsaking their queen. It was not that they were actually disloyal to her, but they found the bee-city too small for their activities, and they agreed to found a new realm. Maya herself, though not joining in the rebellion, found the sunny, scented world so delightful a place that when once she had flown out into it she determined not to go back to work. The whole book is an account of her experiences among other insects, friendly and unfriendly, until she is at last caught by that



From Maya
(Hutchinson).

"CONRAD TO THE RESCUE."

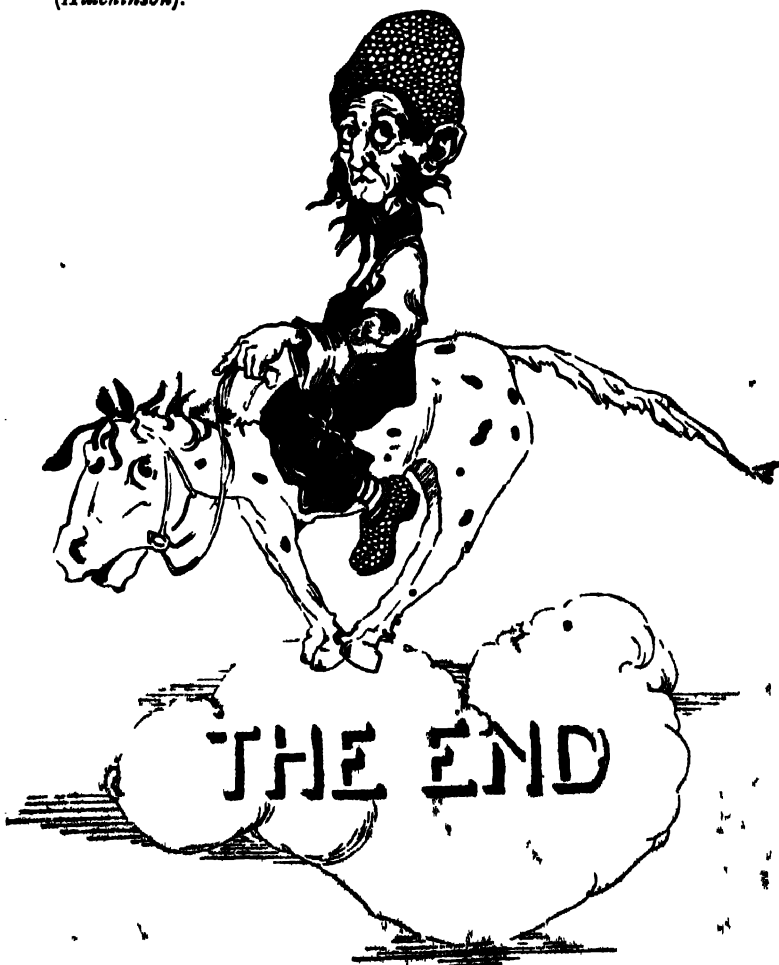
dreaded bee-enemy, a hornet. While in the hornet prison she overhears the queen hornet making a plan to attack Maya's native bee-city and annihilate it. The end of the story shows Maya, escaped and repentant, whirling on rapid wings to warn and save her people, and the adventures end in forgiveness and peace. The chronicle of Maya's dangers and delights incidentally reveals many interesting facts concerning not only bee-life, but insect-life generally. The illustrations are a noticeable feature of the book, very clever and delicate, showing a genuine understanding of the insect-world.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES STORY-BOOK.

3s. 6d.

(Ward, Lock.)

Two little children gathering flowers are on the cover. We can imagine them come alive, and one each side of mother, listening to some of the simple tales herein. Note how nicely some of the stories begin: "One day, just before the Christmas holidays, Dr. Mouser, the Head Master of the Cats Company's School for Kittens, took one of his favourite books, and went to a sunny part of the playground for a quiet read." And also: "Did you ever hear of Baby Boy Brown? I feel sure you must have done, for he was the most beautiful baby in the world. His mother said so, and she would know." We think we have quoted enough to show that "Buttercups and Daisies" will be much thumbed by small hands.



From Buttercups and Daisies Story Book
(Ward, Lock).

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(American)

Edited by JOHN FARRAR



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